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THE

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AN

Illustrated American Monthly

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(*Inclusive*)

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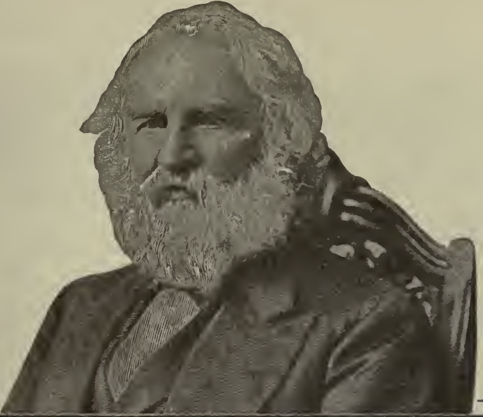

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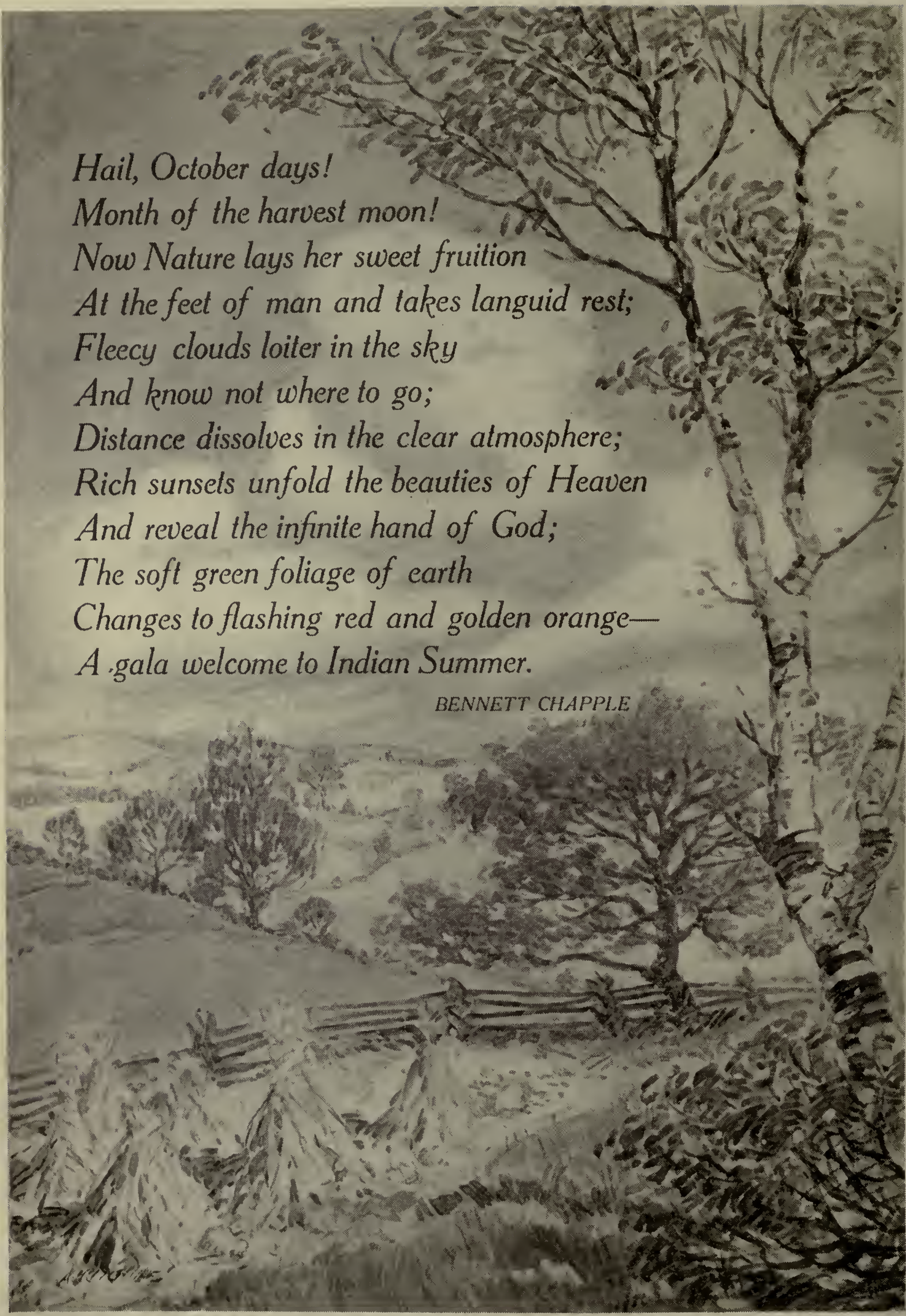
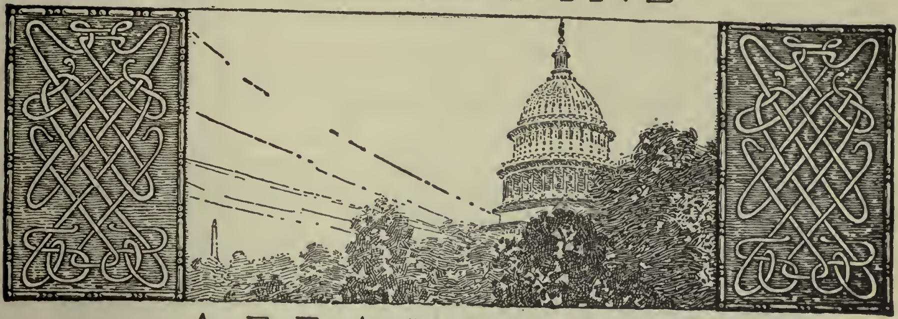


*Hail, October days!*
*Month of the harvest moon!*
*Now Nature lays her sweet fruition*
*At the feet of man and takes languid rest;*
*Fleecy clouds loiter in the sky*
*And know not where to go;*
*Distance dissolves in the clear atmosphere;*
*Rich sunsets unfold the beauties of Heaven*
*And reveal the infinite hand of God;*
*The soft green foliage of earth*
*Changes to flashing red and golden orange—*
*A gala welcome to Indian Summer.*

*BENNETT CHAPPLE*

NATIONAL
MAGAZINE



# AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

### BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

VARIABLE as the range of the thermometer has been the interest in events at Washington. At one time the capital quivers with anticipations of acute diplomatic difficulties, and then in the flash of a cipher message, the clouds pass. When news of the destruction of the Arabic reached Washington, men in high official position, with clenched fists, walked up and down the streets, although nothing was said. There was much excited talk around the bulletin boards, and about the office desks. It seemed as though nothing would check the unavoidable declaration of war, but at the State Department there had passed notes in the Lusitania incident unknown to the public that later explained the unruffled atmosphere about Secretary Lansing's quarters.

---

ON a beautiful autumn Sunday, the President of the United States rode to church, just as other Presidents have come and gone from the White House with the war-fever imminent. The serious look upon his face was noted as the carriage swept by the War Department, where the cannas were all ablaze with the red oriflamme of war. At the Navy Department the same colors were in evidence, and men's hearts were hot within them.

As he rode along, it seemed as though his mind dwelt on thought of Mars rather than on Christ the Beneficent, but during the simple church service, reflecting the spirit of the message of "peace on earth, good will to men," all thoughts of the gods of mythology faded before the all-enveloping ideal of the God of Hosts.

Emergency after emergency involving international relations have been met by the patience and wisdom of Woodrow Wilson, who always seems to have in mind, "What would Abraham Lincoln have done?"—an ideal truly worthy of all acceptation.

The situation may be acute, but the people feel that the President will bandage the raw wound with quiet action and pacific words, pregnant with force and clear understanding, where others might only aggravate the danger by precipitate action.

He went to Philadelphia to get away to think matters over as Lincoln did. Ostensibly he went to consult an oculist, but in his grasp of the European situation, Woodrow Wilson has a far-seeing eye that needs no artificial lens.

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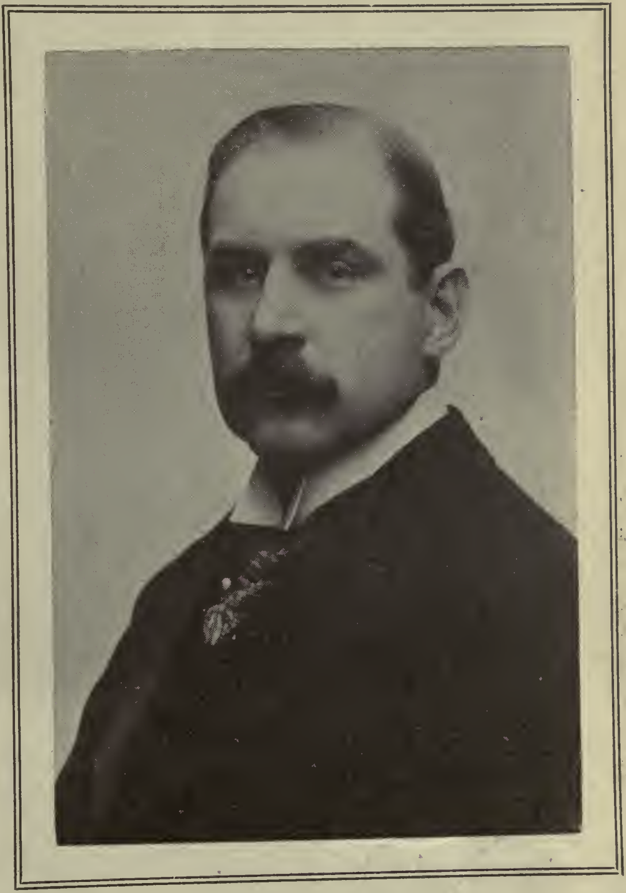
CELEBRATING TAFT DAY AT THE EXPOSITION

Great homage was paid to former President Taft and seventy thousand people gathered in the Court of the Universe to listen to his address. No public man has been so closely identified with the Exposition as William Howard Taft, and he has been shown signal honors at San Francisco

As his responsibilities increase, the American people realize that he is growing; that in times of international tension it is presidential patience that is required. They just rely on the President and trust him, and place in his hands a power unequalled by any king, emperor or army. When he says the word or lifts his pen to sign a war message, it wields a greater power than that of any sceptre ever known in history. The power of a great Republic rests in one man—not as an individual, but the one official who represents the people, united for the common welfare of the republic.

WITH England's gold in sovereigns and bullion pouring into this country by millions, to enhance the credit of England and her allies in the purchase of war materials, the one central figure representing the financial operations of the foreign countries is J. P. Morgan. A few years ago he was known as "Jack" Morgan, or J. P. Morgan, Jr., until the dastardly attack on his life brought him again into prominent notice. Few people know how well the father trained the son. Young Jack Morgan, tall and athletic, with a black mustache and features resembling those of his distinguished father, became a prominent figure in the financial world some years ago, as was planned by his father, and the son has shown himself equal to the great responsibility entailed on one of the greatest financial houses in the world, especially during the great war.

There is more involved in handling the financial interchange between nations than people generally imagine. It is not simply wheeling gold back and forth from the sub-treasury, or watching the rise and fall of the stock market after the payment of many millions of dollars for supplies purchased in this country, which has, in this dark year of world-warfare, witnessed the transfer of financial and trade prominence to the Western hemisphere, but in the management of these large financial affairs are involved many international problems. As Tolstoi predicted, this is also a great commercial war. It will doubtless mark the end of pure materialism entering into governmental affairs. Now that the financiers have come to look for loans of millions in America, the reader of the older school histories recalls the stories of how Benjamin Franklin appeared, in his simple democratic garb, at the Court of France and asked their help and financial assistance. We know what the situation of this country was at the time he received it, and there is a natural feeling among Americans that the gratitude of this republic should not be forgotten in the lapse of a single century. And the task of financing war in modern times, when the facilities for communication between foreign lands and our own country are as easy as between Benjamin Franklin's apartments and those of the Marquis de Lafayette in Paris years ago, history may be repeated, although the situation is reversed; and while the responsibilities of a neutral nation must be fulfilled, yet the undercurrent of popular thought indicates that the incidents associated with Benjamin Franklin's plea for the new republic, and the generous financial and military aid received from France



J. PIERPONT MORGAN
Who is a prominent figure in the financial world and has shown himself equal to carrying on his father's immense business

will not be forgotten. Under such circumstances, it would appear that young J. P. Morgan and others are doing their part in paying in part the ancient and incalculable debt which our fathers paid in cash, but did not extinguish because its benefits have grown and continued with the prosperity and gigantic expansion of the then insignificant United States of America.

---

A FEW minutes in the Weather Bureau at Washington convinces one that the year 1915 has been perhaps the most freakish of which a record has ever been kept. Even while I was there, reports came in of the hottest September on record in Georgia, snow falling in Montana, temperature near freezing in North Dakota, and heavy rains in the Great Lakes region.

It has been the wettest season known in some parts of the country, and the farmers have had many crop failures on this account; on the other hand, it has been the dryest season ever known in Idaho, and in the irrigation country, where a shortage of water has seriously interfered with crops.

The weather man is no longer a joke. The records of the past year show that the forecasts, as published in the daily papers, have been dependable and accurate. A great deal of the new information has been brought to the weather department by the reports of the army aviators, who have furnished some valuable data concerning air currents that have solved many a perplexing problem that has baffled the weather prophet for many years past. But for all this, the Old Farmers' Almanac, based upon the signs of the zodiac,

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GOVERNOR WALSH OF MASSACHUSETTS AT THE EXPOSITION is looked upon as the best and most reliable guide as to what the weather will be, and the distribution of millions of weather chart calendars among the people evinces a keener interest than ever in determining that calculations can be made for the picnic next year, as well as to the seasons for sowing and reaping.

The old-fashioned theory that the explosion of gun powder brought rain, and that rain would come on the Fourth of July on account of the fireworks, has caused people to feel that the enormous consumption of powder in the artillery fire along the opposing trenches in Europe has had this influence on the temperature across the seas, but this belief has been thoroughly exploded by the data existing in the Weather Bureau.

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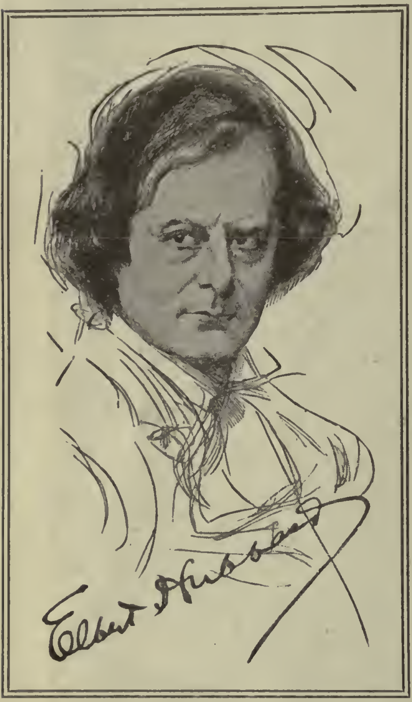
DEDICATION OF THE ENLISTED MEN'S CLUB
In the foreground on the left is President Charles C. Moore of the Exposition, and in the center is Colonel Roosevelt, who spoke the galvanic words by which the club was dedicated

---

THE history of American literature for the last twenty-five years will have to reckon with the name of Elbert Hubbard. He created a distinct and new field, and the simplicity of the little magazines covered with butcher's paper was a unique herald for books in the most magnificent binding. His was a nature of contrasts. There was nothing ordinary in anything he did. If he laughed, spoke, or played, it was an expression of individuality. He was a type of the new civilization represented in the development of individuality rather than submerging into the mechanism of a militaristic or socialistic government.

One day I visited the tomb of Emerson with him. We sat before the great boulder that marks the resting-place of the Sage of Concord, and his tribute in soft words with the accompaniment of the leaves overhead, the soft whirring monotone of insects, and the singing of birds was the most impressive and concise eulogy I ever heard from one human being to another who has passed beyond. The very stolidity of the boulder seemed illumined in that scene with an intelligent appreciation of its proud function as marking the resting place of a great philosopher. This ground was sacred to him, and how I treasure that volume of Emerson's essays he gave me with certain passages marked, which showed how he was impressed with reading and re-reading of those essays that focused the thought of the ages up to that time.



THE fortunes of war will bring about many changes in world affairs in the next decade. The financial centre of the world is moving toward America, and the much-despised and sneered-at American dollar of our daddies has become the standard of the world. Our exports have, for the first time, surpassed those of any other nation.

All eyes are on Washington when international complications arise, and Germany, in her wiser afterthought regarding the destruction of the Arabic, has begun to understand that the United States is not actuated by the same impulses that govern old world forces, that the public sentiment aroused in American minds is "millions for defense," but not one pennyworth of powder for conquest.

Defense is the first step toward permanent peace. The Atlantic and Pacific coasts and Panama Canal could be made to bristle with submarines that would be as impregnable as the porcupine against the powerful lion. This foreshadows a triumph of the new policy, which means as much to Europe as it does to America.

Discussion is rife in the conferences at Washington among the officers and men in the army and navy as to this or that phase of the situation, but there never was a suggestion that I have heard in my travels about the country—east to west and north to south—that contemplated anything looking toward conquest, or overstepping the border of fair play, or of jeopardizing the honor and ideals of the nation.

Even the reign of Paris, as the fashion center of the world, is threatened for already important Parisian firms are locating in Washington and New York. Washington is recognized as the great capital and social centre of the world, but there is still a feeling among some philosophers that it can never hope to be a social centre as long as there are kings and queens to whom vain men and women can bow and shine a little brighter in the reflected radiance of royalty.

THE Pan-American Financial Conference, held at Washington this summer, inspired a deep and intelligent interest among the leaders of South and Central American republics in the plans for perfecting an American financial system which shall replace to a great extent the English and German monopolies of money transportation in those countries. It is evident that the war in Europe has almost radically changed certain branches of commerce in the South American states and that it will be necessary for New York to largely replace the financial houses of the Old World in drawing and negotiating drafts between several countries.

---

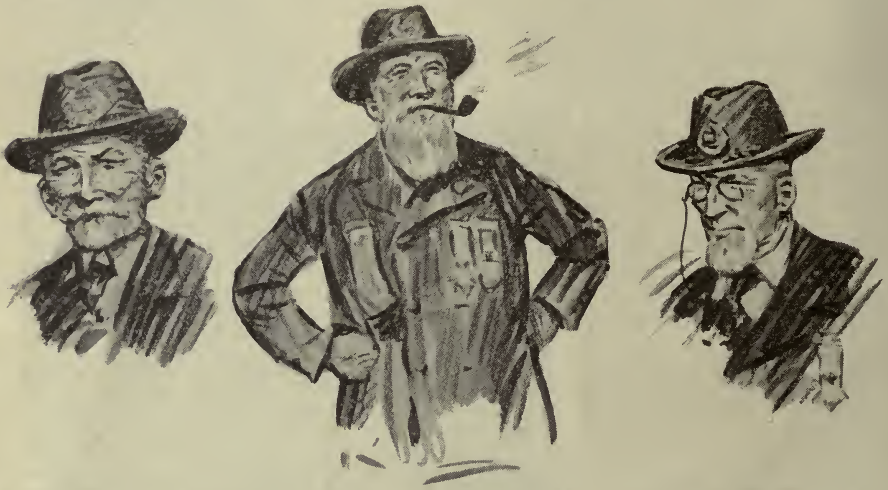
AT a time when feelings of suspense are rife at the War Department, interest naturally focuses in the personality of the man who is in command of the Army of the United States, Chief of Staff General Hugh L. Scott.

A few months ago I returned with him across the continent, after he had quelled an Indian uprising among the Piutes, and had induced Ute Tse-ne-gat to accept legal advice and stand trial in the United States Court for the charges preferred against him. The evidence brought forth at the trial resulted in his acquittal, and the success of this strategy has done a great deal towards making the Indians feel that they can obtain justice in the civil courts.

General Scott recently induced General Villa to visit him in El Paso, Texas, for the purpose of discussing with the Mexican leader the proposed confiscation of the American and foreign mining and smelting property situated within Villa's lines. The meeting was precipitated by the confiscation, late in August, of all the stores in Chihuahua, whether owned by native Mexicans or foreigners, and the

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

The beloved Indiana poet and friend of the children whose birthday was so fittingly celebrated in Indianapolis by men and women of national prominence during early October further attempt to extort $350,000 from the mining and smelting concerns, whose properties are valued at over $100,000,000. On the same day that General Scott arrived at El Paso, he made a formal call on General Villa in Juarez, and was received on the Mexican side by a guard of honor of Villa's cavalry, and his automobile passed between two lines of infantry, to be joined at the right of the steel-tipped files by Villa in his automobile, who, after heartily shaking hands, preceded his informal but distinguished visitor to his mansion on the Avenida Leardo. It was not a meeting of military leaders as portrayed in the engravings and paintings of old—there were no prancing steeds and flaunting banners, but these time-honored settings were supplanted by the present-day automobiles with their snorting blazons.



SOME OF THE VETERANS AT THE RECENT GRAND ARMY REUNION IN WASHINGTON

AFTER the usual courtesies, which might have suggested an Army and Navy reception at the White House, a return visit from General Villa was arranged for the next morning, during which the questions at issue were to be taken up. Shortly after seven o'clock on the morning following, Col. R. E. L. Midie and Mr. George C. Carothers of the Department of State, rode over to Juarez to escort the Mexican partisan to the proposed meeting. General Villa, surrounded by his picturesque body guard of "The Corps of Gold," was received at the bridge head on Santa Fe Street by a detachment of infantry, and escorted to the temporary headquarters of General Scott at the Williams residence. The interpreters were Mr. Carothers and Alberto Madero, mutual friends, and the whole scene made an effective tableau, typifying the superiority of the American policy of arbitration over the Old-World method of settling disputes. For nearly three hours the two men conversed through the interpreters. At the close of the interview, General Villa smilingly made his adieu, and with his retinue, returned across the international bridge. The result of this meeting was covered in a brief statement made by General Scott on his return. It is the general opinion that this trip may be looked upon as one of the most hopeful incidents associated with the various attempts that have been made for the final settlement of the vexatious Mexican question.

There is a sort of *bonhommie* and unassuming dignity about General Scott that would cause him to win friends whether an officer in the service of the nation or a civilian trying to sell real estate. He is the ideal of the modern military commander, as the great lawyer is the man who settles his cases out of court, and the doctor the one who prevents illness and spread of disease—so the commander is the man who can grapple with these issues in their incipiency, and crush them before the blaze of war is kindled. He has made a favorable impression upon Villa that will no doubt count for much with that faction in bringing about proper adjustment of affairs, and in giving American mining interests in Mexico a protection that could not be secured through any other channels. Now, if General Scott should see Carranza or any of the other numerous leaders in Mexico, which is not beyond possibility, it is quite probable that the close of the year will see the Mexican question solved by a businesslike adjustment of differences, such as was initiated by General Scott at Juarez.

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THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF MARYLAND
Governor and Mrs. Goldsborough with the Governor's staff on the steps of the Maryland Building, which is a splendid example of the Colonial type of architecture of the United States

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MEMORIES of Robert G. Ingersoll's immortal Memorial Day address in 1876 at Indianapolis were recalled in the Grand Army Encampment at Washington. The speeches of Robert G. Ingersoll were in themselves masterpieces, and re-read in the light of today indicate how the world has pushed on since he made his fearless attacks on the Bible and religious intolerance. It has had its good results, but has by no means eliminated the Bible, which today, more widely circulated than ever before, is found in hotels and in the camps, and is interpreted in the broad light of tolerance. The vivid word pictures of Ingersoll's addresses are classics in themselves, and his prophecy of what the American farmer would become has been fulfilled in the light of modern progress and invention. On re-reading this plea for the farmer's life thirty years ago, one realizes the wonderful progress of a single generation. It also recalls the fact that many a hard-fought debate and discussion in the newspapers or debate in the country store was ignited by a despatch under a Washington date line, containing a statement from "Pope Bob."

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AT a pageant at the Glacier National Park in which nearly five hundred members of the Blackfeet tribe of Indians participated, Dawn Mist, a famous beauty of the tribe, presented Winfield Scott Hammond, the bachelor governor of Minnesota, with a bouquet of flowers, he having been duly made a member of the tribe with impressive ceremonies.

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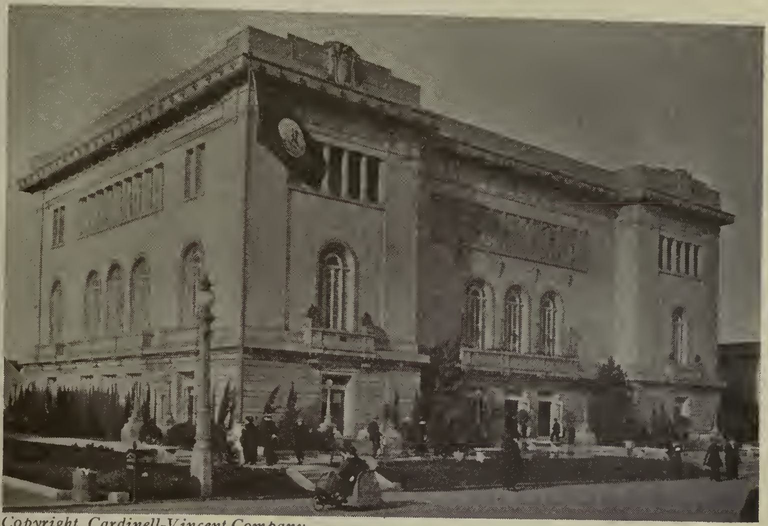
"IMPRESSIVE beyond description" are the only words that apply to the greatest event at Washington in the autumn of 1915. It was a gathering of the Grand Army of the Republic, when thirty thousand veterans, all over threescore years and ten, marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, as they did in the grand review fifty years ago. A replica of the same flag reached across to F Street from the Treasury Building, containing that greeting of Abraham Lincoln, which the bronzed and war-worn veterans cheered as they passed.

There were tears mingled with the cheers on that day fifty years ago, because it was only a few weeks previous that the mortal remains of Abraham Lincoln had been consigned to the tomb at Springfield. Early in the month before the date of the encampment, the old soldiers began to arrive, arrayed in the uniform of the G. A. R. The old battle flags and scenes and incidents connected with 1865 were never-failing subjects of interest to the veterans. One of the spectators who witnessed the grand review was a former Confederate soldier, and his comment upon the scenes of fifty years ago and today was as vivid and graphic as the captions on a moving picture thriller. The warships on the river were illuminated, and the bonfires on the old forts around Washington recalled the campfires and bivouac that inspired Julia Ward Howe to write the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The tender and considerate care and treatment of the veterans by the committee reflected the affectionate and unremitting gratitude of the nation.

Colonel John McElroy had charge of the arrangements, and his letters from veterans all over the country who were unable to return for the grand



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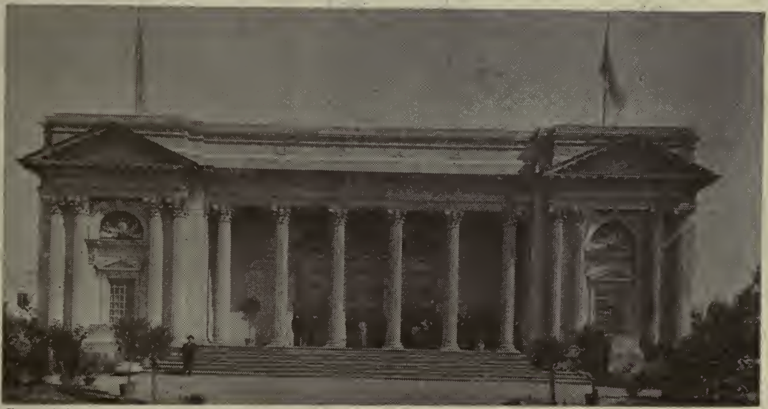
THE ILLINOIS STATE BUILDING

This magnificent building is the mecca for thousands of visitors from all parts of the world. Palatial in size and equipment, it contains a great moving picture hall where motion pictures of scenes in the state are reproduced, a large music hall equipped with a great pipe organ with six thousand stops, a spacious and stately ballroom, numerous reception rooms and suites of rooms for Governor Dunne and his staff, for the mayor of Chicago, or for the notables from Illinois, who visit San Francisco. One of the historic features of the building is the great room abounding in relics and mementos of the life of Abraham Lincoln, which give a complete history of the marvelous career of the great emancipator



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THE UTAH PAVILION

Made of ornamental plaster from the quarries at Nephi, Utah, and Utah bituminous rock for the pavement. Operating models show how copper and coal are mined from that state's rich mineral beds. The interior of the building is made wonderful in beauty by ornamental work and objects of art. The wall decorations as well as the extremely handsome art glass window in the rear of the lobby make use of the Sego lily, the state flower and the great Salt Lake. There is also an exhibition of paintings and sculpture, the work of residents of Utah, and a collection of relics of the pre-historic cliff dwellers of southern Utah, loaned by the museum of the University of Utah review, owing to a lack of funds or illness, was a pathetic page in the chapters relating to the last days of the Union veterans. The twenty-ninth annual encampment of the Sons of Veterans Auxiliary, representing the Daughters of Veterans, made the encampment even more of a homelike and family affair than in years past. The comment of soldiers of '61 upon the wars of 1914 and 1915 revealed how the horrors of warfare can never be obliterated even in a half century, and with scarcely an exception, the aged lips of the old seasoned veterans of fifty years ago prayed that peace should be the lasting heritage of their descendants. The encampment itself was an object lesson of peace, and reflected the overwhelming sentiment of the country against war, or anything likely to lead to blood, lust or carnage.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

The Belgian author and mystic, who has been called a true successor of Swedenborg and Bohme. His play, "Pelleas and Melisande," which was given in the United States by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, is now being given at St. Wandrille, Belgium, as a war charity play

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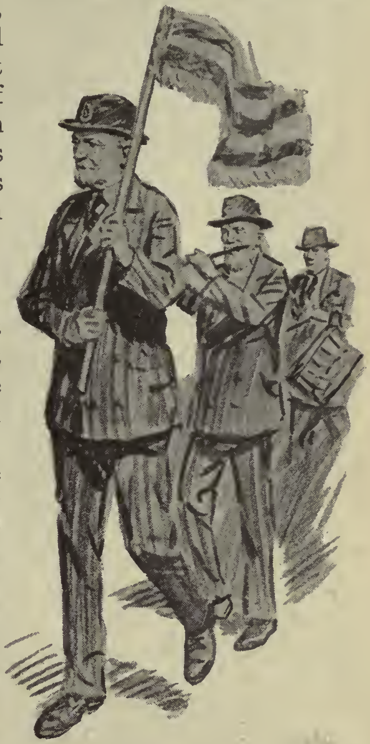
LONG before the tragedy of Belgium endeared that country to the hearts of sympathetic people, Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian mystic, had given to the world masterpieces of literature that sounded the very depths of universal admiration. When his wife, Madame Georgette Leblanc, visited the United States, and assisted in delineating the matchless beauty and scope of modern drama, she but opened the way for a keen and broad interest in Belgian affairs, although the distinguished author had for many years been living in France.

The comments of Maurice Maeterlinck on the war situation have revealed a hearty humanity that has penetrated the cloisters of the mystic. In the poet's abbey at St. Wandrille, near the ancient city of Rouen, the great tragedy of "Pelleas and Melisande," Maeterlinck's masterpiece, is being acted. The work is produced as a war charity, and people are coming from far and near to see this rendition in the wild gardens of the abbey, emphasizing how the limitations of the stage have even bettered the fullest appreciation of the dramatic genius of Maeterlinck. In this twelfth-century Norman abbey, the simple story of love and revenge is not only acted, but it would seem as though it were lived with all the intensity that attended the production of the Greek tragedies in the open. The dark gardens and bare stone walls seem to assume a living presence, like reincarnated ghosts of an alien age, in assisting to unfold the story that gripped universal human interest, long before it was intensified by the bloody spectacle of the war tragedy. St. Wandrille has been a veritable shrine, and no spectator has ever witnessed this war drama, given as an expression of charity, love and affection, and to help those engaged in the great struggle for civilization, without feeling the great, warm, pulsating heart of Maeterlinck and that of his talented wife, in their desire to help and alleviate the sufferings of the heroes who have made for themselves as enduring a fame as that of any character in any drama ever written.



THE entanglements that have grown out of the LaFollette Seamen's act have kept the Department of Justice busy. Some of the provisions in this bill interfered with foreign vessels not actually carrying passengers. This was interpreted that only private steam vessels carrying passengers from any port in the United States to any other place or country are subject to the law. The question revolved again upon the definition of a word. What is the meaning of approximate? The Attorney-General held that it was a mixed question of law and fact to be determined by the Department of Commerce, and that each decision was subject to appeal to the courts which undoubtedly will have their full share of such cases.

The law has been the subject of very bitter controversy, as the steamship men insist that it has already proven confiscatory and wiped out one American steamship line on the Pacific coast, and that no American ship now is able to compete with foreign shipping under the conditions of the new law. An effort has been made to have the law materially modified, but the rocks and shoals it has encountered may result in its early repeal because of complication. It has a political aspect because of the fact that it was indorsed by the organized labor of the Seamen's Union, and was intended to improve the condition of American seamen, but without any American commerce it is not easy to discover where the benefit to the seamen will come in. Foreign-built ships that have been admitted to American registry representing over a half a million tons have been declared exempt by Solicitor Thurman, and this only adds another kink to the law which will have to be straightened out later for the benefit of the American seamen.

The vast shipping controlled by England and other countries of Europe are in the exempt class under treaty arrangements that supersede the law, and only a few unimportant maritime nations remain on an equality with the United States. Senator LaFollette made a long, bitter and strenuous fight for the Seamen's act, and paced the aisles of the Senate many days as if it were literally the deck of some ocean liner, pouring forth in stentorian tones commands that carried with them the sternness of a captain's orders aboard ship. Whether the act can be amended so as to be adjusted to conditions, is one of the functions of the coming Congress, which will be a lively repair shop for many bills that have seemingly overshot their mark and worked out contrary to expectations.

* * *

WITH the invigorating tingle of the first autumnal days, came renewed interest among those championing Presidential favorites for the Republican nomination in 1916. It is always felt that a candidacy must have a Washington date line interposed somewhere in the campaign calendar. Perplexities as to the varying methods of conducting the primaries in the various states promise to complicate the choice of delegates to the Presidential convention. During the belated summer blaze of mid-September days, when the weather was hotter than that of summer, the skirmishers were in Washington taking a survey of the situation for that marathon of favorite sons, the Republican convention of 1916. Every little incident that can be brought out without the danger of incurring the frost of a premature announcement is being utilized and the whole nation is interested in final decisions.

While President Wilson is firm in the saddle, directing international affairs and holding that measure of confidence which the office of President naturally possesses when foreign complications arise, the ardent hopes of Presidential trainers are scrupulously refrigerated so as not to perish in the fervor of patriotic sentiment over the avoidance of war complications which Woodrow Wilson holds today.

What the fates will decree tomorrow, who can say? The limelight shifts about with a rapidity that would make a moving picture reel appear slow. One day the front page carries the announcement of Henry Ford and his championship of peace, and then along comes former Secretary Bryan conferring in Washington with the editors of foreign papers, with a view of making a trip to Europe in the interests of peace.

Then, presto, come the rumblings of war and diplomatic notes describing acute situations at almost every hour of the day. In New York the financiers gather to talk over the question of a loan to European countries, and more sharp corners appear. Ambassador Dumba again explains himself and leaves for Austria to elucidate in person the messages that Archibald failed to deliver. Archibald's return was awaited by the Federal authorities with keen interest, and his status determined after another critical survey of the diplomatic periscope. Archibald did not deliver the "message to Garcia," and cannot hope to be immortalized. Tales of dissensions in Greece and the demands of Bulgaria on Serbia add to complications. Altogether the month has been a most exhilarating intermixture of Presidential nomination maneuvers and the ever-threatening possibilities of entanglement in foreign complications, all submerged in the complacent contemplation of a billion-dollar trade balance in favor of Uncle Sam.

Summed up, the situation focuses on the irrepressible dollar mark.

REPAIRING THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER
The task of mending Uncle Sam's torn and tattered flags is entrusted to Mrs. Amelia Fowler of Boston, under whose skilful fingers the emblems become almost as good as new

THE tender consideration of the Federal government in preserving and repairing relics and old flags, reflects the deep-rooted patriotic impulse of the nation. For repairing the flag carried by General Winfield Scott in his march from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico in 1847, the Government paid Amelia Fowler of Boston the sum of $371. It was a commission not altogether unlike that given Betsy Ross when she made the first American flag. The work required nearly a year's time, and the most delicate handling. Mrs. Fowler had repaired several flags at the Naval Academy, and was considered the only expert to whom this delicate work could be entrusted. Interest was revived in this flag in April, 1914, when the United States marines made their landing on Mexican soil. No amount of money or care is considered too great to preserve emblems which perpetuate the memory of the stirring events in history as nothing else can do. For under these colors rallied the muskets, cannon and sabres, which made this bit of bunting proclaim a message irrevocable in the annals of history. Sentiment today, as ever in history, is the one moving and enduring impulse of the human race.

THE clang of the hammer nailing up the boxes containing his books and papers, just outside the Speaker's room in the capitol at Albany announced that the work of Elihu Root at the Constitutional convention was completed. The very way in which the nails were driven into these boxes partook of the positive and sturdy manner in which the new Constitution had been built. In this Speaker's room, for some months, Senator Elihu Root has labored in the greatest work of his life, which has proceeded day by day a matter of material moment.

ELIHU ROOT
The important work of providing the great state of New York with a new constitution has at last been completed, and Elihu Root, head of the Constitutional convention and foremost statesman of America, has returned to his home at Clinton

Years ago Elihu Root was known as the greatest lawyer in the United States — he always seemed to know just how to solve the most intricate problems. He was the dominating and directing force in the development of great business interests fifteen years ago. At the earnest personal solicitation of President William McKinley, he entered the service of the nation. It was realized then that Uncle Sam had obtained the services of a great lawyer, who has since become a statesman of world-wide reputation. For a few thousand dollars, which he has since received as a salary, he has given even more of his knowledge and life than when he was paid hundreds of thousands of dollārs by his patrons.

It was Colonel Theodore Roosevelt who insisted that Elihu Root was the greatest man who had arisen on either side of the Atlantic in his lifetime. It seems scarcely possible that one man should have accomplished so much in these few years. It was Elihu Root who re-organized the United States army and created the General Staff; devised the Platt amendment, virtually organized the new republic of Cuba, wrote the organic law of the Philippines; as Secretary of State established a great foreign policy and personally visited all the countries of South America. It was Root who induced Japan to turn to peace when her victorious armies were sweeping the Russian hosts from the plains of Manchuria. It was Secretary Root who placated and induced England to be just and generous after the Boxer crisis. With this record and his invaluable work, is it any wonder that he was awarded the Nobel prize?

After these triumphs, it would seem that he was entitled to a rest, but Elihu Root returned to his own state to take up the most complicated problems in the sphere of American government. His actions immediately proved that he was undertaking this work on a broad basis, with all partisan lines eliminated. His slender form, clad in the cutaway coat, with its turn-down collar and soft green tie, the very picture of simplicity, he approached his work, greeting his assistants in a voice high-pitched and at first not pleasing. He continued to work at ten in the morning, two in the afternoon, and eight-thirty at night, until virtually a new constitution was created for the Empire State. It was an interesting picture to see this tall, slight man, now threescore and ten, with grayish mustache and unwrinkled face, on the rostrum in the assembly chamber, taking up the work with a firm confidence and self-possession in the realization that he had come back home to give his own state the supreme service of his life. With an apparently exhaustless power of mind working in whatever direction he willed, the many subtle and delicate points brought up were met with the clear conviction of analytical thought and clear statement. He killed the literacy test and formulated four great reforms: the establishment of a budget system; constructive and responsible home rule; reform of judicial procedure, giving the poor man equal chance with the rich man in litigation, wiping out shyster lawyers; and thorough reorganization of the state government.

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TELEPHONING FROM THE IOWA BUILDING

Governor George W. Clarke telephoning to the state capitol at Des Moines. This photograph gives a wonderful idea of the ornate furnishings and beautiful appearance of the state buildings at the Exposition

WITH all of his masterful power of intellect, the one thing that the people do not generally understand about Elihu Root is that there never was a man imbued with more tender and sweet sentiment. He seems, apparently, to repress it, but when making a masterly address in the plea for the short ballot, he turned at the last and referred to the home on the hill at Clinton where he was born, and to which he was returning, and wanted to carry back with him the conviction that the duties and responsibilities of the hour had been courageously and forcefully met, and all problems correctly solved in the constitution which was to be submitted to the people of his native state. It had the ring of a "Cincinnatus" returning to his plow, and in the great assembly chamber many a moistened eye attested the general realization that the career of Elihu Root could not continue for many years to come; and a feeling was expressed that as long as he lived, the Sage of Clinton would continue to be a priceless source of counsel and advice in the affairs of the nation. There is a feeling that if he cannot be induced to become a presidential candidate, whoever is the choice must embody the ideals and functions of representative government so clearly and unmistakably enunciated by Elihu Root of New York.

* * *

THE matchless illustrations in the October NATIONAL present the night scenes of the Exposition in colors, marking an epoch in magazine illustration. Here are reproduced actual photographs taken after hours of exposure under artificial lighting, as it exists at the Exposition, to produce the impression upon the plate with even the shifting, prismatic colors that illumine the skies gathered in the magic camera, each color definitely segregated. The pictures were taken under the direction of Mr. Walter D'Arcy Ryan, of the General Electric Company, whose genius, with the unstinted support of his company, has produced a lighting effect which far surpass all other attempts in this direction. The negatives were not retouched. The illuminated pictures have all the weird fascination of nocturnal visits, and yet the outline is visualized through the shadows of night. It represents the triumph of idealism in harnessing not only the lurid flashes of the heavens, but in catching the very glint of the rainbow and blazoning it upon the curtain of night.

The forty-eight searchlights, each representing a state in the Union, throwing out that burst of prismatic colors at the Exposition, are likely to be used at Niagara Falls in illuminating this great scenic wonder by night in winter and in summer. They will in a way continue the triumphal lighting effects of the Exposition and heighten even the grandeur of the great Niagara Falls. A committee of energetic business men and manufacturers of Niagara Falls have started a movement, with Mr. Paul A. Schoellkopf, to arrange for bringing on these searchlights, which for a time it was thought would be utilized by the foreign countries on their battleships, but which happily have been utilized for the more pacific purpose of heightening the beauty and grandeur of one of Nature's wonders. How much more inspiring it is to conceive of these triumphs of inventive genius being adapted to the arts of peace than trained to the grewsome purpose of killing and destroying human beings. There must be an end to war. The sentiment of the world is insistent, and the leaven of this belief at work in the United States and in the countries bending low under the burdens of warfare and carnage will emphasize the enduring fact that nothing which might occur in the relationships between nations in the enlightenment of the twentieth century can justify the killing and slaughtering of human beings as a sacrificial offering to the ambitions and blood lust of monarchs or leaders.

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THE CUBAN PAVILION AT THE EXPOSITION

In stately French renaissance with its huge court open to the heavens in its center this structure is a scene of many dashing social functions. Here in the evening beaux and belles, to the enchantment of Castilian strains, indulge in the dancing that Cubans love so well. All are invited to the dance at the Cuban pavilion, which is administered by Director-General Loynez del Castillo, and the pavilion is a popular rendezvous for people visiting the Exposition. The building contains many historical treasures reminiscent of the old Spanish days in the islands. Cuba's representation was made at an expenditure of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the sugar and tobacco industries of the islands being especially well represented in the exhibit palaces

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IN reciting their experiences during the war in Europe, Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" may well be rewritten by some of the American consuls and members of the embassies abroad. There is nothing that an American hesitates to ask of his consul or representative. Some of them even bring their diamonds and jewelry to the embassy for safe keeping One irate lady wanted the consul to find her husband who failed to come home at night, and was continuing his convivial habits formed in the good old U. S. A. The promoter is there with his specimens of ore with which he hopes to sell a mine to the king or some of the nobility, and he wants to be provided with a storage warehouse.

The embassies are kept busy providing passports which are now issued under the rigid regulations of the State Department. The chief of the secret service in Germany does not hesitate to forge American passports, and the British government, finding a Chicago American newspaper man misusing a passport even in behalf of England, fined him heavily for the offence. In spite of insistent demands the American consul and members of the diplomatic corps abroad have made a new record for efficiency during these trying times that has reflected credit upon the service, and may result in establishing a precedent for providing trained and expert men in all branches of the service, instead of the political orphans who have been sent abroad heretofore to pay a political debt or to be given an extended vacation at the expense of the government.

ANOTHER specialty has been patented by Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, of the Naval War College at Newport. A flying boat, having a great carrying capacity, is equipped to carry and launch, while still in the air, the regulation Whitehead torpedo, which, when dropped, has its propelling mechanism started by the impact with the water, and so can be directed against warships which under ordinary circumstances, are protected by fortifications or enclosed harbor.

DURING the Grand Army Encampment in Washington, I found one comrade who had a page of the *Congressional Record* in his pocket. He carried it for many years—it was dated May, 1906. It was a part of a notable address by Hon. Charles B. Landis—"the gentleman from Indiana"—who was one of the leaders of the fifty-ninth Congress. After a day of wearisome harangue and debate over the immigration problem, the young congressman from Indiana made a three-minute speech, in which he read a letter written by his father after the bloody battle of Murfreesboro, to his uncle, and telling him of the death of the fourth son, killed on the field of battle. The speech seemed most appropriate to the present time, and the sentiment that flashed upon the drowsy atmosphere of that long day session was cherished by this old comrade wearing the bronze button. A part of the speech ran as follows:

> Mr. Chairman, three years ago I was invited to a city in southern Ohio to deliver an address on Memorial Day. Soon after I had arrived there a gentleman came to me and handed me an envelope in which there was a letter. It was faded and worn, but I recognized on the envelope the handwriting of my father. I noticed the badly-worn postmark, "Murfreesboro, Tenn.," and the date, as I remember it, 1863. I opened the letter and read it. It was written just after the battle of Stone River. It was written by my father to my Uncle Jacob, who up to that time had lost three sons in the Union Army. This letter told him of the finding of the body of his fourth son on the battlefield the day after the fight. He offered him sympathy as best he could, and closed with these words:
>
>> Uncle Jacob, this will be a severe shock to you, this being the fourth boy that you have given to your country; but in your sorrow you have this consolation: He died fighting for the best country on which the sun has ever shone.
>
> These words, Mr. Chairman, were words that came from the battlefield. They were the balm that kinship affectionately offered to the heart torn with grief; and, Mr. Chairman, they were true words. This was then the best country upon which the sun had ever shone, although it was being torn with hate and passion. This is now the best country upon which the sun has ever shone.

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THE COURT OF FOUR SEASONS BY NIGHT

The marvelous illumination enhances the splendor and beauty of this wonderful court, of which Henry Bacon of Boston is the architect. The sculpture silhouetted against the sky is the Fountain of Ceres, designed by Miss Evelyn Beatrice Longman. On either side, crowning the colonnades, are the two companion groups, The Feast of Sacrifice, by August Jager

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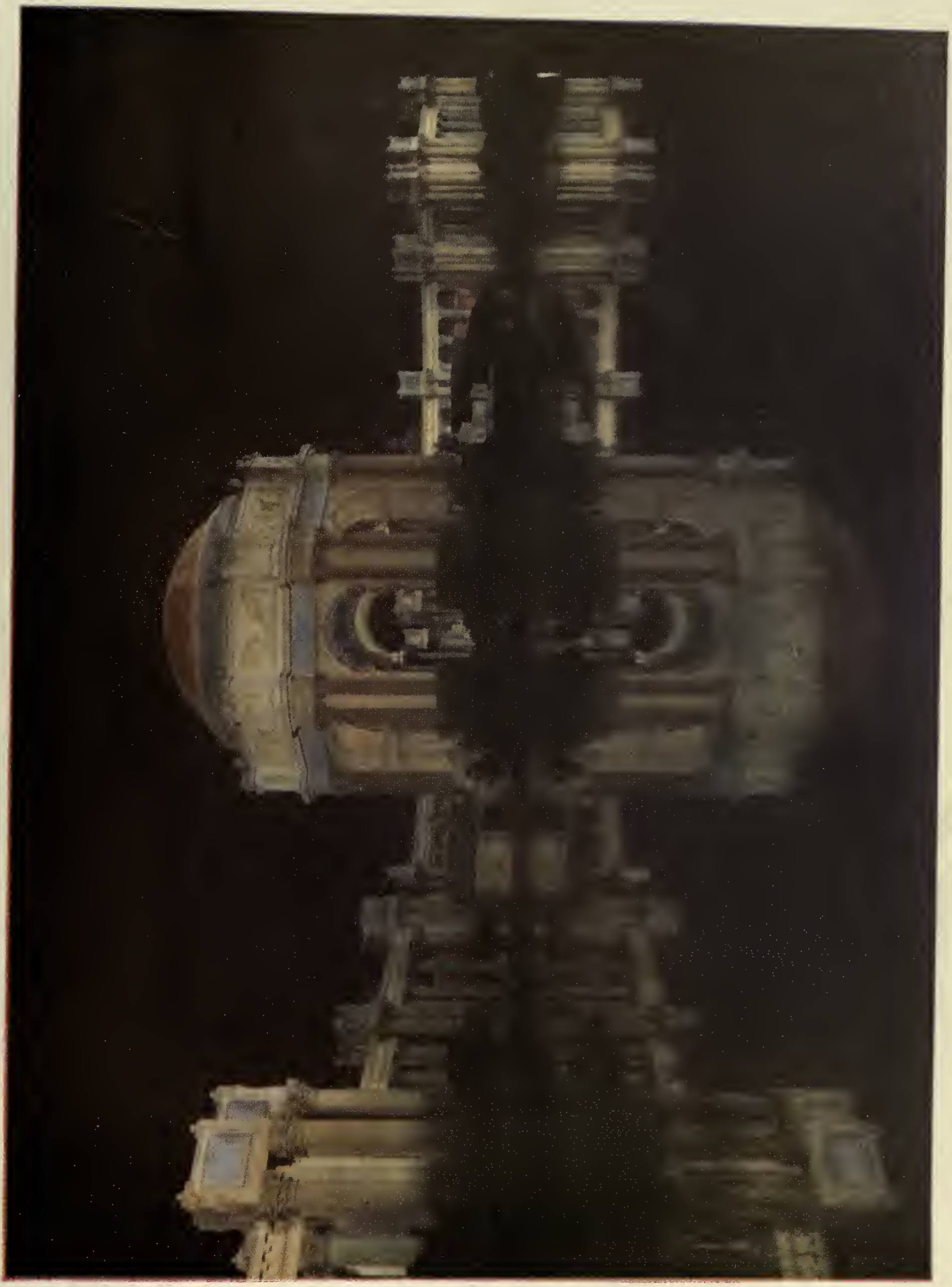

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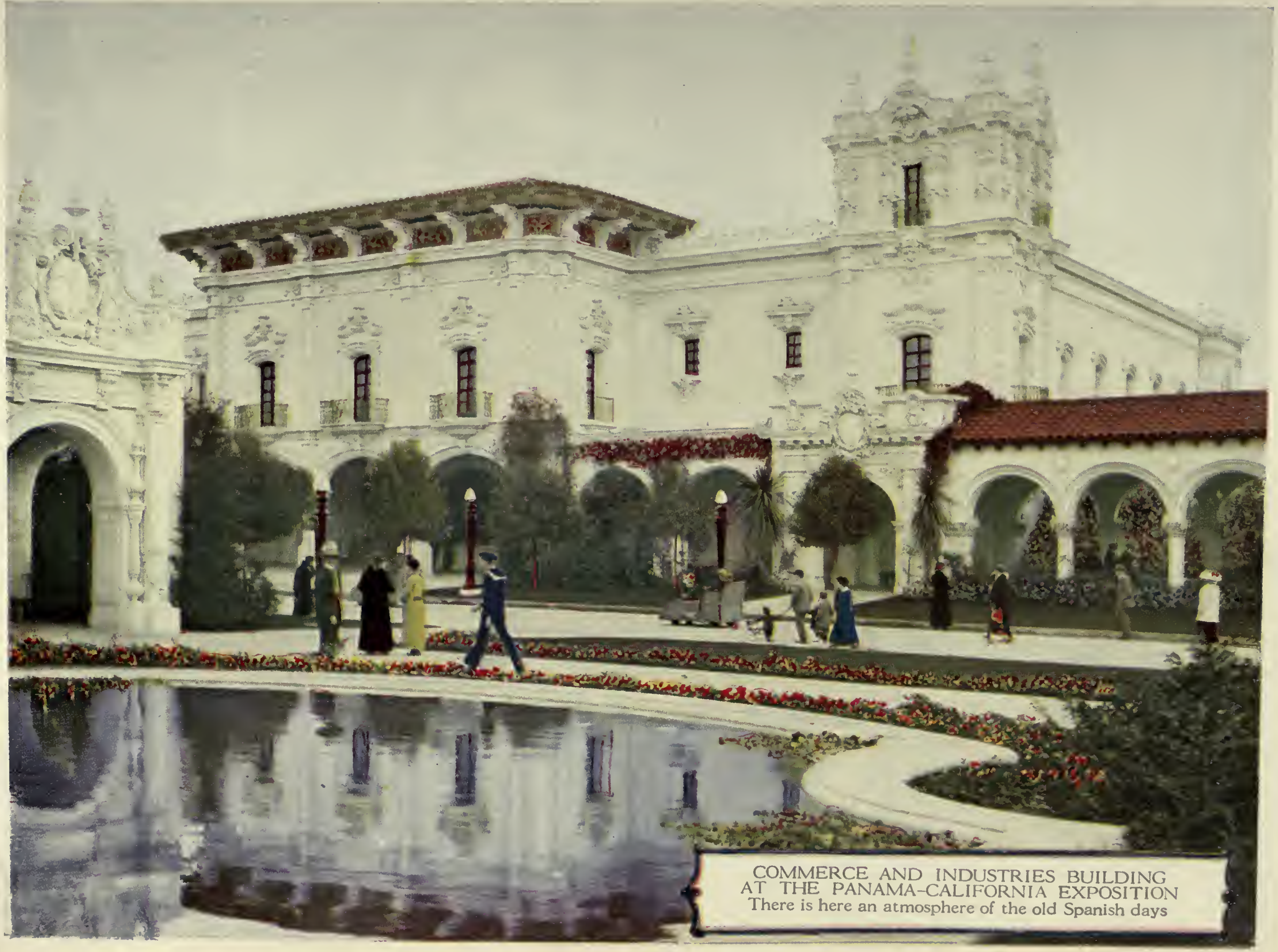
THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS AT NIGHT

From those that simply cross the Bay of San Francisco to those who have crossed the earth, every visitor has pronounced this to be the most picturesquely beautiful piece of architecture ever seen. Rivalling the Palaces of the Arabian Nights, it seems too enchanting for the architect even to have dreamed of so wonderful a palace and it seems to have been divinely inspired



COMMERCE AND INDUSTRIES BUILDING
AT THE PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION
There is here an atmosphere of the old Spanish days

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THE GIANT SEARCHLIGHTS ON THE WATER FRONT

These lights are so powerful that the rays may be seen more than fifty miles away. The night illumination is the most spectacular feature of the Exposition and has never been equalled. In the center of the photograph, which was taken from the city looking north toward the Bay, rises the great Tower of Jewels, on either side of which are hundreds of imposing towers, domes, colossal groups of statuary, each brilliantly illuminated

# The Night of a Thousand Eyes

## The Exposition at Night

### by Hamilton Wright

THOSE who are entranced with the Exposition by day at night behold it in its most marvelous phase. It then becomes a brilliant, gleaming, iridescent, enchanted realm, lying beneath the heavens which reflect its luminous palaces and parks—a very paradise, a colossal dream city. No such illumination has ever been attempted or achieved in the world before. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt said of it that it was the greatest glory of the Exposition, and the most wonderful feat in illumination ever presented.

At night the Exposition is a dreamland. As one may imagine fair palaces in some far-away realm of the clouds, ineffably white and brilliant, of indescribable magnitude and architecture, so does this marvelous creation appear when bathed in the radiance from the

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THE CANADIAN PAVILION

There is always a crowd in this magnificent building. The entrance ways are guarded by imposing lions. In the interior is a marvelous series of panoramic reproductions portraying different scenes in the Dominion. In these scenes the foreground is built up to resemble nature, with trees, grass, green orchards, brook or forest views actually produced, the scenes fading away into canvases with which they blend. One of the dioramic productions that always attracts visitors is the reproduction of a beaver dam with a colony of live beavers. Other scenes show many of the chief ports of Canada with tiny ships in operation upon pools of water, or with vast green fields and distant cities, grain elevators, drawbridges and stations with trains in operation, showing how the immense grain supply of Canada is handled. The balustrade before the diorama portraying the northern lights is always crowded with spectators magical colored rays grouped by the clever electric experts of San Francisco. From a distance the vast architectural creation stands out satin-white against the horizon of the night, and the sky line of the buildings seems to be an integral part of the picture, which includes the melted dome of the horizon. This effect is due to the powerful luminous waves cast by great batteries of searchlights against the walls of the building, the towers and lofty domes, while to furnish unprecedented beauty jets of light in brilliant colors—blues, yellows, greens, maroons, purples and Venetian reds, concealed in recesses behind the massive colonnades—are reflected against the lofty walls and upon rich mural paintings. Under this artificial moonlight which pervades the entire Exposition, huge palms and tree ferns brought from distant lands stand out in contrast with the lofty facades of the buildings, and the visitor gains an impression such as could scarcely be excelled, were the most wonderful architectural works of all the ages transported into the Garden of Eden and the scene bathed in a supernal light more brilliant, more glorious than any moonlight.

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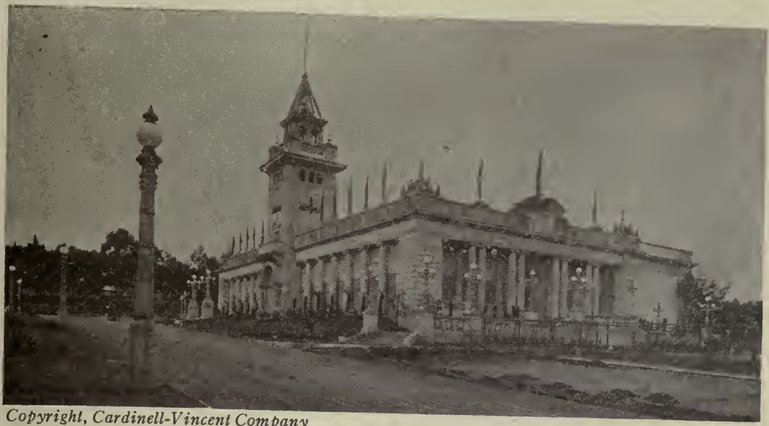
NEW ZEALAND BUILDING

This building is splendidly administered by the Hon. Edmund Clifton, New Zealand commissioner to the Exposition. Before the buildings are shown a number of beautiful tree ferns imported from New Zealand. In the interior are vast displays of the pastoral pursuits of New Zealand, including frozen mutton, wool, woolen goods, as well as exhibits depicting the agricultural resources and rare scenic charms of the country. One of the features of the pavilion that attracts universal interest is the display of hats, and of the trout and other game in which the country abounds, and which in normal years draws thousands of sportsmen to New Zealand. As a whole the display is a wonderfully comprehensive and elaborate exposition of the progress, industry, and industrial advancement of the Dominion

The system of lighting at the Exposition is an innovation in itself. In all other expositions where there were neither adequate methods nor equipment to so startle the world, and while formerly the outlines of the buildings were marked by great chains and strings of incandescents, all the light at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition



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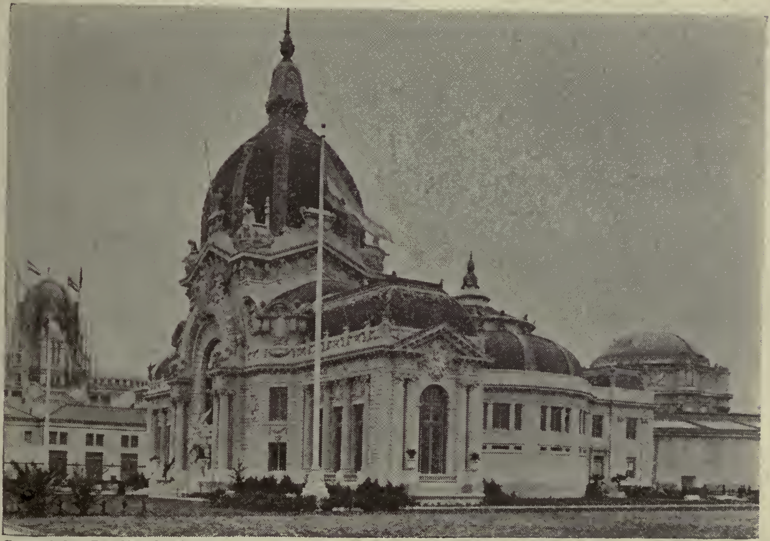
THE AUSTRALIAN PAVILION

Overlooking the Exposition grounds and many of the state buildings and national pavilions, this magnificent pavilion always attracts the throng. The thousands of visitors received in the name of Australia are provided with an abundance of descriptive literature and pamphlets. The building contains elaborate exhibits of frozen meats, both beef and mutton, in glass refrigerators; of woolens, and of agricultural products of all kinds. At one end of the building may be seen operatives cutting the jewels which are found in abundance in Australia, while models of gold nuggets found in the Kalgoorie and other mining districts are shown



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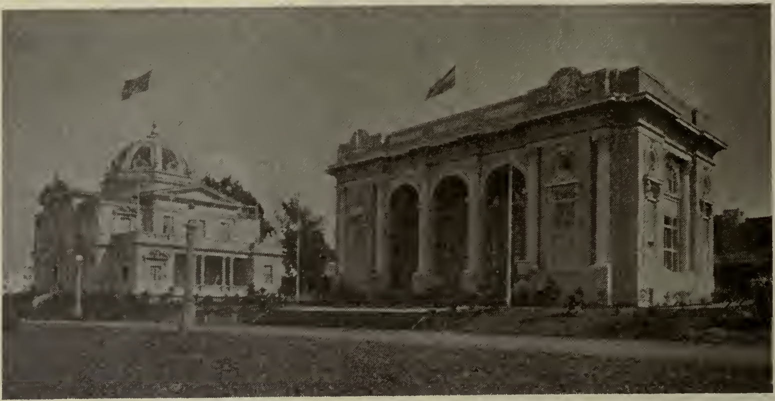
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC PAVILION

This building contains a huge moving picture show, a large two-story ballroom, numerous illuminated panoramas of scenes in the Argentine, specimens of the bird life and animals of Argentina, libraries of Argentine volumes, files of daily newspapers, statistics and large photographic reproductions of plantations and other phases of industrial life. The building is magnificently frescoed. The hardwood floors are highly polished, and the interior of the whole structure presents an effect of elegance and sumptuousness



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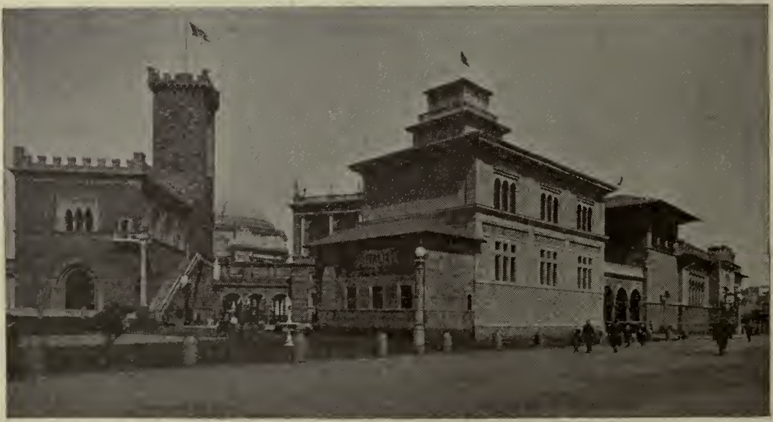
REPUBLICS OF CENTRAL AMERICA, GUATEMALA AND HONDURAS

These sister republics of Central America have built next to each other at the great Exposition at San Francisco, as the countries are located on the Isthmus of Darien. Both contain typical exhibits of the resources of their country, but Guatemala has an additional attraction in a splendid native band, which plays every afternoon at the pavilion to the delight of thousands of visitors who come daily to hear this music. The buildings are built in French renaissance style of different periods

is "indirect," issuing from behind columns or colonnades, or else is cast by searchlights in great waves bathing the walls of the exhibit palaces, emerging against lofty domes, towers and minarets, bringing every charm of detail out in bold relief and in the relative values of color and proportion in which each is seen by day. Nowhere in the Exposition is one obliged to look directly at a great glaring mass of light. There are no black shadows on the grounds. The giant works



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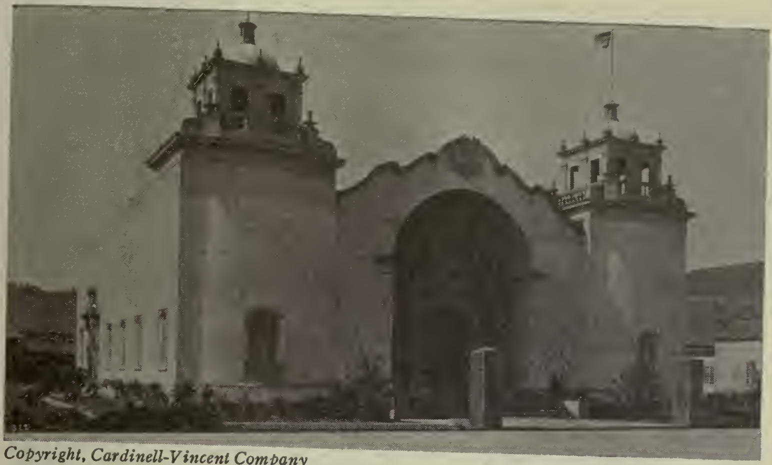
ITALIAN PAVILION

The stately Italian Pavilion which won the grand prize for foreign pavilions at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, consists of eight beautiful artistic structures inter-connected by courts and colonnades, and presenting the finest types of the architecture to be found in Italy during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries when the religious and communistic ideals of the country were strongly expressed in the architecture



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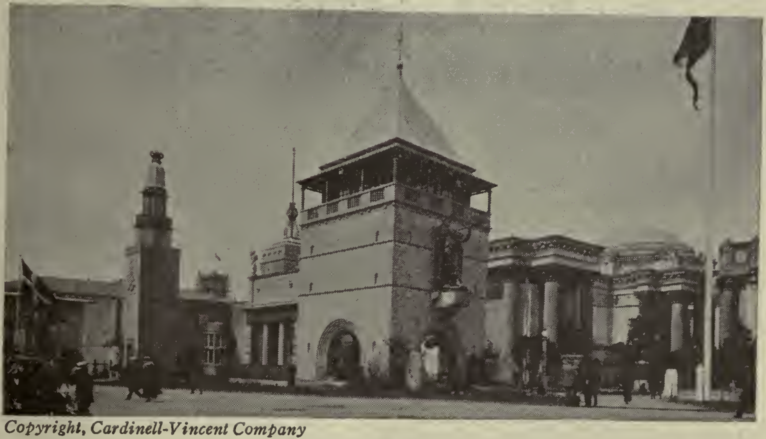
THE BOLIVIAN PAVILION

In the early Spanish architecture, typical of the South American countries. The two stone pillars commanding the entrance are carved with ancient Aztec designs, while the doorway is richly ornamented after the Spanish renaissance. The interior consists of numerous apartments where are shown attractive displays, with an open patio in the center after the manner of the Spanish dwellings. Bolivia as the Switzerland of South America, has come to the Exposition with a rich display of her gold and silver found in the Andes, and with many exhibits of her rubber, quinine and other products of the lower tropical valleys. The largest silver mine in the world is located in Bolivia, and products from this mine are given in the very valuable and selected display



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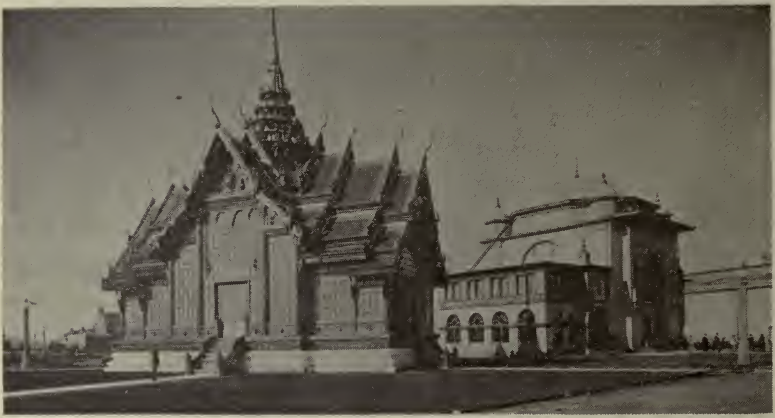
THE SUPERB DANISH PAVILION

A reproduction of Kronberg castle at Elsinore, familiar to readers of Shakespeare as the home of Hamlet, in part surrounded by a moat in which lusty bullfrogs chant their declaration of independence. Before the main entrance of the building, and above it, are two giant statues of Norsemen blowing upon the ancient lurs, a wind instrument that summoned the Danes to battle. At the summit are chimes, giving forth music on windy days. In the interior of the pavilion which is exquisitely appointed, are many beautiful paintings and large mural frescoes. Here, too, is a rest room in which visiting Danish people from all parts of the world are wont to aggregate, and here, too, Exposition sightseers are received with Danish hospitality. The Danish building does not comprise the entire representation. Many beautiful artistic works are exhibited in the main palaces, including an almost priceless display from the Royal Danish porcelain factory at Copenhagen of sculpture are unimpaired at night. Never has light been used to such an advantage as a decorative force. Purple lights concealed behind the massive Corinthian colonnades cast witching shadows upon the vast mural paintings, bringing out the works of such world-famous painters as Frank Brangwyn, Frank Vincent Dumond, and others not less illustrious—in their true colors and perspectives, enhancing and adding to the charm and brilliancy of the vast and magnificent murals. Colored lights cast upon escaping steam from lofty recesses of the towers or from giant urns in the Court of Abundance sends up a column of soft flame as though incense were being burned, while a glow of brilliant Venetian red projected far above the earth from recesses of the Tower of Jewels, or from the two stately Italian towers that command the approaches to the Courts of Palms and Flowers, contrasts vividly with the vast snow-white surfaces of the towers, which gleam as though carved from ivory.



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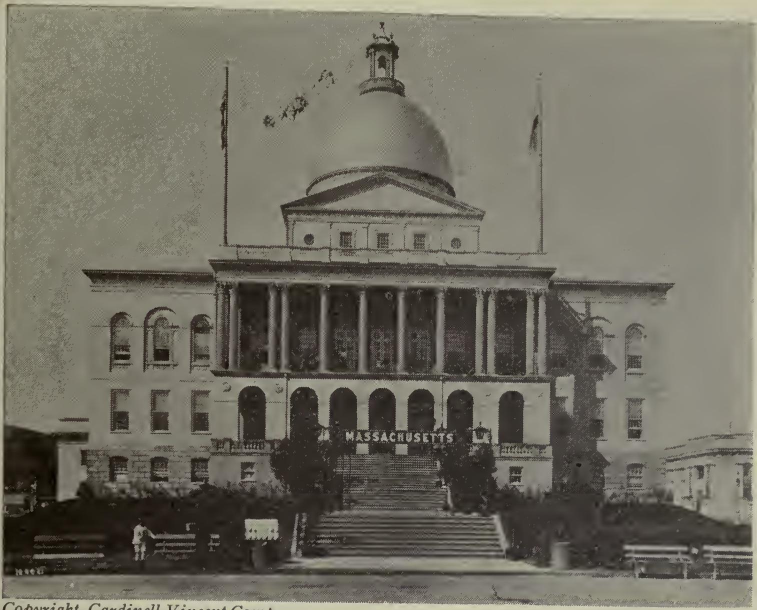
THE PAVILION OF SIAM

Distinctively Oriental in type of architecture and coloring, the Siamese building is constructed of rare native woods in duplication of the King's palace in the Royal Gardens at Bangkok. This pavilion is one of the most interesting on the Exposition grounds and is filled with rare and representative specimens of the products of this far-away country on the Indian Ocean. Rice, which is the principal cereal grown in Siam, is exhibited in many varieties. The building on the right of the picture is the Turkish building, with characteristic domes, minarets and spires, and here extremely beautiful and expensive Oriental rugs are on display for sale as well as for exhibition

Behold the mighty Court of the Universe, sublimest architectural creation in the world today, illuminated by the pillars of the prodigious fountains, the Rising Sun and the Setting Sun, from whose ivory-colored sides soft white light is diffused as from a dimly glowing bar of iron—a soft light that spreads throughout the Court, flooding its innermost recesses and enveloping it with a peculiar softness.

Behold, too, the Court of the Four Seasons, a vast open crypt formed by an oval cut into the four surrounding corners of each of



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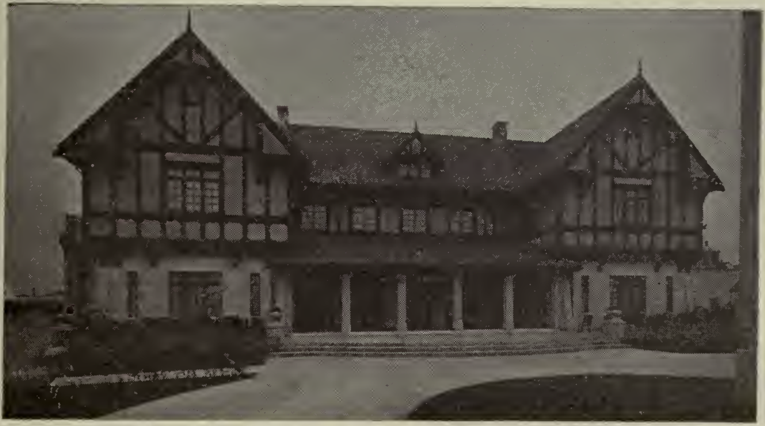
MASSACHUSETTS STATE BUILDING

This pavilion externally is a replica of the historic state capitol at Boston, and in proportion is about two-thirds the size of that artistic pile, dominating the broad two-mile avenue and visible from all parts of the grounds and surrounding country. The golden dome by day and by night is a focal point for all eyes. On the three floors are living rooms, bedrooms, and the large assembly hall and moving picture theatre. The building is designed primarily for a club house, but a number of historical collections and priceless relics are displayed



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THE INDIANA BUILDING

Queen Anne in type, the building represents a club house of the early English period, with spacious porches, and furnished with old hickory. In this handsome structure, made of stone quarried in Indiana and much devoted to entertainment, is a library of books by famous Indiana authors four towering palaces. Here, again, the light is softly diffused. One looking toward the sculptured groups, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, in each of the four corners of the Court, receives the impression that he is beholding illuminated paintings.

Imagine the exquisite Italian Court whence, looking across an expanse of water, one beholds the majestic proportions of the Palace of Fine Arts, mirrored in the lagoon and standing out amid the shrubbery, its dome like some ancient Roman temple. This view was pronounced by President Roosevelt to be, in his judgment, the finest vista at the Exposition.

"The Palace of Fine Arts by night," said he, "presents the greatest beauty at the Fair."

See, too, the mystical Court of the Ages with its stately gothic architecture, imbuing the beholder with a feeling of awe and religious reverence such as he feels who softly treads aisles of some stately cathedral. In this Court a novel method of illumination is applied. Gigantic urns at night seemingly send forth tongues of flame like incense burning in a pagan temple. The effect is derived through the use of reddish light rays cast upon escaping steam.

The most spectacular feature of the entire illumination is the lighting by a battery of forty-eight searchlight projectors, one representing every state in the Union, set upon the harbor's edge. These, the largest and most powerful type of searchlights ever made, are manned by seventy United States marines, who direct the evolutions with the precision of gun crews on a battleship. The giant shafts of light which are seen sixty miles at sea, may be turned in any direction by the turn of a screw. At times the vast rays are hurled out into the heavens as the petals of a giant lily, red, blue, green, purple, an Aurora Borealis of surprising magnitude and intensity. Again the rays of light cross one another far in the heavens, producing an indescribable quivering of light far above the earth. Often two rays crossing will produce a giant circle in the sky, a vast, misty, nebulous ring of vapor, as though a new world were in process of formation. When the great shafts of light move in parallel lines across the sky, they produce an effect of singular power and potentiality. It is as though some giant force, or even some material substance, some huge molten pillar of iron, were being hurled by Titan hands through the heavens. By turning off and putting on the lights rapidly in unison, the effect of lightning is simulated, while the bursting of great bombs produces the detonations of thunder. The sudden quivering shafts of light for a fraction of time vividly illuminating the vast expanse which is then cut off in darkness, and crashing of the explosives produces the effect of a mighty storm.

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AN EVENING FEATURE OF THE EXPOSITION

In every particular the Exposition excels any world exposition ever presented, and the spectacular night lighting is among its most interesting features. The remarkable fireworks at night are enhanced by the rays from giant searchlights. In the lower right-hand corner are seen beautiful plumes, produced by casting rays of light against great volumes of steam that escape from tall pillars

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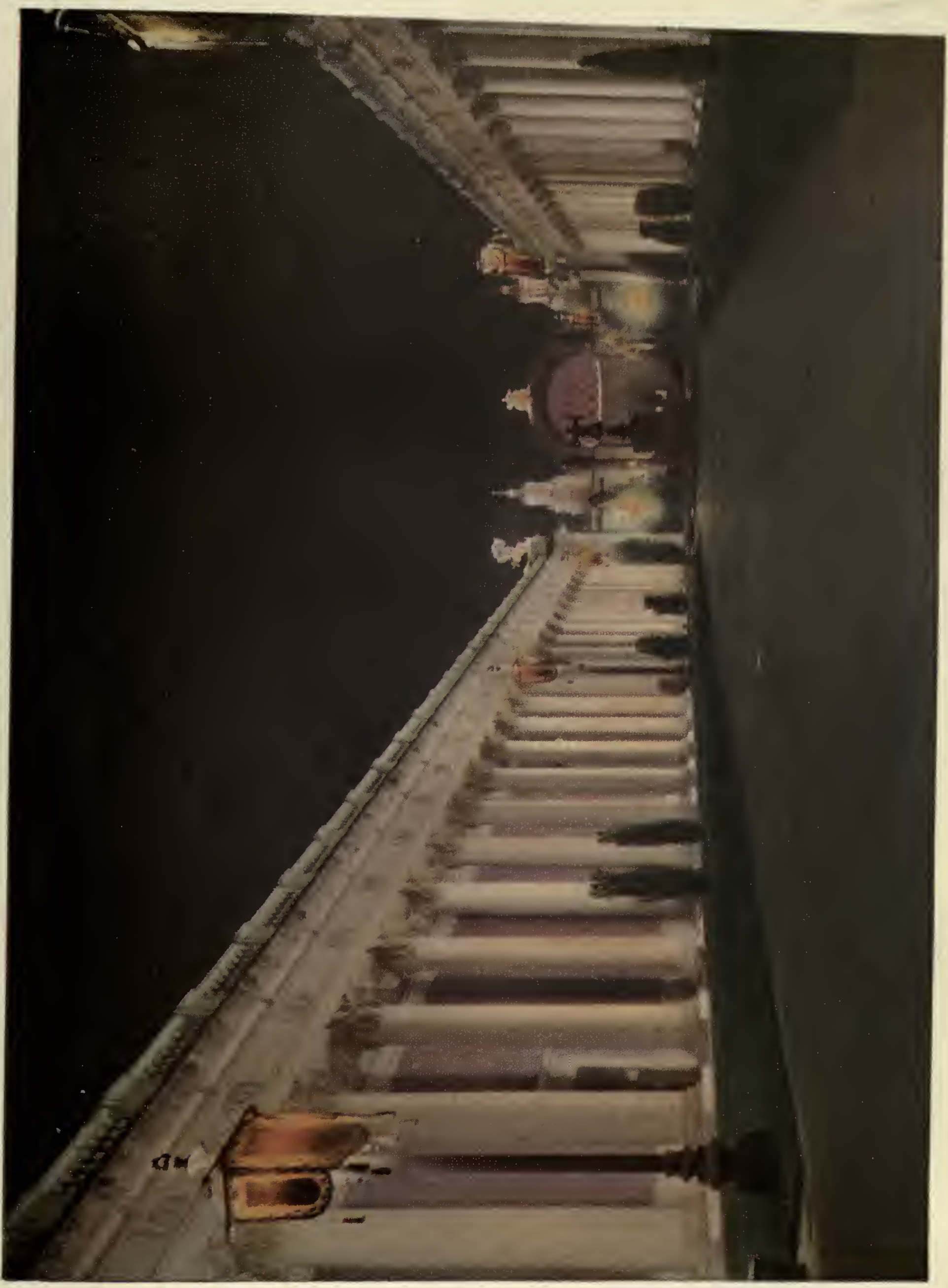
THE COURT OF ABUNDANCE BY NIGHT

This is the most highly ornamental and, by most visitors, pronounced the most beautiful court at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. It was designed by Louis Christian Mullgardt, who superintended the drawing to the minutest detail. The Fountain of Destiny is the central figure, symbolizing the story of human life upon the earth. The great tower, in the niches of which are many sculptured figures, dominates the north end of the court



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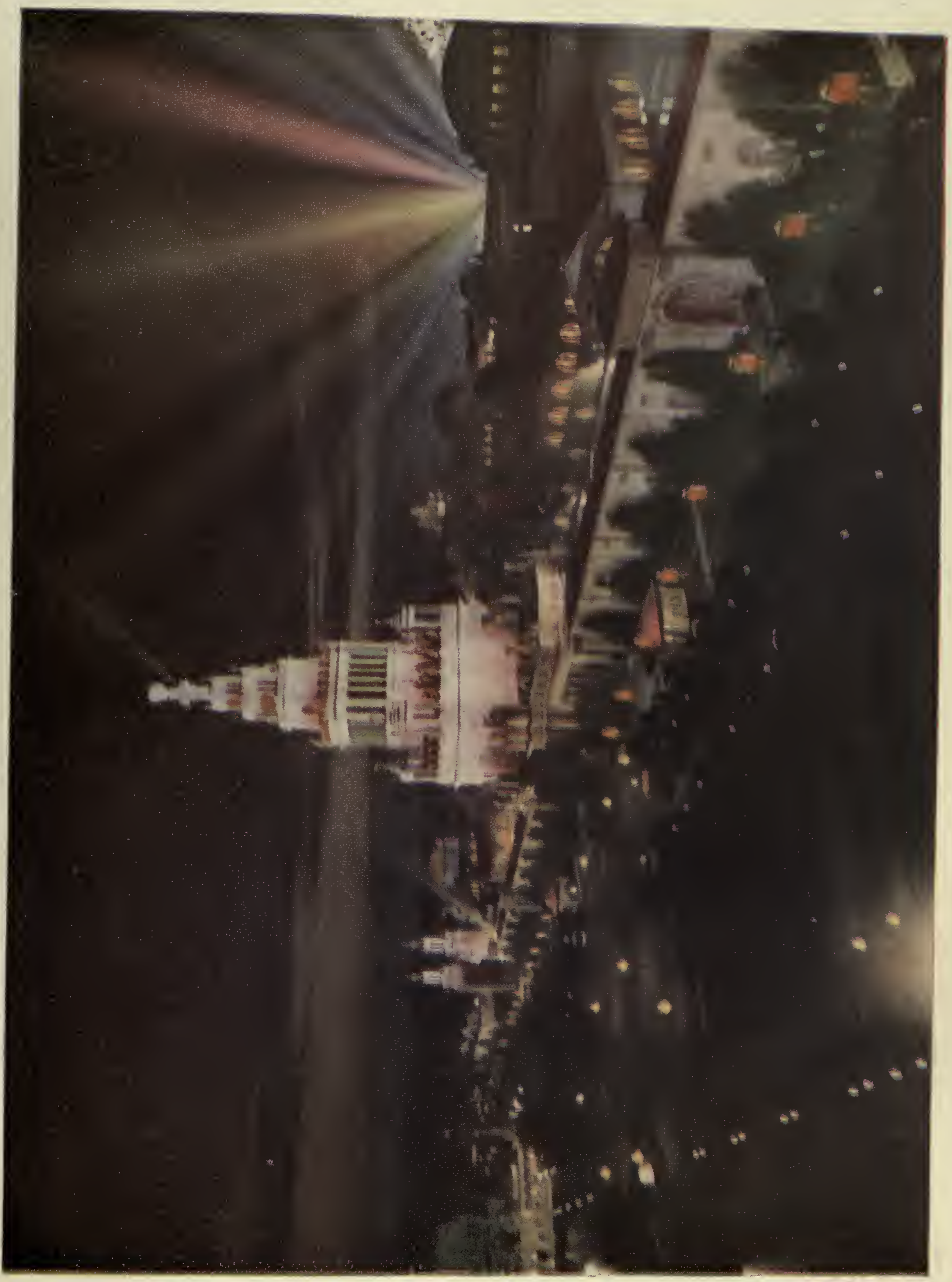
ENTRANCE TO THE COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS

This view was taken from the water's edge, revealing the magnificent colonnades of the Palaces of Agriculture and Food Products and the half dome over the south entrance to the court, against which is silhouetted the Fountain of Ceres. The Court of the Four Seasons is a beautiful circular court with a mirror pool in the center, while in each of the niches are groups of statuary symbolic of the seasons



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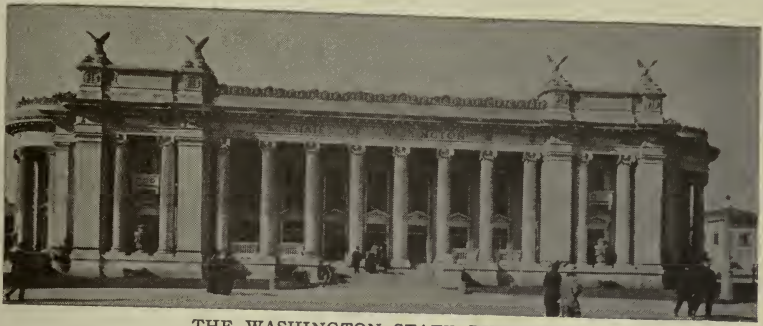
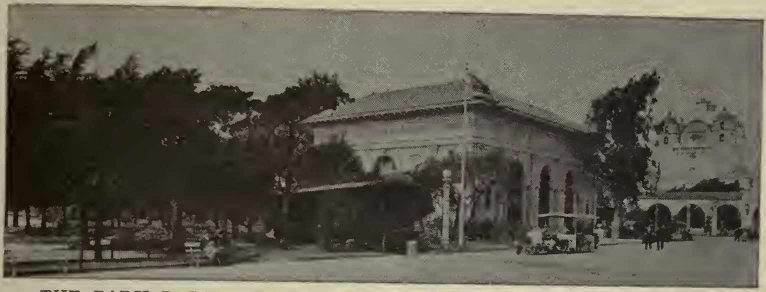
THE AURORA BOREALIS AT THE EXPOSITION

Rivalling in beauty and splendor the famous Northern Lights. In the foreground on the left are the South Gardens, the tropical paradise. In the background is the illuminated tower of the exquisite Palace of Horticulture, while on the right are the main palaces, richly adorned with statuary and sculpture. Upon the avenue in the center are to be seen the heraldic lighting standards whose brilliant rays are reflected upon the walls of the buildings



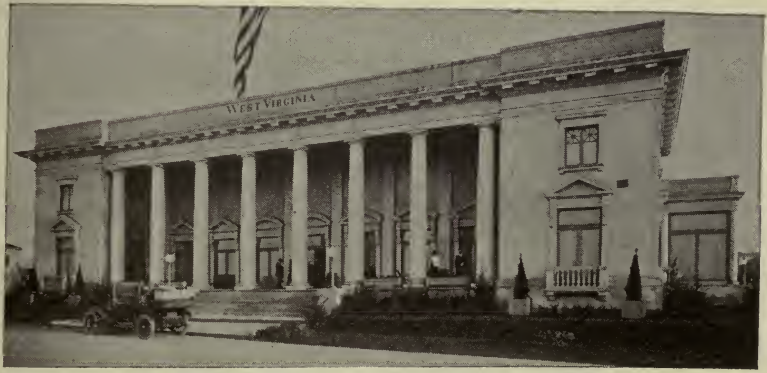
THE WASHINGTON STATE BUILDING

This pavilion is always thronged with visitors, and is as handsome a structure as many of the states possess in their capitols. In the interior is a cornucopia of apples which constantly revolves, and there are many attractive displays of the wealth and resources of the state. Here have been held Washington Day, Salmon Day and other events that will always be remembered during the life of the Exposition. Washington appropriated $175,000 for its participation in the Exposition



THE PARK BEFORE THE LAGOON OF THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS

To the right of the park is the United States fisheries car and next is the pavilion of Hawaii, while directly before the pavilion is one of the unique automobile trains used to transport visitors along the Exposition avenues. This is called after its inventor, the Fadgl train, and consists of a small automobile equipped with a Ford engine, and low trailers with soft cushion seats. To the right is seen a portion of the California building with chimes set in the towers, recalling the California missions



THE WEST VIRGINIA BUILDING

Attests the great interest of the residents of that state in the great exposition. It is in modified colonial style, and is the scene of lavish hospitality

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# The Editor at the Exposition

## Interesting and Wonderful Things Seen and Heard at the San Francisco Fair

ENTERING at the Golden Gate, where two generations ago thousands sailed in search of gold, myriads today are visiting San Francisco, the heroic city, risen from fire and earthquake, to extend her welcome to the millions thronging to America's western shores, having carried out an undertaking incomparable in its magnitude, exquisite in its harmonies, unequalled in the history of human achievement, and now beyond question the grandest and most beautiful "wonder of the world."

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition today rises upon the shore of San Francisco harbor, a city of superb temples, within whose mighty walls may be held all that is most beautiful, useful and precious of human art and industry, of the choicest works of the men and women of the world, who for generations have in their appointed place increased the human welfare and happiness in its progress upon the long and arduous path toward the attainment of liberty and peace.

To present to its readers an adequate tribute to this wonderful creation of the twentieth century, the NATIONAL MAGAZINE issues this special souvenir number. Universal expositions, because of their very magnitude, of the heroic effort required in their presentation, are in their nature ephemeral, beautiful, and evanescent as a cloud dream, a picture upon the morning skies, fading away as rapidly as the first tinge of dawn disappears before the approaching daylight, and leaving only an inspiring memory of their ineffable beauty and glory.

"Once every decade or so the great clock on the stairway of human progress strikes the hour of twelve, proclaiming that a new day is about to begin, and the world assembles the results of its progress and takes stock of the work done in the day completed, and so we have a world's exposition." Thus said former Governor David R. Francis of Missouri in observing that great world's expositions are held at stated periods.

But the progress of the world has been interrupted. In view of the enormous destruction of life, property and business, and the prodigious direct and indirect losses suffered by the whole of civilization, it seemed

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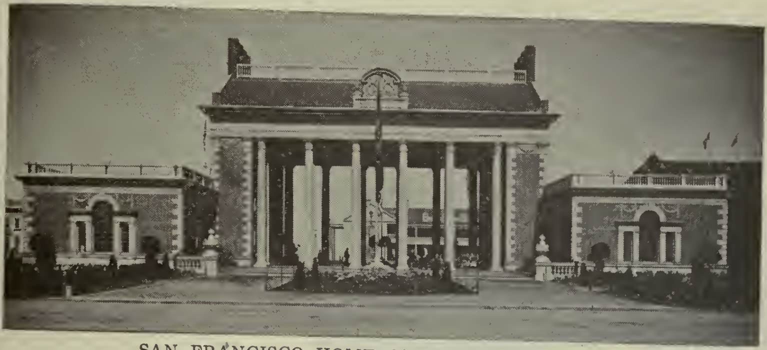
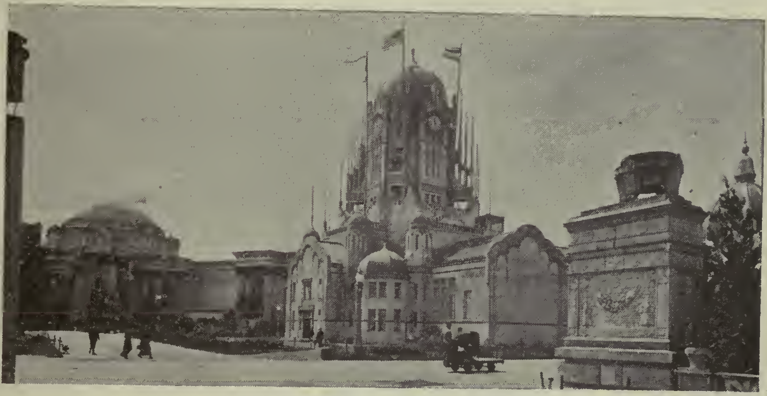
WITH ROOSEVELT AT THE EXPOSITION

(*Left to right*) Walter T. Sweatt, Theodore Hardee, Charles H. Green, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and H. D. H. Connick



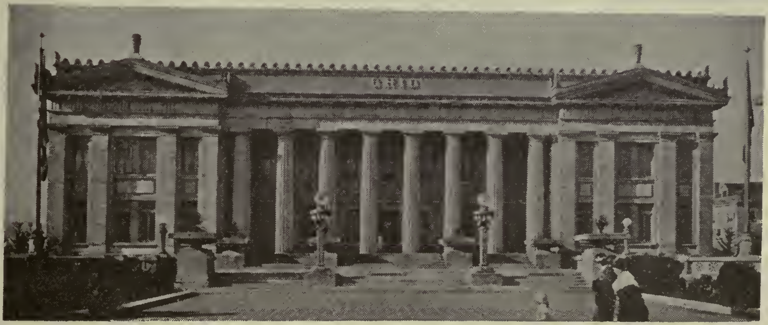
SAN FRANCISCO HOME OF THE LIBERTY BELL

The beautiful Pennsylvania State building reproduces in part the architecture of the famous Independence Hall in Philadelphia. The open loggia of the building is occupied by the Liberty Bell, while it is on exhibition by day; at night it is wheeled into a steel vault



THE NETHERLANDS PAVILION

With its giant towers rising far into the air and surmounted by many flagstaffs, this superb building is attracting the attention of visitors from all parts of the world



THE OHIO STATE BUILDING

This is a replica of the state house at Columbus, which is of the classic architecture of the famous Parthenon at Athens. Included in the beautiful furnishings of the Ohio building is evidence of the fact that Ohio is the mother of six Presidents of the United States

*Photos Copyright, Cardinell-Vincent Company* extremely improbable that an universal exposition of the scope and magnitude of the giant exhibition at the Golden Gate could be staged within the life of the present generation. The nations participating in the Jewel City at San Francisco and the individual exhibitors would hardly be able to take part upon the same vast scale.

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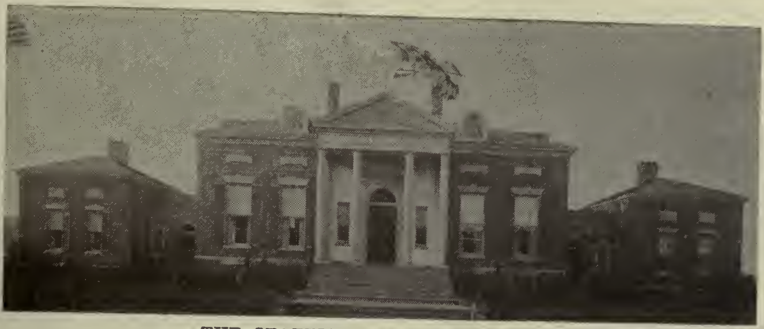
ART SMITH—FAMOUS AVIATOR

The master of aviators in the manipulation of an aeroplane, about to start on a flight from the Marina. Art Smith was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and he is twenty-one years old. As Lord Richard Plantagenet Neville, representative of King George, he is one of the marvels of the Exposition, and has made as many as twenty-four consecutive loops in his biplane, thus holding the world's record for consecutive looping

The National Magazine joins with thousands of Americans in urging those who can possibly visit the Exposition before its close on December 4 to do so. To have missed the Exposition will be to have neglected an opportunity that will not come again within the lifetime of those now living. Many notable leaders in public life, including former President Roosevelt, Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall, former Vice-President Fairbanks, William Jennings Bryan, Cyrus Curtis, Judge Taft, Speaker Champ Clark, Judge Elbert H. Gary of the United States Steel Corporation, John A. Sleicher, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, have urged that all who possibly can should see the Exposition. "Every American," said Vice-President Marshall, "even at the sacrifice of something which for the moment appears necessary, should view this greatest and most complete resume of man's achievements."

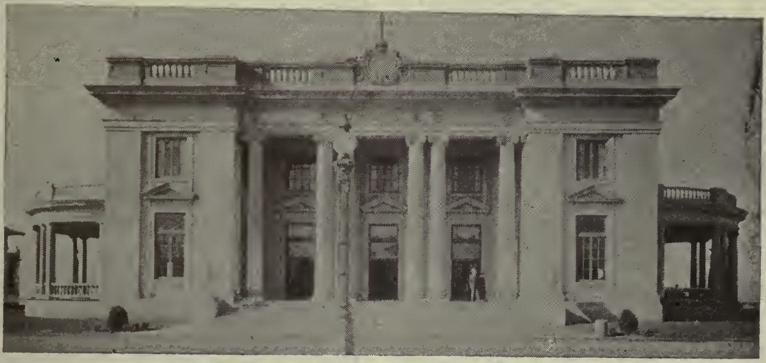
From now until the Exposition closes, December 4, the visitor will enjoy San Francisco's most delightful season. The Exposition today is in its most attractive phase in the full bloom of autumnal maturity. A serious study of the displays might well last several months, but a visit of two or three weeks will afford a world of instruction and entertainment. There is nothing like it in the world today or that has ever been molded by man since the world began.

BRONZED and ruddy, and abounding in his characteristic vitality and enthusiasm, Colonel Roosevelt, fully recovered from his South American expedition, visited the Exposition in July. He was in San Francisco five days. During that time he toured the vast exhibit palaces, presided at many notable functions given in his honor, and made many addresses. On Roosevelt Day, July 17, Colonel Roosevelt, in the Court of the Universe, spoke to fifty thousand persons on "Preparedness for War." As the familiar figure, sturdy as of yore and not worn away by the fevers which had followed his tropical journey, stood out beneath the Tower of Jewels, cheer after cheer broke from a vast ocean of humanity that spread before him. Above the Colonel, as he spoke, loomed the mighty archway of the Tower of Jewels, a giant shaft one hundred and twenty-five feet in height, adorned by great mural paintings and statues, which, strangely enough, were allegorical presentations of the purpose,



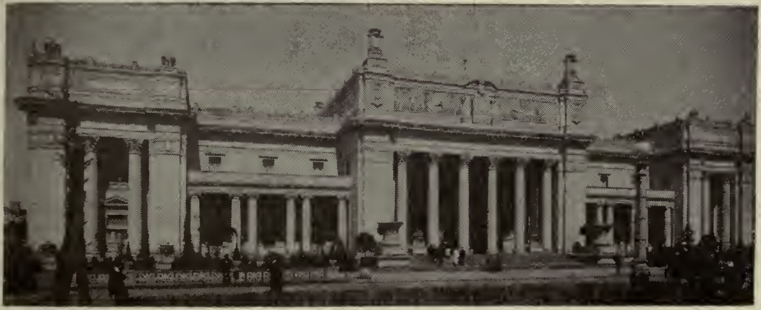
THE STATELY MARYLAND BUILDING

This handsome structure, in the finest architecture of the American colonial period, recalls to thousands the homes of such famous families as the Carrolls, Van Renssalaers, and others



THE KANSAS PAVILION

This building is in Georgian style of architecture with three spacious verandas. The inside is sumptuously furnished in Elizabethan furniture, the first floor being practically one reception hall, with columned alcoves. The reception hall is surrounded by a gallery overlooking the main room. The inside of this building is finished in California redwood, finished to a mahogany luster



NEW YORK STATE PAVILION

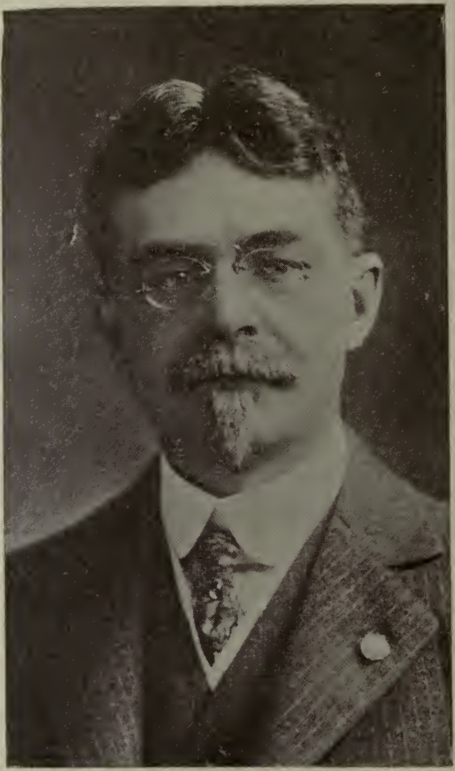
This is one of the most palatial of the state and foreign structures, erected at the cost of approximately $150,000. The building includes a gorgeous ballroom, several banquet halls, and nearly a score of private suites and apartments for the use of state commissioners and their guests

*Photos Copyright, Cardinell-Vincent Company* the progress and the historical phases of the Panama Canal of which, as the world knows, he was the chief initiator.

With hundreds of thousands of others Colonel Roosevelt marveled at the Exposition. "You did not have to bring me out here," he said. "You could not have kept me away. I feel a peculiar pride in this Exposition; and if I were able to command the attention of the whole American people, I would ask them not for your sake but for their own sakes not to miss seeing what is unquestionably the most beautiful sight that has ever been beheld. I cannot overstate in my praise its beauty and wonder. I admire it by day, but I marvel more at it by night. The lighting of the Exposition is the most wonderful accomplishment in illumination in the history of the world. You promised the nation a great event, and you have kept your word. You have made good."

FREDERICK J. V. SKIFF
Director-general of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Dr. Skiff is a native of Massachusetts. He was appointed director of the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago in 1894, and was a member of the national commission for the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893, being subsequently appointed chief of the department of mines and finally deputy director-general. He was also the director of exhibits at the St. Louis Exposition of 1904

Of interest was the Colonel's meeting with Art Smith, the famous boy aviator of Fort Wayne, Indiana. At a quarter to eleven on July 22, Colonel Roosevelt appeared at the head of the Marina to see the special flight which Art was to make in his honor. "I would invite you to ride with me, Colonel," said the aviator as the two stood in front of the aeroplane "if I had a heavier machine. This one is too light for passengers." "I would be glad to go with you," responded the Colonel. Then turning to the boy, he said, "Art,



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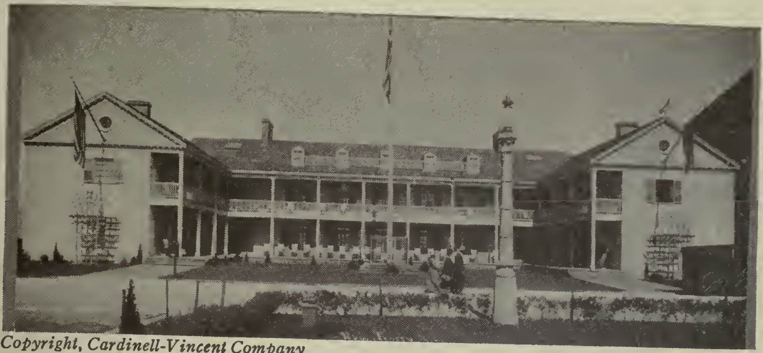
JOSEPH M. CUMMING
Executive secretary, who has been with the Panama-Pacific International Exposition since its inception. He is President Moore's chief helper and all the executive work of the Exposition passes through his hands. Mr. Cumming is honored by thousands of San Franciscans for his careful, efficient and thorough methods of organization, his tact, his great energy and his tireless industry. For many years he was in charge of the Mechanics Institute in San Francisco, one of the strong enterprises of the city



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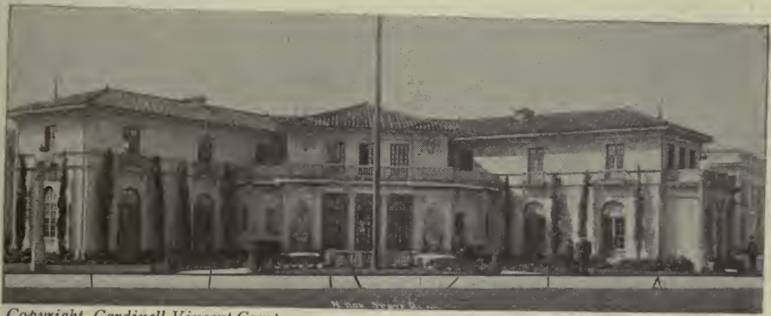
THE NEW JERSEY BUILDING

This is a reproduction of the old army barracks at Trenton erected in 1758, originally built for protection from Indians. In Revolutionary days it was the scene of a transaction between Count de Rochambeau and Colonel Reed, Washington's aide, in which the latter received $12,500, which enabled the Continental troops to carry on the war until the surrender of Yorktown. Had President Wilson been able to visit the Exposition it would have been his home during his stay. A feature of the building is a very charming suite fitted up in anticipation of President Wilson's coming



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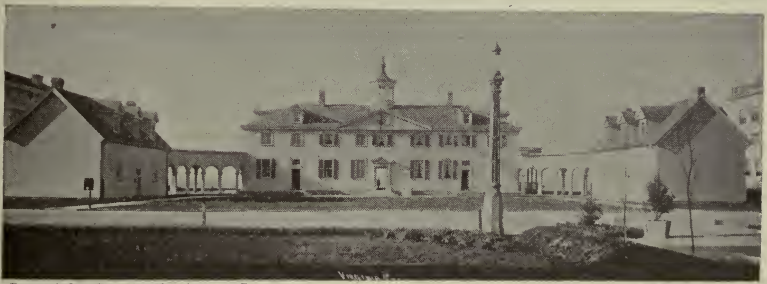
THE NORTH DAKOTA BUILDING

The pavilion is visited by thousands of persons from the great agricultural commonwealth, and is representative of the splendid buildings erected by the American states at the Exposition



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VIRGINIA STATE BUILDING

This reproduction of Washington's home at Mt. Vernon contains interesting memorabilia of the colonial period and is furnished artistically in colonial style my boy, you are flying for fun now. You must be careful. I don't want you to be killed this way. Some day you may have to be shot for your country. Such a death as that would be worth while; but you must take care of yourself now."

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THE NORWEGIAN BUILDING

This handsome structure recalls one of the many churches to be seen in Christiana, and will be familiar to Americans who have seen similar churches in this country. In this building are to be found a rest room, an assembly hall for the entertainment of visitors, and a loggia in the upper story where visitors partake of their lunches. In the rear of the commercial section numerous exhibits portray the fishing industry and the maritime products of Norway. Replicas of ancient galleys used by the early Norse explorers and of modern steamships are also shown. There is a splendid exhibit of the manufacture of nitrates from the air through the use of tremendous water power. Scenes portraying the fishing industries are shown, while there are dioramas reproducing the scenic charms of Norway, including the mountains and fiords

Colonel Roosevelt exhausted his escort, Chief Charles H. Green of the Varied Industries Building, in miles of striding through the exhibit palaces. Particularly was he interested in the Philippine display, and in the Wanamaker Indian exhibit.

As he studied the many pictures of the North American Indian, Colonel Roosevelt grew enthusiastic. "I wish the press of the United States to say for me that this Indian work and the Indian art is the most magnificent thing that I know of," he said.

"I want to urge again that this work is colossal. It leads to what I hope the American people will feel that they must do. The Indian must be preserved; his art must be preserved and made an integral part of our civilization. The products of Indian manufacture—baskets, blankets, pottery, beadwork—should be preserved not only for the sake of the Indian but for the sake of the industrial and art life of the American people. To the American people I want to consecrate this work with all my heart, and I congratulate you upon it."

THE center of the world's best work today is San Francisco. It has listened to William Jennings Bryan, who lifted up his powerful voice for peace; to Colonel Roosevelt, who advocated immediate preparedness; and to Mr. Taft, whose happy smile irradiated the grounds like California sunshine, and who inclined more to Colonel Roosevelt's view of armament than did Mr. Bryan. It has seen Colonel George W. Goethals, famous builder of the Panama Canal, preside over the sessions of the International Engineering Congress, urging that Americans be permitted to obtain a greater foothold in industry on the Panama Canal Zone, so that it may be more firmly in the grasp of the United States. It has heard the Honorable Champ Clark, Speaker of the House; listened to Governor Capper of Kansas, who insisted that Kansas is the fairest land on earth and that its five hundred thousand school children have never seen a saloon. It has been inspired by the matchless oratory of Governor Major of Missouri, who took his thousands of auditors back to boyhood's barefoot days, to the country school, to the glories of the old swimming pool, and traced the history of Missouri from its beginning to its triumphant present. It has hearkened to the inspired words of Vice-President Marshall, who said: "Whoever can afford it, even at a sacrifice of something which for the moment appears necessary, should come to see a real work of art never equalled even by a mirage."

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**OREGON STATE BUILDING**

Next to New Jersey is the Oregon Pavilion, the lines of which are modeled after those of the Parthenon at Athens, the columns being made of Oregon fir instead of marble as in the original. This building is packed with the products of Oregon and overflows to the extent of having an auxiliary building, in miniature of the main one for the fish display. Beyond Oregon is the California Counties Building, built in representative mission style, and containing the exhibits of the different counties of the State

Princes and potentates, diplomats and dignitaries, capitalists, famous artists, architects, authors, railway magnates, magazine editors, publishers, governors, senators, congressmen, railroad men, society belles, suffragists, bankers, emissaries of great commercial interests, and millions of the less acclaimed have journeyed from the far corners of the globe to the city by the Golden Gate.

Judge Elbert H. Gary of the United States Steel Corporation, has acclaimed the Exposition as the finest artistic effort in the world. Frank Vanderlip of the National City Bank has turned from the prosaic speech of the banker into the flowered realms of inspiration. Governor Philips Lee Goldsborough of Maryland and Governor Charles S. Whitman of New York have talked to the home folks across the continent. Charles M. Schwab has predicted that it will not be long before iron will be imported from South America in such quantities that steel mills will grow up all around San Francisco Bay. Art Smith, who has looped the loop twenty-four consecutive times about the Exposition grounds, has circled the East and will return to California.

The powerful voice of Governor Martin G. Brumbaugh has echoed from the Pennsylvania Building to the patriotic impulses of the Liberty Bell. John Purroy Mitchel breezed into the New York City Building and whizzed through the palaces intent on seeing everything. "Would you run for President?" someone asked. He replied, "Why, that is the funniest question I have ever been asked. We will let the subject go at that."

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont sounded the clarion call that the right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex.

Madame Maria Montessori, the famous Italian educator, keeps her children's classes busy.

Governor L. B. Hanna of North Dakota,

in ringing tones, told his audience that North Dakota is a prohibition state and that the young people of this generation in that state have never faced the menace of the open saloon. He asked the audience to come forward after the program and "meet my wife, my daughter and my boy."

Though President Woodrow Wilson was unable to visit the Exposition, President Wilson Day was celebrated with all the honor due the Chief Executive. Prince Jagatjit Singh Bahadur of India and his beautiful wife, the Maharanee, with their gorgeous retinue, have circuited the Exposition. William Randolph Hearst, the great publisher, has stayed there for many months and put the enormous forces of his publicity behind the great enterprise. Aaron Watson of the *London Times* said: "From the publicity accorded the Exposition abroad, and there has been no lack of publicity, I was led to expect a great deal upon my arrival. I believe that the highest tribute I can pay the Exposition is to say that even its wonderful exploitation has failed to do it justice."

*Photo by Misses Moore and Clark, San Francisco*

CHIEFS OF EXHIBIT DEPARTMENTS, PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

(*From left to right, upper row*) G. A. Dennison (horticulture), George W. Danforth (machinery), Alvin E. Pope (education), D. O. Lively (live stock), Theodore Hardee (liberal arts), C. H. Green (manufactures and varied industries). (*From left to right, lower row*) Charles H. van Barneveld (mines), J. E. D. Trask (fine arts), Asher Carter Baker (director of exhibits), T. G. Stalsmith (agriculture), Blythe H. Henderson (transportation)

AFTER all, the human side of any great enterprise is really the most interesting. When one views the wonders and beauties of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, the question naturally arises, What of the men who planned this wondrously successful undertaking?

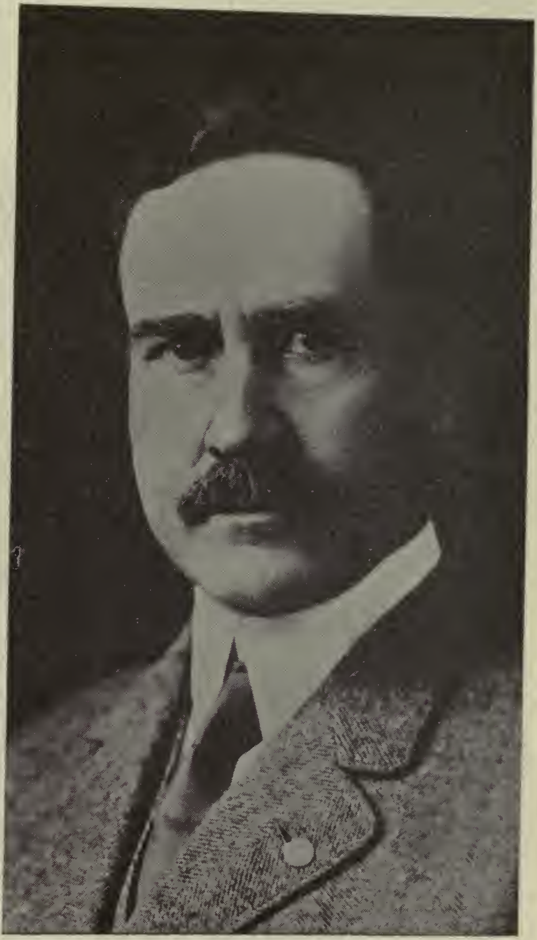
While, of course, such an expression of human energy must call for ability of the highest character from men of diverse minds, and a great number of people are entitled to credit for what they have done, interest naturally centers in the person that has been its head.

To one who meets Charles C. Moore, President of the Exposition, for the first time, there comes the impression of his genial personality and his wonderful enthusiasm for the work, particularly as an expression of the pride of the American people in the opening of the Panama Canal.

For a long time there was an impression that the Exposition was a local enterprise and it was often discouraging to have to combat the somewhat cynical opinion that President Moore and his fellow-members of the Board of Directors were actuated by local interest. Mr. Moore has devoted an immense amount of energy to what he calls "sounding the international note," and no one sees the Exposition now but realizes what he had in view. Had the whole vast project not been animated by a sense of the duty of conducting an international, universal exposition celebrating so great an achievement as the completion of the Panama Canal, and had not Mr. Moore so earnestly insisted on making this idea so prominent, the Exposition would not have realized so successfully the only ideal that could justify and dignify it in the sight of the world.

To those who know Mr. Moore intimately, while his energetic enthusiasm inspires them as it inspires all with whom he comes in contact, the chief impression he gives is that of his daring and constructive imagination. Those who know him well and have been associated with him, can recall many instances in which his vision has prevented troubles that might have arisen had he not been able to see so far in advance.

Perhaps the best illustration is in regard to the question of employment. Mr. Moore was elected president of the Exposition in March, 1911, when he was absent on an eastern trip. His election was a complete surprise to him, and it was a serious question with him whether he could accept the responsibility. When he returned to San Francisco, and at the very earnest request of his fellow-directors accepted the position, one of the first statements he made as to the policy to be pursued, which was unanimously agreed to by the Board of Directors, was that there should be no such thing as patronage in the Exposition. He foresaw all the troubles that would come from yielding in the slightest degree to friendships or other personal influences, and he laid down the law that no one could be appointed to any position except in the following prescribed manner: The president of the Exposition, subject to the final approval of the Board of Directors, would appoint all of the chief officials. These officials in turn would be responsible for the efficiency of their employees; and their subordinates were to be appointed by these same officials, subject always, of course, to final approval by the president.



CHARLES C. MOORE

President of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and its greatest inspirational and executive power. Always he has been in advance of it, always pulling it forward. Within the shadow of this overwhelming creation, Mr. Moore's work in coordinating and inspiring the efforts of his fellow-men to produce unquestionably the most beautiful and impressive work in the world today, marks him as a leader of men

It took a long time for it to sink into the public mind that this was anything more than a subterfuge to get rid of troublesome applicants, but the rule was observed without exception, so that every employee holds his position for the one reason that he is able to fill the job, and no official in charge of any work could ever attribute failure to inefficient help. The result is that there has probably never been an organization brought together so quickly that worked so efficiently.

The people of this country have often been accused of thinking only of money, and while that may have been true in the past, we are more and more realizing that success in life does not mean making money alone, but that everyone is responsible to his community and to his country for such service as he can render the common welfare. No one holds this belief more strongly than Mr. Moore, and all of his tremendous enthusiasm since the Exposition was first proposed has been inspired by this realization of his obligation as a citizen.

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REUBEN B. HALE

One of the six vice-presidents of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. It is due to Mr. Hale that the great Exposition is held, for in 1904 he addressed a letter to the Merchant's Association of San Francisco suggesting that a world's exposition be held to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal. This first letter created the greatest enthusiasm in California, the project was widely heralded throughout the West, and a meeting of the executives of the commercial organizations of San Francisco was held. Mr. Hale kept steadily at the idea, and even during the dark days following the fire of 1906, the Exposition became the battlecry in the work to rebuild the city

He started business for himself when a very young man, at a time of great financial depression, when it called for the utmost confidence in one's self to succeed, and has built up a large and successful egineering business.

He was connected with the Exposition from the beginning and took an important part in all of its early development, and since his election to the presidency, he has given practically his entire time to the work. To those who know him, it is easy to understand that no salary, no matter how large, could ever compensate him; but it is amusing to note the surprise of many people when they learn that all of his tireless energy and enthusiasm have been devoted to the cause without the slightest compensation, other than the gratification one gets from the consciousness of work well done.

There have been times when his resolution has been put to the test, and never more so than when the war clouds burst a year ago. At that time almost every other trouble of the Exposition had been smoothed out. Many times in May and June of last year, he used to say that the undertaking was an assured success, and that nothing could injure it save a world-wide panic, pestilence, or a European war. When the war broke out, it was assumed all over the United States that the Exposition would have to be postponed, but Mr. Moore and the Board of Directors never gave the matter much more than a passing thought. They realized, of course, the gravity of the situation, but were not dismayed; it was merely one more difficulty to overcome. Mr. Moore attacked it in his characteristic fashion. The Exposition itself bears witness to the courage and vigor of his efforts.

When we realize the difficulties of getting together with great rapidity a highly efficient organization, of stimulating men to work with an energy they did not know they possessed, of harmonizing all the conflicts that would naturally arise in so great an undertaking, and of bringing it all to such a successful conclusion, Mr. Moore must take rank as one of the great captains of American enterprise.

WHEN some of the first citizens of California had been properly and duly assured that the sum of twenty millions of dollars would be set aside for a world's exposition, they thought it best to charter a special train wherein they might journey afar to Washington and lay before the august lawmakers of the nation the claims of San Francisco to be decreed the seat of the nation's forthcoming universal exposition to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal. There would be, it was known, much speaking; the big guns of oratory were to be brought into a magnificent assault on Washington, and Mrs. Emma Nelson Baker, of San Francisco, and in her twentieth year, was selected to accompany the party in a secretarial capacity. No address could be so rapidly given that she could not report it to the last period or comma. She proved herself both a diplomatist and of real executive ability. So gratified were the Exposition officials with the high character of Mrs. Baker's work that she became permanently associated with them as one of the moving forces of the giant Exposition.

Mrs. Baker has always been secretary of the Board of Directors, and has always supervised the activities in the office of President Moore. She is, as well, secretary of the Executive Committee of the Exposition, a position requiring managing ability, tireless energy, consummate tact, diplomacy of the highest order, and a resourcefulness, readiness and cheerfulness that will surmount all obstacles. Now they are in the babit of calling this charming young woman "The First Lady of the Exposition."

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MRS. EMMA N. BAKER

Mrs. Baker is tall and willowy, and her charm of manner and high social qualities have won her thousands of friends throughout the republic, while her diplomacy has saved many an otherwise difficult and trying situation, which proves that in this age, the gentler sex may rise rapidly as they prove equal to meeting emergencies that may arise.

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY
The naval victor at Manila and unfearing officer under Farragut, who is a graduate of Norwich University in the class of '55

# The West Point of New England

## by Mitchell Mannering

NESTLING in one of the beautiful Green Mountain valleys of Vermont is the village of Northfield, quaint, picturesque and peaceable. Here is to be found the second oldest military school in America, having recently passed its ninety-seventh year. The phrase "to be found" is used advisedly, for the venerable, time-honored Norwich University, ranking second only to West Point itself in age and efficiency in military training, has been comparatively unknown to the great nation at large. The new note in our national life which calls for preparedness and sends business men into training camps, has brought the military school to the front as an important link in the chain of national defense, and Norwich University is coming into its own once more.

The college was founded by Captain Alden Partridge, a graduate and for many years superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point. While there he reorganized the academy and laid the foundation for its great work. Resigning his commission, he lectured on fortifications and other branches of military science, becoming recognized as the foremost educator in military training in the country. In 1819 Captain Partridge founded at Norwich in his native state the college of his ideals, known as the American Literary, Scientific and Military academy, being the first private institution to establish "a scientific and military education for the masses"—a system which was so aptly termed in after years by General Alonzo Jackman, "the American idea in education." In 1866, after the main buildings were burned at Norwich, the institution was removed to Northfield.

In addition to the regular work at Norwich, Captain Partridge delivered each year a course of military lectures "for the accommodation of gentlemen (particularly of those holding commissions in the volunteer corps of militia), who may not wish to go through with a regular course of military studies and instruction," and also for the purpose of "diffusing military science more generally," thus anticipating by nearly three quarters of a century the now prevalent idea of summer military camps with instructions of college students and business men in military science.

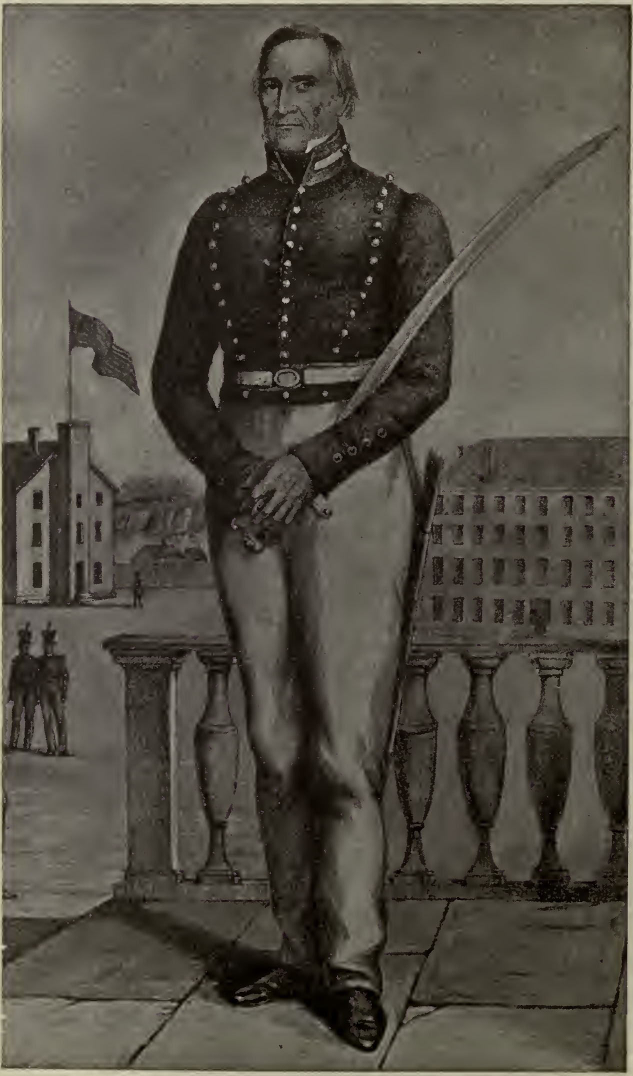
At that time there existed, as there does today, a large class who from various motives, some of them founded on a sincere if mistaken but theoretically charming belief, and others from ulterior if not sinister motives, decried all military teaching, as contrary to divine law, or at least so inhumane and mischievous in its results that all such teaching should be abolished. In answer to such he said, "I will observe what is doubtless a well-known fact, that there are many individuals at the present time who believe, I trust conscientiously, that the time is very near when wars and fighting will cease, and that consequently military preparations and the cultivation of military science are unnecessary and ought likewise to cease. That such a time will come I perhaps as firmly believe as any individual whatsoever; but that this period is so near as is by some supposed, does not appear to me to be probable. A comparison of the events predicted in the Prophecies and Revelations with those that have transpired in the world as recorded in history, force upon my mind a conviction that mankind is doomed to suffer the evils of war and bloodshed, and that consequently that state which intends to maintain its independence, free from encroachments of avarice and ambition, must be prepared to resist force by force."

The attendance was good from the beginning, but in 1824 the citizens of Middletown, Connecticut, invited Captain Partridge to remove his institute to that place, and in 1825 it opened under the old name, with an attendance of 297 students. The State, however, refused to grant collegiate powers and privileges, and in 1829 he removed again and reoccupied the original buildings in Norwich

In 1834 Vermont raised the academy to the grade of college, under the name and style of Norwich University, granting it full power to confer degrees, and all other powers and privileges exercised by the other American colleges.

This was the first scientific and classical as well as military college in the United States, and the only one to date which is empowered to confer degrees for preeminence in military science.

Captain Partridge, as president and professor in military science and engineering, served in these capacities until 1843, when he resigned to assist in organizing the militia of the several states. In 1838 he called a convention of military officers and leading citizens to meet at Norwich, July 4, to discuss plans for the organization and discipline of the militia, the popularization of military knowledge, the promotion of coast defence, etc. Several annual sessions were held, and his reports of the proceedings at the meetings



CAPTAIN ALDEN PARTRIDGE
Founder of Norwich University and until 1843 its president and professor in military science and engineering

were printed for circulation by the federal government. His national reputation as a military expert at this period brought him numerous requests to found military schools. In 1839, at the request of the Virginia legislature, he organized the Portsmouth military school, long known as the Virginia Literary, Scientific and Military Institute, whose success with that of the one later founded at Lexington, Virginia, led to the establishment of many more, including one at Brandywine Springs, Delaware, in 1853.

Captain Partridge planned an expedition to the great European battlefields and military centres, with an advanced class of military and scientific experts and students, a project long dear to the heart of the veteran preceptor and far-sighted patriot. But this last and crowning glory of his long and useful service was not to be, for at the close of that year he was suddenly taken ill, and on January 17, 1854, died, "widely and deeply mourned by troops of friends, who loved him as their teacher, and looked up to him." But he had already reaped something of the great harvest of patriotic and military fervor which he had sown, for he had lived to see his old pupils honored and useful in peace and brave and skillful in war.

Over five hundred officers educated at Norwich University entered the Union armies and navy during the Mexican and Civil wars, including six major-generals, eight brigadier-generals, fifty colonels, seventy lieutenant-colonels and majors; and one hundred and fifty captains in the army alone. Three rear-admirals, six commodores, three captains and three commanders served in the navy.

Among these Norwich University men still living is Major-General Grenville M. Dodge, commander of the Sixteenth Army Corps, and famous not only as a fighter but as a railroad builder, who was the resourceful conqueror of the many natural obstacles encountered in building the first railroad across the continent; and who now, "after a great life, with eyes waxing dim," still feels the fire of patriotic resentment at all insults and injuries to the people covered by the shield of Old Glory; and there are Admiral George Dewey, the naval victor at Manila, and years before the unfearing subordinate of Farragut in the unrivalled "river-wars" of the West and Southwest, and Brigadier-General Edmund Rice, U. S. A., Indian fighter and veteran of the Civil and Spanish-American wars—all grounded in military science by their early attendance at Norwich University.

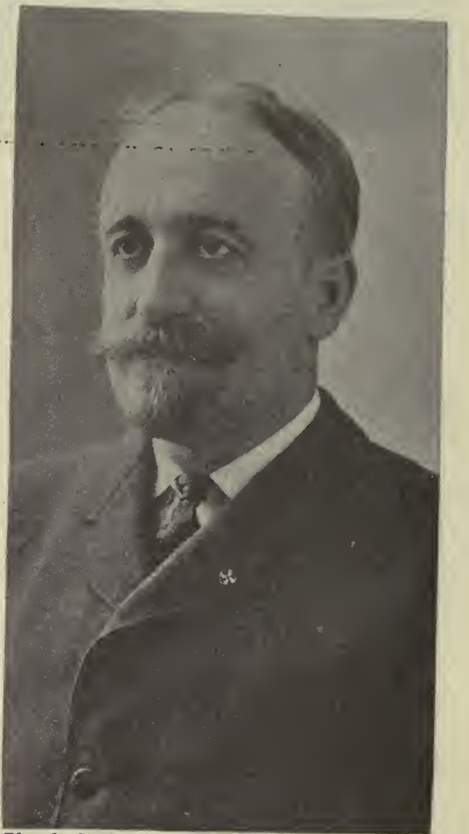


*Photo by Chickering*

NELSON L. SHELDON
A graduate and at the present time acting president of Norwich University

Much is said of self-government of student bodies in our colleges. Probably no college students are more nearly self-governing than the Norwich cadets, whose officers, from lowest to highest, have certain duties to perform, certain responsibilities with commensurate authority. Practically all reported offenders are tried by the summary, or the general court-martial, each of which has power to fix

THE BROAD FIELDS ABOUT THE UNIVERSITY OFFER AN EXCELLENT TRAINING–

penalties, subject to review by the commandant or president. Substantial justice is done in this way, to the satisfaction of the offender and to the great benefit of the officers composing the court.

The University is the military college of the State of Vermont, and the corps of cadets is organized as part of the National Guard, constituting Squadron One, First Vermont Cavalry. The officers of these organizations are commissioned as such by the Governor, and the commands are equipped in accordance with acts of Congress relating thereto. Each student is regularly enlisted. This recognition of the University and the financial aid given by the State are results of service rendered to the State and nation by graduates in the past, and are marks of approval in the present.

A commission appointed by Governor Fletcher of Vermont "to inquire into the entire educational system and conditions of the state," farmed out its work to the "Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching," which is committed to "standardized education." Its report stated that there was as much or more time devoted to things military at Norwich than at West Point, and further says that "this is a singular fact, since the avowed purpose for training at West Point is the preparation of young men for the profession of arms, while that of Norwich is the preparation of young men for civil life, with opportunities for a select few to enter military ranks, and that, in 'these times of peace' (1914), when there is an urgent need for unlimited state support of common schools, there is no justification for lending support to an institution like Norwich." The legislators of Vermont, however, in the spirit of the "Green Mountain boys" of old, took a different view of it, and continued its grants as heretofore. Vermonters are indeed proud of Norwich University, their military college, as it has enjoyed a long and meritorious career.

*Copyright by J. M. Bullock*

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HERBERT R. ROBERTS
Dean of the Faculty at Norwich University

GROUND FOR THE SQUADRONS OF CAVALRY ON THEIR MILITARY MANEUVERS

From 1870 to 1896 the University was without an active President, but through the assistance of the Norwich Alumni Association of Boston, sufficient funds were raised to secure the services of Commander Allan D. Brown, LL.D. (U. S. N. retired), who was President from 1897 to 1904. He was succeeded by Colonel Charles H. Spooner, N. U. '79, who served until August 1, 1915, when his resignation was accepted. Nelson L. Sheldon, N. U. '84, by unanimous request of the Board of Trustees, has since been serving as Acting President.

During the Spanish War he was influential in raising a regiment officered by alumni of the university. His first important case after beginning the practice of law in Boston was an action against the town of Norwood for failure to furnish and sustain suitable schoolhouses. That caused an indictment of the town, one of the two such cases in Massachusetts legal history, and resulted in the present law requiring the transportation of pupils at public expense. He is a member of the Society of Colonial Wars, the National Security League, the American Bar Association and American Institute of Criminology and the Boston University Law School Association; he is a member also of St. John's lodge of Masons and is a Knight Templar.

In speaking of his position as acting president, Mr. Sheldon said: "I esteem it a great honor to be even temporary president of Norwich University, my alma mater, 'the West Point of New England.' I have no intention, of course, of giving up my law practice, but have merely consented to act in the interim, believing that I may, for a time, be able to attend to my own business, and look after some outside matters for the college, in the way of the building of the Riding Hall, and the securing of additional endowment, being chairman of both of these committees."

It must not be supposed that Norwich University is committed to militarism, for it

LIEUTENANT RALPH M. PARKER, U.S.A.
Commandant at Norwich University

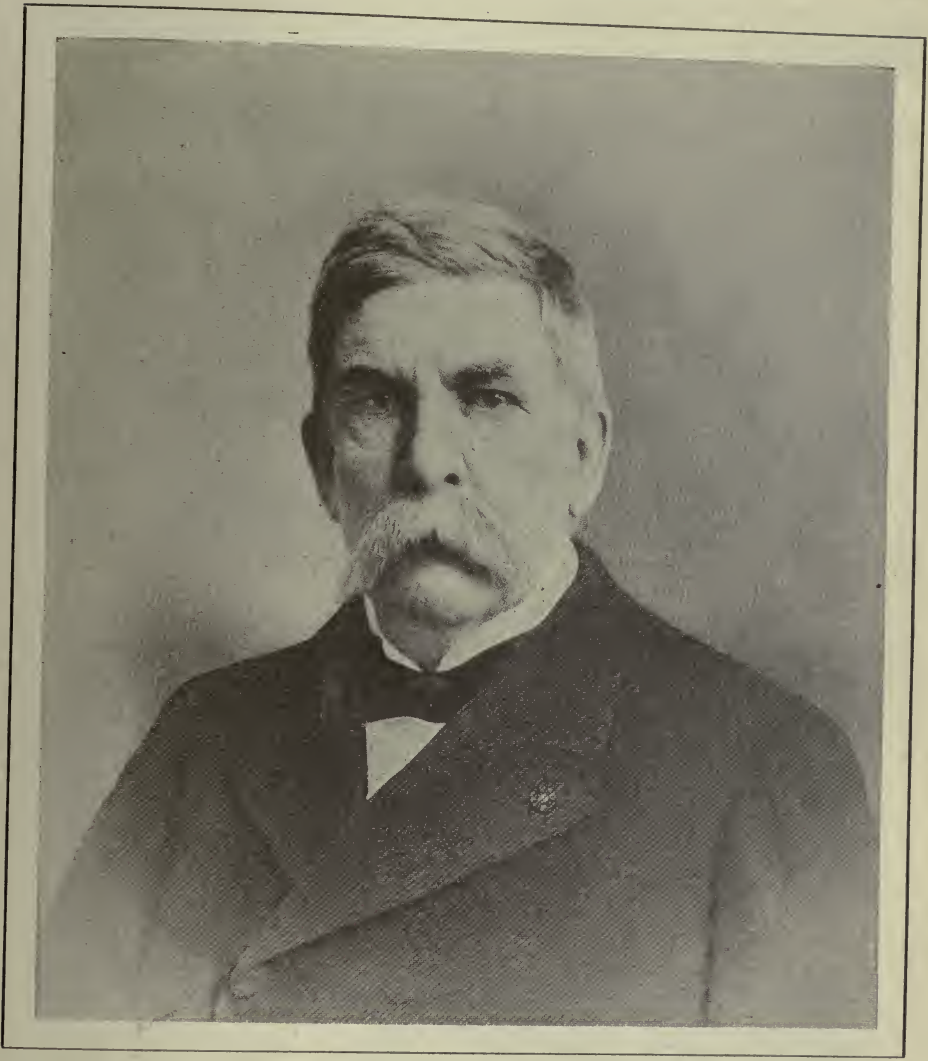
Norwich University
Northfield, Vt.

IDEALLY LOCATED AMID THE GREEN HILLS OF VERMONT

Almost a century has passed since Norwich University opened its doors for the first entering class in September, 1820. Since that time her graduates have been found in high places, and by their excellent work for their country in both civil and military pursuits they have become distinguished and thus have reflected glory and honor upon their alma mater

DISMOUNTED AND READY FOR THE FIELD, NEAR DEWEY HALL

The training received at Norwich is such that the university is rated at the War Department as "distinguished institution, class A." It has always been the aim and endeavor of those in charge to maintain in every respect a high military character



GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE
Who has used the military and engineering education received at Norwich University for the advantage and progress of his country. He not only has achieved fame and a high position in the army, but was a pioneer in the construction of railroads across the continent

maintains courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in both civil and electrical engineering, chemistry and general science in addition to the military training. Few of its graduates follow military careers, most of them taking their places in the great tide of business and professional life. Still, at a time when the events of an era of European warfare, unprecedented in its carnage, devastation and possible results, are reminding the American people that all dreams of a millenium of universal peace have been indeed "such stuff as dreams are made of," and that the "strong man armed" must still be prepared and ready to keep his house and goods as in generations long past; the necessity of preparation for the defense of America and Americans, at home and abroad, is becoming more and more intensely recognized by all patriotic Americans.

Knowing and readily acknowledging

DEPOT SQUARE, NORTHFIELD, VERMONT

their duty to devote their valor and means to the service of the republic as courageously as those ancestors who paid in many battles the purchase price of our inheritance, the Americans are no longer willing to ignore the sharp lessons of the world's war, and let their young men grow up without any training for the sternest exercise of the grave duties of American citizenship. Knowing that enlistment in our regular army deprives a man of the rights of citizenship, the influences of home, social and local popular sentiment, and that until great changes are made in the relations between the regular rank and file and their officers and people, no large regular army can ever be raised or maintained, the task of reorganizing our citizen soldiery, and educating young men in the new methods and appliances of warfare, is giving to the schools, institutes and colleges, teaching and maintaining military discipline and science, a deserved prominence and enlarged usefulness.

SUMMER SCHOOL ENGINEERING SQUAD—JUNIORS AND SOPHOMORES

# Self-Defense*

by

## Henry D. Estabrook

NO stranger can say "hail and farewell" to Seattle without recalling the words of the Master: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed and shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done." But, says St. James, faith without works is dead, so that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only.

It is worth any man's journey from the uttermost parts of the earth just to visit this wonderful city and see confirmed this scriptural challenge to credulity—a miracle to be sure, but a miracle brought to pass by Seattle's faith justified by Seattle's work. For she has said to her encompassing mountains, Be ye removed and be ye cast into the sea, and lo! nothing doubting, the deed was done! Her mountains, useless and inaccessible, have been brought low — dissolved — held in solution — liquefied and flowed over valleys and housetops to push back the shoreline of Old Ocean himself, so that today any real estate broker in Seattle will reluctantly sell you, at 'steen dollars a square foot, what was formerly a mountain back somewhere in the interior, but now transformed, translocated, transfixed into a level water-front, the very choicest warehouse property in the city. And the instrumentality through which this work of faith was accomplished only adds to the miracle; for it was not gunpowder, or dynamite, but water—just plain, everyday water, seemingly the weakest, wettest, softest, least puissant of all agencies. Of course, your engineer will say that it was a mere problem in hydraulics; that given a certain head, and a certain volume, and a squirt-gun big enough, water in motion will lift a mountain out of its socket and batter it into batter, and that *that* is all the miracle there is to it. But your engineer thus admits that it was not simply water, but water in motion that did the trick. Isn't motion, next to life itself, the greatest of all miracles? Tie a pendant knitting needle to a stick and revolve it fast enough, and you have not a line of steel, but a steel disk. Give water a head of five hundred feet and you have not water, but an arm of adamant. Motion! Is there such a thing as motion absolute, or is motion only relative? Can force act at a distance or only on substances in contact? Is all force and all substance resolvable finally into the forth-putting of some universal Mind? You see, it is only a step from physics into the

AMERICA IN PROCESS

*Our American Republic, the hope and beacon of the world, is still in process of erection. It was our fathers' task and only lately our brothers' task, to die for it; be ours the harder task to live for it. We shall not survive to see it finished; God forbid that we should survive to see it perish* realm of metaphysics. If Atlas supported the earth on his shoulders, is the boy who stands on his head with his heels in the air another Atlas? Emerson declares that the soul of God is poured into the world through the thoughts of men. "The world," he says, "stands upon ideas, not upon iron or cotton; and the iron of iron, the fire of fire, the ether and source of all elements is moral force. As cloud on cloud, as snow on snow, as the bird rests on the air and the planet rests on space in its flight, so do nations of men and their institutions rest on Thought."

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*Address at the convention of the American Bankers' Association, Seattle, Washington, September 8, 1915.

**Foundation of Our Government**

*So the American government was founded on brand new ideas; it and its institutions rest on Thought. First was the idea that all men are created equal. England read this declaration of our fathers and was amused at the erratic notion. "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Here was another of those new ideas. England heard it and became furious. Hence the Revolution, in which these ideas were vindicated*

### GOVERNMENT RESTS ON THOUGHT

Now, just as America was a new continent which the Almighty had kept fallow and perdu for the working out of some great design, so the American government was founded on brand new ideas; it and its institutions rest on Thought. First was the idea that all men are created equal. England read this declaration of our fathers and was amused at the erratic notion. "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Here was another of those new ideas. England heard it and became furious. Hence the Revolution, in which these ideas were vindicated. All the world heard of the event. European labor shifted the burden from its shoulders for a moment and strained its weary eyes across the waters. It beheld the white hand of Freedom beckoning from the West. It was asked to come and it came. From all quarters of the globe—from Europe, Asia and Africa—people of every nation, character and tongue flocked to render aid in the upbuilding of so ambitious a structure. Foreign powers laughed at the motley spectacle. What inglorious failure awaited an undertaking born of the imagination and reared by ignorance! What riot and anarchy must ensue from such a diversity of habit, thought and language! Was America to be the new Tower of Babel? Yes—yes, with these differences: Instead of a few square feet on the plains of Shinar for a basis, the new Babel comprehended a continent; instead of the impious purpose of subverting the will of God, God himself was to be the architect; instead of the dispersion of one nation and the confusion of tongues, the new Babel was to amalgamate all nations and unify all languages!

Our Civil War was but a corollary of the Revolution, for by this war the Declaration of Independence itself was vindicated. It became something more than a rhapsody of words, something more than a magnificent paradox; three million people were made citizens instead of slaves.

Fellow-citizens, our American Republic, the hope and beacon of the world, is still in process of erection. It was our fathers' task and only lately our brothers' task, to die for it; be ours the harder task to live for it. We shall not survive to see it finished; God forbid that we should survive to see it perish. We are responsible for the acts of our own generation and for the education of the next. Shall our institutions endure?—and for how long?

**A True Federal Army**

*It has been suggested that the state militia should be brought under Federal domination. This ought to be done, of course. The first duty of an American volunteer should be to his country, not simply to a locality*

"How long, good angel, oh, how long?
Sing me from heaven a man's own song!
Long as thy art shall love true love,
  Long as thy science truth shall know;
Long as thy eagle harms no dove,
  Long as thy law by law shall grow;

Long as thy God is God above,
  Thy brother every man below;
So long, dear land of all my love,
    Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow."

> **THE HOPE OF HUMANITY**
>
> *And yet America is the best hope of humanity. Here, if anywhere, is the Ark of the Covenant. If we fail to safeguard it, we are traitors to our fathers who fought for it, and to Christ himself who died for it. Every dollar in our treasury and every red corpuscle in our blood stands pledged to its defense. We have sworn an oath before men and angels that no kingly foot shall ever rankle the clean earth of our Western world. Do we propose to keep that oath?*

Please observe that these poets have a way of making the truth so obvious as to forestall argument. Note the conditions laid down by Sidney Lanier for our perpetuity: Our Art in all its aspirations and accomplishments shall love true love, that gracious principle or habit that looks for good rather than evil in the world. Our science shall know truth—not the learned ignorance and jargon of the schools, not the conceits of egotism, but God's truth that makes free and endureth to all generations. Our noble Eagle shall harm no dove—only let the vulture and the cormorant beware! Our law by law shall grow, "slow ripening down from precedent to precedent" under a Constitution that presents no barrier to the ultimate will of the people, but wisely compels them to think twice before relinquishing a principle of action once thought to be the best. Our God shall be God above—not any god under us, but the one God over us—a hovering ideal of spiritual good—above—always above—towards which we struggle by the very necessity of our spiritual being. Finally, our brother shall be every man below. Lowell, another poet, had already called America "half-brother to the world." And Shakespeare, the poet of poets, says:

"Strange is it that our bloods
Of color, weight and heat, poured all together
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty."

That statement is as true today as when Shakespeare made it, save only in our own big, tolerant, humane and hospitable country, where the bloods of all nationalities are poured together without distinction to the making of that ultimate being, greater, freer, nobler than any king on earth—an American, upon whose shoulder a sovereign people hath laid the accolade of man.

### IS THE REPUBLIC WORTH FIGHTING FOR?

Was America, as erected by such men as Washington and Hamilton, worth fighting for? Our forefathers thought so—even to the death. Was the perpetuity of our Union worth fighting for? Our fathers and brothers thought so—even to the death. Is America just as she is, under the tutelage of those to whom Washington has become a steel engraving and Hamilton *anathema*, worth fighting for? She is if an American is to continue lord of himself and not the vassal of a lord. She is if liberty means self-government. Groping, vacillating, jealous, discontented, costly and even chaotic as popular government, from its very nature is doomed to be, we Americans would not exchange the adumbrations , the auroras, the mists that spiritualize the hopes of democracy for all the hard, cold certainties of even contented slavery.

Our states, no longer have to defend themselves against each other, for they have a common interest in every inch of territory under a Constitution that guarantees the equal rights of every citizen of every state in every other state. Otherwise, suppose that New York as a separate sovereign, and looking only to her separate interests, should deem herself over-populated and so fall to hankering for the everglades of Florida and a place in that tropic sunshine; would not some of her statesmen

> **MERCHANT MARINE MOST DESIRABLE**
>
> *Do we wish the United States to have a merchant marine? Very well then. How hard do we wish it? The government cannot compel Americans to build ships—isn't that so? It can only coax and tempt and encourage them to build ships*

find an excuse for annexing Florida? Rather! And who would hinder her? And why shouldn't she? Isn't necessity, next to self-defense, the first law of nature? And does not luxury become necessity, particularly the luxury of sovereigns? Except for our Union, therefore, we ourselves would today be living in perpetual warfare, and every one of our several states would be a dainty morsel tempting the appetite of every king in Europe.

### REIGN OF EQUAL LAWS

Now, what does all this prove? For the first time in history, America has proven that the peoples of the world, left to their own devices, and regardless of nationality, language, creed or need, under the reign of equal laws, with no other sovereignty than their expressed will, owing allegiance only to humanity and themselves, may and will live in peace and a growing consciousness of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. Such a world-democracy as ours is the only hope of universal peace. Idealists dream of world peace through treaties of disarmament, negotiations of diplomacy, and the adjudications of international courts. Tennyson looks forward to the Parliament of Men and the Federation of the World, admitting it to be a far-off divine event. There is poet enough in everyone of us to share Tennyson's dream and long for its materialization; but the older I grow, the more I realize that it is a dream within a dream unless and until every king and "kinglet," prince and "princelet," together with all their preposterous claims of divine rights —together with all the pomps and frauds and shams of royalty—have been banished from the earth. So far from being the Vicar of God, a king is a monstrosity conjured out of pandemonium by the people themselves as a punishment for their own wickedness and folly—an idol of heathendom made manifest in the flesh.

### TRUE GROWTH

*Our noble Eagle shall harm no dove—only let the vulture and the cormorant beware! Our law by law shall grow, "slow ripening down from precedent to precedent" under a Constitution that presents no barrier to the ultimate will of the people, but wisely compels them to think twice before relinquishing a principle of action once thought to be the best*

### TOM PAINE'S PHILOSOPHY

Tom Paine has proved all this in his "Common Sense," and proved it from the Bible! Let me read to you a few extracts from his "Common Sense," the pamphlet that more than any other single influence led to our Declaration of Independence:

"The cause of America, is in a great measure, the cause of all mankind."

"The laying a country desolate with fire and sword, declaring war against the natural rights of all mankind, and extirpating the defenders thereof from the face of the earth, is the concern of every man to whom nature hath given the power of feeling."

*"The design and end of government are freedom and security."*

*"How came the king by a power which the people are afraid to trust, and always obliged to check?"*

"The fate of Charles the First hath only made kings more subtle—not more just."

"Male and female are the distinctions of nature, good and bad the distinctions of heaven; but how a race of men came into the world so exalted above the rest, and distinguished like some new species, is worth inquiring into, and whether they are the means of happiness or of misery to mankind."

"In the early ages of the world, according to the scripture chronology, there were no kings; the consequence of which was there were no wars; it is the pride of kings which throws mankind into confusion."

"Government by kings was first introduced into the world by heathens, from whom the children of Israel copied the custom. It was the most prosperous invention that was ever set on foot for the promotion of idolatry. The heathen paid divine honors to their deceased kings, and the Chrisitan world hath improved on the plan by doing the same to their living ones. How impious is the title of *sacred majesty* applied to a worm, who in the midst of his splendor is crumbling into dust!"

"As the exalting one man so greatly above the rest cannot be justified on the equal rights of nature, so neither can it be defended on the authority of Scripture; for the will of the Almighty, as declared by Gideon and the prophet Samuel, expressly disapproves of government by kings. All anti-monarchical parts of Scripture have been very smoothly glossed over in the monarchical governments, but they undoubtedly merit the attention of countries which have their governments yet to form."

### THE WAR A FAMILY FEUD

Fellow-citizens, the bloody, beastly war raging in Europe—the outcome of a family feud among royal kinsmen—is of no immediate concern to this country except as some of the belligerents have trampled our rights as neutrals. As for these aggressions, we have entered our protest and recorded our resentment. It is hardly probable that the situation at the worst will involve us in armed conflict, though it may lead to reprisals and demands for reparation. Both reprisals and reparation we *could* forego, at whatever cost of prestige and national honor, rather than challenge combat with our superiors in strength. But what stuns and almost stuperfies us is the sudden discovery to ourselves of how far we have separated ourselves from kings and all they stand for and from all those who share the sordidness of their ambitions. Neither the Atlantic nor Pacific measures the distance of that separation. It is interstellar—as wide as the reaches of thought itself. The investment that suddenly fell from the Veiled Prophet in Tom Moore's "Lalla Rookh" did not more suddenly nor more completely reveal the hideous and frightful ugliness of the face it hid than did this war reveal the masquerade of kings. Faith, honor, truth, justice, mercy, righteousness—all the tremendous words which the human heart throughout the centuries has been gathering to itself to spiritualize and soften it, are to kings but empty sounds, dead as a cracked cymbal. Is there any magic in the name America to lull the lust and greed of kings, or to save us from their ravishment? And yet America is the best hope of humanity. Here, if anywhere, is the Ark of the Covenant. If we fail to safeguard it, we are traitors to our fathers who fought for it, and to Christ himself, who died for it. Every dollar in our treasury and every red corpuscle in our blood stands pledged to its defense. We have sworn an oath before men and angels that no kingly foot shall ever rankle the clean earth of our Western world. Do we propose to keep that oath?

### WEAKER THAN DISHWATER

No nation threatens us in so many words; but who is oblivious to hints and intimations that speak louder than words? We boast our strength to repel attack when we know we are weaker than dishwater. While every other nation has been preparing for aggression, we have not made ready even for defense. Is this state of imbecility to endure? Shall we continue to listen to a wandering Voice as imbecile as our condition? When this Voice was recently removed from the counsels of our government we thought, good easy souls, we had gotten rid of it, and were ready to cry out with Isaiah, "We have been with child; we have been in pain; we have, as it were, brought forth wind." Has Mr. Bryan proven himself so good a prophet in the past that we can afford to trust him for the future? You recall what direful things were sure to happen, according to Mr. Bryan, if this country failed to repudiate a moiety of its honest debts by giving to fifty cents' worth of silver the magic name of dollar. Personally, I have never believed in Mr. Bryan's

#### World Peace

*Idealists dream of world peace through treaties of disarmament, negotiations of diplomacy and the adjudications of international courts. Tennyson looks forward to the Parliament of Men and the Federation of the World, admitting it to be a far-off divine event. There is poet enough in everyone of us to share Tennyson's dream and long for its materialization* wisdom, and I grant him sincerity only because the point is not worth arguing.

### MR. BRYAN'S POLICY

And yet I would heartily advocate Mr. Bryan's policy of non-resistance rather than any policy of half-preparedness. I had rather scrap every gun and warship we own if we are not to add to them.

For if we were without strength to oppose invasion we could at least claim the privilege of the weak and surrender without loss of life, with a moral claim even to the pity of the invader; whereas to fight inadequately armed and with a certainty of losing would be nothing short of murder, for which you and I and every taxpayer in the United States would be measurably responsible.

To say that we are too big or too proud to fight in self-defense is, with all respect to the estimable but mistaken gentleman who said it, absurd and puerile. To say that a mob of a million or so of untrained citizenry would leap to arms and put to flight the bullet-tested soldiery of Asia or of Europe is worse than puerile—it is murderous stupidity. The machinations against this government at the moment are more subterranean than submarine. Our duty is to defend against both. We are permitted no alternative. We must forthwith spend money for defense, and lots of it. We must know that we are safe even from the temptation of attack. Our peace and future happiness depend upon this assurance. Haldane, you know, answered the appeal of Lord Roberts for better military equipment with a beautiful phrase, worthy our own President, or a Spencerian copybook: "We should prepare for the reasonably probable," said Haldane, "but not for the logically possible." There spoke the lawyer, but not the statesman. Haldane discredited himself, but, worst of all, he discredited his country. The words of our own Washington are the words of a statesman, a soldier and a patriot, and they cannot be repeated too often, or become too familiar: "To prepare for war," said he, "is one of the most effective ways of preserving peace. A free people should not only be armed, but disciplined. To that end a uniform and well-adjusted plan is requisite."

### America Worth Fighting For

*Was America, as erected by such men as Washington and Hamilton, worth fighting for? Our forefathers thought so—even to the death. Was the perpetuity of our Union worth fighting for? Our fathers and brothers thought so—even to the death. Is America just as she is, under the tutelage of those to whom Washington has become a steel engraving and Hamilton an anathema, worth fighting for?*

### WASHINGTON'S ADVICE

Has Washington ever been discredited? If so, when or where, or by whom? Has not time vindicated his right to warn Americans? To instruct them in their duty? To safeguard, even from the grave, the priceless heritage which he and his compatriots bequeathed to them? A free people, says Washington, should be armed and disciplined according to some well-adjusted plan. Whose plan? I should say that the recommendations in the first instance should come from our military experts, and that in so far as their recommendations were unanimous they should be adopted without much debate and regardless of cost; with the understanding, however, that the sole purpose to be subserved is not conquest but self-defense. This simplifies and limits the problem as well as the expense. It means, obviously, a big navy—as big as any navy in the world—with every flying, diving, amphibious auxiliary that can add to its effectiveness, and with all the munitions and means to boot—munitions for a year's campaign at least always in cold storage. It means as many naval officers and men as may be necessary easily to operate the machinery furnished by the government. And inasmuch as most of the machinery will be complicated and scientific, it means officers and men of brains and technical training. But this sort of men can at all times find lucrative employment in private life, which means that the government must outbid the market for their services. Insurance will cost money, but it is worth the price.

Washington's "well-adjusted plan" must likewise include a skeleton army capable of taking on flesh at a moment's notice—a standing army, say, of a hundred and fifty thousand, a decimal of a reserve army subject to call.

### MENACE OF THE STANDING ARMY

I admit that a large standing army is a perpetual menace to the very government that creates it. History shows that armies have mutinied and overthrown the governments they were expected to protect. Armies have been at once the incubators and tools of kings. So not the least debt of gratitude which America owes to Providence is her immunity from this danger.

There is no instance on record where a navy, however big, has turned against the government that fostered it; and in the very nature of things a navy lacks the opportunities as well as the incentive to foment rebellion. Wherefore, a large navy and a small standing army must be our program. But, says Washington, a free people should be disciplined; and I think he meant the whole people. It has been suggested that the state militia should be brought under Federal domination. This ought to be done, of course. The first duty of an American volunteer should be to his country, not simply to a locality. It may cost the militia of our several states the companionship of those who join their ranks for a summer outing rather than for business, but those who do join will be soldiers neither of tin nor tinsel, but of a different metal and a better mettle. The concerns of any particular state are inconsequential compared with the concerns of the nation. Our necessities and our laws have outgrown state boundaries, and, if you will pardon me for speaking out of my partisanship, it is my solemn conviction that the country has outgrown the competency of any political party to administer whose horizon is bounded by a locality. Any party which by training and tradition, by precept and example, has been nurtured in the idea that a state is bigger or more important than the nation, has a whole lot to learn and to unlearn before it knows enough to govern the United States of America.

### A CASE IN POINT

But personally, I should advocate a discipline that went beyond a volunteer militia, and this for several reasons that grow out of my own observation. The only political office I ever held in my life was that of a regent of the Nebraska University, where there was no salary attached nor the ghost of a chance to steal. Part of our revenues came through the Morrill Act, under which, also, the government furnished us a West Point graduate to instruct our boys in the duties of a soldier. In my time this young officer happened to be Lieutenant Pershing, now General Pershing, who rendered such brilliant service in the Philippines. Pershing was called a martinet, but the boys all loved him and tried to please him. Indeed they spent so much time shining their shoes, brushing their clothes, polishing their accouterment and learning the manual of arms, that the faculty complained to the board of regents that the boys were neglecting their studies, and asked that the military drill be abolished or greatly curtailed. I listened to the arguments of the learned faculty, but cast my vote against them. For I had seen scores of these lads who had come from farms and villages to work their way to an education by doing chores, however menial—great, splendid, slipshod, country bumpkins, with more legs than a centipede and more arms than Briareus—as awkward and clumsy as Newfoundland puppies; and in a year's time I had found myself envying their elegance of carriage, their poise and pose, their self-possession—why, they had even

### A NAVAL AUXILIARY

*There is no better auxiliary to a navy than a merchant marine, nor is there any instrumentality that contributes more to the glory and riches of a country. I need not elaborate this fact, for it seems to be conceded, except by the infatuated. Time was when the American flag covered the seven seas; and the ocean highways, which are always paved and cost nothing for repairs, were as much ours as England's* learned how to stand still and to do it gracefully! I told the faculty that there was not a study in their curriculum that in my opinion meant half so much to these young fellows in after life as their military training under Pershing. Think of the habits that grew out of such discipline! Obedience, promptness, a sense of duty, temperance, cleanliness, deportment—everything that goes to make a useful and self-reliant citizen! In any walk of life these habits would be as valuable to them as all their knowledge, and in the event of war they would not, like Colonel Bryan, have to be taught their "hay-foot" from their "straw-foot." A million or so of such citizens would rival the armies of Germany and Japan. It seems to me that it would be well for him and for our country if every boy could have that discipline, and Washington, I think, was of the same opinion.

LET THE MILITARY EXPERTS BE UPHELD

*A free people, says Washington, should be armed and disciplined according to some well-adjusted plan. Whose plan? I should say that the recommendations in the first instance should come from our military experts, and that in so far as their recommendations were unanimous they should be adopted without much debate and regardless of cost*

### MERCHANT MARINE A NAVAL AUXILIARY

Permit me further to suggest that there is no better auxiliary to a navy than a merchant marine, nor is there any instrumentality that contributes more to the glory and riches of a country. I need not elaborate this fact, for it seems to be conceded, except by the infatuated. Time was when the American flag covered the seven seas; and the ocean highways, which are always paved and cost nothing for repairs, were as much ours as England's. Now the ship that flies our flag is a lonesome spectacle—a subject of derision—and such few ships as we have the La Follette Act will soon put out of commission.

Liberty! Liberty! what tyrannies are committed in they name! Will we never learn that class legislation is always tyranny and either defeats itself or injures the many to benefit the few? Was not this truth illustrated recently in New York, where the work on the subway was held up until the legislature in a frenzy of haste could repeal a law forbidding the employment of aliens on public works? Freedom and honesty are nature's scheme for equal justice, and no "reformer," for all his good intentions, has ever been able to improve upon it. The fundamental error of most social economists, so it seems to me, is their separation of labor and capital into immutable categories, as if once a laborer always a laborer, once a capitalist always a capitalist. Whereas in a free government honestly administered these relative positions are as shifting as the sands, due to the difference in personal qualities and the time and chance that happeneth to us all. In our country there must be no classes and no categories, and woe betide the man who first creates them!

### THE LA FOLLETTE ACT

Do not grow confused in your distinctions. For a state to grant pensions to its widows, its aged, its disabled, is not "class" legislation, but a gift outright, made by the state for the supposed good of the state. Some of these paternalistic expenditures I heartily endorse, and do not begrudge my contribution to them in the way of taxes. The exercise of the police power is a theme in itself. But when the government tells me that I must run my business at a loss for the benefit of a favored class, I have the right to tell the government to "go to," and shut up shop. If the government permits me to compete with my rivals in business only on terms so unequal as to spell bankruptcy and ruin, I will tell the government to please excuse me, and sell out to my rivals. The La Follette Act is the stupidest piece of legislation in the history of the country, and all who are in any way responsible for it share in the culpability of its author. It should not be spoken of as an Act to encourage our merchant marine, but to abolish it and turn our shipping over to Japan, for that will be the sum total of its accomplishment. The La Follette Act was perhaps expected to force employment of only American sailors, at better wages and easier work, amid more luxurious surroundings than any other sailors in the world. The fact that to do this involved abrogating treaties with nearly every country, as well as regulating the usages and commerce of those countries; the fact that no American shipowner could live up to the requirements of the Act and pay the cost of operation mattered not at all to these Utopians. But the purpose of the Act defeats itself. No American sailor will be employed, because there will be no American ship to employ him. To repeal the Act will therefore injure no one, not even the American sailor.

### A MERCHANT MARINE

Do we wish the United States to have a merchant marine? Very well, then. How hard do we wish it? The government cannot compel Americans to build ships—isn't that so? It can only coax and tempt and encourage them to build ships—isn't that so? The cheapest encouragement it can offer is to permit our shipowners to compete on even terms with the shipowners of the world—isn't that so? If that involves subsidies or their equivalent, then our government must equalize conditions or go without its ships—isn't that so? For our government itself to go into the business—well, that has been suggested and even urged by those who ought to know better, but the mocking laugh with which the country greeted the suggestion shows that the people still have some appreciation of the functions and limitations of government.

Suppose that we had legislators and statesmen patriotic enough, wise enough and brave enough to save some of our agitators from the consequences of their own folly; suppose our government should offer inducements sufficiently alluring to tempt Americans to build their own ships; what do you suppose would happen? Leaving out of consideration the value of a merchant marine as an auxiliary to our navy; leaving out of consideration the inestimable aid to our commerce and international exchange which these ships would give to us, let the workingmen of our country try to realize what various occupation it would furnish them—in mines, forests, factories, forges, shipyards—why, it would open new fields of endeavor—it would mean the employment of thousands of workers not otherwise employed. The La Follette Act means the very opposite of all this. It means no American ships and no benefit to the American sailor. Is the American sailor a dog in the manger? If he cannot benefit himself, will he prevent others from benefiting? Is he less than a patriot? I do not believe it, for at the core of him he is every inch a Man, with the privilege and duty to deserve the title, for it is America's only title of nobility. To acclaim a man a Man with a capital "M" for emphasis, and the word lengthened by the emphasis, is to honor him in the highest—eulogy can go no further. It is a challenge to the sex in us. It is to masculinity what a bugle blast is to music. We are conscious of an exaltation rising in the heart, of an heroic icon efformed and fashioned in the mind. That exaltation is the voice of God—that icon, a vision of the ideal, moulded of the God-essence, out of which all men are moulded. For man, in his manhood, stands for God; for strength, courage, candor, selfhood, and the dignity of selfhood that is neither dependent nor aloof. The hopes of our republic, the integrity of our institutions are based on manhood, and O, my friends, they are sound and safe—safe so long as that voice cries in the heart of us—so long as that vision haunts the soul.

ADVANTAGES OF A MERCHANT MARINE

*Leaving out of consideration the value of a merchant marine as an auxiliary to our navy; leaving out of consideration the inestimable aid to our commerce and international exchange which these ships would give to us, let the workingmen of our country try to realize what various occupation it would furnish them—in mines, forests, factories, forges, shipyards—why, it would open new fields of endeavor—it would mean the employment of thousands of workers not otherwise employed*

# Grandma

(A VANISHING TYPE)

### *by John Howard Jewett*

GRANDMA, with the children playing,
  All unmindful of her years;
Autumn with the springtime straying,
  Birdnotes, snow-crowned winter hears;
Harvest-home with buds a-Maying
  In green pastures rife with cheers.

Grandma, in her armchair seated,
  Throne-like—yet where love may climb.
"Just one more please,"—hear entreated,
  Homely tales in prose or rhyme,
Bible stories, oft repeated,
  Hymn or psalm at late bedtime.

See the children's children 'round her;
  Listen to the tales retold;
Eager, loving arms surround her—
  The little ones her arms enfold.
With a halo they have crowned her
  Wrought of child-love's purest gold.

Thus with little children playing,
  Leaning o'er so many years;
Sharing childlike joys,—betraying
  Only grief for childhood's tears;
Hope serene, all doubts outweighing,
  Love, that casteth out all fears.

Ripening years with kindly traces
  Leave their frost-marks in her hair;
Yet, undimmed her smile embraces
  All the sunny sides of care;
Gentle, lovely, human graces,—
  Softened sunlight ling'ring there.

Loyal friend, true wife and mother,—
  Crowning grace of womanhood,—
Ever willing to discover
  'Neath the surface, hidden good;
Slow to chide, or blame another,
  Helpfulness her daily mood.

Bravely patient with the sorrows
  Life has brought,—each changing scene
Nobly met, unborn tomorrows
  Welcomed with a soul serene;
Fortitude that humbly borrows
  Abiding strength from the Unseen.

Springtime, summer, autumn blending
  In a sweet, low harmony;
Morning, noon and twilight lending
  Grace to cheer life's mystery,
Benedictus'—without ending
  Crown her love and loyalty.

# The Elixir of Life

## A Tale by Edwin Alden Jewell

HAD you cared to loiter about under the dripping poplar trees in line with which stretched a ghostly white fence whose gate, broken off the hinges, reposed in the center of a rough and untended bed of myrtle, you might have observed that the smoky light in the narrow front windows of Joseph Luddon's house came and went. That is, it shone and was partially obscured, as the lamp in a revolving light-tower might be shuttered, only without that regularity. Sometimes the pale illumination streamed out unhindered for a quarter of an hour upon the wet lilac bushes growing about the doorstep. Then suddenly something dark would come between you and the light, though it usually passed as quickly. That meant that Luddon was moving about, working in his laboratory—an improvised affair of long standing which usurped the parlor of the decaying old house. Had you gone close up to the windows and peered through those uneven panes, you would have observed that the solitary figure within was bending over something in his lap, which he was prodding with a small silver implement. That something resembled a bulky mold of gray putty, but in reality it was a human brain. From time to time he replaced this in a basin of water, and, rubbing his hands solemnly up and down his thigh, would turn to scrutinize the contents of a glass retort, which was suspended over a slender alcohol flame. Outside it was raining dismally, as it had rained for three days past.

Somewhere—it seemed far off—a bell sounded midnight. Joseph Luddon was in the act of trimming the wick of his little alcohol lamp, but he paused and appeared to count off the slow strokes, nodding his head slightly to register each. When the distant bell was again silent he turned back to his task. In this manner he worked on and on, hour after hour, pausing at each fresh striking of the clock, then resuming the momentarily-interrupted occupation. Once a metal vessel that had for a long while been perched upon the edge of the table, fell with a great clatter onto the floor, at which the man darted to his feet and trembled. After that his hand was not so steady, nor did his attention appear to rest so steadfast; and when the clock struck three he paused longer, after counting the strokes, before continuing what he was about. There was a kind of settled terror in his face, yet it was rather perpetual than acute. Shortly after three he crossed to the blank windows and stared out over the yard. Presently the light was extinguished, there was a slight creaking of stairs, and then the house remained quite silent for some time.

Slowly it ceased raining, and a light wind sprung up. In the east streaks of dawn came, and the clouds scurried sullenly across the sky, spent, yet dissatisfied; malevolent, though defeated. The cold, thin daylight stole over the fishing village drenched and yet asleep. The trunks of the trees were very black, and from the leaves of trees and bushes, as also the soaked eaves of houses, rain water dropped with a monotony growing more intermittent as the hour drew on toward sunrise. The air was heavy with musty dampness, although it was lightened by the wind, freighted with salt from the sea, which blew in nervous, slight gusts, now this way, now that. A few birds woke up, fluttered their moist wings, and chirped a little. Dawn often came thus in these parts. It was not bleak, exactly (for the season was June), nor might you call it precisely sad, unless your mood were such: reflected. But lifeless it certainly was. There was regret in the sky, and over the earth lay indecision. Dawn came in to stir up a day out of those ingredients.

THE front door of Joseph Luddon's house opened, and a woman came softly out into the early morning. With a slight click the door closed again behind her, and she descended the two or three steps to the path. Half way down this path she turned and hurriedly scanned the vacant windows. Then, satisfied that her egress had gone unremarked, she walked swiftly on, out the gateway, and thence harborward, along familiar lanes. The gravel crunched soggily under her firm step, and she skirted puddles of water without seeming to have taken any visual stock of them in advance. She walked with an air of slight preoccupation, though there was something else in her bearing which now appeared listlessness, now hope. Straight on she walked, with even pace, seldom turning her head to right or left. This woman was tall, slim, perhaps even gaunt; and though her hair was still brown, her features were calm and fixed, giving evidence of advancing years. This was Hetta, the daughter of Joseph Luddon. "She had a romance once, but will never marry," people whispered. Only so seldom did the light flame in her eyes, which was now observable, that her neighbors never dreamed how fiercely love had burned.

For the most part the air was very still, and the crounch of gravel under her feet broke regularly the hush; but there came at intervals those queer, saline gusts from sea, which whipped her skirts about her and made her readjust, from time to time, the plain small hat she wore. When these unruly and upstart gusts came by they stirred the great trees, heavy with three days' downpour, and sprinkled the solitary pedestrian passing unheeding beneath them. There was to come a time when she would look back upon those mischievous spurts of wind as sure harbingers of despair. First they fluttered the limp sails of the vessel that was making into harbor, and then they enveloped her and disarranged her garments. A man stood in the bow of the vessel, peering shoreward. When the wind blew over him he cursed to himself. But it was not of the wind he was thinking. That curse, caught up into the windy skies, disconsolate and regretful, became as a leash in the whip; and Hetta, as she walked, knew the curt sting of it.

Hetta passed the shrinking and discolored little frame church, on which the steeple, specified in the confident plans of a decade ago, never was built. She glanced up at its dingy facade, noting mechanically that one of the window shutters was torn loose and hung flapping. Apparently, then, she turned her head in a contrary direction and saw no more; but intensively the flapping shutter was not registered at all. She penetrated, with a glance which darted like lightning, beyond the torn shutter, beyond the whole gloomy outside, and there was an assembly, gay appareled, with eyes fixed toward the small white altar. Before the altar stood a priest, his hands raised in benediction, and at his feet two knelt, a man and a woman. The woman was Hetta, a girl, flushed, and wearing a wedding gown. But all this was, of course, only a frenzy, and no such scene had ever been enacted at all.

Further along she met a lad in rough clothes, who was just emerging from his cottage. He paused on the doorstep to stretch and gap horribly, and then slouched down into the street. There was a salutation, for none were strangers in the village. Each knew each, and the lives of all were as an open book, which might be perused or juggled at one's pleasure.

In response to his sleepy inquiry as to where she might be going at so early an hour, Hetta said simply that she was walking down to the wharf to see the ship come in.

"Yep," observed the youth without

emotion, "I seed her lights out yonder afore daybreak. She'll be acrawlin' in now."

He volunteered his company as far as the wharf, saying that it devolved upon him to assist with the unloading of the cargo; and as they walked along he filled the time with a half-hearted recital of what the day's duties about the docks were likely to bring him. His feet were enormous and rough-shod. As the couple proceeded it chanced that they came upon something small and drenched in the path. It was a baby's little soaked shoe, dropped and forgotten, and it lay in the path, shrunk almost out of shape.

The laborer chuckled and gave the small shoe a kick, which sent it flying into the hedge, followed by a shower of wet gravel and mud.

Hetta's breath drew in sharply, and then she shuddered a little. Of course the baby's shoe meant nothing to her. She did not know to whose baby it might belong, and anyway, it was no good any more. But the thoughtless action of the man beside her clutched frantically at her throat. Tears started to her eyes. When he did that, however little he was aware of it, was blurred swiftly out the wistful picture of a church full of eager people, and Hetta kneeling in her wedding gown beside the man to whom she had given her troth. As though one pillar were wrenched loose, and the whole house fell.

But the hot rush of tears brimmed without overflowing. As she continued a few steps, the surge of emotion subsided, and patience, ruffled a moment, sat once more brooding and pluming his wings. So when they reached the wharf Hetta was very calm. She was faintly conscious of relishing the salt air which she drew in steadily and deeply. The pungent odor of tar and hemp-rigging merged with the smell of fish. The wharf was cluttered, and there were a few sleepy men lounging about. One man at some distance lay stretched on his back and snoring. However, he was soon routed out of slumber and requisitioned into helping dock the Betsy Bar.

Hetta sat down on a coil of odoriferous rope and watched the incoming vessel. Dawn was assuming gorgeous proportions, and the sky was all lit with fire. The clouds, still surly, though their vigor was spent upon the earth, resembled dull masses of smoke, thickened or congealed to an element not easily dissipated. Against this splendid aurora the sails of the Betsy Bar loomed vast and black and unshaken. But soon they were unfurled, and there was a skeleton-like tangle of masts and spars. The dark hull of the vessel plowed slowly through gray water, urged by the spasmodic wind and the tide. The port and starboard lights had been forgotten, and they still burned their steady red and green, receiving, now and then, for a mere instant, faint reflections in the waves. But it was almost broad daylight as the great drab vessel slid silently into her berth, and was made fast by men who spoke gruffly and in monosyllables.

As the seasoned old freighter was made fast, the men aboard began dropping down off her deck onto the wharf, stretching and shaking themselves like so many bears just emerging from winter retreat at the logical moment of a vernal awakening. And not unlike a certain grim species bruinic they appeared, most of them—a curious half-bear and half-man, with much black hair about their faces, and eyes grown small and bright through so constant vigil in storm. They appeared glad to be ashore, which was not strange in view of the fact that the Betsy Bar was havened for the first time in many months, having put out from Tahiti in the winter. Hetta sat quietly by on the coil of rope, scanning each face. This she did whenever a vessel came in from the open sea; and this she had done, the people of the village reported half mysteriously and half smilingly, for close on twenty years. They knew, as the inhabitants of small villages *always* know such things, that these regular visits to the wharf were in some manner connected with her early romance which had not ended in marriage.

There was much creaking and scraping. The hatchways already were being opened preparatory to the disgorging of Asiatic supplies. Hetta sat there and looked on. She was surrounded by rough men who swore and roared and spat rank tobacco juice. When a certain man, newly disembarked, was seen making his way through and clear of the knot of sea-dogs, Hetta got on her feet quickly, trembling just as Joseph Luddon had the night previous when startled by the clatter of the fallen metal dish. This man, who was well into middle life, and looked very much like the others, bore across his shoulder a wooden chest, and in his hand a knotted bundle such as workmen carry, and which might contain almost anything. When he came opposite where Hetta stood, and would have passed by without noticing her, she spoke:

"You have come back, Granger."

Her voice, though low, was quite steady.

The man stopped, gazed at the woman a moment as though he looked on a stranger, and then returned as calmly, and without setting down his burdens:

"Hetta . . . yes, back again where I started from."

There was nothing but weariness in his face.

They walked away, leaving the noisy wharf and entering the village. When they reached a much-weathered cottage which appeared, indeed, ready to collapse with age and long neglect, Granger turned in at what was once his gateway. There was now no gate, there was now no fence. The place had been deserted for nineteen years, and as the property fell apart, the villagers gobbled up the fragments, using them for firewood. In just such manner, only more steadily, worms feed on those entombed. A few steps and he hesitated, then, speaking with an effort, said:

"You may tell your father."

And, thus abruptly, left her.

HETTA returned home, sick with unhappiness, and set about preparing her father's breakfast. She could hear him fumbling and muttering in the room overhead, and she knew he was dressing. At first she thought to tell him at once. Then it came over her, with queer mockery, that there was nothig left in life but time. All things might wait now. Presently he descended. At whatever hour he retired, he was always up again at the same early hour in the morning. There was so much to be done, and but one frail old man to do it.

Hetta set his breakfast on the table with its patterned oilcloth covering, and then sat down herself opposite him. But she ate nothing.

"I am not hungry," she said. And Luddon ate alone, solemnly, and with great gulps.

His daughter never ate on those days when she watched in a ship from sea. Consequently he was not surprised. He did not even inquire about the Betsy Bar. He, too, had caught sight of her light far off to sea the night before, but now he had forgotten what it meant to him. He did not any longer watch for ships so diligently as Hetta did.

Luddon ate, and the woman sat opposite, her elbows on the table, staring over at him, afraid to speak. At last, though, she could bear the silence no longer.

"Granger has come back, father," she said.

Joseph Luddon paused in the process of reaching out with his fork to spear a slice of bread. The fork fell from his hand and shattered a shallow bowl containing a few early wild roses. Hetta continued to sit as before, her elbows on the table, her eyes staring across. Slowly he rose and came around the table with uneven steps. When he seized his daughter's wrists she felt that his hands were hot with fever. These swift fevers came and went again as quickly. Some day one of the queer attacks would carry him off, the village physician had declared. But old Luddon was seeking a cure for more than mere fevers, so he never gave any heed.

"What did you say?" he demanded huskily.

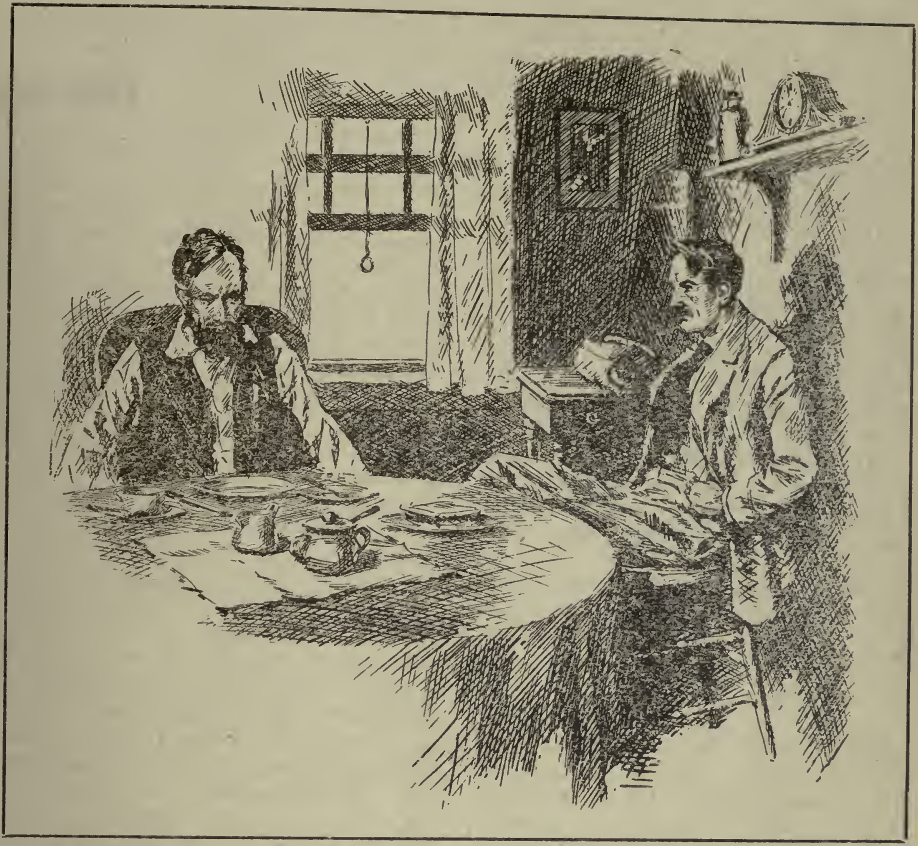
Thus spoke Prince Hamlet when they came with the intelligence that his father's ghost stalked nightly in the moonlight. It had been even as though Granger were dead all these years. And yet the world had turned upon his coming home.

"He is back," she repeated, her wrists quite white under the pressure of that wondering grip. When he released them, the marks of his hard fingers rested some time.

"He came in on the Betsy Bar."

"On the Betsy Bar?"

"He was a passenger, the only one aboard. He boarded her at Tahiti. Some one told him the elixir was to be found there. He has been round the whole earth,



*"Tears are for me, not you. I wasted my young life, but you—you were an old man when I met you! Now you cry, like an old woman"*

father, and comes back—with a trunk full of worn clothes!"

"He failed, then, after all? Granger has failed, Granger—has failed!"

The old man rocked himself back and forth in the chair where he had dropped down. The fever died out, and he rocked dismally.

"Granger, lad—*has* he failed, then? And the boy went off with the hope of all creation at his heels. 'I'll find the stone,' he said. 'It's some'er in the earth, and Granger'll draw it out.' His voice rang so as he left me!"

"That was nineteen years ago," observed Hetta quietly.

The childish despair of the man was hardening into sudden hatred, which whitened his lips, so tightly were they pressed together.

"You mustn't blame him too much," said Hetta, almost tenderly, as she cleared away the dishes and gathered up the few fragrant little flowers the broken bowl had held. If Granger could have come gently to her then, folded her in his arms as once he had, and whispered that, God pity him, he loved her still, the fury of old Luddon would have spent itself uselessly, like the sea surging against a coast that is impervious with rocks. But Hetta knew this to be out of reason. It was nineteen years ago he went away. At length he returned, and she was forgotten. There was nothing to be done about it.

A little later there came a knock on the door. Hetta drew her hands out of the steaming water in which the breakfast dishes were undergoing ablution, shook off the suds, and was hastily wiping them on her apron preparatory to answering it, when the door opened and Granger himself came in. He had done naught to improve his wild and unkempt appearance since debarkation. He was a man children would shrink from; yet in the old days they used to crowd about his knee. Trembling, the old man rose and stood facing him.

"How dare you come back empty-handed?"

Then, of a sudden, hope relit his lamps.

"Ah! Maybe Hetta did not know, then, and you have found the elixir after all! Tell me Hetta heard wrong!"

But the newcomer did not long suffer those wistful lamps to gleam.

"Hetta knew," he muttered, dropping heavily into a chair. "The stuff's not to be found on God's earth. You hear, unless you've gone deaf. The ancients have lied, that is all."

Another change. All the light, hopeful and malevolent, died out of the other's face.

"Hetta, my girl, I've had more than men bear and live."

AND he wept like a little child. There was nothing to work for now. He had failed, because Granger had returned without the elixir for whose discovery he had been years preparing, and which both had wildly dreamed was somewhere to be found: that old, chimerical stimulus, that magic stone of the ancients, prolonging the life of men on the earth, and sweetly restoring the spirit of spent youth. It was almost inconceivable, yet here were fresh tolls being paid. Two more had sought the mystic waters of life, and, in the very heart of the modern world, had come, surely and inevitably, upon an eternal desert, strewn with the bones of unwise pilgrims. Somewhere, on some yellowing page, Joseph Luddon had traced anew the spot where was hid the illusive elixir of life.

"I was a fool to listen!" Granger spoke with great bitterness.

Then, harshly, and with scarce a rise or fall of voice, he sketched the history of his varied, now admittedly useless, life. Hetta washed the dishes, her back to them, her head bending down low over her work. Neither appeared to take any heed of her.

"Your compass shook, no doubt," began Granger. "Or you reckoned your latitudes with a line that was not true. Who, indeed, cares about all that now? Nothing matters now, and we might as well have followed where baby fingers chanced to point. Somewhere in Greater Antilles, you thought, to starboard of Jamaica. At the crest of a mighty mountain, *you* thought. Well, I was quite scrupulous. I sailed with precision till I found a tiny island—one so small it is chalked on few but the most minute of the nautical charts. There was a monk who relinquished his orders and lived defying God. But there was no mountain. There was a legend, he said. But there was no mountain. The elixir was long vanished. Some said there was once a high mountain at that place, but an earthquake sent it tumbling into the sea. I sailed on, years and years. I talked with men who had heard of the mythical tincture they called the philosopher's stone. Once I found a withered old woman living in a cave on King George's Island. Then I thought I had come on what I sought. She brought me out a coarse powder, cackling over it like a stupid hen. It was mortared from rock. But with bitterness I learned it was only a cure for the rickets.

"Tears are for me, not you. I wasted my *young* life, but you—you were an old man when I *met* you! Now you cry, like a woman; but it was you sent me out. And there is more to be told yet.

"I went to Senegal in Africa. I tracked mountain ranges from China to Afghanistan. My money was all gone, but I did not mind begging. I was glad to take morsels of food of any sort, when they would give me that. Fools, they say, die hard. They cling to life, as though it were eternity. I crossed to South America, and rounded the Horn in a tempest. I wish to God we had gone to the bottom. But the ship was blessed, having me aboard. Fools die hardest. I clung onto the rigging as though it were the elixir itself, and we rounded up into warmer waters, where there was hardly wind enough to fill our sails. For nineteen years I tormented the earth with my digging. I might have been a child in a sand pile! Everything is spent, and two lives are gone for nothing at all. No doubt yours will be the reckoning for us both some day, Joseph Luddon. However, that needn't break your sleep o'nights."

Then he ceased speaking and sat moodily studying the cracks in the kitchen floor. He was talked out. He had said all there was to say.

Hetta's life did not count.

When Granger came wooing her, twenty years back, he was a young man. The people of the village remarked that he was somewhat mystically inclined, and dwelt more in the clouds than was good for him. But they agreed, which was a very wise thing to do, that this was a general failing of youth, especially when youth loves. And they said he would come down to earth ere long. He had at length come down, but at a time rather too late to permit many of the villagers to witness the partial fulfillment of their prediction. Now a new generation had assumed the habiliments of Dame Gossip.

AS Hetta washed the dishes, it all came over her vividly, as never before. The grim tragedy was complete now. The thing was played out. Granger had come wooing her, but he had married her father instead. She was only a woman, and Joseph Luddon was a chemical genius: with just that leaning toward metaphysics calculated to capture the soul of a dreamy young man. She was not proof against such attractions, and her own father in his laboratory, juggling acids and salts, probing dead brains and studying their structure, thumbing the works of the ancients, made a wondering slave of the man who might have been her husband. It was curious and terrible. However, it was all over now.

"I sail out again on the Betsy Bar," concluded the disillusioned one. Out of the wreck of his life he yet could marshal a not-trifling familiarity with the sea, which the ship's captain agreed to recognize in the substantial form of sailor employment.

Launched in a world of hopeful and constructive science, these two spent their talents to obtain what reason forbade. When mortals tempt the gods too far, thunder is heard. But the toll which counted most was the heart of Hetta Luddon. And, strange to say, neither of those men dreamed of looking at it that way. Which may be numbered as one of the sublime ironies.

Hetta saw Granger to the door, and he left her with a muttered word of farewell. She watched him go down the path and off harborward till the lilacs shut him from view. About the doorstep some birds were chirping. Their nests were all done, and there were eggs in them. Hetta saw the world from her doorstep, how it thrived, how happy and full of peace it was. Then she turned back into the house, where her father, worn out by the unwonted excitement, had fallen asleep.

That night Joseph Luddon sat down in his laboratory. He sat there all night long. But he did no work. He sat staring at the blank windows, against which a fresh storm of rain was beating. Beside him, untouched, lay the moist human brain in its basin of water. Nothing would ever be touched again. Nothing led to nothing, and the sun of life stood zero. Terror seized him with each striking of the far-off clock. An hour nearer eternity. Then another. His watch on the table ticked the minutes with horrible steadiness.

Meanwhile, to one who cared to gaze off, the meagre lights of the Betsy Bar were visible, out to sea. Only a short while, then night and distance enveloped them. From her bedroom under the eaves Hetta watched the lights till they were gone. The rain fell smartly on the roof overhead, and dripped down into her lap as she sat at the little open casement. Sometimes the wind blew the rain in her face. When it lightened she could see the row of poplar trees and the white fence—even the broken and prostrate gate, on its unkempt cushion of myrtle. Hot tears sprang to her eyes, and, in the solitude, alone in her room under the eaves, Hetta wept.

In the morning Joseph Luddon was found dead in his chair. Heart failure, the people of the village called it.

# Heart Classics of American History

## by George Lippard

### V—THE DAYBREAK WATCH

ALONG the porch of an ancient mansion, surmounting the height of Mount Airy, strode the sentinel of the British picket, his tall form looming like the figure of a giant in the gathering mist, while the musket on his shoulder was grasped by a hand red with American blood.

He strode slowly along the porch, keeping his lonely watch; now turning to gaze at the dark shadow of the mansion towering above him, now fixing his eye along the Germantown road, as it wound down the hill, on its northward course; and again he gazed upon the landscape around him, wrapt in a gathering mist, which chilled his blood, and rendered all objects around him dim and indistinct.

All around was vague and shadowy. The mist, with its white wreaths and snowy columns, came sweeping up on every side, from the bosom of the Wissahikon, from the depths of a thousand brooklets, over hill and over valley, circled that dense and gathering exhalation; covering the woods with its ghastly pall, rolling over the plains and winding upward around the height of Mount Airy, enveloping the cottages opposite the sentinel in its folds of gloom, and confining the view to a space of twenty paces from the porch, where he kept his solitary watch—to him, a watch of death.

It is now daybreak, and a strange sound meets that soldier's ear. It is now daybreak, and his comrades sleep within the walls of Allen's house, and a strange, low, murmuring noise, heard from a great distance, causes him to incline his ear with attention, and to listen with hushed breath and parted lips.

He listens. The night wore on. The blood-red moon was there in the sky, looking out from the mist, like a funeral torch shining through a shroud.

The sentinel bent his head down upon the porch, and with that musket, red with the carnage of Brandywine, in his hands, he listens. It is a distant sound—very distant; like the rush of waters, or the moaning of the young August storm, bursting into life amid the ravines of the far-off mountains. It swells on the ear—it spreads to the east and to the west: it strikes the sentinel's heart with a strange fear, and he shoulders his musket with a firmer grasp; and now a merry smile wreathes his lips.

That sound—it is the rush of waters: the Wissahikon has flooded its banks, and is pouring its torrents over the meadows, while it rolls onward towards the Schuylkill. The sentinel smiles at his discovery, and resumes his measured stride. He is right—and yet not altogether right. A stream has burst its banks, but not the Wissahikon. A stream of vengeance—dark, wild, and terrible, vexed by passion, aroused by revenge, boiling and seething from its unfathomable depths—is flowing from the north, and on its bosom are borne men with strong arms and stout hearts, swelling the turbulence of the waters; while the gleam of sword and bayonet flashes over the dark waves.

The day is breaking—sadly and slowly breaking, along the veil of mist that whitens over the face of nature like a shroud of death for millions. The sentinel leans idly upon the banisters of the porch, relaxes the grasp of his musket, inclines his head to one side, and no longer looks upon the face of nature covered with mist. He sleeps. The sound not long ago far off, is now near and mighty in its volume, the tramp of steeds startles the silence of the road, suppressed tones are heard, and there is a noise like the moving of legions.

AND yet he sleeps—he dreams! Shall we guess his dream? That home, hidden away yonder in the shadows of an English dell—he is approaching its threshold.

Yes, down the old path by the mill—he sees his native cottage—his aged father stands in the door—his sister, whom he left a young girl, now grown into a blooming woman, beckons him on. He reaches her side—presses her lips, and in that kiss hushes her welcome—"Brother, have you come at last!"

But, ah! That horrid sound crashing through his dream!

He wakes—wakes there on the porch of the old mansion—he sees that rifle-blaze flashing through the mist—he feels the death-shot, and then falls dead to wake in eternity.

That rifle-blaze, flashing through the mist, is the first shot of the battle-day of Germantown.

And that dead man, flung along the porch in all the ghastliness of sudden death—cold and stiff there, while his sister awakes from her sinless sleep to pray for him, three thousand miles away—is the first dead man of that day of horror!

And could we wander yonder, up through the mists of this fearful morning, even to the throne of Heaven, we might behold the prayer of the sister, the soul of the brother, meet face to face before Almighty God.

And now listen to that sound, thundering yonder to the north, and now stand here on the porch of Allen's house, and see the legions come!

They break from the folds of the mist, the men of Brandywine—foot-soldiers and troopers come thundering up the hill.

The blood-red moon, shining from yonder sky, like a funeral torch through a shroud, now glares upon the advancing legions—over the muskets glittering in long lines, over the war-horses, over the drawn swords, over the flags rent with bullet and bayonet, over the broad banner of stars.

Allen's house is surrounded. The soldiers of the picket guard rush wildly from their beds, from the scene of their late carousal by the fire, they rush and seize their arms—but in vain! A blaze streams in every window, soldier after soldier falls heavily to the floor, the picket guard are with the dead sentinel. Allen's house is secured, and the hunt is up!

God of Battles, what a scene! The whole road, farther than the eye could see, farther than the ear could hear, crowded by armed men, hurrying over Chesnut Hill, hurrying along the valley between Chesnut Hill and Mount Airy, sweeping up the hill of Allen's house, rushing onward in one dense column, with the tall form of Sullivan at their head, while the war shout of Anthony Wayne is borne along by the morning breeze. There, riding from rank to rank, speeding from battalion to battalion, from column to column, a form of majesty sweeps by, mounted on a steed of iron gray, waving encouragement to the men, while every lip repeats the whisper and every heart beats at the sound, echoed like a word of magic along the lines—"There he rides—how grandly his form towers in the mist; it's Washington—it's Washington!" and the whole army take up the sound—"It is Washington!"

Allen's house was passed, and now the path of the central body of the army lay along the descent of the road from Mount Airy, for the space of a mile, until the quarters of Colonel Musgrave's regiment were reached.

The descent was like the path of a hurricane. The light of the breaking day, streaming dimly through mist and gloom, fell over the forms of the patriot band as they swept down the hill, every man with his musket ready for the charge, every trooper with his sword drawn, every eye fixed upon the shroud of mist in front of their path, in the vain effort to gaze upon the position of the advance post of the enemy a mile below, every heart throbbing wildly with the excitement of the coming contest, and all prepared for the keen encounter,—the fight, hand to hand, foot to foot, the charge of death, and the sweeping hail of the iron cannon-ball and the leaden bullet.

How it would have made your heart throb, and beat and throb again, to have stood on that hill of Mount Airy and looked upon the legions as they rushed by.

Sullivan's men have passed, they are down the hill, and you see them below—rank after rank disappearing in the pall of the enveloping mist.

HERE they come—a band brave and true, a band with scarred faces and sunburnt visages, with rusted muskets and tattered apparel, yet with true hearts and stout hands. These are the men of Paoli!

And there, riding in their midst, as though his steed and himself were but one animal—so well he backs that steed, so like is the battle-fever of horse, with the waving mane and glaring eye, to the wild rage that stamps the warrior's face—there in the midst of the men of Paoli, rides their leader—Mad Anthony Wayne!

And then his voice—how it rings out upon the morning air, rising above the clatter of arms and the tramp of steeds, rising in a mighty shout—"On, boys, on! In a moment we'll have them. On, comrades, on—and remember Paoli!"

And then comes the band with the gallant Frenchman at their head; the brave Conway, brave though unfortunate, also rushing wildly on in the train of the hunt. Your eye sickens as you gaze over file after file of brave men, with mean apparel and meaner arms, some half clad, others well nigh barefoot, yet treading gaily over the flinty ground; some with fragments of a coat on their backs, others without covering for their heads, all marked by wounds, all thinned by hunger and disease, yet every man of them is firm, every hand is true, as it clutches the musket with an eager grasp.

Ha! That gallant band who come trooping on, spurring their stout steeds, with wide haunches and chests of iron, hastily forward, that band with every face seamed by scars, and darkened by the thick mustachio, every eye gleaming beneath a knit brow, every swarthy hand raising the iron sword on high. They wear the look of foreigners, the manner of men trained to fight in the exterminating wars of Europe.

And their leader is tall and well-proportioned, with a dark-hued face, marked by a compressed lip rendered fierce by the overhanging mustachio; his brow is shaded by the trooper's plume and his hand grasps the trooper's sword. He speaks to his men in a foreign tongue, he reminds them of the well-fought field on the plain of Poland, he whispers a quick, terrible memento of Brandywine and Paoli, and the clear word rings from his lips:

"Forwarts,—brudern,—forwarts!"

It is the band of Pulaski sweeping past, eager for the hunt of death, and as they spur their steeds forward a terrible confusion arises far ahead.

There is flashing of strange fires through the folds of mist, lifting the snow-white pall for a moment—there is rolling of musketry, rattling like the thunderbolt ere it strikes—there is the tramp of hurrying legions, the far-off shout of the charging Continentals, and the yells and shouts of the surprised foemen.

Sullivan is upon the camp of the enemy, upon them with the terror of ball and bayonet. They rush from their camp, they form hastily across the road, in front of their baggage, each red-coated trooper seeks his steed, each footman grasps his musket, and the loud voice of Musgrave, echoing wildly along the line of crimson attire and flashing bayonets, is heard above all other sounds,—"Form—lads, form—fall in there—to your arms, lads, to your arms!—Form, comrades, form!"

In vain his shouting, in vain the haste of his men rushing from their beds into the very path of the advancing Continentals! The men of Sullivan are upon them! They sweep on with one bold front the forms of the troopers, mounted on their war-steeds, looming through the mist, as with sword upraised and battle-shout pealing to the skies, they lead on the charge of death!

A moment of terror, a moment made an age by suspense! The troopers meet, midway in their charge, horse to horse, sword mingled with sword, eye glaring in eye, they meet. The ground quivers with an earthquake shock. Steeds recoil on their haunches, the British strew the roadside, flooding the dust with their blood, and the music of battle, the fierce music of dying groans and cries of death rises up with the fog startling the very heavens with its discord!

The hunt is up!

"On—boys—on"—rings the voice of Mad Anthony—"on—comrades—on—and remember Paoli!"

"*Charge*!" sounds the voice of Washington, shrieking along the line like the voice of a mighty spirit—"upon them—over them!" Conway re-echoes the sound, Sullivan has already made the air ring with his shout, and now Pulaski takes up the cry—"*Forwarts—brudern—forwarts!*"

The hunt is up!

THE British face the bayonets of the advancing Americans, but in vain. Each bold backwoodsman sends his volley of death along the British line, and then clubbing his musket, rushes wildly forward, beating the red-coat to the sod with a blow that cannot be stayed. The British troopers rush forward in the charge, but ere half the distance between them and the American host is measured Mad Anthony comes thundering on with his legion of iron, and as his war-shout swells on the air the red-coats are driven back by the hurricane force of his charge, the ground is strewn with the dying, and the red hoofs of the horse trample madly over the faces of the dead.

Wayne charges, Pulaski charges, Conway brings up his men, and Washington is there, in front of the battle, his sword gleaming like a meteor through the gloom.

The fire of the infantry, spreading a sheeted flame through the folds of the mist, lights up the scene. The never-ceasing clang of sword against sword, the low muttered shriek of the fallen vainly trying to stop the flow of blood, the wild yell of the soldier gazing madly round as he receives his death wound, the shout of the charge, and the involuntary cry of "quarter," all furnish a music most dread and horrible, as though an infernal band were urging on the work of slaughter with their notes of fiendish mockery.

That flash of musketry! What a light it gives the scene! Above, clouds of white mist and lurid smoke; around, all hurry, and tramp, and motion; faces darkened by all the passions of a demon, glaring madly in the light, blood-red hands upraised, foemen grappling in contest, swords rising and falling, circling and glittering, the forms of the wounded, with their faces buried in the earth, the ghastly dead, all heaped up in positions of ludicrous mockery of death, along the roadside!

That flash of musketry!

The form of Washington is in the centre of the fight, the battle-glare lighting up his face of majesty; the stalwart form of Wayne is seen riding hither and thither, waving a dripping sword in his good right hand; the figure of Pulaski, dark as the form of an earth-riven spirit of some German story, breaks on your eye, as enveloped in mist, he seems rushing everywhere at the same moment, fighting in all points of the contest, hurrying his men onward, and driving the affrighted British before him with the terror of his charge.

And Colonel Musgrave—where is he?

He shouts the charge to his men, he hurries hither and thither, he shouts till he is hoarse, he fights till his person is red with the blood of his own men, slain before his very eyes, but all in vain!

He shouts the word of retreat along his line—"Away, my men, away to Chew's house—away!"

The retreat commences, and then, indeed, the hunt of death is up in good earnest.

The British wheel down the Germantown road, they turn their backs to their foes, they flee wildly toward Germantown, leaving their dead and dying in their wake; man and horse, they flee, some scattering their arms by the roadside, others, weakened by loss of blood, feebly endeavoring to join the retreat, and then falling dead in the path of the pursuers, who with one bold front, with one firm step rush after the British in their flight, ride down the fleeing ranks, and scatter death along the hurrying columns.

The fever of bloodshed grows hotter, the chase grows fearful in interest, the hounds who so often have worried down the starved Americans, are now hunted in their turn.

And in the very van of pursuit, his tall form seen by every soldier, rode George Washington, his mind strained to a pitch of agony as the crisis of the contest approached, and by his side rode Mad Anthony Wayne, now Mad Anthony indeed, for his whole appearance was changed, his eye seemed turned to a thing of living flame, his face was begrimed with powder, his sword was red with blood, and his battle-shout rung fiercer on the air—

"Over them boys—upon them—over them, and remember Paoli!"

"Now Wayne, *now*"—shouted Washington—"one charge more and we have them!"

"Forwarts—brudern—forwarts!" shouted Pulaski, as his iron band came thundering on—"Forwarts—for Washington—forwarts!"

The British leader wheeled his steed for a moment and gazed upon his pursuers. All around was bloodshed, gloom, and death; mist and smoke above; flame around, and mangled corpses below. With one hoarse shout, he again bade his men make for Chew's house, and again the dying scattered along the path looked up, and beheld the British sweeping madly down the road.

The vanguard of the pursuers had gained the upper end of Chew's wall when the remnant of the British force disappeared in the fog; file after file of the crimson-coated British were lost to sight in the mist, and in the very heat and flush of the chase the American army was brought to a halt in front of Chew's wall, each soldier falling back on his comrade with a sudden movement, while the officers gazed on each other's faces in vain inquiry for the cause of this unexpected delay.

The fog gathered in dense folds over the heads of the soldiers, thicker and more dense it gathered every instant; the enemy was lost to sight in the direction of Chew's lawn, and a fearful pause of silence from the din and tumult of bloodshed ensued for a single moment.

Bending from his steed in front of the gate that led into Chew's lawn, Washington gazed round upon the faces of his staff, who circled him on every side, with every horse recoiling on his haunches from the sudden effect of the halt.

Washington was about to speak as he leaned from his steed with his sword half lowered in the misty air, he was about to speak and ask the meaning of this sudden disappearance of the British, when a lurid flash lifted up the fog from the lawn and the thunder of musketry boomed along the air, echoing among the nooks and corners of the ancient houses on the opposite side of the street.

ANOTHER moment and a soldier, with face all crimsoned with blood and darkened by battlesmoke, rushed through the group clustering around the horse of Washington, and in a hurried voice announced that the remnant of the British regiment had thrown themselves into the substantial stone mansion on the left and seemed determined to make good a desperate defence.

"What say you, gentlemen," cried Washington, "shall we press onward into the town and attack the main body of the enemy at once, or shall we first drive the enemy from their stronghold at this mansion on our left?"

The answer of Wayne was short and to the point. "Onward!" he shouted—and his sword rose in the air, all dripping with blood—"Onward into the town—our soldiers are warmed with the chase—onward, and with another blow, we have them!"

And the gallant Hamilton, the brave Pickering, the gifted Marshall, echoed the cry "Onward!" while the hoarse shout of Pulaski rang out in the air—"Forwarts—brudern—forwarts!"

"It is against every rule of military science—" exclaimed General Knox, whose opinion in council was ever valuable with Washington—"It is against every rule of military science to leave a fortified stronghold in the rear of an advancing army. Let us first reduce the mansion on our left, and then move forward into the centre of the town!"

There was another moment of solemn council; the older officers of the staff united in opinion with Knox, and with one quick anxious glance around the scene of fog and mist Washington gave the orders to storm the house.

And, at the word, while a steady volume of flame was flashing from Chew's house and every window pouring forth its blaze, glaring over the wreath of mist, the Continentals, horse and foot, formed across the road to the north of the house, eager for the signal which would bid them advance into the very jaws of death.

The artillery were ranged some three hundred yards from the mansion—their cannon being placed on a slight elevation and pointed at the northwest corner of the house. This was one of the grand mistakes of the battle, occasioned by the density of the fog. Had the cannon been placed in a proper position, the house would have been reduced ere the first warm flush of pursuit was cold on the cheeks of the soldiers.

But the fog gathered thicker and more densely around, the soldiers moved like men moving in the dark, and all was vague, dim, undefined and uncertain.

All was ready for the storm. Here were men with firebrands, ready to rush forward under the cover of the first volley of musketry and fire the house; here were long lines of soldiers grasping their guns with a quick nervous movement, one foot advanced in the act of springing forward; yonder were the cannoniers, their pieces loaded, the linstock in the hand of one soldier, while another stood ready with the next charge of ammunition; on every side was intense suspense and expectation, and heard above all other sounds, the rattle of the British musketry rose like thunder over Chew's lawn, and seen the brightest of all other sights, the light of the British guns, streamed red and lurid over the field, giving a strange brilliancy to the wreaths of mist above, and columns of armed men below.

TRADITION states that at this moment, when everything was ready for the storm of death, an expression of the most intense thought passed over the impenetrable countenance of Washington. Every line of his features was marked by thought, his lip was sternly compressed, and his eye gathered a strange fire.

He turned to the east and bent one long anxious look over the white folds of mist as though he would pierce the fog with his glance, and gazed upon the advancing columns of Greene and Stephen. He inclined his head to one side of his steed and listened for the tramp of their war-horses, but in vain. He turned towards Germantown; all was silent in that direction, the main body of the enemy were not yet in motion.

And then in a calm voice he asked for an officer who would consent to bear a flag of truce to the enemy. A young and gallant officer of Lee's rangers sprang from his horse; his name Lieutenant Smith; he assumed the snow-white flag, held sacred by all nations, and with a single glance at the Continental array he advanced to Chew's house.

In a moment he was lost to sight amid the folds of the fog, and his way lay over the green lawn for some two hundred yards. All was still and silent around him. Tradition states that the fire from the house ceased for a moment, while Musgrave's band were silently maturing their plan of desperate defence. The young soldier advanced along his lonely path, speeding through the bosom of the fog, all objects lost to his sight save the green verdure of the sod, yet uncrimsoned by blood, and here and there the trunk of a giant tree looming blackly through the mist.

The outline of a noble mansion began to dawn on his eye: first the sloping roof, then the massive chimneys, then the front of the edifice, and then its windows, all crowded with soldiers in their crimson attire; whiskered face appearing above face, with grisly musket and glittering bayonet, thrust out upon the air; while with fierce glances, the hirelings looked forth into the bosom of that fearful mist, which, still like a death-shroud for millions, hung over the lawn and over the chimneys of the house.

The young officer came steadily on, and now he stood some thirty paces from the house, waving his white flag on high, and then with an even step he advanced toward the hall door. He advanced, but he never reached that hall door. He was within the scope of the British soldiers' vision, they could have almost touched him with an extended flag staff, when the loud word of command rang through the house, a volley of fire blazed from every window, and the whole American army saw the fog lifted from the surface of the lawn, like a vast curtain from the scenes of a magnificent theatre. Slowly and heavily that curtain uprose, and a hail storm of bullets whistled across the plain, when the soldiers of the Continental host looked for their messenger of peace.

They beheld a gallant form in front of the mansion. He seemed making an effort to advance, and then he tottered to and fro, and his white flag disappeared for a moment and the next instant he fell down like a heavy weight upon the sod, and a hand trembling with the pulse of death was raised above his head, waving a white flag in the air. That flag was stained with blood: it was the warm blood flowing from the young Virginian's heart.

Along the whole American line there rang one wild yell of horror. Old men raised their muskets on high, while the tears gathered in their eyes; the young soldiers all moved forward with one sudden step; a wild light blazed in the eye of Washington; Wayne waved his dripping sword on high; Pulaski raised his proud form in the stirrups, and gave one meaning glance to his men; and then, through every rank and file, through every column and solid square, rang the terrible words of command, and high above all other sounds was heard the voice of Washington—

"*Charge*, for your country and for vengeance—CHARGE!"

# YOSEMITE

MOST glorious Temple! open flung
Are all thy sculptured doors;
Thy mellow chimes are hourly rung,
The Jubilates ceaseless-sung,
And o'er thy grassy floors
Reverent I walk, and let my prayers
Waft heavenward with the morning airs.

Thy choirs are streams that, thundering, leap
The mountain barriers down;
The winds that wail by gorge and steep;
The brooks through sunny meads that sweep
Or foam where canons frown;
And crags, and groves by crystal falls
Thy altars and confessionals.

Perpetual masses here intone;
Uncounted censers swing;
A psalm on every breeze is blown;
The echoing peaks from throne to throne
Greet the indwelling King;—
The Lord, and Lord is everywhere,
And seraph-tongued are earth and air!

—*Edna Dean Proctor*

# Amaryllis of Penrose Lane

by

## Gertrude Robinson

THE clock struck twelve. Amaryllis Desmond tucked a napkin snugly in about the edge of the pan of smoking hot biscuits she had just lifted from the oven, slipped the broiler over the coals to get red-hot for the reception of the steak in readiness on the table, and ran to the window. It was time for her husband, Lucian, to come swinging into the lane from the town-road.

It was a sweet May day. The apple blossoms in the orchard across the lane billowed against the fair blue of the noon-tide sky like mammoth fragrant snow-banks. The lilac bushes nearer by the well-sweep splashed in a purple glory against the luscious budding green of the larches by the stone wall that bordered the lane on either side. The spicy aromatic savor of all the burgeoning, blooming things made Amaryllis catch her breath with enjoyment. It was, in truth, the springtide of Amaryllis Desmond's life, though this was actually the fortieth season she had seen from the old farm-house on Penrose Lane.

Amaryllis Desmond was the child of a northern father and a southern mother. Up to six months before, the New England strain in her had dominated. It was a drab childhood she had spent in the grey farmhouse a quarter of a mile up its green lane from the highway, and two miles on that same highway from sleepy Penroseville. Her pretty, delicate, romantic mother had lived just long enough to name her girl-baby, Amaryllis, to the horror of the whole countryside. She had not borne well the shock of transplanting from balmy Kentucky to austere Vermont, though her doughty husband, Abner Penrose, had loved her with a devotion equal to the ardor of the most hot-blooded southern gentleman. Her death had confirmed him in a natural melancholy, and he had taken but little interest in the upbringing of his little daughter, under the tutelage of the sedate old aunt who kept his immaculate house. When Amaryllis was twenty, her father, aware that he could not live long, urged her marriage with her second cousin, Jason Woodstock. The girl, trained to obedience, followed his wishes. Her existence for the next ten years bore a curious resemblance to her maidenhood. She had merely exchanged a sombre kindly father for a no less sedate and kindly husband. Then came the Spanish War. Jason, upon his marriage with Amaryllis, had rented his share in his father's farm to his twin brother Jasper, and had come to live on his wife's place. Now a man was hired to run both places, and he and his brother went to the war. It was one of the family traditions that the men should go to war. Just so had Amaryllis' father rushed to arms at the outbreak of the rebellion. Patriotism was the one emotion which could warm to red fire-heat the cold blood of the men of the Penrose-Woodstock family.

Jason Woodstock and his brother Jasper

rode up San Juan Hill. Jason's name was in the list of those who did not ride down. Jasper was reported wounded and sent to a hospital for the incurable. A sabre cut on the head had robbed him of reason. The colonel of the regiment sent Amaryllis, the only near relative left to the men, her husband's watch and signet ring, and the assurance that her cousin would always be cared for at the military hospital. He advised her to leave him there. And Amaryllis, having directed the family lawyer to invest half of the income from the brothers' joint estate for her brother-in-law cousin, settled down into a sedate widowhood. She had never loved Jason Woodstock and so could not grieve for him; but she was powerless to escape from the traditional way of life of a respectable New England widow. In fact, Amaryllis was too thoroughly imbued with her family characteristics to dream of flouting any of the customary sedateness of the only life she had ever known. She lived alone for ten years, managing her farm so well that she was one of the wealthy women of a far from poverty-stricken township.

THEN came Lucian Desmond. The old stage-driver died. Some member of the Webb family had driven the Midland stage over the ridge to Orford for a hundred years. But at last the succession was broken, for the only man left in the family was a cripple. He advertised the route for sale, and it was bought by a young Westerner. Rumor said that his family had emigrated from Penroseville in the sixties. However that might be, this western stranger took root in the conservative little town as naturally as though he had been grounded in its traditions for years. The Penrose farm was a natural stopping point on the long stage route of fifteen miles, and Lucian Desmond soon fell into the habit of dropping into the tidy farmhouse kitchen for a hasty cup of coffee, while his hot horses cooled their noses in the hospitable watering trough, and the impatient passengers fumed, after the manner of impotent stage riders.

It was no proper New England courtship. Years count for little when the right contact comes to set middle-aged blood to dancing through veins unschooled to such hot impulse. Love takes deep root in such soil, even though its growth is sudden beyond credence. It was but a month after Lucian Desmond's arrival in Penroseville before their marriage set all the county to wagging its shocked tongue. That was six months before this spring morning, and Amaryllis still basked warmly in the sunshine of her tardy happiness. Today Lucian was to be home for dinner, for a farmer's son, whom he was breaking in as an assistant, was to take the stage on from Penroseville. Presently she would hear its horn and see the swirl of dust down the road. They would drop Lucian at the lane, and soon she would see him striding up through the leafy path, swinging his hat over his head in greeting. So she waited, ready to dash to the stove and sling the steak on the hot griddle at the first toot of the horn around the bend.

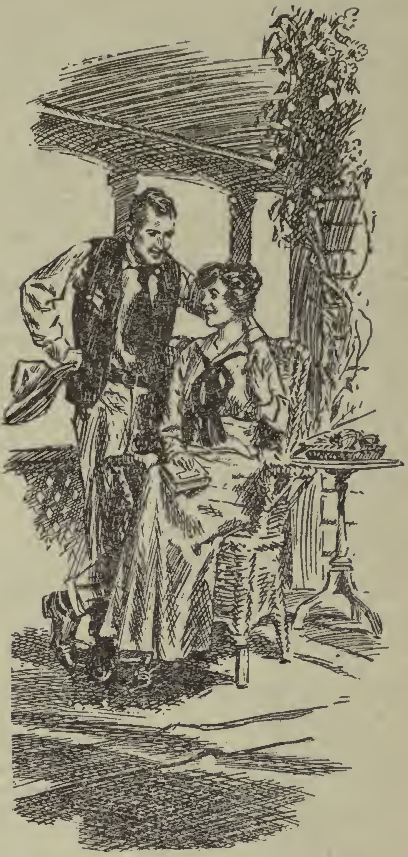
Presently she saw him coming, though curiously she had heard no whistle. "They must be taking the new road, and he has walked out from the village," she thought, as she scurried to the stove and set the steak to hissing on the red-hot broiler. Then she ran out the door and mounted the horse block to wave to him. But he was not whistling as usual. He did not wave his hat in joyous abandon at sight of her. He slouched along like an old man. Presently Amaryllis rubbed her eyes unbelievingly and descended from the horse block. She ran to the head of the lane and shaded her eyes with her hand. The man coming up the lane was gnarled and bent and grey. He wore a blue army coat and a soldier's cap. One sleeve hung empty at his side.

Amaryllis Desmond did not faint. She did not even falter. She was, in very truth, a New England woman, nourished by the blood of an ancestry that would steadfastly immolate not only self, but loved ones as well, upon the altar of duty. She walked down the lane and put a supporting arm about the wizened shoulders of this ghost of a long dead past. Speechlessly, the two advanced to the house. Amaryllis helped the utter wreck of a man up the steps and led him through the house into the parlor bedroom. She stretched him out on the best bed. She slipped off the worn shoes and hung away the blue cap and coat. Then she brought some of her famous brandy cordial and forced a few drops between the man's blue lips. She laved his face and one hand with fresh water. He seemed quite unaware of her ministrations. In fact, he had not given her a single glance of recognition. All his feeble conscious energy had evidently been expended in the mere physical act of getting to the farm. She guessed rightly that he had walked out from the station through the heat and dust of midday, and in so doing had expended the last ounce of his strength. Presently, having done all she could for the immediate comfort of the senseless hulk of a man on the bed, she hurried to the kitchen. The suffocating odor of burning meat filled the house. Mechanically, she snatched the broiler from the stove and scratched off the charred remains of the once juicy slice of meat.

As she did so, a shrill whistle smote her ear. Johnny Day, the grocer's boy, came hurtling in the back door.

"Whew!" he shrilled, "Guessed by the smell your house was on fire. Nothing but the dinner burning up! Lucky your man ain't a coming home. He sent me to say that Judson had failed him and he had to take the stage on by the new road himself to Midland. There is a washout on the new road."

Amaryllis turned a gray-white face on the boy. Beneath her slightly graying brown hair, her eyes gleamed with a queer sunken burned-out blue. It was the face of one in whom a great fire has spent itself. In fact, the terrible truth of her position had been forced upon her consciousness by the boy's chance phrase, "Your man!" Her man lay in yonder on the bed. Lucian was not her husband. He never had been her husband. All her specious happiness of the past half year was stolen. She belonged, as of old, to the man who had come back like a ghost from the dead past. She accepted the fact quietly and absolutely. It seared itself upon her mind with a lurid insistence that reduced life at once to the baldness of the past. She was again drab Amaryllis Woodstock. The hopeless truth impinged itself upon her conscience with every throb of the Penrose blood in her veins. The New England strain was dominant.



*And Amaryllis still basked warmly in the sunshine of her tardy happiness*

Beneath the boy's rapt scrutiny, absorbed in the cruel curiosity of youth, she roused herself to speak. "There is a sick man here, taken ill on the road. Get Doctor Norcross."

"He went to Orford this morning. Maybe he ain't back."

"Get the new doctor, then, but tell whoever it is to hurry. He—he is very ill."

Amaryllis spent the next hour listening to the stertorious breathing of the sick man and gathering together the supplies her nurse's instinct told her would be needed when the doctor arrived. Meanwhile, she was wondering in the back of her mind how she could tell Lucian that she was not his wife and that it was not right for him to stay there any longer. She must pack his things for him to go to the hotel in Penroseville that very night. It was the only proper thing. Yet constantly she strained every nerve to keep the thread of life unbroken in the man who had come back to ruin her happiness. Hot water bottles were at his feet. A spice plaster lay over his faintly beating heart. A warm flannel blanket swathed his shrunken shoulders. She hovered over him with brandy in one hand and spirits of ammonia in the other. All the arts she had learned in years of housewifery among country folk, used to making the most of scanty resources, she employed. She did all this automatically. She had, in fact, a vivid sense of unreality. It was as though she were someone else and the real Amaryllis, Amaryllis Desmond, not Amaryllis Woodstock, were standing out in the kitchen window, looking to see her husband and lover, Lucian, come whistling his jocund way up the lane to dinner.

PRESENTLY she noticed a letter on the floor. She picked it up. It had fallen, doubtless, from Jason's pocket when she removed his coat. She hesitated a moment and then drew the letter from its envelope. It might explain the mystery of the ten years' silence. It did.

The letter was old and yellowed with age. It was addressed to the superintendent of the soldiers' home where Jason's brother, Jasper, had been since the war. She read it through slowly once, twice. The whole story was plain to her. Jasper, not Jason, had been killed at San Juan. Jason had received the hurt on the head which deprived him of reason. In the haste of war, the two names had been confused. The burial certificate she had received had been made out for Jason, whereas it should have been for Jasper. Her husband's watch and seal ring had evidently been stripped from his senseless body and sent to her through the same blunder. And Jason himself, masquerading unconsciously and helplessly as his twin brother, had been sent to the soldiers' home, with this kindly letter from his colonel, commending him to the especial care of the superintendent. And there he had been ever since. What whimsy of fate had brought him to his senses long enough to guide him home after these ten years and fling him, a pitiful and helpless derelict, at her feet she did not try to fathom.

In a short time the doctor's gig rolled into the yard. It was the new man. He was followed by the letter carrier, who brought a special delivery letter. While the doctor was examining his patient, Amaryllis tore open the letter. It was from the superintendent of the soldiers' home. It informed her that her cousin, during a temporary improvement in his condition, had been permitted to file some letters in the office. He had found some pertaining to his own case and had come to himself sufficiently to insist on starting for home. Since he had money, and was merely suffering from a partial aphasia and not really insane, he could not be prevented. She was advised to telegraph them on his arrival, and urged to return him to the home, since his improvement was only temporary. She was warned that a shock was certain to follow his exertion in coming home and that his condition would make him a burden to her. Amaryllis, folding the letter away, shrewdly guessed that the large income sent her supposed cousin regularly from the rental of his farm had something to do with the desire to retain the feeble pensioner.

"What is the matter, doctor?" inquired Amaryllis as the doctor came out of the sick room and proceeded to give her instructions concerning the medicines and care of his patient.

"A shock. He will probably never be much better. It isn't the first. There is evidence of mental unbalance and lack of muscular co-ordination before this. Better communicate with his friends." The doctor pulled on his gloves absentmindedly. He had understood from the boy messenger that a chance passer-by had collapsed on Mrs. Desmond's doorstep, and so he was quite prepared for the impersonal attitude adopted by the woman before him.

"Will he be able to speak soon?" she asked.

"Probably never. He may live a few days, perhaps several years. But he is never likely to be anything more than an inanimate log of humanity. Even if his brain should clear, he is not likely to regain muscular control enough to speak. Can you not identify him? There should be letters on him. It should be attended to promptly. His friends must remove him at once if at all. He is likely to get worse." And then the man stopped, struck by the mute agony in Amaryllis Desmond's eyes.

"You don't mean that he is a friend of yours!" he cried contritely. "I'd have been gentler in my diagnosis had I dreamed it. I thought he was a complete stranger. The fool boy said so."

Amaryllis Desmond did not answer. She turned and walked to the window. A great temptation had her in its grip. The conflict between love and unrequited duty was rending the bulwarks of her heretofore ironclad conscience to shreds.

The doctor misinterpreted her silence. "I'm sorry," he stammered. "I've been very tactless, but I didn't realize that the patient was known to you, personally." He drew his glove off and on in miserable silence. He was a young man, not yet hardened to the inevitable tragedies his profession forced him to unbare.

"Do you know the man?" he asked again, gently.

"Yes," answered Amaryllis. She turned to face him with level unafraid eyes. She lied for the first time in her life, and she lied right royally, yet she did it without conscious volition. A subconscious impulse, perhaps some latent strain of her southern mother's ancestry, impelled her to snatch at the chance she saw to straighten the tangled web of her life. It was one of those instantaneous psychological instincts which tap unerringly at the one weak spot in the moral fibre.

"He is Jasper Woodstock, my first husband's brother; and my own second cousin. He was injured at San Juan and has been in an asylum for insane soldiers ever since. He escaped, they write me, after recovering his memory partially, and started for home. He got here this noon, in the state you find him."

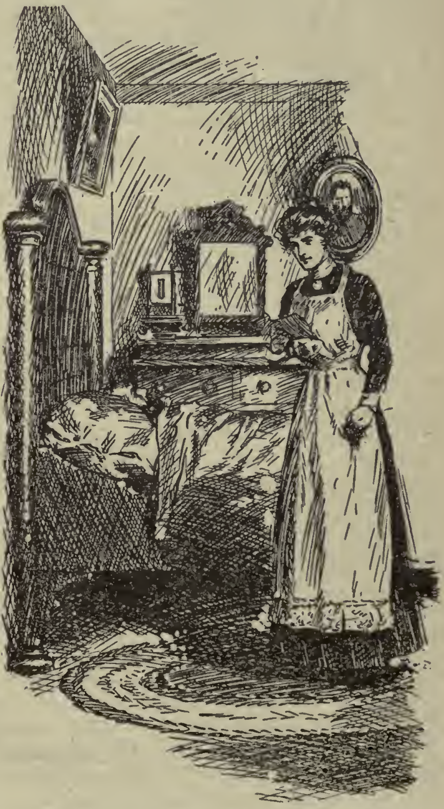
The doctor nodded, eyeing her critically. "I understand. It is hard on you, for he is likely to be pretty much of a burden. He can never be moved very far from here. I read about his case a few years ago in a medical journal. Personally, I'm not sorry to have a chance to study it. Be in again tonight, Mrs. Desmond."

"Will you send this for me in the village?" asked the woman.

She handed him a telegram she had written. It read:—"Woodstock reached his home safely, but taken ill. Will be cared for by cousin."

Amaryllis made her plans coolly after the doctor drove away. Having once made her decision, she applied all her native firmness and shrewdness to carrying it out. Strangely enough, she felt not a qualm of conscience. She was simply, for the time, primeval woman fighting to keep the man she loved.

Meanwhile, she brewed the beef tea the doctor had ordered for the sick man, and forced it down the poor paralyzed



*She drew the letter from its envelope. It might explain the mystery of the ten years' silence* throat in tiny spoonfuls. He managed to swallow, with a great deal of difficulty, a few drops of the tea, but he paid not the least attention to the woman who had once been his wife. A flaming joy surged up in her breast. Nothing would ever matter to him again. He would not care if she called herself the wife of another man. Her duty to the inanimate wreck of humanity was merely to see that he had food and drink and shelter. And Lucian! Lucian need never know that she was not his wife, in name as well as in spirit and heart. He should go his happy, singing way, even though the woman who loved him lost her soul to keep him from the sorrow of disillusionment.

Nevertheless, the innate prudery of her race of womankind rose up and bade her separate herself as far as possible from the man she no longer had a right to call husband. She went upstairs and brought all her things down from her husband's chamber and stowed them away in the parlor chest of drawers and in the parlor clothes-press. She opened and aired the parlor couch and prepared to take up her abode in the parlor, indefinitely. As a last precaution, she stood up on the settle under the mantle in the parlor and removed from its hook a crayon portrait of Jason. It had hung beside hers from the day twenty years ago when he came to live at the Penrose farm as her bridegroom, at her father's behest. How well she remembered the day of his coming and with what terror she had awaited him here in the house of her childhood. And what drab, dead-level years she had spent at his side, learning to stifle every girlish impulse to match his sober tastes. She did not feel at all disloyal as she removed the portrait. After all, he had received from life more than he had put into it. She was not to be blamed for not loving the man who had never asked for nor offered love. Across the room hung a picture of Jasper Woodstock. She took that down, hung Jason's in its place, and put Jasper's beside her own above the mantel. After all there was little difference between the two faces. It was no wonder the army surgeon had made a mistake in identifying the two men in the field hospital. There was doubtless not a person living today, except herself, who could recognize Jason as himself. But now, if Lucian should undertake to compare the face on the pillow in the front bedroom with that in the portrait of the man's boyhood, there should be nothing to bewilder him.

AT six o'clock Lucian came home. He had heard in the village that his wife's crazy soldier brother-in-law had come to see her and had fallen in a shock on her doorstep. Amaryllis, huddled in the hallway, met him. He took her in his arms, and wondered at the way she shuddered away from him. He could not guess that she had been crouching in the hallway for half an hour, longing and dreading to see him. When he kissed her she burst into tears.

"There! there, dear," he comforted, "it is too bad, but you know the old duffer isn't worth crying over. I know how he cheated you out of your share in Jason's farm and what a curmudgeon of a chap he was even as a young man. We'll take good care of him, and that is all he deserves."

"Hush!" protested his wife. "He is in there," she finished irrelevantly, pointing to the parlor bedroom door.

As Amaryllis had thought, Lucian was very much troubled about her staying downstairs and taking the whole care of the invalid thrust suddenly upon her. But he proved sweetly reasonable about it, as about all other things in her experience of him. He was grieved by her refusal to let him share in the care of the invalid, and puzzled over her objections to hiring a woman to help. He was obliged to content himself with getting a neighbor's daughter to come in during the day and work in the kitchen. He could not guess that his wife was in terror lest a chance return to intelligence on the part of her supposed cousin should betray her deception to any one who might be in the house. Still life soon fell into its accustomed groove in the farmhouse on Penrose Lane. If Lucian was less light-hearted than before the strange addition to the household, he was doubly considerate of the welfare of the pale troubled woman who had taken the place of his joyous bride of a short time before. Amaryllis herself felt strangely unconcerned over the strange mummery she was practicing.

Jason Woodstock lived six months. He became a hero in the minds of the folk of Penroseville. To have in their midst a real victim of the outrages of war added greatly to the town's sense of importance. A delegation of selectmen and G. A. R. veterans, as well as one or two younger soldiers who had served in the Spanish War, came to call on him. They viewed the log-like form on the bed with great interest and departed full of patriotic zeal for the army he represented. The hour of their stay was a period of torture to Amaryllis, fearful lest they should recognize the identity of the man some of them had seen in their younger days. But nobody suspected that the man before them was not Jasper Woodstock. As time passed and her deception seemed to operate perfectly, Amaryllis lost all fear of betrayal. In fact, she herself almost forgot that the man for whom she was caring had ever been anything closer to her than the cousin he purported to be.

THEN one dreary day in November he died. Amaryllis found herself strangely perturbed by his death. She went through the preparations for the funeral characteristic of a country town with a feeling of unreality. The funeral was held in the church. The G. A. R., Sons of Veterans, and local militia figured conspicuously in it. Jasper Woodstock in life had been known to but a few of them, and they remembered him as a grasping and disagreeable man. Jasper Woodstock dead, in all the glory that surrounds the memory of even the most sordid character as a soldier and patriot, was shrouded in a halo. Amaryllis sat through the long service with the same far-away look in her eyes that had characterized her since the events of the past few days. She paid no attention to Lucian by her side. It was as though she were completely detached from everything connected with everyday life. The women near looked at her curiously. She was evidently in the grip of an emotion stronger than the occasion would warrant, in the opinion of the simple folk who knew her.

The funeral oration was over at last. The last formal military rites were performed. The bearers filed forward to lift the coffin from its post of honor and bear it out to the grave dug for it in the graveyard behind the church. The organist struck the first chord of the *Dead March in Saul*. And at that moment the dominant strain in Amaryllis Desmond's character took possession of her. Conscience, for six months the prey to her love for Lucian Desmond, who sat in troubled quiet beside her, impelled her to confession. She rose despite Lucian's detaining hand, strode down the aisle, brushing by the bearers, and stood, stern and white, by the head of the coffin. The organist's hands fell in crashing discords upon the keys, and were still. The minister leaned forward in rapt expectation. He had seen souls in travail before and realized that here was a setting for tragedy. Lucian bent his head upon the back of the seat. He could not bear the sight of anguish in the woman he loved with all the intensity of his tender nature. A hysterical laugh broke from the lips of a young girl.

Then on the strained silence fell Amaryllis' voice, a voice so strange that those who heard it shuddered. Yet the words she said were very simple. She appeared in fact to be talking without her own volition, so shorn of all feeling were her tones.

"The man in the coffin here is not Jasper Woodstock. He is Jason Woodstock, his brother, and my first husband."

Then dropping her veil over her face she turned and walked out of the church, while the audience sat in stunned and awful silence.

Half an hour later Lucian Desmond found her. She was walking with great strides across the salt meadows back of town. It was a short cut to the farmhouse in Penrose Lane from town. When he caught up with her she did not speak but rushed on in tragic withdrawal.

"Amaryllis," he cried. "Amaryllis!"

"Go away!" she ordered, "It is wrong for me to speak to you. Go away!"

And then Lucian Desmond laid aside his cloak of tenderness and became a man of iron.

"Amaryllis, you cannot right a wrong

to Jason Woodstock by doing one to me. I am your lawful husband. His ten year's desertion freed you from him legally. Morally you never belonged to him. The carriage is out in the highway yonder. You are going to get into it and drive with me to the minister's and be married over again to me right now. It isn't necessary, but it will prevent gossip and make you feel better. You cannot help yourself," he added sternly. "I demand it as my right."

Amaryllis Desmond looked at her husband curiously. She cried, "If only I had never done it; but I thought you need never know and be made unhappy about my trouble. I did so want to have you happy."

"I have known about it since the day he first came home," answered Lucian quietly. "I knew you would tell me some day. Meanwhile—you had a right to your secret."

An hour later they drove into the lane. They were very quiet. Yet they were both soberly content, the woman because the load of her secret sin was lifted from her soul, the man because of the overflowing tenderness that filled his heart.

"How did you know—about poor Jason?" she asked presently.

"I noticed that the portraits were changed," he answered. Jasper's showed a slight cast in the eye which Jason did not possess."

Very tenderly that evening Amaryllis changed back the portraits. For the first time since her unfortunate marriage to Jason Woodstock, twenty years before, she looked on his face with no feeling of aversion. The expiation in confession of her wrong to him had strangely sweetened the memory of the man she had loathed. After all, she was not sorry she had been able to care for his last days.

The next day she waited again at noontide for Lucian to come home. It was bleak November, and the mud lay in ugly rolls in the lane. The grass was brown and dead and the trees stark and leafless. Nevertheless there was a quiet song in her heart. The springtime of life was again dawning in the soul of Amaryllis of Penrose Lane.

# COLUMBUS

## *By* EDWARD WILBUR MASON

BUT yesternight he paced the gloomy deck
'Mid murmurs mutinous and looks of hate,
A master fallen from his high estate.
His proud ambitions and his dreams a-wreck,
Lo, now at dawn upon the seas a speck;
A light outshining like the star of fate,
Illumes an isle that rises rich and great,
A sapphire hung upon old Neptune's neck!

O soul what lesson here of steadfast faith!
Success is for the ones that never shirk,
Nor doubt nor falter in the ways imperilled;
Toil on, though dark night bring the thought of death,
Another morn may crown your life of work—
A day is time enough to find a world!

# Jerry Changes the Suffrage Map

## A Drama in Four Acts

### by Edith Fancher

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act I. Living-room of the Allison home.
Act II. Public hall.
Act III. Street campaign.
Act IV. Suffrage headquarters.

CHARACTERS

Jerusha Allison, commonly called Jerry, suffragist.
Tom Allison, lawyer, Jerry's brother.
Nancy Allison, a sister, in high school.
George, colored butler.
Mike, man of all work.
Rosemary Fielding, the fiancée of Tom Allison.
Bob Wyndham.
Mr. Hennessy, representative and factory owner.
Jack Hennessy, his son.
Colonel Carter.
Mr. Baumgarten.
Mrs. Baumgarten.
Fritz Van Tassel, bootblack.
Jimmy, newsboy.
Dr. Blake.
Miss Sadski, working girl.
Miss Jones.
Mrs. Hardy.
Others.

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## Act I.

*Living-room in the Allison home, comfortably and attractively furnished. George, the colored butler, enters, a silk top hat in one hand and a large chamois duster in the other.*

George—Believe me, I'll have to hustle to git this hyer room manicured fore Miss Jerry gits back. (*He places the hat lovingly on a table and begins to wipe the furniture fast and furiously, giving each article a hasty dab. Then he drops the duster on the top of a small writing desk, dons the hat and practices sweeping bows before a long mirror. Jerry Allison enters unobserved.*)

Jerry (*laughing*)—When the cat's away, the mice will play.

George (*embarrassed*)—'Scuse me, Miss Jerry. I wuz jes practicin' fer the cake walk tonight.

Jerry—So I see. (*Runs finger along top of desk.*) Rather late with your dusting aren't you, George?

George—Yassum, but circumstances, Miss Jerry, that I hadn't no control ovah, jes hindered me this mawning. (*Gives the side of the desk a vigorous rub.*) 'Scuse me, Miss Jerry, is you powerful busy?

Jerry—No, not very, George. What do you want?

George—I wuz wonderin' if you could obleege me with paht of my wages this mawnin'. Cohse I knows pay day ain't fer a week yit, but I wuz lowin' to git me sum new trousers and other fixin's.

Jerry—Certainly, George. How much do you want?

George—Wall, now, Miss Jerry, I reckon twenty dollahs is bout nuff.

Jerry—I'll have to give you a check today. (*Draws checkbook from drawer, fills out and hands to George.*)

George (*looking dubiously at check*)—Is this jist the same as real money, Miss Jerry?

Jerry—You can exchange it for real money. Just indorse it and Mr. Waters at the First National Bank will give you the money for it.

George (*still hesitating*)—Yassum. I knows all bout Mistah Waters. He's the Suprintender ovah to the Methodist Sunday-

School roun' the cohnah. But bout this hyer indorsin'. Would it be all right to say, "Ise knowed this hyer bank a good many years and allus heerd it wuz reliable?"

Jerry (*laughing*)—Well, George, that is one kind of endorsement. All you need do is to sign your name on the back.

George (*relieved*)—Why that's as easy as cake-walkin'. All the culled ladies an' gemman in this hyer nayborhood is gwine hafe a gran' cake-walk this evenin'.

Jerry—Oh, that accounts for the new trousers.

George (*beaming*)—Yassum, but I doan spect to hole a candle to my brother Sam. He's Mistah Hennessy's shofur now, an' Mistah Hennessy done tole Sam to ordah whatever he wanted at the tailor's.

Jerry—Mr. Hennessy must have an axe to grind.

George—No-um. Mistah Hennessy, he doan wuk. He's suttenly a puhfekt gemman an' powerful generous to pay fer the cake-walkin'. He sez the Notheners doan take nuff intrus in the culled race, an' he's gwine be at the polls all 'lection day to help us vote.

Jerry—If I had a vote, Mr. Hennessy wouldn't control it.

George—Oh, of cohse, Miss Jerry, wimmen doan understan' politics. They wouldn't know how to vote. They ain't eddicated up to it yit.

Jerry (*amused*)—We hardly need such instructors as Mr. Hennessy. Of course you know what the election is for?

George (*embarrassed*)—Wall now, Miss Jerry, I cahnt jist rightly say this minnit. Oh, yes. It's fer the candidates—that's it—the candidates. (*Turns to go.*) I'm mighty obleeged, Miss Jerry.

Jerry—Oh, George, I wish you would bring up from the cellar that huge iron kettle. It's probably dusty. Clean it thoroughly and bring it to me.

George—Yes, Miss Jerry. (*Exit George.*)

Jerry (*aloud*)—I wonder how much longer we women will have to sit on the same legal bench with criminals, paupers and idiots. (*Begins to write, but is soon interrupted by another knock. Mike Mullarky, man of all work, stands at the door with his cap in his hand.*) Come in, Mike.

Mike—The cook tould me you'd be after wantin' to see me.

Jerry—Yes. How are Bridget and the twins?

Mike (*smiling*)—Thank ye kindly, Miss. Shure an' they all be doin' foine. You ought to see the little divils, beggin' pardon, Miss, the twinses, this marnin'. They wuz both holdin' onto me thumbs an' winkin' an' blinkin' loike wise little auld min.

Jerry (*smiling*)—Future Presidents, no doubt.

Mike (*enthusiastically*)—They're rale American citizens, fer shure. Theys three av us now. I got me own naturalization papers this year.

Jerry—You understand the constitution, of course.

Mike—Shure, Miss. Why me constitution is loike iron. Jist yistiddy, Officer O'Brien sez to me: "Mike, me boy, there's no one on the whole bate kin hand out sich a classy chin-chopper as yersilf."

Jerry—A chin-chopper! What is that?

Mike—Shure an' of course a leddy wouldn't know. Ye jist hit a body onexpected loike, an' he goes down loike a sack of potaties. Tis aisy ez lyin'.

Jerry—You vote for the first time, then, this coming election.

Mike—Shure, Miss. I'm purty much av a greeny at the business, but Mr. Hennessy will see that I git a fair show.

Jerry—Don't trust Mr. Hennessy. He is an unscrupulous politician.

Mike—Shure, Miss, but he's the grand man, an' so libral. All the byes from county Kerry would stick by him troo thick an' thin.

Jerry—Yes, liberal with election money. He is trying to defeat the Eight Hour Bill for working women because he is a factory owner.

Mike—Shure, Miss, an' he's the sinsible man. How iver would the women git through the cookin' an' swapin' an' scrubbin' an washin' an' ironin' an' sewin' an' tendin' the childer in eight hours? Shure, Hinnissy is the grand man. He's goin' to give the twins the grandest christenin' this ward has iver seen.

Jerry—And swing the ward his way, I suppose. I envy you, Mike. A few years in America gives you the vote. My generations of American ancestry do not count. I can't vote, but my taxes help pay the salary of Mr. Hennessy and such men.

Mike—Shure, Miss, an' twould be a shame fer the leddies to git mixed up in dirty politiks. Lave that to the min. They know better how. An' tis Hennessy himsilf is lookin' out fer the leddies. Jist this marnin' while I wuz workin' roun' the hedge, he wuz standin' there by the curb talkin' to Red Shannon in his car an' sez he: "Are things all reddy fer the suffragists in the First Ward?" an' Shannon he laughs delighted an' sez: "Yes, the tally sheets is doped and the fake ballots reddy to slip under their noses, but I'm thinkin," sez Shannon, "we'll need some more money." "Shure," sez Hinnissy "we must spare no expinse where the leddies is concerned," an' they both laughs hearty.

Jerry (*enlightened*)—We must give them a little surprise in return for such consideration. Tell Bridget I'm coming to see the twins and will bring her another outfit.

Mike—Thank ye kindly, Miss. Shure an' tiz yez has the heart av gold. (*Exit Mike.*)

Jerry (*taking up the phone*)—Riverside 4870, please. First National Bank? I wish to speak to the cashier, Mr. Waters. Good afternoon, Mr. Waters. This is Jerry Allison. Yes, beautiful weather. No, papa and mamma are still in California. I think we are on the track of election frauds. It's fortunate you are one of the vigilance committee. Can you arrange to issue marked bills to Mr. Hennessy or Red Shannon. Thank you. Goodby. (*George enters with a salver. Jerry reads the name on the card with apparent surprise*)—Mr. Hennessy! Speaking of angels—! Show Mr. Hennessy in, George. (*George appears immediately with Mr. Hennessy.*) Good afternoon, Mr. Hennessy.

Mr. Hennessy—Good afternoon, Miss Allison. Pardon this early call, but I wanted to talk over a little political matter.

Jerry—Please be seated.

Mr. Hennessy—Thank you. Now, Miss Allison, I understand you are chairman of the committee to assign watchers at the polls and are also president of the College Suffrage Club.

Jerry—Yes.

Mr. Hennessy—May I suggest that the College Club take charge in the First Ward. That is supposed to be my special stronghold and the storm center for frauds. Now I'm really not so black as I've been painted (*laughs*) and I would like you to see that everything is regular down there.

Jerry (*coldly*)—The First Ward is notorious for convicted repeaters, voting of dead men and wholesale colonizing. The Club will be glad to be stationed in the First Ward.

Mr. Hennessy (*heartily*)—That's settled then. The suffragists seem to have a wrong impression of me politically.

Jerry—It is generally supposed you were bribed to sidetrack legislation against the liquor interests.

Mr. Hennessy (*easily*)—Campaign lies. Part of the political game to blacken a man's character. You see, Miss Allison, I believe in personal liberty and my attitude on this point won substantial appreciation; in fact, my home next door—

Jerry—Personal liberty usually means the right to do as you please—to ignore the law and to violate other people's rights. You are working against the Eight Hour Bill drafted by the suffragists.

Mr. Hennessy (*impressively*)—I daresay if that bill passed, some of the suffragists would have to leave the state.

Jerry—We are not afraid.

Mr. Hennessy—Why, the moneyed interests are all against it. You doubtless recall what the Illinois manufacturers did to the Ten-Hour-Day law once upon a time.

Jerry—Had it declared unconstitutional. They found women to swear they could not make a living unless they worked more than ten hours a day! But that has all been changed.

Mr. Hennessy—Well, I mustn't take any more of your time. I'm glad to know the First Ward will have a clean Bill of Health this year, thanks to the ladies. Even Adam would admit the ladies are no longer a side issue. Good afternoon, Miss Allison.

Jerry—Good afternoon, Mr. Hennessy. (*Exit Mr. H. Jerry phones.*) College Hill 4500. Hello, Rosemary, can you notify the watchers for the 36th precinct to be here at four o'clock for some instructions on the management of polling places? (*Jack Hennessy, slightly intoxicated, enters unsteadily and sinks down on a convenient davenport without attracting the attention of Jerry, whose back is toward the door.*) I wish, Rosemary, you would come over as soon as possible. I've a new plan to discuss. Good-by. (*George enters with iron kettle.*)

Jack—Shay, go wash your facesh. It's all black. (*Jerry and George startled, turn and perceive Jack.*)

George—Why, it's Mistah Jack Hennessy.

Jerry—How came he here?

George— I dunno lessen he's made a mistake in the house. Pears like he's been drinkin'.

Jerry—But how could he get in?

George—I reckon I didn't shut the doah tight when his father went out. I'll take him home.

Jack (*singing*)—"With a stein on the table—" Shay, we're all good fellowsh. Ish one—you're anuzzer (*indicates portrait over sofa*).

Jerry (*distressed*)—Assist him, George. (*George attempts to induce Jack to rise.*)

Jack—Lemme lone, I shay.

George—But this is Mistah Allison's house. Your father lives next doah.

Jack—Allishun. Oh, yesh. Dammed suffragish. Thash what the old man shays, but I allus sthands up for the ladies. (*Sits up unsteadily and extends a shaky forefinger.*) Shay, lemme tell you. Bill at foot hash no chancesh, no chancesh tall. (*George succeeds in starting Jack toward the door. He goes out singing, "I'sh a jolly good fellow."*)

Jerry (*aloud*)—The sins of the fathers—(*Walks to window and looks out, turns suddenly and goes to desk phone*) So a bill at the foot stands no chance! North 1275. I wish to speak to Mr. Marsh, the printing clerk of the legislature. Mr. Marsh? Your voice didn't sound quite familiar. Yes, this is Jerry Allison. I want a little information about the printing of bills. You say a fresh list of bills to be considered is printed every few days. What chance has a bill at the foot? Not much chance? Oh, Mr. Marsh, won't you do the suffragists a good turn? I know you are one of our allies. Why, print the suffrage bill at the very top of the list at an early date of the next session. Thank you. That will be just splendid. The bill must pass next time.

(*Rosemary Fielding, young, pretty, lively dances in.*)

Rosemary—Yes, the bill must pass, an' that's the truth, me darlin'.

Jerry—Oh, Rosemary, you blessed imp Are the others coming?

Rosemary—The early birds don't gather in herds; they get there one by one. The girls will be here at four. But what is so splendid, may I ask?

Jerry—Our suffrage bill is to be at the top of the list next session! And Rosemary, I've thought of the best plan! You and I will interview every member in regard to the suffrage petition and find out in that way who are for the bill and who are opposed. Then, when the bill comes up, we'll see that every friend of the bill is in his seat, even if we have to drag him from the committee rooms, and the bill will be rushed through before the opposition realizes what is going on.

Rosemary—Magnificent! (*Starts back dramatically and falls into the iron kettle.*) The Saints preserve us! (*Convulsed with laughter.*) What's this? The Black Hole of Calcutta?

Jerry—That's the Suffrage Melting Pot.

Rosemary(*in a dressy, conventional tone*)—Pleased to meet you, Melting Pot. And now if you'll 'cuse me (*essays to rise as Tom Allison enters.*) Help! Help!

Tom (*blithely*)—On one condition, Mary, Mary, quite contrary.

Rosemary (*with mock resignation*)—State the condition.

Tom—A definite date for our marriage.

Rosemary (*laughing*)—You're taking a mean advantage, Tom Allison.

Tom (*chuckling*)—A backslider is in no position to criticise other people's methods.

Rosemary (*demurely*)—Very well, then. One week from the day the suffrage bill passes. (*Tom extricates Rosemary.*)

Tom—The Melting Pot justifies its name though I should call it the Bottomless Pit.

Rosemary—What's the idea?

Jerry—Why, we need more money for the Suffrage cause, and—

Tom—The populace will be invited to drop in their rings, bracelets, vanity boxes, etc. Let me be the first victim and dedicate the suffrage melting pot with the gold-headed cane aunt Jerusha gave me. I've always felt like an infant beside it. (*Produces huge cane. Rosemary slips cane under handle and she and Tom arch up and down singing: "Gold and silver fill it up, my fair young lady." Nancy Allison, energetic and enthusiastic, enters, holding aloft a plate of doughnuts.*)

Nancy—

Here's to Nancy of Spotless Town,
Who made some doughnuts crisp and brown
Take one if by land and two if by sea,
For Paul Revere in the old belfry.

Rosemary—Why, they are just delicious!

Tom—You might be a sandwich man at the polls next Tuesday and carry a plate of doughnuts. (*Slips pasteboard sandwich inscribed "Votes for Women" over Nancy's head.*) Bait a voter with a cruller and he'll bite every time.

Nancy—I'd just love to. But I'd like to know who gave men the ballot and why women have to ask for it. Women are citizens the same as men I just wish I could be a watcher at the polls next Tuesday.

Tom—Why, Nancy, your frivolous, feminine mind evidently regards this serious business as a lark.

Rosemary—A lesson in civics, you mean.

Tom—Oh, no. You will have to be up with the lark. The polls open at six.

Jerry—You can't frighten us. Our bird study club has been up many a morning before the crack of day.

Tom—Well, you will have a chance to study all sorts of birds at close range. The gay old bird, the owl, the jay, the parrot, and the cock-of-the-walk. (*Sings in a rollicking manner to the tune of "May Morning".*)

Come out, come out, oh suffragettes,
  Come out and greet the sun;
The birds awake on tree and brake,
  Election Day's begun.
Come out and drink the diamond dew,
  Come out and keep the score;
The world is all awake and you,
  Won't find it such a bore
Put on your gloves of dainty white,
  And gown of yellow hue,
For we've been waiting all the night
  To greet the day with you.
And every tree is white with thorn,
  The village blithe and gay;
Come out, come out this happy morn,
  And watch the Polls this day.

By the way, Jerry, my old college chum, Bob Wyndham, will be here for dinner tonight. (*Rises and presses a call button near door.*) He is just back from Argentine, where I guess he has made his pile from all accounts. (*George appears.*) Just bring me my golf sticks, will you, George?

George—Yes, sah.

Jerry—Isn't he the one who carried off so many honors? I hate an intellectual prig.

Tom—Well, you won't hate Bob. He is one of the finest fellows in the world.

Rosemary (*roguishly*)—Present company excepted.

Jerry—Won't you dine with us, too, Rosemary?

ROSEMARY—I would enjoy that very much.

GEORGE (*at door*)—A gemman in the library to see you, Mistah Tom.

JERRY—You may lay two extra covers for dinner tonight, George. Or shall it be three, Tom? Is Mr. Wyndham married?

TOM—Blest if I know. Anyway, his wife isn't here or he would have mentioned her.

JERRY—Two covers, then, George. (*Exit George.*)

TOM—Goodby, Mrs. Soon-to-be-Tom Allison. (*Kisses Rosemary.*)

ROSEMARY—Speculating in futures is risky. (*A bell sounds.*) That must be the girls. (*Exit Tom and Nancy, hand in hand.*)

*A squad of college girls march in single file, chanting:*

I want to be a voter,
And with the voters stand,
A nifty hat adorning me,
A ballot in my hand.

JERRY (*laughing*)—Right about face! Attention, squad! The Election Commissioner has asked me to give you these instructions in regard to the polling places. (*Passes printed slips. Each girl in turn reads a suggestion.*)

FIRST GIRL—No intoxicated person may vote.

SECOND GIRL—Political workers may not prompt voters.

THIRD GIRL—No one is permitted to copy anything from the books.

FOURTH GIRL—No one is permitted in the booth with the voter.

FIFTH GIRL—Only judges and clerks are allowed to handle books.

SIXTH GIRL—Judges and clerks may not drink intoxicants while on duty.

SEVENTH GIRL—No loafing in polling places is permitted.

EIGHTH GIRL—No electioneering for candidates is allowed.

JERRY—The First Ward has some of the best people and, unfortunately, some of the worst. In the past it has been hard to protect the honest voter from the crooked one, and we will need to emulate the President's policy of watchful waiting. Some of the polling places are in undesirable quarters, and the Commissioner has asked us to make an inspection and suggest changes. The autos are waiting for us and we will go now.

(*The squad marches out chanting:*)

Watchful waiting is our slogan
At every polling place;
No repeater can escape us
With his ever ready face.

(*Nancy enters, carrying note books and papers.*)

NANCY—Now for my speech. (*Stands in front of mirror.*) Daniel Webster said—Goodness, how freckled my nose is. (*Goes close to mirror and inspects that feature anxiously. Tom appears.*)

TOM (*mischievously*)—Vanity, vanity, all is vanity, saith the preacher. Say, Nancy, I'm tied up in the library with an out-of-town client. Just explain the situation to Bob when he comes, will you?

NANCY—Is he coming soon?

TOM—Yes, we planned to play golf awhile before dinner.

NANCY—All right, Tom. (*Exit Tom.*) Daniel Webster said, Justice is the great interest of mankind. (*George ushers in Bob Wyndham.*)

GEORGE—Mr. Wyndham is hyer, Miss Nancy.

NANCY (*cordially giving her hand*)—I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Wyndham. I am Nancy Allison. Brother Tom has a client in the library. My sister will be home presently, but papa and mamma are in California. (*Both take seats.*) I was hoping your wife would be with you.

BOB (*smiling*)—No. I'm a desolate old bachelor.

NANCY (*consolingly*)—Why, now, that's too bad. A good wife would be just the making of a young man like you.

BOB (*laughing*)—That's a capital idea. I must consider it.

NANCY (*modestly*)—Yes, I think it is pretty good myself. I've heard Colonel Carter say it to lots of young men. Do you know him?

BOB—No, I haven't that honor. He must be a discriminating chap, I judge.

NANCY—I'm very fond of him. He never forgets my birthday. And he is clever, too. I have a copy of all the books he has written on mathematics, and I just couldn't get along without them. They are so handy to stand on. You see I'm writing a "best seller," and I keep it on my top closet shelf.

BOB—That's interesting. One seldom meets a real live authoress. How is the novel coming on?

NANCY—All right, except the love making. You see, no one will ever tell me how it is done, not even Tom.

BOB (*chuckling*)—I wish I could help you out; but the fact is, I've never had any experience in that line.

NANCY (*reflectively*)—I think you are the kind to fall in love at first sight. Colonel Carter says anyone who has a nose and chin like yours decides things quickly. Isn't it strange that Colonel Carter knows so much about human nature and yet doesn't believe in woman suffrage.

BOB (*quickly*)—I quite agree with the Colonel. The polls are certainly not a fit place for women.

NANCY—Is a ballot box any more contaminating than a letter box? The polls are no worse than a department store or a crowded street car.

Bob (*surprised*)—Well, well. Still, don't you think if women had the ballot, they would neglect to vote. Suppose they were invited to a reception, a bridge party, or an afternoon tea.

Nancy—Lots of men neglect to vote. Why, there are numbers of grafters in office because the decent men won't take the trouble to vote. And as for the women, in the western states where they have suffrage, a ninety-seven per cent vote of women is not unusual. In Utah there is often a larger percentage of women voting than men.

Bob—You seem to be pretty well posted.

Nancy—Why, I just have to be. We are getting up a debate in the Freshman class in High School on suffrage, and I'm on the affirmative. I'm just saturated in suffrage. I was practicing my speech when you came.

Bob—I understand some of the women don't want the vote.

Nancy (*scornfully*)—Yes. Wouldn't that make you tired! A vote is merely a voice in the government. The woman who doesn't want any voice in the government means she has no interest in public questions. If I enjoy fresh air, must I keep my windows closed because my neighbor doesn't want hers open? She doesn't have to vote if she doesn't want to.

Bob—Surely you will admit if women get interested in politics they will neglect their homes.

Nancy—No, indeed! Women are interested in politics because politics affect the home. (*Reads from notes.*) The electric button, the water faucet, the dinner table, the clothes we wear, are all connected with politics. We find graft everywhere. We are demanding better lighting service, pure water supply and pure food. The pure food laws are largely due to woman's influence. Have a doughnut, Mr. Wyndham. (*Offers plate.*) They are pure. I made them myself. I guess papa will be surprised when he gets home!

Bob—They are very tempting. I didn't have anything so good as this all the time I was in Argentine. But now about this suffrage matter. I feel like the Irishman who had his will drawn up and departed quite happy. Next morning he returned early to see about the will. What's the matter?"" inquired the lawyer. "Faith, an' I've given ivrything away and not lift mesilf even a three legged stool to sit on."

Nancy *joyfully*)—I'm glad you're converted. I'm afraid you wouldn't cut any ice with Jerry and Rosemary if you didn't believe in suffrage.

Bob—That's a calamity to make one shudder. May I ask who Jerry and Rosemary are?

Nancy—Jerry is my sister. Her real name is Jerusha Isn't that a fright! She was named after a rich aunt of daddy's, and Rosemary Fielding is to marry brother Tom as soon as the suffrage bill passes. Have another doughnut. You needn't be afraid of being an old maid just because it's the last one. Say, Mr. Wyndham, do you think the way to a man's heart is paved with good things to eat.

Bob (*laughing*)—Well, really, I'm afraid there is some truth in it, though it is an awful slam on the men.

Nancy (*reflectively*)—Mebby you better not eat that doughnut. It might spoil your appetite for dinner. Oh, well, if that is all you have left, I suppose you might as well finish it. Say, Mr. Wyndham, when Jerry comes, won't you cough if you think she is pretty?

Bob (*smiling*)—What a mysterious request. It sounds like a conspiracy. I suppose you couldn't gratify my curiosity by an explanation?

Nancy (*evasively*)—Oh, I just wanted to know.

Bob—All right, then. Here goes. One cough means she is pretty; two coughs, very pretty, and three coughs, distractingly pretty. (*Jerry appears.*)

Jerry—I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Wyndham. We have heard so much about you from Tom that you don't seem like a stranger.

Bob—That's very delightful, I assure you. You can't imagine how good it seems to be in a real home once more. (*Coughs three times.*)

Jerry—I hope you haven't taken cold changing climates.

Bob—Not at all, thank you.

Nancy (*hastily*)—We have been talking about woman suffrage.

Jerry—You believe in suffrage, of course.

Bob (*repeating parrot fashion*)—Yes, indeed! Why, the polls are no worse than a department store or crowded street car. The ballot box is no more contaminating than a letter box. A ninety-seven per cent vote of women is not unusual in the suffrage states. Women are interested in politics because politics affect the home. They want a voice in the laws that control their lives.

Jerry (*astonished*)—It's refreshing to find a man so free from prejudice. (*Bob coughs three times*) You certainly deserve the badge. (*Takes a "Votes for Women" badge from her dress and pins it on Bob. Tom appears.*)

Tom (*gaily*)—How's the Happy Family? I'm mighty glad to see you, Bob, old boy. You are looking fine.

Bob—It's a great pleasure to be here. (*Coughs three times.*)

Tom—Had that cough long? You mustn't let that run on. Well, Nancy, I hope you saved some doughnuts for me. I believe in conservation (*his arm around Nancy*). You know the United States is bounded on the north by icebergs, on the south by the first families of Virginia, on the west by woman suffrage, and on the east by doughnuts, the yellow peril. (*Rosemary appears and introductions follow.*)

ROSEMARY—I hope I haven't kept you waiting, Jerry.

JERRY—Oh. no. I'm just home myself. I dropped in at the Anti-Suffragists meeting for a little while. Mrs. Van Peyton is speaking on the "Womanly Woman" and "Woman's Sphere."

ROSEMARY—Oh, then, you came away before she finished?

JERRY—Goodness, no. She finished long ago, but won't stop.

TOM—The Antis claim she can talk brilliantly for an hour at a stretch.

JERRY—I must have heard her at the beginning of the *second* hour. The Antis are living contradictions. They declare in *public* speeches that woman's place is in the *home*.

TOM—Bob, how would you like to go to a political meeting tonight?

BOB—Fine. I've been out of the country so long, I'm rather out of touch with affairs here.

TOM—The Progressives meet in Harmony Hall; the Republican mass meeting is just around the corner; and Hennessy holds forth in Tammany headquarters.

JERRY—Don't forget the suffragists' meeting.

TOM—To be sure. Take your choice, Bob. The Lady or the Tiger.

JERRY—Mr. Hennessy is a bitter opponent of woman suffrage. He has worked against all our welfare bills and knifed the bill to prevent the sale of liquor to minors.

NANCY—I'd like to see the cake walk that Mr. Hennessy is giving the colored people in this ward.

TOM—We will make up a family party and look in at all the meetings.

GEORGE (*at door*)—Dinner is served, Miss Jerry.

TOM—Dinner! At the psychological moment! I'm starving. (*Bob goes out with Jerry, Tom with Rosemary and Nancy.*)

## ACT II

*Scene: Hall filled with colored people, gayly dressed and cake-walking. The Allison party is looking on at the dancing. At the end of the first dance, Mr. Hennessy and Jack appear.*

GEORGE—Three cheers for Mistah Hennessy. (*Crowd cheers.*) Speech! Speech! (*Crowd takes up the call.*)

MR. HENNESSY—I'm not going to bore you with a long speech tonight, my friends. You are here for a good time and don't want to hear prosy politics discussed. However, I'll just say this much. I hope you will stand by me at the polls next Tuesday and I'll see your rights are looked after. (*Cheers.*) The women are working against me because I don't want to see you nor anyone else imposed on. Why if you let the women run you, the first thing you know, you won't be able to get a drink of beer when you are thirsty nor have a quiet game with your friends. I believe in *personal liberty*. Look out for the suffragists! Don't let them hoodwink you and I'll look after you. Now I'm due to make a speech in a few minutes, so I must go; but I want you all to enjoy yourselves dancing and dining. I can say there is no better looking crowd in town tonight than you who have assembled at my invitation. Goodnight. (*Cheers. Exit Mr. Hennessy and Jack, and at he same time the Allison party start, but Jerry lingers behind with Bob. Jerry darts to the center of the hall.*)

JERRY (*in a ringing voice*)—It isn't true what Mr. Hennessy says about the women. They don't want to hoodwink you, but to help you. They are trying to open your eyes. The women are working for children's rights; Mr. Hennessy is for the corporations. Mr. Hennessy would make slaves of you to do his bidding. Don't forget that it was a *woman*, Harriet Beecher Stowe, who helped to free your parents and grandparents. Remember if your race had not been enfranchised when freed, the women would have been given the ballot then, but it was not considered wise by the statesman to launch so many new voters and you were given the preference and the women are still fighting for their rights.

GEORGE—Three cheers for Miss Jerry. (*Cheers.*) *Jerry hastens out with Bob, the music and dancing begin anew as the curtain falls.*)

## ACT III. STREET CAMPAIGN

*Scene: Shoe shining booth. Sign on wall back of chair, Fritz Van Tassel. The following announcement also chalked up: "Suffragist meeting on this corner on the 15th, at three o'clock sharp. Bring your discarded trinkets, silverware, etc., for the Suffrage Melting Pot." Tom Allison appears and takes the chair.*

TOM—Quite a famous name you have, Fritz.

FRITZ—Say, Mr. Allison, did you ever notice the diffrunce in folks named Van?

TOM—How is that?

FRITZ—When folks have Van at the front like Vanderbilt and Van Rennslaer, they are generally Republicans, and when Van is at the end, like Donovan or Sullivan, they are generally Democrats.

TOM (*laughing*)—Quite a distinction. What are your politics?

Fritz (*proudly*)—I'm a suffragist. The women have done a lot for the kids of this town. Gittin' a Juvenile Court was a great thing. (*Jimmy appears with papers.*)

Jimmy—Paper, Mr. Allison?

Tom—Yes, the *Record* and *Tribune.*

Fritz—An' see the side steppin' the saloons did in Colorado. Only three dry towns before the women voted. Now there's sixteen counties and fifty-one cities and towns that's dry.

Jimmy—That's goin' some, ain't it? (*Policeman O'Brien appears, walking slowly and swinging his club.*) Say, Chief, kin us boys chalk up "Votes fer Wimmen" round here?

O'Brien—Sure thing, sonny. Get busy.

Jimmy—Say, Mr. Allison, see this here stickpin (*displays rhinestone pin*). That's goin' in the Meltin' Pot.

Tom (*smiling*)—Is that a real diamond, Jimmy?

Jimmy—Well if it ain't, I've been cheated out of fifty cents. (*Colonel Carter appears, and Jimmy begins to write on walls and pavement, "Votes fer Wimmen."*)

Tom—How are you Colonel? Out to hear the suffragists?

Colonel—Well, I am rather curious to hear what they have to say. The ladies of my day were certainly of a more retiring disposition. (*Mr. Baumgarten, redfaced and fat, strolls up.*)

Tom—I suspect the little lady with the timid look has been lost in the discard with the stage coach.

Mr. Baumgarten—Vell, I shust said I'm agin de vimmen votin. I don't git no more peace of my life since dose vimmens alreddy yet bin goin' round from hous to hous talking votes fer vimmen and its shust money, money, all de time to join togedder mit dose vimmens clubs.

Tom (*smiling*)—Why, how much are the dues? (*Bob appears.*)

Mr. Baumgarten—Von Tollar! But mein Frau don't git it alreddy yet. Dese here vimmens vould shust spend money lik vasser ven der man don't holt onto it.

Bob—Well, I hope the women win out. It's the women who are working against the liquor interests and the abuses of child labor. (*Tom pays Fritz and leaves chair as the suffrage procession approaches. Jerry, Rosemary, Dr. Blake, Miss Sadski are followed by girls wearing yellow sashes, supporting a long pole on which swings the melting pot. Others carry banners. Nancy, in pasteboard sandwich inscribed, "Votes for Women," distributes leaflets.*)

Jimmy (*loudly to attract crowd*)—Greatest show on earth! Nothing like it ever seen before! No waits! No delays! Show is going on now. Hurry! Hurry! (*Repeats the same statements at the top of his voice. Crowd gathers quickly. Suffragists sing one verse of "America" and then Jerry speaks.*)

Jerry—We sing, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," but our citizenship is a proxy. Tuesday is election day, but women have no vote. Our government claims to be of the people, for the people, and by the people, but one-half the people are denied a share in the law-making. We have no vote in the laws that concern us. (*The platform on which the chair stands is used by the speakers each time. Six young women come forward. As each makes her statement, she retires.*)

First Girl—The married mother has the legal right to her children in only fourteen states and the District of Columbia.

Second Girl—Women are co-guardians with their husbands in only thirteen states.

Third Girl—In six states the father at time of death may take from the widow the guardianship of her children.

Fourth Girl—Married women have no control over their property in sixteen states.

Fifth Girl—The earnings and savings of the wife and even her clothes belong to the husband in many states.

Sixth Girl—The homestead in some states can be willed away without the wife's consent.

Jerry—We want a vote because we want a voice in the laws that control our lives. We believe in woman's rights because we believe in democracy. There should be no sex in citizenship.

Elderly Man in Crowd—Women ought not to vote. They can't fight.

Bob—You can't go to war. Your age prevents. Yet you have a vote.

Jerry (*bowing to Bob*)—Thank you. Women hate war, that monster of iniquity that waxes fat on blood and iron, leaving death, desolation, broken hearts, lean and hungry years in its train. Women may not fight in the ranks, but they face death to furnish food for cannon. Give us the ballot and the mailed fist will drop the battle standards and seize the tools of industry. The shadow of the goose step will never lengthen across our land. Siege guns, dreadnaughts, dirigibles, submarines will be ghastly memories of cruel stupidity. We must admit that all men do not defend their country. Some of our law-breakers make laws for law-abiding women. We do not want such men to represent us. But we are helpless without a vote. Three of the legislators from this district actively opposed our Suffrage Bill. These men are asking for re-election. We urge you not to vote for Hennessy, Decker and Steinhall. (*Jack Hennessy hands Jerry a note.*) I have here a note from Representative Hennessy. He now believes that women who pay taxes should vote. That is not enough. We ask *justice for all.* Let the men who oppose women's rights find every election day is *judgment day.*

BAUMGARTEN—Vimmen's place is at home.

JERRY—That is generally said by men who are seldom home themselves. Woman suffrage does not mean a wandering foot. It means a weapon of defence. The ballot won't interfere with batter cakes. Thousands of women have no homes to stay in. They wear their lives out in factories and sweat shops to keep their lives in. Why did those forty thousand shirtwaist makers in New York City strike? Let Miss Sadski tell you. She was one of the strikers.

MISS SADSKI—We struck because our small wages were reduced to a pittance by fines and exactions. There was little difference starving with work and starving without it. The vote spells *power.* Help us to get it. The woman who doesn't want the vote has never gone hungry; has never seen little children starving. We ask for a living wage—a place in the sun. We want a voice in the laws that fix the rates of wages and working hours. Two million children are working under nerve-racking conditions. In some of the New York canneries, children only four years old work from early morning till ten at night. What are bums and hoboes? Just human beings exhausted by early work and born of parents worn out by *unceasing toil.* We *need* the vote.

DR. BLAKE—Our great Lincoln in 1836 declared in favor of woman suffrage. Public sentiment alone can give women the ballot. Show your belief in *justice* by signing our petition to Congress for the ballot. Women need the ballot to protect their children, their homes, themselves. Votes talk. Votes count. We want the vote.

ROSEMARY—Taxation without representation is tyranny. Women are taxed as well as men, but they have no vote. Women are denied the right to choose their representatives, but are taxed to pay their salaries. Women, the strongest advocates of temperance, are taxed for crimes done under the influence of liquor. We can't choose our Congressmen, but Congress controls the cost of living, and women have to regulate household expenses accordingly. The old war cry of the Revolution is still our war cry: No taxation without representation.

JERRY—We shall be glad now to receive your contributions to the Melting Pot. I see that some of you have ransacked your cupboards and have your gifts ready. Perhaps those without jewelry or old silverware may feel disposed to contribute money to our cause. (*The suffragists sing a patriotic air as various people in the crowd press forward with gifts, the first being Jimmy, followed by Bob. The crowd slowly disperses.*)

MR. BAUMGARTEN—Vell, I'm agin the vimmen votin'. Der man should be der boss in dem haus. (*Mrs. Baumgarten sails up with her contribution and perceives her husband.*)

MRS. BAUMGARTEN—Wilhelm! Wilhelm! Was for bist du here. Lookin' fur mich?

MR. BAUMGARTEN (*sulkily*)—Vell und aind I foind you.

MRS. BAUMGARTEN—Um Himmelsvillen! Die Ganse im Ofen! Komm! (*Starts off.*)

MR. BAUMGARTEN—Vell I'm agin de vimmen votin'.

MRS. BAUMGARTEN (*angrily looking back*)—Baumgarten! Komm!

MR. BAUMGARTEN (*defensively*)—'Tis not on de list. (*Draws paper from pocket and inspects it.*)

MRS. BAUMGARTEN—Not on de list. Du bist crazy.

MR. BAUMGARTEN (*stubbornly*)—'Tis not on de list I take you home. (*Reads list.*) Shake de furnace, feed de shickens—wash de dishes—scrub de—

MRS. BAUMGARTEN—Schnell! (*Drags her husband along like a small bad boy. He hangs back.*)

MR. BAUMGARTEN—'Tis *not* on de list. I'm agin de vimmen—(*quick curtain*).

### ACT IV

*Suffrage headquarters. Jerry seated at a desk. Dr. Blake in street costume seated near.*

DR. BLAKE—What is to prevent the members skipping our bill and taking the next on the list?

JERRY—They are certainly good at hopscotch. (*Knock.*) Come in, please. (*Colonel Carter enters. Greetings.*)

COLONEL CARTER—I just came in to say I've changed my mind and will support the Suffrage Bill when it comes up.

JERRY—Oh, that's splendid!

DR. BLAKE—We expect the bill to be considered any day now.

COLONEL CARTER—You'll have to watch sharp. Some of your supporters may get wobbly at the last minute.

JERRY (*laughing*)—Many an "ought-to" turns turtle, so to speak. We're planning to be right on the spot and maverick any stray members.

COLONEL CARTER—I'm on my way to the State House. I'll telephone you if anything develops. Here's something for the Melting Pot. (*Hands Jerry a check.*)

JERRY—That's very generous, Colonel Carter. It's just the kind of help we need.

COLONEL (*bowing himself out*)—Success to you. (*Rosemary enters.*)

ROSEMARY—Any news this morning?

JERRY—A big check from Colonel Carter. I understand the suffragist's fight against the liquor interests has appealed to him. (*Knock.*) Come in, please. (*Mr. Hennessy enters.*)

MR. HENNESSY—I just dropped in to warn the suffragists personally who succeeded in discrediting my election that I'll sue for libel if these bribery charges don't cease.

DR. BLAKE—It was clearly proven the

judges and clerks had been bribed to make the tally sheets unintelligible.

Mr. Hennessy (*angrily*)—I'm not a back number yet as you'll find out when the Eight Hour Bill comes up. (*Door bursts open. Fritz rushes in.*)

Fritz—Come quick, Dr. Blake. Jack Hennessy's been shot in Flannigan's saloon.

(*Dr. Blake seizes her satchel and hurries out, followed by Fritz and Mr. Hennessy, who seems in a daze.*)

Jerry—What an awful thing. I hope it won't prove serious.

Rosemary (*at window*)—Here comes the ambulance. Dr. Blake is going with it. (*Fritz puts head in at door.*)

Fritz—Dr. Blake says to tell you the shot ain't fatal. But say, the old man's all in. Yep. Kept mutterin' all the way over: "Justice while you wait," and fainted dead away when he seen his son. (*Exit Fritz. Phone rings.*)

Jerry (*at phone*)—Yes. Oh, Colonel Carter? Our bill to be considered this morning? Thank you. We'll come at once! Good-by. (*Knock.*) Come in, please. (*Bob Wyndham enters. Greetings.*)

Bob—Won't you both go for a spin this fine morning? I picked up Nancy on my way through the park.

Jerry—Why, this is providential! We must go to the State House at once. The Suffrage Bill is coming up.

Rosemary—Put on your hat, Jerry, and I'll run down and ask Nancy to take charge until Miss Jones returns.

Jerry—The very thing! (*Exit Rosemary.*)

Bob (*impetuously seizing both of Jerry's hands*)—I wish you took half as much interest in me as you do in the suffrage bill. I love you, Jerry. Will you marry me?

Jerry (*surprised*)—Why Bob—

Bob (*ardently*)—Say "yes," Jerry dear.

Jerry (*softly*)—Yes. (*Bob takes her in his arms and kisses her.*)

Bob—And you'll marry me soon?

Jerry (*archly*)—When the suffrage bill passes. (*Nancy rushes in. Stops astonished.*)

Nancy—Why—why—

Bob (*smiling as he extends his hand to her*)—Will you be a little sister, Nancy, to the *happiest* man. I promised you should be the first to know.

Nancy (*joyfully*)—Oh, how scrumptious! What did you say?

Bob—I love you, Jerry. Will you marry me?

Nancy—And you said "Yes," didn't you, Jerry? Oh, I'm so glad.

Bob—Love at first sight, Nancy. The old Colonel was right about my chin.

Jerry (*smiling at Bob*)—We must hurry, or we may be too late. Will you phone the College Club, Nancy?

Nancy—Yes, indeed. (*Exit Jerry and Bob.*) Now I can finish that chapter. Dear me, a proposal seems to be a very simple thing—I love you, Jerry. Will you marry me? Why, I could have thought of that myself! (*Phones.*) College Hill 63, please. Hello, Miss Daily. Yes, Nancy. Jerry asked me to tell you. She is over at the State House and I'm in charge until Miss Jones returns. Tell you what? Well, I guess I'm excited. Why, the Suffrage Bill is up this morning. You are all coming over to wait for the news? That will be jolly. Good-by. (*Hangs up receiver.*) My, I wish I had some chocolate creams. They are so inspiring when one is in the mood for writing. (*Takes up phone.*) Gramercy, 2750. Hello, Tom. Say, Tom, hadn't you better telegraph mamma and papa to hurry right home to the wedding? Why, yours. You know Rosemary promised to marry you a week from the day the suffrage bill passed, and it's up this morning. Yes, I'm in charge at headquarters till Miss Jones gets back. Oh, we have a holiday. It's visiting day for the High School teachers. Mebby we could have a double wedding. Why, Jerry and Mr. Wyndham are engaged. Cross my heart, hope to die, honest Injun. No, I can't tell you what he said to her over the phone. It's too sacred. If I just had some chocolate creams now I could write a splendid chapter on my "best seller." Good-by. (*Miss Jones appears. She is plump and slangy, and is holding her hand to her cheek.*)

Miss Jones (*dolefully*)—Good morning, Nancy.

Nancy—Why, Miss Jones, are you sick?

Miss Jones—I've got a fierce toothache. Guess I'll have to go to the dentist.

Nancy (*sympathetically*)—I should say so. Don't wait a minute. I'll be here.

Miss Jones—Thanks. This tooth is something fierce. Is my hat on straight? (*Mrs. Hardy, a shrinking little woman in black, appears.*)

Mrs. Hardy (*timidly*)—Good morning. Is Miss Allison in?

Nancy—No. She's over at the State House. I'm her sister. Can I do anything for you?

Miss Jones (*lingering*)—My, this tooth is fierce.

Mrs. Hardy—I don't suppose you would know what I came to ask. It's about a law.

Nancy (*modestly*)—Well, I know nearly everything there is to know. You see, we've just had a debate in High School on woman suffrage.

Mrs. Hardy—It's lovely to have an education. I've had to work all my life.

Miss Jones (*interested*)—Well, I guess it's something of an education to earn your living.

NANCY (*eagerly*)—Yes, indeed! Papa says lots of people who go smattering through college aren't really as educated as many who have never been in a class room. He says culture is the power of appreciation.

MISS JONES (*ardently*)—That's the stuff!

MRS. HARDY—Well, do you know if it's true in this state that the husband can garnish the wife's earnings and take the child away?

NANCY—Yes, it's true. (*Mrs. Hardy puts handkerchief to her eyes a moment.*)

MISS JONES—My, ain't that fierce! Say don't you worry. The suffragists are going to change all that when they get the vote. I'll bet your husband is like an uncle of mine. He was rich as mud and mean as dirt and kept my aunt scared to death for fear he'd take Sammy before she got the sole legal right to him.

MRS. HARDY (*breathlessly*)—What did she do?

MISS JONES—Why, she just called his bluff. She pretended to cry like a house afire one day and let him take Sammy to his boarding-house. The poor kid sniffled all through dinner and the other boarders glowered at uncle Ed and some of 'em told him he was a brute to take a child away from its loving mother. Well, the next morning early, Sammy came back in a taxi! You just try it. My, this tooth is fierce.

MRS. HARDY—Oh, thank you both. I feel real encouraged. (*Exit Miss Jones and Mrs. Hardy as Tom Allison enters.*)

TOM—Hello, Nancy. Here are your chocolate creams.

NANCY (*delightedly*)—Why, Tom Allison! You are a regular mind reader. I've just been wishing for some. (*Jerry, Bob, Rosemary enter.*)

JERRY (*joyously*)—We've *won!* The bill *passed!*

TOM (*his arm around Rosemary*)—A week from today, young lady, you marry me.

ROSEMARY—Tom, you absurd boy, how could I ever get ready so soon!

BOB (*to Jerry*)—Let us make it a double wedding. (*College girls rush in calling: Speech! Speech! Jerry Allison! Allison! Allison!*)

JERRY—Oh, girls, citizens at last! Another state added to the suffrage map! Another page turned in the Book of Women! Another door to service, for service is the tremendous responsibility the ballot brings and it is the tool which makes service effective.

All along the bleak north wall of Opposition doors of opportunity will open. Look around our own community and see the needs: Hospitals lacking beds because of graft; school children anemic because the pure food laws and the housing ordinances are not enforced; factories where children exhaust their strength while men are idle; prisons that degrade instead of reforming; mothers with no legal right to their children.

Man is the measure of all things. Whatever detracts from the real dignity of man's life; whatever shortens and degrades it, we must learn not to respect and cherish, but destroy. Our victory gives us a voice in the laws that control our lives.

(*Speech! Speech! Wyndham! Wyndham!*)

BOB—I am proud to be a suffragist even at the eleventh hour. Each good cause set in motion is bound to bring good results. It is not the part of wisdom to think it is going to take a long time to realize all we would do or be. Your victory in this state will help all the non-suffrage states. The ballot will be your legal notice of eviction to laws that are unjust to women. I believe we shall soon have not only an United States, but an *united citizenship*.

*Club marches out singing:*

Come out, come out, my suffragette,
Come out, your vote to cast;
Come out, come out, my suffragette,
Our bill has *won* at last!

(*Quick curtain.*)

# Boss Bart, Politician

## A Story of Love and Politics and the Grace of Gratitude

(CONTINUED)

*SYNOPSIS: Elbert Ainsworth, at his father's death, goes to Chicago to make his own way. There he meets a former teacher, who is married to Bartholomew Waldie, a prosperous building contractor, and from his political influence known as "Boss Bart." Agnes had been betrothed to Bart's half-brother, Wesley, with whom he was in business, who was found mysteriously murdered in his office. No clew to his slayer was found. By dint of hard work and study Elbert becomes a lawyer, and in time becomes an indispensable assistant to Bart, who gradually becomes enmeshed in the intrigues and plots incident to political dealings. In his private life Bart is harried by a gipsy woman, Paulina, who thinks that her daughter was several years before married to Bart, and she hounds him for silence money. Agnes is unhappy at seeing her husband so engrossed in politics, and is drawn more and more to depend on Elbert for company. Bart falls under the power of Mrs. Daniels of Washington who, being paid by him, uses her influence for his political advancement. She also suspects a former intrigue—another hold on Bart. On a business trip in the west, Elbert meets Alice Chatsworth, and later visits her in her home near Poplarville. While there, he meets her sister, Veo, to whom he becomes engaged. Meanwhile, in Chicago he is involved still deeper in politics. Tony Turner, a rich young man whom Bart charged with bribery, begged Elbert to defend him when his case came up in court. Knowing Turner to be innocent, Elbert, urged by Veo, decided to defend him, thereby causing a breach with Bart. He defended Tony successfully, but his political hopes were ruined. Soon after he is married to Veo at Poplarville. They started on a honeymoon tour of observation, going first to Washington and from there, upon the advice of a politician to Elbert, they proceeded eastward to Europe, where Elbert studied economic conditions, while visiting all points of interest to tourists. In Frankfort they met Mrs. Daniels, and Elbert was in danger of a disastrous entanglement. On his return to America Elbert entered heartily into his campaign work, and became noted at a stump speaker. Back at Poplarville, he met Agnes, who has become estranged from Bart through the machinations of Paulina. She has taken up her old work of teaching. Elbert engages in his first political fight as a delegate to the State Convention. Later he is nominated to Congress and is successful in his campaign. His triumph is saddened by the death of Veo on the eve of his victory. Elbert leaves to take up his congressional duties at Washington, but throws his influence toward getting Bart an appointment as United States marshal, thereby endangering his political success. Bart, seriously ill, decides to give up political life, and is attacked by some of his former associates, who demand hush money. Agnes returns to Poplarville, where she opens a kingergarten, with little Veo as her first pupil. Elbert, against the advice of his associates, successfully defends Bart, who has been prosecuted on a charge of bribery. While on the way back to Poplarville after the trial, Bart dies suddenly. Back at Washington Elbert wins laurels as an orator, and is thrown much in the society of Mrs. Daniels.*

### CHAPTER XXXI

WHEN Elbert walked home down the avenue that night, there was no thought of the committee meeting on the morrow, where he was to have his real test of strength with Ronald Ribeaux. He was so agitated with conflicting emotions within that he appeared a stolid walking automaton as he bumped into the passerby zigzagging across the side streets. He was wondering if he had the real symptoms of falling in love again. Often he had analyzed others in his law practice, but had overlooked himself.

There was a glow of egotistic pride in the thought that Mrs. Daniels had expressed so frankly her admiration for him, and he felt that he might even interpret her feeling toward him as one of real devotion. But he wondered if he could ever marry again. As a rule that question is early settled by the average young widower with a life ambition, for all human beings crave love. Did he really love Mrs. Daniels? Was admiration love, and was she unreservedly his own? That was the important question. There was certainly not the same feeling for her that he had felt for Veo. To be sure, Mrs. Daniels was beautiful, intellectual and inspirational—"a good match," as the gossips say, and he was attracted to her—yes, he might even call his feeling for her fascination.

Yet, when his yearning heart searched

for that earnest soul glance of Veo, it was not there. He felt that something was lacking. Her eyes might speak the language of devotion, but he felt that ambition ruled Mrs. Daniels. He recalled the details of their last meeting, not only the words spoken, but the very inflections and the glances and the gestures that accompanied the conversation. Then he held up a mental mirror to himself, and his vanity was touched when he realized how foolish he must appear to delay further. He wanted to get his moorings. To marry and then to divorce was to him almost a capital crime, and Mrs. Daniels, who in early life had married an army officer, was a divorcee. As a lawyer, he understood the unglossed motives of some women in their commercialization of emotion.

He wrote a hurried note of farewell to Mrs. Daniels, and departed the next day for Poplarville—he somehow had a feeling that the old home would be a harbor of refuge where troublesome problems could be better contemplated.

There are some things in which the most candid individuals will deceive themselves. Like many human beings, Elbert found his actions and ideals were oftentimes illogical and inconsistent. He was not a coward, and yet he felt that he could not trust himself with Mrs. Daniels again—at least until he thoroughly knew his own heart. The memory of their various chats at Brussels and at Bart's home were vividly recalled. If she had tired of one husband in early life, why not of another in later years? The details of her early divorce case had never been investigated, and he found his professional instincts for evidence getting the best of him. He spent a sleepless night over the matter without any rational reason, and this nettled his pride.

There was something soothing in the quiet atmosphere of Poplarville after the distracting bustle of Washington life. His unexpected appearance was a surprise to the home folks, who watched the papers closely and proudly, and talked over "what our Congressman is doing." He rushed eagerly up the familiar old walk, lined with evergreens, and saw the form of his little Veo in the window.

"And is my little Veo glad to see papa?"

"Yes, dear daddy, but you look so sorry-like," said the little daughter in the searching and frank manner of children. There was in her eyes a reflection of the tender, sympathetic eyes of the other Veo. And he kissed her again.

Agnes came out, and in her simple and earnest greeting seemed more radiant than ever to Elbert in the charm of her manner and personality. Her premature white hair and blooming cheeks were a striking contrast of youth and maturity. Her voice, gentle and firm and decisive, seemed to ring with sincerity as she welcomed her former student.

"Oh, mamma, I'm so happy," and Veo left her father to go to Agnes.

"Well, Elbert, I must thank you for your advice and help. The school has made quite a new woman of me."

"Not a *real* new woman, I hope," he said in mock surprise.

"Oh, no," she replied, "but with these children, life is so refreshing and wholesome to an elderly person."

"Don't talk of yourself as elderly."

"As your schoolteacher, I have a right to expect you to respect my age," she said.

THAT evening they were sitting alone together on the veranda, talking over the old days. Environment has much to do with directing the drift of thought and conversation. Elbert felt inspired with courage and a feeling of security to be again with the woman whose friendship mellowed in the memory of the past years and who had never seemed to fail in understanding him.

"I have come home for advice," said Elbert soberly.

"Well, as your old teacher, I shall ask you to take your seat and recite," said Agnes, pointing to a chair. The selection of a situation is effective in dramatics, so Elbert took the seat in a mock stagelike manner and took her hand without a word. Before she realized it, Agnes found herself moving a little closer to him than usual to hear his story.

"Indeed, it is a serious matter. Do you remember Mrs. Daniels?"

"Perfectly. I have very good cause to remember her."

"She entertains famously in Washington, and has contributed much to my success. I have visited frequently at her home, and matters have suddenly become serious without my realizing it. A direct proposal has been made, and I must act."

"Um, that was her privilege. It is leap year, you know."

"It came upon me very suddenly, and I confess that I ran away, or rather unceremoniously departed with the usual shield of a written good-bye."

"You were always a peculiar boy. Bart and I thought you were very bright in dealing with men, but you rarely seemed to understand women."

"But this is where one woman is involved, and I wish you would tell me what to do."

"Tell me first if you really love her."

"Well, I admired her, but something seems to hold me back; even her courage makes me doubt—"

"There is but one way to decide. Your heart must answer. There can be no doubt when the heart chord is struck."

"Mrs. Daniels is brilliant and possesses genius, and the heart chord is lost in the dreams of ambition."

"Elbert, you must simply be true to your heart impulse."

She had turned to him in the moonlight as she said these words slowly, laying her hand on his arm and giving him a direct expressive look from her deep blue eyes, that suddenly awakened emotions that had long been buried. He looked at her in surprise and exclaimed:

"Oh, Agnes, now I know the truth. The heart chord has been struck at last. Agnes, my heart and life, it is you, and you only, that I love," Elbert cried in a voice quivering with emotion, as he started to draw her to him.

"Elbert, Elbert, you surely forget," she said, as she drew away with queenly dignity.

"Agnes, your eyes must have seen the light."

"Elbert, you must be rational—I am your old schoolteacher and friend. I, who loved Veo—why, reason, Elbert?"

"Reason with love? As well reason with a whirlwind. Agnes, tonight I have found myself under the inspiration of your presence."

Agnes looked pale and more queenly than ever as she stood plucking the leaves from a vine which clambered up the veranda where they were standing. She wondered vaguely if she had listened to words of love that were not intended for her. "Elbert, say no more about this now," she said, turning to him. "It pains me. Let us just continue as dear, good friends."

"Agnes, my heart has spoken, and yours must answer."

This incident occasioned a more reserved attitude between them during the remainder of Elbert's visit, and the scene on the veranda was not referred to by either of them. It worried Agnes to think of taking the place of the child-wife—and yet there was Mrs. Daniels. And there, too, was little Veo, whom Agnes loved devotedly. She felt that the child might possibly not find in Mrs. Daniels—woman of the world as she was—the love and care that she needed for her true development. When Agnes was putting the little one to bed the next night, the motherless child seemed to divine the situation. "Mother Aggie, you are so good to everyone—you love papa, don't you?"

"Yes, dear, we are all good friends," Agnes replied softly, stroking her hair.

"Mamma Aggie, will never go away from little Veo, will she?" questioned the little girl.

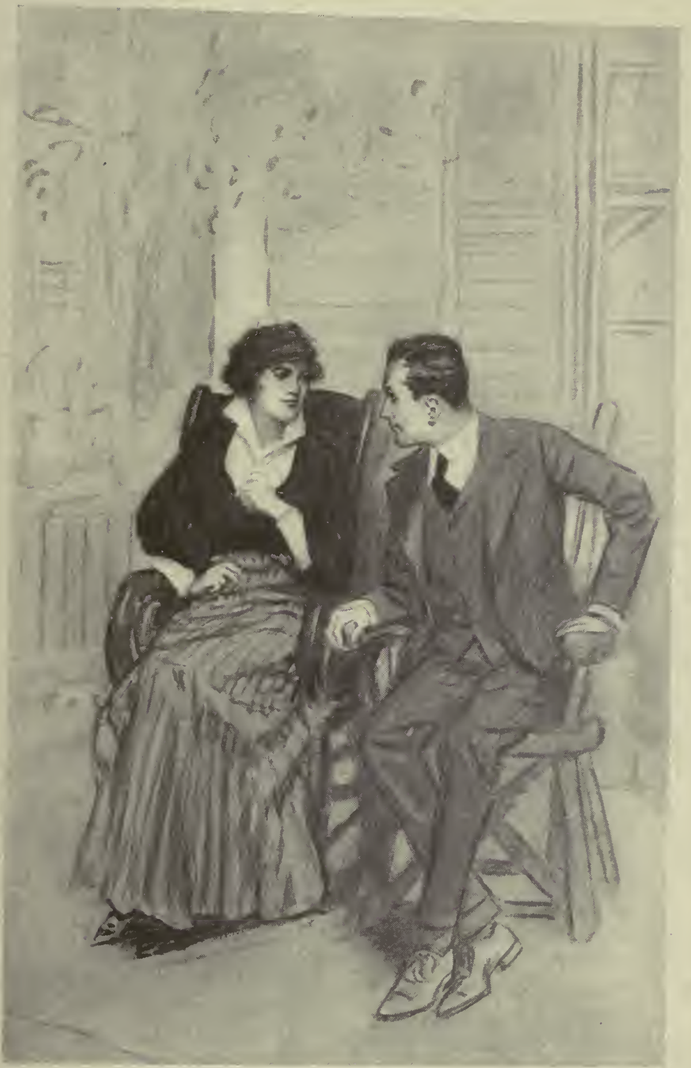
Agnes kissed her in answer, and Veo repeated her usual prayer: "Dear God, bless mamma in heaven; bless papa and bless Mamma Aggie. Oh, you're crying. I'm so sorry," said Veo, looking up suddenly.

"Finish your prayer, dear," said Agnes, reflecting a serene happiness that had never come to her before in her life struggles.

## Chapter XXXII

Poplarville had slumbered for many years without having a truly sensational event until Shandy Goff introduced bicycles. This brought with it the usual disturbance of progress, but the community was truly shocked when Mary Jane Toots calmly announced that she was going to learn to ride the wheel in front of the blacksmith shop.

"Now that I have bought it, land o' Goshen, I have got to ride it," she said in defence.



*Elbert felt inspired with courage and a feeling of security to be again with the woman whose friendship mellowed in the memory of the past years and who never seemed to fail to understand him*

"Come, Mary Jane, I am ready for that spin over the river," said Shandy, peering in at the door.

"My, I am so flustrated that I don't know whether I am standing on my head or my heels. It's like taking the first plunge in swimming. Which foot do I put on first?" she cried, trying to perch on the seat, as the machine wigwagged forward.

The news soon spread over the village that Shandy was teaching Mary Jane to ride a bicycle, and there were numerous spectators. While they were rehearsing, Abner and Jasper came up to add to the comment on the antics of Mary Jane and her apparent loss of dignity.

"Just as I expected," growled Abner. "The devil's uppermost in Poplarville these days. No respect for religion, no going to church, no public meetings, no nothin', that's got any sense to it."

"Just the other way," cried Shandy,

pumping up his tire. "Everything has grown better except you."

"There—there, what did I tell you, you young calamity spinner—wastin' good muscle on that darn thing instead of plowin' your land?"

"Bicycles are all right when you know how to ride, Abner," said Jasper. "Shandy, let Abner try."

"Me try! I'd sooner get on the devil's broom stick and ride to hell than touch the pesky critter. The oat crop is going to ruin while people are going crazy over these two-wheel playthings. I never saw the beat of it."

"Mary Jane, I can't get reconciled to your bloomers," said Jasper. "It might be all right for the Turks—but you have never seemed like a foreign missionary."

"Well, Jasper, you must submit to the advance of woman," said young Dr. Buzzer, coming up. "She has taken to wheels and is not going to depend on wings."

"I'm simply following the edicts of hygiene and Fowler on common sense," Mary Jane replied, with a bow.

"Your life authority is blasted now, Jasper," said the young doctor, laughing.

"I don't propose to get killed by any skirts getting around my legs, like that woman in Waldboro the other day," said Mary Jane, unconsciously feeling for her skirts as she zigzagged off the wheel.

"Well, you'd better go to Turkey, seein' that ye want to do like the Turkeys do," shouted Abner after her.

"There's a verse in Plutarch that fits the case—"

"Uncle Jasper, *bicycles* in the circus at Rome? You're a trifle off your history," protested Shandy.

"You're both fit for circus clowns. Better hire to onct. They pay good wages, so I'm told," said Abner gruffly, with a grunting suggestion of laughter at his own joke.

"Come, Mary Jane, let's go for a spin," said Shandy as she returned to try to maintain her balance at slow speed.

"Yes, ride to the devil, why don't you?" snarled Abner as the two started off.

"Abner, it's no use. We must keep up with the times and the improvements of the age," said the cheery doctor, as Snakes came rushing up to them.

"My head hurts so—I—mother's dead," she said, and suddenly fell forward.

JASPER lifted her up, and the doctor examined her face. She had fallen in a dead faint, striking her head against the edge of a stone. They carried the prostrate girl into the house, and the young doctor soon had his coat off, making a careful examination, feeling that this was a case demanding immediate attention.

"Compression of the skull," said he, examining her head with care. "What's this? An old scar, depression of the skull near the same spot. This may clear up the mystery," continued the doctor to himself.

When Abner overheard this, he broke in rather excitedly, "Oh, let the poor gal go. That scar is nothing. Always had those spells when she was young."

"Abner, you know something about this scar?"

"I—oh, no."

The doctor had decided on an immediate operation, and taking out scissors, scalpel and trepan, cut away the hair.

"Well, I'll quickly find out," he said, working away with the instruments and laying bare the skull. He found the inner table of the skull depressed, and with a few deft movements breathed a sigh as he looked at the unconscious girl.

"There, now we will see what we will see," he said, as he gently bathed Snakes' face and head. "Look Abner into her eyes. Reason is returning. I have simply raised the inner table of the skull, which has been causing pressure on the brain and made poor Snakes crazy."

Abner answered huskily, "No, thank ye, doctor."

"Do as the doctor says, Abner," said Jasper, watching intently the actions of Abner.

When Snakes regained consciousness, she perceived Abner. "Take him away; he did it; Uncle Abner, I'll be a good girl. I know you, doctor. Brother Bart went away yesterday."

"Brother Bart!" exclaimed Jasper.

"Brother Bart said he would send for me."

"That was fifteen years ago," said the doctor.

"Tell us, Abner, what all this means, and tell it quick, or by the great horn spoon, I'll put you under lock and key," said Jasper, asserting his dignity as a justice of the peace.

"Ye can't; I've done nothing."

"You'd better up and tell us the trouble right here, before it gets in the papers and perhaps we can help you. Out now!"

"I know you like gossip. She's Bart's half-sister. That's true. Bart's own mother gave me the mitten, and sneered at me as her father's hired man as a girl. She jeered at me as a widow. I asked her to marry me and when she refused I threatened to get even with her. Then she married Bart's father. This child was born over in Pike County. I stole her from the mother just to get even, when she was six years old. Bart thought she was drowned and the mother believed the story. I kept her until she was eight, then got frightened, when Agnes Waldie came here from the old neighborhood. A doctor over the river was called one day when she fell on her head. He said he would fix her for me if I wanted, or otherwise she would be crazy. I was not quite the villain for that, but I just let it go until they said it was too late, and I sent her here to Mary Jane."

"The skull was depressed. I simply relieved the pressure. Poor girl!" said the doctor, shaking his head. "She has lived long in the dark."

"Abner, I give you one hour to get bail or get out quick. I told you to get $3,000 bail for mal-treatment and cruelty. No wonder you—you—there's nothing in Plutarch to fit this case," said Jasper in a fury, as he shook his fist at Abner.

"Ye can't, ye can't; she's got her senses now and ye can't do nothing."

"We'll see; Abner, come with me. Come, I said," said Jasper with decision.

"I tell ye, ye can't," exclaimed Abner, hobbling off with him.

"I'm so happy, doctor, I don't understand it," said the girl faintly. "Yet I seem to see the thing; mother, yes mother, must be dead. They killed her, but it seems so awful—"

"Yes, child, now rest quiet; you will soon be just like the other girls who would not play with you."

The tragic story of Abner's perfidy was soon known in the village, and created a strong feeling against him. He realized now that the people would not accept lame excuses, and was discreet enough to leave Poplarville that night. The tragedy of the kidnapped girl and her miraculous restoration continued the distinction of Poplarville, which all neighboring towns referred to in directing strangers that way for some time. The operation established the reputation of young Dr. Buzzer, and he was afterwards known as "one of our young fellers who outgrew Poplarville" and went to the city.

The village and farm recruiting stations continue to keep up the virility of people of growing cities.

## Chapter XXXIII

THE even tenor of life at the Poplarville Kindergarten Academy was resumed after Elbert departed, and the shock following the revelations of the stalking ghosts in Abner Tomer's life had subsided somewhat. Elbert's visits always interfered to some extent with the general routine at the school, as Agnes desired to keep the single trustee of the school informed as to the progress of the work. She found herself preparing for his visits with more and more care to please him, and his approval naturally pleased her. The "Snakes" sensation was related with various versions, and young Dr. Buzzer was the hero of the hour with the assembly at the store.

One day little Veo, while left alone by Agnes in her room, began to rummage the desk. She was looking for paper dolls, and one of her delights was to open sealed letters when Uncle Jasper brought them. She had seen her father open letters, and felt it quite an honor to open his letters. She found a letter in the drawer unopened and proceeded to tear it open. Finding other letters, her busy little hands continued, and the drawer fell out, overturning the contents on the floor. Just then Agnes came in.

"Why, Veo, what are you doing?"

"Mamma Aggie, don't scold, I was just opening letters like Daddy, and dis drawer tipped itself up."

"Yes, dear. Give me the letters and I'll put them away, and then run and have grandma get you ready for bed."

She smiled at the sweet little face as Veo put up her lips for a token of forgiveness.

Agnes stooped to pick up the remainder of the papers and among them she caught sight of a half-torn typewritten letter signed by Bart. She thought it strange that it should be there, as she did not recall seeing it when she had put away the papers. After putting away the remainder of the packages, she started to read the letter by the light of the fire. It was the hour after twilight when reveries seem refreshing. The first words startled her, and her heart almost stopped beating as she read on:

"Agnes, forgive me; it was not the blow of a murderer, but a stroke of love—love for you, Agnes, but that love was never returned. When you read this I will be lying in my grave beside Wesley, with no other monument than an accursed life."

Was she dreaming? She read on:

"I did not want my death secret to disturb you until you were again married and in a happy home, where you were loved and returned that love. The night before your wedding was to occur, I met Wesley in the office. He was radiantly happy in your love, and was counting the money and drafts which we had neglected to deposit at the bank that day. I stood back of him looking over his shoulder, and a wild, maddening impulse came upon me. I struck him upon the head with an ink bottle. It was not a blow of hate, but love. I had no thought to conceal the murder, and simply walked away and left him dead. Oh, it is maddening to recall that night, and yet I seemed then dead to all remorse. It did not seem as if my hand had killed him, but that it was the hand of Providence. Not one minute's meditation was given for the deed. I did not even conceive of the tragical consequences. With the stained hands of Cain, I wooed you, and won your gratitude, which replaced Wesley's love. Oh, Agnes, I dare not ask for pity and forgiveness, and yet I knew not what I did. No human lips could justify the deed, but when I am dead, sleeping the sleep of a murderer, you may pity. I write this knowing that my end is near. The future is blank, but death is sweet relief from the hell I have suffered all these years, even in the light of your smile.

"BART WALDIE."

Her first impulse was to read it again, for she felt that it might be only a humble dream. One more look at the signature—no, there was no mistaking it. He had doubtless used the formality of his full name to impress her with the sincerity of his desire for forgiveness. Like a flash, she opened the stove door, and the story of Bart Waldie's crime was burned, and yet even on the charred and burned papers the words of his confession remained quite distinct.

Even fire does not destroy the blackness of that crime. "Oh Wesley! Wesley!" she cried on her knees before the fire. "Wesley! Love of my youth! Sacrificed to an ingrate brother's passion. No, I cannot believe it—it is a dream." The terrible grief seemed to tear her very heartstrings.

"Why have I to suffer so much? Oh, Lord, teach me to endure in patience. There must be a reflection in the clouds."

The revelation of Bart's crime hung over her like a pall.

"A murderer's wife! How can I ever meet Elbert again?" she moaned.

*(To be continued)*

# Adventures of an Amateur Hunter in Africa

## British South Africa and Northwestern Rhodesia

(CONCLUDED)

## by Charles Winslow Hall

IN his visit to British East Africa in 1911, referred to in the NATIONAL for September, Mr. John H. Eagle, met Mr. Robert S. Mennie, a wealthy broker of Johannesburg, who gave interesting accounts of the greater prizes of hunting adventure in Northwestern Rhodesia, where the elephant, rhinoceros and hippopotamus still abound, and the eland, sable roan, and other splendid and curious species of the antelope family reward the skilful and adventurous rifleman.

During 1912 arrangements were made for a great hunt together on this lordly preserve, and in June, 1913, Mr. Eagle left England on the steamer Walmer Castle, having spent some ten days in London. The cost and incidents of this voyage, including a short visit to the island of Madeira, are briefly told, as are his impressions of Cape Town, where he remained only one day, leaving for Johannesburg by rail, over a thousand-mile railway whose terminal is six thousand, five hundred feet above the sea strand at Cape Town.

Here he met Mr. Mennie and spent some two weeks in the city and the Rand mining district, of which it is the metropolis, and where he witnessed the culmination of a mining strike, which ended in the looting and dynamiting of shops, stores and railroad buildings, arson and violence and finally a collision between the mob and the British troops, in which sixty-four people were killed and over two hundred were wounded.

On July 12 Messrs. Eagle and Mennie left Johannesburg for Livingstone, eight miles to the north of the splendid Victoria Falls, discovered by Livingstone over sixty years ago. At Livingstone they had a three-hours lay-over, during which they bought supplies and provisions for their journey, and arrived the same evening, July 15, at Kalomo, where they were met by John Neimann, their guide and safari manager.

There was no delay, for the very next morning the party set out with a great South African ox-wagon, drawn by nine yokes of acclimated oxen and fourteen negro porters, gunboys, cook, etc. Each of the three white men had a riding horse, making quite an imposing outfit, but not nearly so imposing an outfit as that furnished Mr. Eagle at Nairobi in 1911, which had two ox wagons and sixty-two men, besides the guide, and all for one hunter.

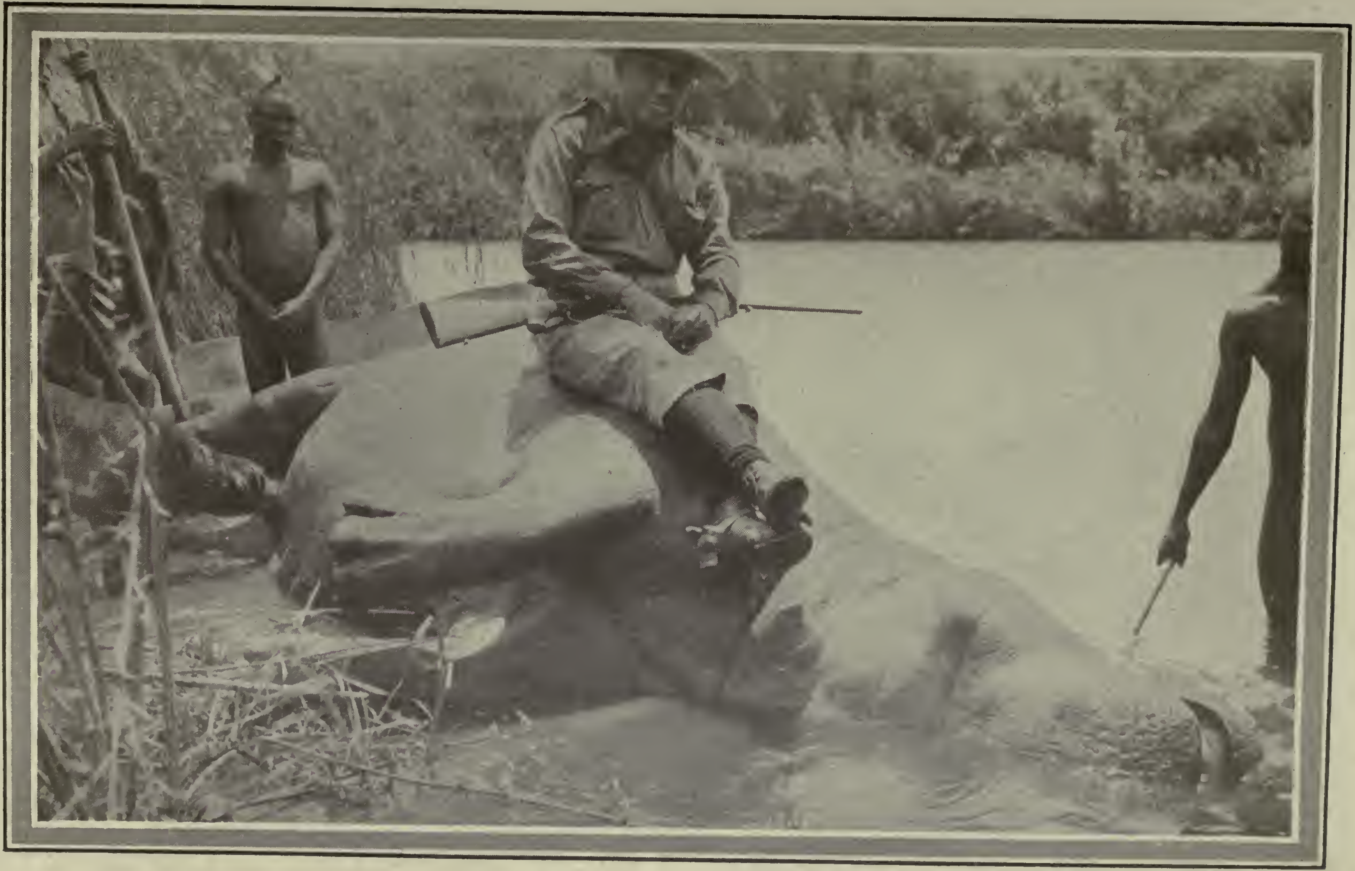
The friends were both licensed to shoot any game to be found in their wanderings, under certain restrictions as to number, species, localities, etc., which were very plainly set forth in the non-resident license, which cost him $250. He had purchased two new rifles for this journey—a Winchester .30 calibre, of the 1906 government model, shooting two sets of cartridges, and carrying Spitzer 140-grain bullets, and another with 220-grain bullets. Sighted for the heavier bullet, he found that with the 140-grain missile it overshot some eighteen inches at one hundred yards, while the 220-grain bullet generally flew several inches too high and somewhat to

NATIVES SKINNING AN ELEPHANT

THE IVORY TUSKS OF A KING OF THE JUNGLE

the right. Owing to these untoward conditions, his first day's march records two misses—one at a duiker (diver), the smallest but one of all antelopes, and the other at a sable antelope only a hundred yards away, a rare and splendid quarry. The duiker did not matter so much, for, as Mr. Eagle observes:

The duiker bok, or "diving buck," so called by the Boers because of its habit of diving into large bushes and thick scrub when evading its pursuers, is one of the common antelopes in both South and Central Africa, but its diminutive size and small, spiky horns do not appeal to the seeker of hunting trophies. It seldom exceeds twenty-six inches in height; in color it is a dark olive, shading down into white below, with a nearly black stripe on the forelegs, terminating in jetty fetlocks. Its nose is hairless; its horns short and keen-pointed, bent forward slightly, and strengthened by a ridge in front, commencing at their base and ending with the



PRIZE HIPPOPOTAMUS SHOT BY MR. EAGLE

ringed portion. Those of the female are almost concealed by a tuft of reddish hair at the top of the head. Generally found in long grass, the duiker runs away with his body strangely close to the earth, and is rarely seen in the long grass except when obliged to spring over some obstacle or across an open space. It is best hunted with a shotgun loaded with heavy shot ("buck" or SSG), and if coursed by dogs will, like a rabbit, circle back to or near its point of departure. It will carry off a wonderful lot of ill-placed lead, and when cornered will charge even a man or large dog. It will also, like the opossum, "play dead," and thus sometimes escape the careless hunter.

The next day, July 17, he killed a Lichtenstein hartebeest, and his first oribi, another rather diminutive but pretty and toothsome quarry, which he thus describes:

The oribi or ourebi antelope averages something less than two feet at the withers, the neck being long and the body slender. Its small, upright horns, four or five inches long, are wrinkled at the base and have several rings in the middle. A white arch extends above each eye, and the small head and tiny muzzle add to the dainty grace of this tiny antelope. Grayish-tawny above, the long white hair under the throat becomes short and soft under the body, with fulvous tufts at the knees. The horns, hoofs and tail are jet black.

ON July 18, Mr. Mennie disabled a wildebeest, which was brought to bay by the dogs, and Mr. Eagle killed his first sable whose horns were unfortunately not very handsome specimens, but whose meat was a welcome addition to the larder. Of this animal he says:

An adult sable bull should measure about four feet six inches at the shoulders, and nearly nine feet in length; is robust in build, with high withers, a broad, flat neck, and a head growing narrow toward the muzzle. Its hair, close and smooth, is intensely black, with occasional tinges of deep chestnut. A white streak above each eye is continued running down the side of the nose, which is snowy-white, as are the throat and one-half of the cheek; the ears are long, narrow and pointed, white within, and a lively chestnut without, with black penciled tips. The small muzzle is entirely black; a black mane, inclined a little forward, and from five to six inches high, extends from between the ears to between the withers; the haunches, inside of thighs, and underside of the body are of pure white. The forelegs are jet black, shading into chestnut about the knees. The hind legs are black, with a chestnut patch about the hocks; the tail is black, terminating in a tuft which extends below the hocks. The horns are flat, slender, and bend back like a scimiter, gradually diverging from the base and then running parallel with each other; strongly annulated, but near the points, smooth, round, slender, and keenly pointed, sometimes measuring in length from three to four feet.

Taken all together, the sable bull is perhaps the most beautiful, as it is one of the rarest specimens now secured by the African hunter. Its chase is not without danger, as many dogs and some hunters have found to their cost, while the leopard and even the lion are said to have fallen in attempting to capture it.

FIVE days later, July 24, he secured another great prize, a bull kudu, with horns forty-nine inches long. He says:

Just as soon as we were able to see this morning, I started out, leaving Mennie in camp reading. For two hours Neimann and I rode our horses, and then sent them back to camp. At nine o'clock Neimann dropped to the ground, whispering the magic word "kudus," and then for the first time in my life I saw a kudu's spiral horns, which towered forty-nine inches above his head. It gave me the thrill that makes hunting worth while—that makes a trip of ten thousand miles to the wilds of Africa a real joy.

The kudu was walking toward us, but when he got within fifty yards he changed his course and turned to the left. I fired and broke his neck, killing him almost instantaneously. I know of no shot so effective as a neck shot. As I stood beside the fallen king I had indeed reason to rejoice. A kudu is all the greater prize since most hunters never get one; indeed, they don't even see them.

On July 29, with twenty-three porters to carry supplies, the three white men left the wagon camp to push into the rough and wooded fastnesses of the elephant country, and on Friday, August 1, Mr. Eagle saw and wounded his first elephant, but failed to secure him. However, on August 4, he, with Mennie and Neimann, started on the spoor of three elephants, which they came up with. He says:

The three elephants were standing obliquely from us, and while they were more or less screened by the bush, they made a sight I never shall forget. They were very large, much larger than the elephants we see in our zoo—which come from India. They stood there lazily flapping their enormous ears from side to side, and I should have taken more time to study them but for my eagerness to shoot. Mennie generously insisted that I must bag the first elephant.

With my Rigby .416 I hastily aimed just back of the ear of one, and fired. He was badly stunned and dropped to his knees, but got up again and ran. I quickly fired for his head and he turned round and came back toward his first position; he was tottering,

SKINNING A LIONESS

TWO LIONESSES SHOT LATE IN THE DAY

but looked so large and formidable that I thought it prudent to fire again. He then sat down on his haunches and died. The way he rested on his knees was touching, and I felt rather sorry that he had not escaped. He seemed like a mountain sleeping, and as I stood at his side, my feelings and reflections were so many and varied that I cannot properly describe them. I thought how this immense animal, a member of a species that some day will be extinct—now lay dead, slain to please a man's whims.

I was disappointed to see that one of his tusks was broken while the other was small, say about three and one-half feet long; half of this length was in his mouth and could not be seen, therefore while I had my elephant I was not satisfied with his tusks, and hope for better luck with another one. The next time I will not fire until I have examined the tusks very carefully.

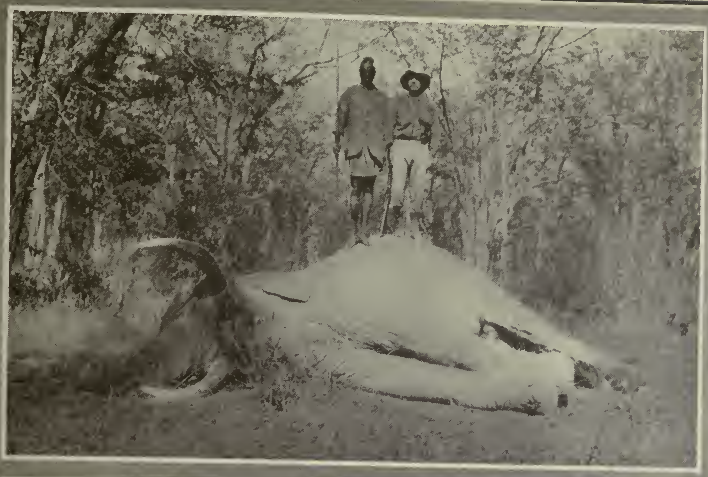
Mennie fired two shots at a second elephant and brought him to his knees, but he quickly got up and ran away trumpeting. Wounded or disturbed elephants are extremely dangerous, and Mennie in his excitement of the moment feared that we would be run over. I was wondering whether an elephant would pick one of us up with his trunk or run us through with his tusks. As the two elephants ran, the whole forest seemed to move toward us, trees separated and came together with a bang.

Five days later, August 9, Mr. Mennie killed a large bull elephant with splendid tusks, using his 350 Rigby rifle, shooting a 229-grain bullet, and killing with three shots. The tusks, although not long, were very massive, weighing seventy pounds at least. In the afternoon Mr. Eagle shot at an immense tusked elephant. He says:

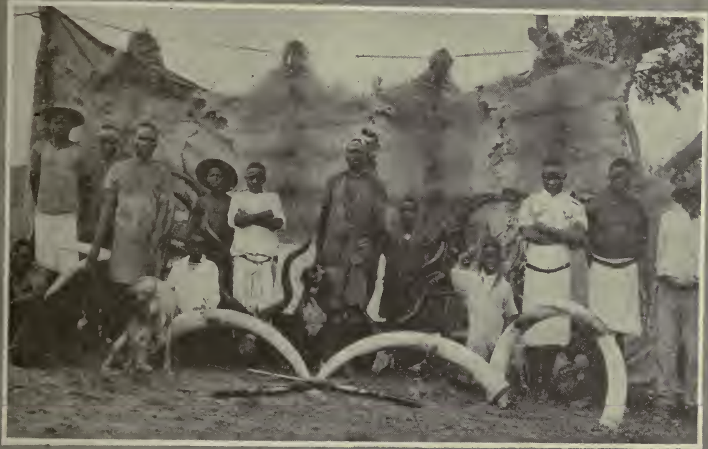
> With a thrill I observed that he had immense tusks. I now made a bad mistake, for the branch of a tree covered his eyes, and in trying to get a side brain shot, I was obliged, not seeing his eye, to do some estimating as to just where his brain was. I had heard that one should shoot an elephant at the spot half way between the eye and ear, and as this elephant did not seem alarmed, I should have crawled around until I could see his eye. His trunk was down, which meant that he was not suspicious. He was thirty yards away, and feeling sure I could reach his brain, I took careful aim at the spot I guessed was half way between his right eye and ear, and fired. My hand was perfectly steady and I never doubted but that the earth was about to tremble with a mighty fall.
>
> As I fired, it is true, the elephant did fall, but he was only stunned, and got up again and ran. I fired a second time, but this shot was not vitally placed, for he kept on running. I now decided that I had shot a little too high for his brain, but I still hoped to get him, for just after he disappeared we heard him give a squeal, which indicated that he was badly hurt. Before long we found where he had stopped, looked back on his spoor, and pawed up the ground. The tracker said this meant that he was wild with rage, and it took all our persuasion to get the tracker to go any further. We told him that as soon as he heard or saw the wounded elephant he could at once get behind us or get up some large tree, and he finally proceeded.
>
> At about four o'clock we heard a branch crack, followed by a tremendous noise; then out came the elephant with a rush. If I live to be a hundred years old I shall never forget what I then saw and what happened. Besides our tracker we had two younger natives to assist him and to carry guns; we also had a boy to carry water. As the elephant charged, these three boys ran back like mad, and how they got through the thorny bushes without being cut to pieces I could never understand. The head tracker dived in under a thick bush and hid, which was a wise move, for if an elephant can neither smell you nor see you move, he naturally cannot know where you are.
>
> When this elephant charged he did not simply charge through the bush as I had seen elephants do before; he stood up on his rear legs and threw his front ones over the bush; in fact, in action he did just what I have seen jack rabbits do. I never heard of an elephant doing this and I think the reason must have been because he smelt us but could not see us and wanted to. At all events, that is how he charged.
>
> At best an African bull elephant is a very large beast—much larger than the Indian elephant which we see in the zoo—and jumping up on his rear legs it seemed as if some huge mountain were moving toward us, about to crush us. Those were tense moments. Mr. Neimann was to my left and about three feet ahead of me; Mr. Mennie was to my left and behind me. As the elephant charged, Mr. Neimann stepped further to the left and I was directly in his path. I decided to stand perfectly still, feeling that this would be safer than to move about. I determined to wait until I was sure of a fatal frontal shot, and then if he continued to come, to wait until he was nearly on me, and then dive further to the right and get under a bush, for there were no large trees about. Things looked very squally, and I am surprised that I was cool enough to plan out so quickly the best thing to do.
>
> As the elephant came, Mr. Neimann fired three shots with his Winchester .405, I fired two shots with my .416-Rigby, and Mr. Mennie two with his .350-Rigby. Mr. Mennie said afterwards that he was so shaky he had to lean his gun against a tree to steady it; he said he also felt resigned to being killed on the spot.
>
> The elephant came on directly facing me; Neimann was a little to his right. The bush was so thick that it was difficult to get a vital shot, and that now seemed necessary. Mr. Neimann fired into his shoulder; I hit him squarely between the eyes. Ordinarily such a shot would have gone into his brain, but he was so close and so high that the shot kept going up and was too high for his brain, although I think it staggered him. Mennie, meantime, was shooting hard, and when the elephant was fifteen yards from where I stood, he turned. I immediately fired into his buttock, hoping to touch his spine, but I failed, and he disappeared in the bush.

FEARING to follow him up so late in the day, for he had evidently expected it, and meant to make another charge, they returned to camp, taking up the trail the next morning:

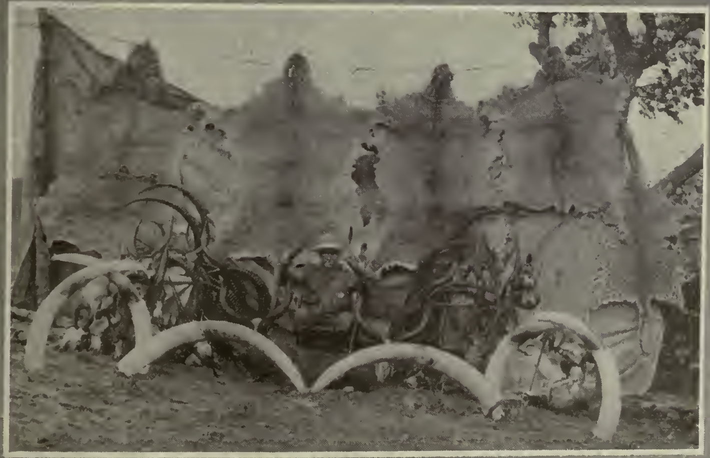
> All at once we came to a place which showed that the elephant had begun to bleed again, and I felt much encouraged. The spoor now took us out of the thick jungle into a country that was more open, and where we could see for some distance. We found three places where the elephant had



THE GREAT BULL ELEPHANT



THE BOYS AND OUR TROPHIES



AT THE END OF THE HUNT

THE FIRST
ELEPHANT
AND
TRACKERS

NATIVES
BEFORE
THE
CAMERA

BOYS
PROUD
OF THE
MASTER'S
TROPHY

> lain down during the night, and many places where he had stopped to wait for us—always facing back. I felt sure I would get him when we found a place showing that while he was standing facing the way we were coming he had become so weak that he had fallen forward, driving his large tusks in the ground. He must have had some difficulty in getting on his feet again. He evidently was a grand old warrior and had been making a splendid fight; and I felt almost like a criminal when, at just three P.M., one of the boys gave a yell and started wildly ahead. About a quarter of a mile beyond, we could just make out the huge animal lying on his side—dead. He must have died early in the morning.
>
> Running forward, we were all soon around him. When I saw his fine tusks I was indeed pleased and forgot my displeasure of the morning; for, as Mr. Neimann says, these tusks are among the largest ever taken out of Northwest Rhodesia—running over 120 pounds to the pair.

His first hippopotamus was killed on the seventeenth of September:

> As soon as we got near the pool, we heard some hippos grunt; this put us on the *qui vive*. Incidentally, I never knew before that the roar of a hippo could be heard for two miles—yet it is so. To get near the spot where the hippos seemed to be, we selected a long tunnel. Soon I could hear the beasts grunt and snort. Suddenly the brim of my large sun hat broke a small twig and made a noise that sounded to me almost as loud as a rifle report. My heart gave an extra jump as I wondered if the hippos heard the noise. I pulled off my hat and proceeded as quietly as I could; within ten yards of the water I saw the nose of a hippo; this was all I could see, so I could not shoot. A few seconds later I saw the extreme top of another's head. I fired quickly, aiming just back of the eye, about forty yards from me, this time using my .416 gun with the open sight, in addition to my peep. In previous shots at hippos my bullets had been a little low, and I now believed my open sight would prevent my taking the bottom of the peep sight instead of the middle. On firing I heard a loud thud and knew my bullet had gone true.
>
> But the animal did not sink quietly and die. He churned up the water like a battleship. Sometimes he would come to the surface and turn over and over. This he kept up for five minutes; then all was quiet. During this five minutes the second hippo made its appearance and tried to assist the dying one by pushing it. When all was quiet and the dead hippo had sunk to the bottom, we sat on the bank waiting for him to float. In just three hours we saw his foot stick out of the water, and shortly after his body came up.
>
> We hired some natives with canoes, made from hollowed trees, who towed the hippo to shore, where we cut off his head. It was a tremendous job; for his body was so heavy (a bull hippo goes up to four tons), that we could not pull it entirely out of the water and we had to be on guard against crocodiles.

On October 13 Mr. Mennie at his second shot, killed a leopard which had taken to a tree, fortunately without receiving a charge from this savage customer.

Two days later they had returned to Siminunga, where they hoped to fire the reeds and kill a sititunga antelope—a prize which few white hunters have ever secured. Its description by some who have seen it denotes its special fitness for its habitat, the great reed beds of African rivers.

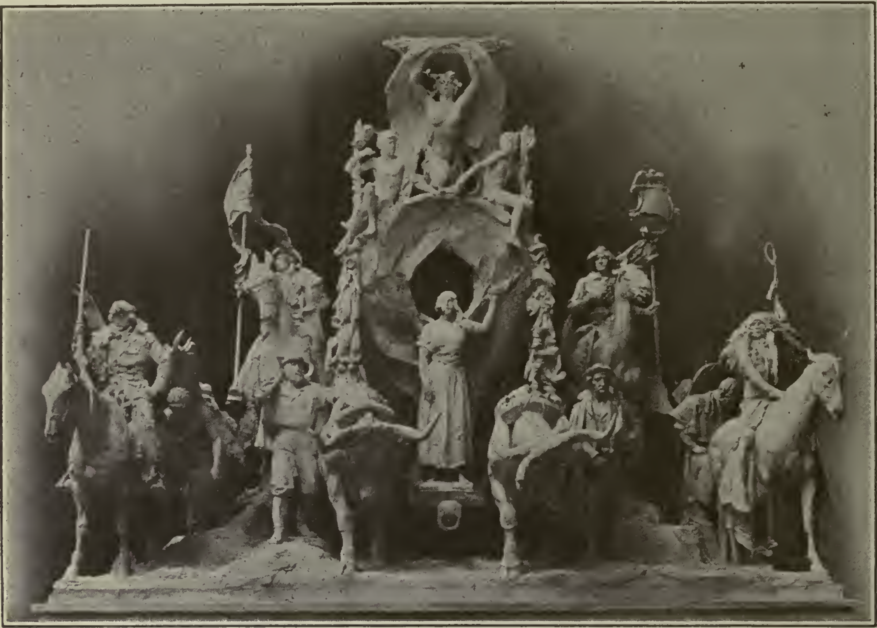
> The sititunga antelope is not a large animal, measuring at most from thirty-six to forty inches in height. In color it is a dark yellowish-brown with white cheekspots; its horns somewhat resemble those of the kudu but without the third twist. Its hoofs are very long and adapted to the oozy muddy marshes and reed-beds of the rivers, which it never deserts, and hence can only be killed by chance, or when the dry reeds can be burned, forcing it into the open or the water —under which it can live for some minutes without taking breath. Its coat is coarse and rough when dry, and its rarity is its chief attraction.

As the reeds were too green to burn, the hope of seeing one of these curious amphibious antelopes had to be abandoned.

On November 3 the party reached Kalomo, and the long hunt was ended.

Between July 17 and October 30 Mr. Eagle had secured the trophies of two elephants, two lions, two oribis, six hartebeests, ten sables, one kudu, two baboons, three reedbucks, four elands, two roans, one gemsbok, one zebra, one hippopotamus, one gnu, and six pukus. Mr. Mennie secured two elephants, two lions, two hippopotami, a leopard, two roans, two duikers, seven gnus, one bushbuck, two kudus, seven hartebeests, three elands, eight reedbucks, three sables, two zebras, five pukus, three lechwes, two waterbucks, and one warthog.

These did not include sundry animals killed for food for the caravan and for friendly natives.



# The American Pioneer

### *Address by Franklin K. Lane*

*Secretary of the Interior*

*Opening of Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, February 20, 1915*

THE sculptors who have ennobled these buildings with their work have surely given full wing to their fancy in seeking to symbolize the tale which this Exposition tells. Among these figures I have sought for one which would represent to me the significance of this great enterprise.

Prophets, priests, and kings are here, conquerors and mystical figures of ancient legend; but these do not speak the word I hear.

My eye is drawn to the least conspicuous of all—the modest figure of a man standing beside two oxen, which look down upon the court of the nations, where East and West come face to face.

Towering above his gaunt figure is the canopy of his prairie schooner.

Gay conquistadores ride beside him, and one must look hard to see this simple, plodding figure.

Yet that man is to me the one hero of this day.

Without him we would not be here.

Without him banners would not fly, nor bands play.

Without him San Francisco would not be today the gayest city of the globe.

Shall I tell you who he is, this key figure in the arch of our enterprise?

That slender, dauntless, plodding, modest figure is the American pioneer.

To me he is, indeed, far more; he is the adventurous spirit of our restless race.

Long ago he set sail with Ulysses. But Ulysses turned back.

He sailed again with Columbus for the Indies and heard with joy the quick command, "Sail on, sail on, and on." But the westward way was barred.

He landed at Plymouth Rock and with his dull-eyed oxen has made the long, long journey across our continent. His way has been hard, slow, momentous.

He made his path through soggy, sodden forests where the storms of a thousand years conspired to block his way.

He drank with delight of the brackish water where the wild beasts wallowed.

He trekked through the yielding, treacherous snows; forded swift-running waters; crept painfully through rocky gorges where Titans had been at play; clambered up mountain sides, the sport of avalanche and of slide; dared the limitless land without horizon; ground his teeth upon the bitter dust of the desert; fainted beneath the flail of the raw and ruthless sun; starved, thirsted, fought; was cast down but never broken; and he never turned back.

Here he stands at last beside this western sea, the incarnate soul of his insatiable race—the American pioneer.

Pity? He scorns it.

Glory? He does not ask it.

His sons and his daughters are scattered along the path he has come.

Each fence post tells where someone fell.

Each farm, brightening now with the first smile of Spring, was once a battlefield, where men and women fought the choking horrors of starvation and isolation.

His is this one glory—he found the way; his the adventure.

It is life that he felt, life that compelled him.

That strange, mysterious thing that lifted him out of the primeval muck and sent him climbing upward—that same strange thing has pressed him onward, held out new visions to his wondering eyes, and sung new songs into his welcoming ears.

And why?

In his long wandering he has had time to think.

He has talked with the stars, and they have taught him not to ask why.

He is here.

He has seated himself upon the golden sand of this distant shore and has said to himself that it is time for him to gather his sons about him that they may talk; that they may tell tales of things done.

Here on this stretch of shore he has built the outermost campfire of his race and has gathered his sons that they may tell each other of the progress they have made—utter man's prayers, things done for man.

His sons are they who have cut these continents in twain, who have slashed God's world as with a knife, who have gleefully made the rebellious seas to lift man's ship across the barrier mountains of Panama.

This thing the sons of the pioneer have done—it is their prayer, a thing done for man.

And here, too, these sons of the pioneer will tell of other things they do—how they fill the night with jeweled light conjured from the melting snows of the far-off mountains; how they talk together across the world in their own voices; how they baffle the eagles in their flight through the air and make their way within the spectral gloom of the soundless sea; how they reach into the heavens and draw down food out of the air to replenish the wasted earth; how with the touch of a knife they convert the sinner, and with the touch of a stone dissolve disease.

These things and more have they done in these latter days, these sons of the pioneer.

And in their honor he has fashioned this beautiful city of dreams come true.

In their honor he has hung the heavens with flowers and added new stars to the night.

In blue and gold, in scarlet and purple, in the green of the shallow sea and the burnt brown of the summer hillside, he has made the architecture of the centuries to march before their eyes in column, colonnade, and court.

We have but to anchor his quaint covered wagon to the soil and soon it rises transformed into the vane of some mighty cathedral.

For, after all, Rome and Rheims, Salisbury and Seville, are not far memories to the pioneer.

Here, too, in this city of the new nation, the pioneer has called together all his neighbors that we may learn one of the other.

We are to live together side by side for all time.

The seas are but a highway between the doorways of the nations.

We are to know each other.

Perhaps strained nerves may sometimes fancy the gesture of the pioneer to be abrupt, and his voice we know has been hardened by the winter winds.

But his neighbors will soon come to know that he has no hatred in his heart, for he is without fear; that he is without envy, for none can add to his wealth.

The long journey of this slight, modest figure that stands beside the oxen is at an end.

The waste places of the earth have been found.

But adventure is not to end.

Here in his house will be taught the gospel of an advancing democracy—strong, valiant, confident, conquering—upborne and typified by the independent, venturesome spirit of that mystic materialist, the American pioneer.

# The Congressional Pilgrims

### by J. A. Breckons

JUST as April was blending with May,
Summoned briefly from Washington City,
From busy New York and New England,
From the beautiful vales of the Wabash;
From the woods and farms of Wisconsin;
The pines and plantations of Georgia;
From the plains of Wyoming and Utah;
From the East and the West, the North and the summer-crown'd Southland
Gathered a band of pilgrims, meeting in bustling Chicago
To start on a long, pleasant journey.

It was a pilgrim band sent forth to seek information;
Seeking to know of a land far away o'er the ocean
Joyously seeking, too, for pleasure and rest after onerous labors;
And each one had cast away care,
Like a garment that no longer is needed.
All sought guidance in Desha the leader,
Desha, modest and kind, but ever leading them onward.
Onward, across the great pastures and farms of the prairies;
Onward, across the hot sands of the cactus-strewn deserts;
Onward, past the green fields of the Golden State—California;
Onward, into the swell and roar of the great western ocean;
Onward, in quest of the land of the lotus, the dream-land, Hawaii.

And then, the long voyage safely ended, he led them
Into that promised land washed by the warm ocean waters,
Where a host of new-found friends welcomed and cheered them.
From Oahu to Maui, and thence to Hawaii,
Over still waters and peaceful seas the pilgrims were carried.
Ever and ever more the kindnesses to them increasing;
Ever and ever more there was dancing and feasting;
The warm grasp of welcoming hands and greeting,
So like to a beautiful dream, that they feared to awaken.

At Kauai, the Garden Isle, ended their insular journey
Where as the sunset gilded the beautiful bay of Hanalei
They bade a regretful farewell to the islands enchanted,
And again in the homes and hearts of their friends of Oahu
They were welcomed and feted.
Then all too soon came the day of farewell and departure
Back to the cold, prosaic toil of the mainland.
Ended the paradise life in the isles of the mighty Pacific
Whence as they sailed away, the pilgrims went longingly singing;

"We love you, Hawaii; O Hawaii, we love you.
You are the queen of the seas;

We love your valleys and mountains,
Your beautiful palm-trees and fountains;
Forever and ever you'll be dear to us,
Hawaii."

Honolulu, the capital of Hawaii, from Washington, the capital of the United States, is distant in miles 4,716, and in days, ten. Naturally the number of national legislators visiting Hawaii under ordinary circumstances is limited, and the territory is at somewhat of a disadvantage on account of its isolation. The territory, one of our newest, needs much federal legislation. It has matters relating to transportation, harbor improvements, lighthouse service, immigration, coast and harbor defenses, public buildings and other public works requiring Congressional action based upon accurate Congressional knowledge. Realizing that, in order to obtain desirable federal legislation affecting the territory, Congress must "be shown" the wise, up-to-date citizens of Hawaii, through their territorial legislature, from time to time have appropriated funds to pay the expenses of visiting Congressmen, and several visits of this kind have been made during the recesses of Congress.

The largest visiting party of members of Congress ever sent there spent part of the month of May, 1915, in Hawaii as guests of the territory, invited to see the things of which Hawaii boasts—its schools and churches; philanthropic institutions; social settlements; children's playgrounds; kindergartens; public hospitals; healthy business enterprises; well-paid and well-cared-for working classes; profit-sharing industries; a charming social life, and a climate which has given the Hawaiian Islands the well-named title of the "Paradise of the Pacific." Also they would see the needs and requirements of the territory in the way of harbor improvements, breakwaters, channel-dredging, lighthouses, coast defenses, public buildings, etc.

HAWAIIAN ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE DECORATED WITH LEIS

Responding to invitations extended through Hon. Jonah Kuhio Kalanianaole, who has represented Hawaii in Congress as its delegate for the past twelve years, and who has been re-elected to serve in the next Congress, ten Senators and thirty-seven Representatives sailed from San Francisco for Hawaii April 27 on the steamship Sierra. Some of the Senators and Representatives were accompanied by members of their families, whose expenses, however, were not borne by the territory.

The official party included Senators A. B. Cummins, Iowa; T. W. Hardwick, Georgia; Ollie James, Kentucky; James E. Martine, New Jersey; Lee S. Overman, North Carolina; Joseph T. Robinson, Arkansas; Willard Saulsbury, Delaware; John F. Shafroth, Colorado; Reed Smoot, Utah, and Francis E. Warren, Wyoming. Also Representatives John A. M. Adair, Indiana; Joshua W. Alexander, Missouri; D. R. Anthony, Kansas; R. W. Austin, Tennessee; A. J. Barchfeld, Pennsylvania; William P. Borland, Missouri; William G. Brown, Jr., West Virginia;

Clement Brumbaugh, Ohio; John L. Burnett, Alabama; Phil P. Campbell, Kansas; Joseph G. Cannon, Illinois; William J. Cary, Wisconsin; W. A. Cullop, Indiana; M. F. Conry, New York; James S. Davenport, Oklahoma; L. C. Dyer, Missouri; George W. Fairchild, New York; Scott Ferris, Oklahoma; J. A. Frear, Wisconsin; Carter Glass, Virginia; Albert Johnson, Washington; William Kettner, California; Gordon Lee, Georgia; John W. Langley, Kentucky; James R. Mann, Illinois; C. B. Miller, Minnesota; William B. McKinley, Illinois; J. H. Moore, Pennsylvania; D. J. Riordan, New York; W. A. Rodenberg, Illinois; John J. Rogers, Massachusetts; E. W. Saunders, Virginia; Swagar Sherley, Kentucky; J. L. Slayden, Texas; C. B. Slemp, Virginia; W. H. Stafford, Wisconsin; R. Y. Thomas, Kentucky.

In addition to the members of Congress, the invited guests of the territory were: Hon. A. A. Jones, Assistant Secretary of the Interior; Hon. Joseph Knowland, California; Mrs. James Hamilton Lewis, Illinois; Frank B. Lord, president National Press Club; John R. Desha, secretary to Delegate Kalanianaole; J. A. Breckons and A. A. Erly, Washington, D. C.

From the official starting point of Chicago, the party was taken on a special train de luxe over the Santa Fe railroad to San Francisco. Probably no finer train in its appointments and equipment ever went over the line, and the members of the party enjoyed luxurious sleeping cars, an especially well-stocked dining car, observation and club cars, and all of the conveniences and comforts which go to make modern travel a joy.

In Chicago the party was given a midday luncheon by the Chicago Association of Commerce, at which seven hundred business men, members of the association, welcomed and then bade the visitors Godspeed on their journey.

The party reached San Francisco on April 26, and became the guests for a day of the San Francisco Commercial Club, of which nearly a thousand members attended a luncheon which the club gave to the visitors in the immense dining hall of the club in the Merchants Exchange building. The visitors were taken around San Francisco Bay on the U. S. Army transport tug General Slocum, and under the guidance of Representatives Julius Kahn, Joseph I. Nolan and William Kettner were given an afternoon's visit to the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

SOME OF THE CONGRESSIONAL PARTY AT THE COOK MONUMENT

In the evening United States Senator James D. Phelan entertained the Congressional party, officials of the Exposition, and the military and naval officials stationed at San Francisco, at a formal dinner in the New York building in the Exposition grounds. Later a reception and dance attended by several thousand guests was given in honor of the visitors in the California building.

The visitors sailed from San Francisco on April 27. Truly the Pacific Ocean was a great surprise to those members of the Congressional party who, like Balboa, discovered it for the first time. Tales of glassy smoothness, balmy breezes of the tropics, spice-laden winds of the Orient, the *dolce far niente* of the equator, had evoked a state of unpreparedness for icy blasts, chilling fogs, choppy, pitching, tumbling, rolling waves that tossed the good ship Sierra up and down, sideways and endways and all ways, at one and the same moment of time, until gloom took the place of expectant joy. Senator Overman and Representatives Stafford, Conry, Davenport and Ferris agreed heartily and unanimously upon the following apostrophe to the Pacific:

REPRESENTATIVE MANN SHOWING NO FEAR OF JAPAN

Roll on, thou danged blue ocean, dang you, roll.
Ten thousand cusses 'gainst you would be vain.
Congress marks the earth with ruin,
Its control stops with thy shore,
Upon thy sloppy waves the wrecks are all thine own;
Nor doth remain a vestige of man's dinner,
But for a moment, when with bubbling groan,
He loses it in thy depths with many a cuss and moan.

But it was not as bad as it might have been. In fact, it was only the outer edge of a hundred-mile gale that caught the Sierra, pitching her about like a cork, and unsettling the mental and physical equilibrium of the Congressional passengers. Smoother seas followed and then came the indescribable delights of a carefree voyage. Grave and reverend Senators and Representatives pitched deck quoits and competed in potato races. Moonlight nights and the Hawaiian orchestra made it impossible to keep from dancing, and the decks had a full complement of fox-trotters, one-steppers and hesitationists. One glorious night Uncle Joe Cannon and Mrs. Brown, assisted by Representative Miller and Mrs. J. Hamilton Lewis, led a score of dancers through the mazes of the Virginia reel. Impromptu musical gatherings took place day and night, at which the old and new songs of the singers were wafted into the "Men's Social Hall," where the more dignified of the male members of the official party played bridge constantly.

"*Aloha nui*," which is Hawaiian for a hundred million welcomes, greeted the Congressional party as the Sierra slipped into the harbor of Honolulu early on the sunshiny morning of May 3. A fleet of motor boats on which were territorial, federal and city officials, official committees, the Hawaiian Band, and delegations of Hawaiian young ladies carrying red carnation leis with which to decorate the visitors, accompanied the Sierra to her dock. Here were more officials, more committees, more young ladies carrying leis, and half the population of Honolulu to join in the welcome. Motor cars whirled the visitors to the famous Moana Hotel on the more famous Waikiki beach, one of Honolulu's most attractive suburbs.

A brief summary of the schedule of entertainment and the itinerary of the party while in the territory will be sufficient to show how thoroughly the islands were seen by the visitors, and with what royal hospitality they were entertained during the entire period of their visit.

On the evening of arrival, at a public reception given by Governor L. E. Pinkham and his official family at the palace, or territorial government building, a general introduction to the citizens of Honolulu was followed by a big public ball in the territorial militia armory. On the following day the Congressional party visited the Honolulu public schools, where they were welcomed by pupils of a score of different nationalities receiving educational training fitting them to become loyal American citizens. It was at one of these schools that Uncle Joe Cannon reached the apex of his popularity on the trip. At the close of the exercises he dismissed the school for the remainder of the day, and there was no insincere note in the cheers the five hundred children gave him for their unexpected vacation. On the same morning the fortifications of Oahu at Forts Ruger and DeRussy and Battery Harlow were visited, as were the higher institutions for education of the College of Hawaii, Oahu College, Mid-Pacific Institute, Kawaiahao Seminary and St. Louis College.

LANDING IN SMALL BOATS, NAWILIWILI BAY

At noon the members of the party were the guests of the Honolulu Ad Club at a luncheon given on the roof garden of the Young Hotel, attended by three hundred Honolulu business men and their families and friends. The entertainment was of the Gridiron Club order and was fully up-to-date in the well-known features of the dinners given by that famous organization. In the evening the party, with upwards of a thousand residents of Honolulu, were guests at an open-air luau or native feast given by Hon. John C. Lane, Mayor of Honolulu. Native dishes of poi, fish, chicken, pork, etc., cooked underground and wrapped in ti leaves, formed the substantials of the feast and were eaten in primitive fashion without the aid of such useful accessories as knives, forks, or spoons.

On Wednesday, May 5, the members of the party were taken on the steamship Mauna Kea through Honolulu harbor to Pearl harbor, where the new naval station was visited. Admiral C. B. T. Moore, U. S. N., explained the features of the Navy Yard, the shops, and the great dry dock. Pearl harbor was left by special train on the Oahu railroad, the visitors going to Schofield Barracks, where luncheon was served at the quarters of Commanding General J. P. Wisser, and a review of five thousand United States troops witnessed. In the evening a unique dinner was given the party by the "Hands-Around-the-Pacific" Club, the hosts being prominent business and official residents of Honolulu, made up of a dozen or more different nationalities, including Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Filipinos, Portuguese, Hawaiians, Australians, Canadians, and citizens of nearly every State in the American Union. After this dinner, motor cars took the visitors to the steamship Mauna Kea of the Inter Island Steamship Line, which sailed at ten o'clock for the island of Maui.

SENATOR WARREN MAKING AN ADDRESS AT WAILUKU

Maui is a great sugar and pineapple producing island, and for two days the visitors were whirled by motor cars through extensive sugar cane and pineapple fields, and were shown sugar mills, pineapple canning factories, and the several harbors of the Island needing the aid of Federal appropriations for their improvement.

On Friday, May 7, ex-Speaker Cannon's seventy-ninth birthday was celebrated at a public meeting held under the trees in front of Wailuku Court House, Maui. Speeches were made by local officials and by Senators Warren, Hardwick and James, and Representatives Campbell and Slayden. That evening, after an automobile run of sixty miles, the visitors were given a luau at Lahaina, the ancient capital of the Hawaiian Islands. The luau was attended by about seven hundred persons, all of whom found shelter under the spreading branches of a banyan tree. After the luau the visitors sailed for the island of Hawaii, the largest island of the Hawaiian group.

Napoopoo, Hawaii, was reached early on the morning of May 8. The ship's boats took many of the visitors across Kealakekua Bay to visit the monument erected to the memory of Captain Cook, who was killed by natives February 14, 1779. Motor cars took the party through the Kona district devoted to cattle raising and coffee production. The road crossed the great lava flows from Mauna Loa volcano, and it was while crossing one of these flows that the only accident occurred of the entire trip. The car occupied by Representative and Mrs. M. F. Conry, of New York, and Representative John L. Burnett of Alabama, was overturned at a sharp turn of the road and fell eight or ten feet to the rough lava rocks below. The driver escaped injury, but his three passengers were bruised and cut and otherwise painfully hurt. Their escape from death was miraculous, so the accident was classed as an incident of the journey. It was near the scene of this accident, at the little village of Waiohinu, where afternoon tea was being served at a quaint roadside inn, that word was received of the sinking of the Lusitania, coupled with the incorrect information that the President had called an extra session of Congress, and that the Maryland, in Honolulu harbor, had been placed at the disposal of the Congressional party for immediate return to the mainland.

REPRESENTATIVE ROGERS AND JACK LONDON AT WAIKIKI BEACH

Sunday, May 9, was spent at the Volcano House on the brink of the crater of Kilauea, the largest active volcano in the world. Although scheduled as a day of rest, the visitors spent much time in viewing the great lake of molten lava which partly filled the great crater. It was here that for the first time on the trip Senator Martine ran out of adjectives to express his wonder and surprise and delight. As he looked into the depths of the crater and saw the boiling, seething lake of molten, flaming lava, he exclaimed: "This surely beats hell!"

The following two days were spent at Hilo, the second city in size in the Territory. Here Uncle Joe Cannon laid the cornerstone of the new Federal building, and Representative Burnett, of the House Public Buildings Committee, told the Hiloans how the money for the building was appropriated. Visits to the uncompleted harbor breakwater, nearby sugar cane fields, receptions and dances, and public meetings where the needs of the Island of Hawaii were discussed, made up the program for the stay at Hilo, and on Wednesday, May 12, the party sailed on the homelike Mauna Kea for the most northerly island of the Hawaiian group, Kauai, known as the "Garden Isle."

Nawiliwili, Kauai, was reached early Thursday morning, where, after being landed in small boats from the steamer, the party voted unanimously that Nawiliwili harbor should have an appropriation for a breakwater and dock. After enjoying a luau of modern eatables at the beach home of J. H. Coney at Niumalu, the visitors were assigned to various private homes and spent two days motoring through the cane and pineapple fields and visiting the canyons and mountains which make of the island one of the most picturesque places in the world. Scenery as grand as that of the Rockies; valleys of rice and taro fields as intensively cultivated as those of Japan or China; automobile roads equal to those of New England; and unstinted hospitality on the part of the people of Kauai, made the island an ideal place to visit, and the Congressional party sailed away from the beautiful Bay of Hanalei with regrets that the time for sojourn on the Island had been so brief.

Honolulu looked like home to the Congressional pilgrims when they returned there on the morning of May 15, and again took quarters at the Moana. For five days they were shown the beautiful scenery, the immense sugar cane and pineapple fields, the rice and taro farms, the sugar and canning mills of Oahu, and were dined, teaed and banqueted by their Honolulu friends. A notable event was a dinner given to the party at the Moana Hotel by the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce, at which many of the legislative needs and problems of the territory were discussed by local speakers and members of the Congressional party. The closing official entertainment was a reception given by Prince and Princess Kalanianaole at Pualeilani, their stately and historic home near Waikiki. At the entertainment, the curtain of the Hawaiian past was lifted, and for the edification of the visitors, the glory, romance and bravery of the ancient Hawaiian kingdom was depicted in tableaux, dance and song. Queen Liliuokalani, surrounded by members of her household; United States Senators and Representatives; federal, territorial, and municipal officials; army and navy officers; society people; soldiers and sailors; Hawaiians, Japanese and Chinese—for Honolulu is democratic, and everybody is welcomed at a public function—all went to swell the crowd of over a thousand who gathered on the carpeted lawn adjoining the home of the Prince to share in his hospitality. An out-of-door stage had been erected on which native Hawaiians in ancient historical costumes, in a series of tableaux, enacted the story of the "Defense of the Ancient Kapu." Each of the seven tableaux closed with a presentation of hula dancing, symbolical of religious or historical traditions. Following the ancient Hawaiian tableaux, the guests were whisked across the years to modern Hawaii, and "In the Woods of Hawaii," a playlet depicting life in the woods of modern Hawaii as enjoyed by the young people of this land of flowers and song, was given.

The official visit ended on May 20. Some of the visitors left on May 19 and some on May 20. A few went on to the Philippines, and some to China and Japan. Had the visitors been leaving relatives or lifelong friends, they could not have been given a more demonstrative farewell than that of the people of Honolulu who crowded the docks as the big liners sailed away with the visitors for the mainland. Each visitor was enveloped with leis of flowers, which were gently thrown by them into the waters covering the unfortunate F-4 and its victims in the harbor. In leaving, the sentiments of the visitors were fittingly expressed by Senator Warren, who said: "Tremendous has been your hospitality. No land could extend such a welcome to any party as you have to us. No party could appreciate that courtesy and welcome more than we have. We go away with pleasant memories of Hawaii, your people, your natural beauty, your industries, and of the needs of the islands. We thank you all, from the territorial officials and their assistants to the smallest of the school children, who welcomed us with the Stars and Stripes. We love you, Honolulu."

During their two weeks' stay in Hawaii, the members of the Congressional party learned that Hawaii has undergone many changes, politically and socially, since the first New England missionaries located at Honolulu, nearly a hundred years ago, but that the most important changes have taken place since 1898, the year when the Hawaiian Islands were annexed and became a full-fledged territory of the United States. The little kingdom succumbed to the law of destiny in 1893, when the reigning queen was deposed and a republic set up. The old cabinets of prime ministers and ministers of bureaus disappeared, and in their places were appointed heads of departments. All the romance of government disappeared with the furling of the old Hawaiian flag and the raising of the Stars and Stripes.

But, as the Congressional visitors learned, the old moonlit nights still remain; the same incomparable climate still enthralls, and the tinkle and strum of the ukelele and guitar are heard beneath the cocoanut palms as the native Hawaiians sob their ear-haunting melodies.

Of all the old regime there remains now only the deposed queen, Liliuokalani, living out the eventide of an eventful life in Washington Place, the home of her late husband, the Prince Consort; a house filled with relics of the days of royalty; reminders of the days when King Kalakaua was the merry monarch, and of the two brief years when the queen reigned—years of trouble. Today, however, the queen is honored in Washington Place and elsewhere as though she sat upon the throne of old Hawaii. On Hawaiian holidays and other occasions she receives in semi-royal state. When the members of the Congressional party called upon her to pay their respects, they were ushered into her drawing room by the same officer who officiated when she was in the palace; the introductions were made by the same courteous gentleman who officiated as chamberlain during her reign, and her attendants were the same women who waited upon her in the brilliant days of the monarchy.

FUTURE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES

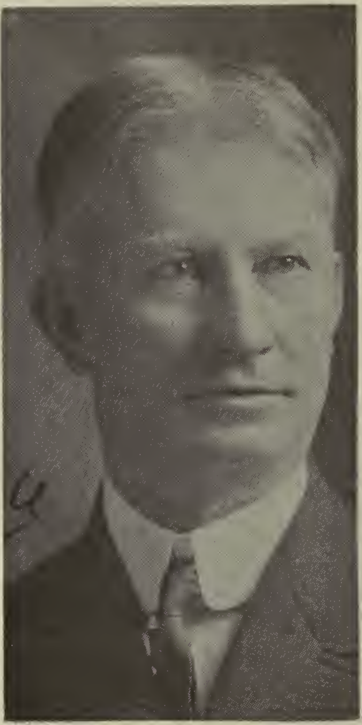
With the change of the government and the setting up of a republic, the President of the republic, Hon. Sanford B. Dole, now one of the Federal judges of the district, became the arbiter of official social life in Hawaii. His wife was the social hostess; around the President and his official family were grouped the descendants of the early missionaires, New Englanders mainly, whose culture, educational and religious training have brought Hawaii to a high state of civilization.

The social code of Honolulu is yet strict, and formality demands a regard for the rules that have been found necessary for the common good of society everywhere. While the stranger must needs yield reference to entitle him to entry into the conservative circle of social Honolulu, he is not held aloof, and every opportunity is given him to mingle on equal terms with the residents. The outdoor life favors such mingling; the life around the hotels, the sea beaches, the homes with wide-open porches, or "lanais," as the islanders term them; the city and country clubs; the army posts, all tend to bring the stranger and visitor into the midst of the social life of the capital.

There is much in Honolulu to give charm to luncheons, dinners and garden parties. The pleasant lanai, cool and airy, looking out into an enchanting garden; the wealth of flowers and ferns with which the table may be dressed; the palms and orchids with which the house may be decorated—all are possibilities in Honolulu, to be realized at slight cost and little trouble.

The garden party dinner served on the

lanai; moonlight motor trips; dances at the beautiful Country Club; launch trips to Pearl Harbor, where the great Naval Station is being constructed; dances and dinner parties at the army posts, all combine to make a round of festivities of which Honolulu seems never to lack. isolated as Honolulu is geographically, its society, otherwise, is in close touch with the great world, and is in no sense insular. It is ready to do its part with credit to the distinguished visitors whom it may receive, as the Congressional visitors learned to their complete satisfaction.



J. A. BRECKONS

As the Hawaiian Islands are full legal territory of the United States and have been since 1898, they have developed rapidly along agricultural lines, with the result that exports of sugar amount to over $50,000,000 a year, while pineapples, coffee, sisal and other products aggregate several million more.

Sugar, like cotton in the South, is the king crop of the Islands. All other lines of business in the Islands hinge to a great degree upon the success or failure of the sugar industry and, therefore, the question of retaining a tariff duty on sugar is an absorbing one in Hawaii. There are fifty-two plantations producing sugar in the islands, with upwards of ten thousand stockholders. The production last year was 617,038 tons and the area under cultivation 221,654 acres. The reported cost of production in 1914 was $53.65 per ton. On account of the coastwise shipping laws, the entire crop of Hawaiian sugar is marketed in vessels flying the American flag and owned and operated by American capital. The freight from Hawaii to New York ports is $8.50 per ton. Up to the opening of the Panama Canal, it was $9.50. Cuba, the chief competitor of Hawaii in the sugar business, markets its product in the United States in vessels flying any flag and at a cost of but $2.25 per ton.

The aggregate capitalization of forty-four of the plantations, reporting figures, is $75,410,184; the assessed value, $71,442,656, on which for 1914 territorial and federal taxes were paid, aggregating $1,503,029. Dividends have been falling off during the past two years. In 1912 the forty-four plantations reporting paid dividends averaging 13.75 per cent; in 1913, 5.7 per cent; and in 1914, 9.11 per cent. The outbreak of the European war checked a serious slump in the industry and prevented a number of plantations from either closing or greatly curtailing their operations. When war was declared, sugar jumped up practically forty dollars a ton over night, and 1915 will show increased dividends over the past three years.

If the present tariff law remains unchanged and the present duty of twenty dollars a ton is removed from sugar next year, the Hawaiian growers anticipate, when normal world conditions are resumed, that they will receive approximately fifty-one dollars per ton for sugar, for which the average cost of production, exclusive of expenditures for betterments, income taxes, or interest on investments, will be about fifty-seven dollars per ton. Under these conditions about twelve plantations, having unusual climatic and physical advantages, will be enabled to continue in business, while some forty, not so favorably situated, will be obliged to discontinue. The fifty-two plantations at present employ 25,563 unskilled day laborers and 17,689 contractors and planters. The laborers average twenty-six dollars per month, and the contractors and planters, who work under the bonus plan, make from thirty to sixty dollars per month. All receive housing, water, fuel and medical care free of charge. Of the employes, 23,790 are Japanese; 2,224, Chinese; 3,545, Portuguese; and the remainder Spanish, Porto Ricans, Hawaiians, Koreans and Russians. Only 624 Americans are employed as laborers, and it has long since been demonstrated that work in the cane fields is not in the least attractive to white labor.

"UNCLE JOE" CANNON IN ACTION

Naturally the people of Hawaii, regardless of their political beliefs, are apprehensive concerning what is in store for them should the present tariff law remain unchanged and sugar go on the free list next year, and the visiting legislators were shown every phase of the industry.

With the opening of the Panama Canal, the Hawaiian Islands are now in the direct path of steamship lines running from the Atlantic Coast to the Far East. In anticipation of the Canal and other traffic, the harbors have been enlarged, new wharves built, a floating dry dock installed, breakwaters built, modern freight and coal handling apparatus provided and fuel oil depots established. Communication with the outside world is amply provided for by the establishment near Honolulu of a million-dollar station of the Marconi Wireless Company, which now has direct connection with the American mainland and is in process of extension to the Philippines and Japan. The Federal Wireless Company operates between the Hawaiian Islands and California, while each of the islands is connected to the others with an inter-island wireless system. The Commercial Pacific Cable connects Hawaii with all parts of the world. Five steamship companies operate modern steamships which connect Hawaii with New York, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver, Pago Pago, Sydney, Auckland, Yokohama, Hongkong, and Manila.

The electric street car system in Honolulu is up-to-date; the hotels are palatial, splendidly appointed, one of them being a $2,000,000 building. Honolulu has over two thousand automobiles, and every island has a splendid system of automobile roads. On the island of Oahu there are five army posts and forts containing eight thousand soldiers, representing all branches of military service. Pearl Harbor Naval station is being completed as the most important naval base of the United States in the Pacific.

The Hawaiian Islands are a winter and summer tourist resort for practically every month in the year is the month of May. While the mainland is shivering in the winter, Hawaii is warm; while it is burning up in the summer, Hawaii is cool. The famous Waikiki surf is never without swimmers, be it December or June.

Mark Twain said that the Hawaiian Islands were "the loveliest fleet of islands anchored in any ocean." Bob Burdette, in a letter to a mainland friend, wrote: "The climate of Honolulu, soft and fragrant, just 'mothered' me through my convalescence."

The Congressional party found Hawaii to be the land of Aloha, the land of welcome; the land of flowers; the land of good-fellowship and hospitality, and, undoubtedly, when the affairs of the Territory come before Congress, they will be given at least kindly consideration by the Senators and Representatives who visited the islands.

# REVERSION TO TYPE

### *By* RUSSELL KELSO CARTER

THE scientific breeder knows full well
That, always and forever, "blood will tell";
What's bred within the bone comes out in flesh:
Hence, by "selection," he would fain enmesh
The stronger qualities and thus secure
Survival of the fittest to endure.
But, ever and anon, in spite of all
His skill, in spite of education's thrall,
Instead of fruit, this evolution ripe,
*Reverts to type.*

What is this type? Can finest *kultur* hide
The seed of WAR, born of colossal Pride?
What depth of stain is this within the blood,
That hovers, shark-like, 'neath the shrouding flood?
Women and children whelmed beneath the wave!
Non-combatants! but not a hand to save!
Sneak! Strike! Sink! Slink! Assassin of the deep!
While earth's great nations stop to choke and weep.

The "intellectual masters" of the age
Become the master criminals, and engage
To beat the savage and outstrip the brute
In their own savagery and brutish loot.
The Lusitania Pirates of today
Make Captain Kidd seem but a boy at play,
While Nero's harp sounds forth quite like a psalm,
And Torquemada, kneeling, yields the palm.

Brothers of every clime! endure no more
This monstrous Moloch of perpetual WAR.
Awake! ye Nations! who would slaves release,
And build a world-wide armament of Peace.

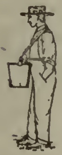
# Wonders of Today

## A Story of New and Notable Inventions

AN innocent-looking door-knob, which ordinarily is "as quiet as a mouse," has been invented by William Kriz of St. Louis, Missouri. When "unlimbered," so to speak, it will greet the sneak thief or burglar with a rapid-fire volley of alarms, which will effectually discourage the intruder, and will call up the family to investigate.

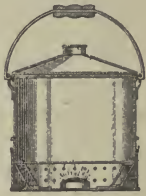
* * *

"SO-O BOSS," "So-o Moolly," the old farmers used to say as with pail and milking stool in hand, they gingerly approached the cranky cow of the little herd, and resting the pail on the ground, waited anxiously lest a hind foot should upset the pail or be planted in its foaming contents. James Willson of Portersville, California, supports his pail by belts around the neck and waist, too high for the average cow to reach it. Although we fear some cows we have known would get at even his invention.



* * *

THE women of America are well cared for by inventors, and John J. Duket of Toledo, Ohio, although no "pan-handler," contributes to their convenience a combined pan-handle and pan-lifter; a kind of pair of pinchers which grips the side of a pan firmly, or which can be opened widely and becomes a bail whose hooked ends engage the rims of a pan and serve to lift it like a pail or stew-pan.

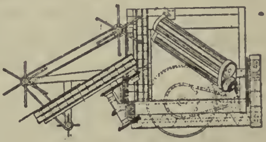


* * *

A COMBINED dinner pail and lamp-stove attachment which can be carried anywhere and warms up its own contents, when desired, has been patented by Charles V. Brokenicky and Robinson W. Kennedy of Blue Rapids, Kansas, and appears to be strong, convenient and effective for its intended purpose.

* * *

LARGER demand for flax fiber has inspired inventors to design machines to remove the seed without injuring the stalks. Nelson E. Funk of Montclair, New Jersey, and Louis P. Whitaker of New York have patented a machine which harvests the flax, griping the plants near the roots and combing out the seed without pulling up the plants which can afterwards be pulled by a machine made by the same inventors.



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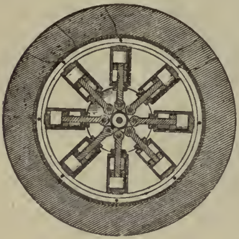
THE chemical production of caoutchouc or India rubber from isoprene, an oily hydro carbon distilled from impure rubber or gutta-percha, is one of the causes of the increased production of pure rubber which in spite of an immensely increased use has cut down the price of fine rubber nearly fifty per cent. Arthur Heinemann, South Kensington, London, England, has secured a patent for his process in this country.



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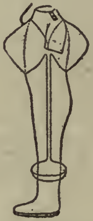
THE constant accidents to inflated tires have stimulated John A. Borland of Cincinnati to secure the elasticity of the inflated type, by forming the spokes of air-cylinders, whose pistons play against compressed air, and support a sectional rim with a solid rubber tire, which combine to give sufficiently, without permanently flattening the tire.

* * *

EVERY man his own lifeboat" seems to be the motto of Paul Simon of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, whose union suit of seamless rubber with thick soles, leaves only the head, neck and part of the arms exposed, and is fitted with airtight pockets on the breast and back and beneath the knees, all connected by air tubing and inflated by a feed-tube located on the front pocket which is shaped narrowest at the front, and inflated by the wearer as needed. It would seem that a man thus protected could survive the sinking of a vessel for twenty-four hours or more at least in fairly moderate weather.



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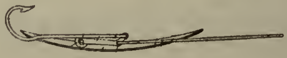
IT may interest some readers to know that Heinrich Jordan and Wilhelm Neelmeier of Leverkusen, near Cologne, Germany, have assigned to the Synthetic Patents Company of New York City their patent for a dye "devised from an amino-ben-zoylamino compound and an amino-arylpyra-zolone, being yellow azo colors which are rendered fast to washing by after-treatment with formaldehyde; yielding upon reduction an aminobenzoylamino compound and a four-aminopyrazolone, etc. It is further stated, to make the matter clear and simple to possible infringers, that "the new dye being derived from dipara - aminobenzoyl - para - aminophenylurea-disulfonic acid, and one-meta-aminophenyl-three-methyl - five - pyrazolone, etc." Shades of Bombastes Paracelsus, was the jargon of the most incomprehensible magister of the past equal to this.

* * *

A TARGET having the usual center and concentric rings, is so constructed that the marksman's bullet ignites a colored fire at the point of impact, showing the rifleman the place and value of his hit, and making it unnecessary to keep a marker at the target.

* * *

A FISHHOOK, which when baited and "set" for fishing can be released and driven by a powerful spring against a strong lever, thus securing the fish from escaping, is the invention of Cass A. Wymore, Long Beach, California.



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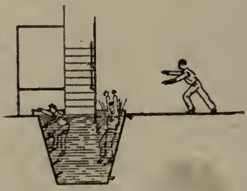
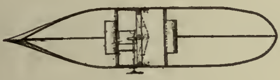
AN emergency exit whereby members of a crew or passengers can pass from a compartment filling with gases or hot steam without letting the gases escape into the other compartments, patented by Ernest H. Peabody and Walter B. Tardy of New York City, consists of a tank filled with water to a part above the bow of a part of the parti-wall into which a man can drop, duck his head under the partition and emerge in safety on the other side.

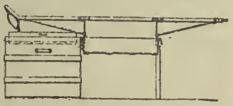


THE invention of a toy war-boat which at the impact of a toy torpedo opens a joint amidship and sinks when the water pours in, has been designed by Walter Huth of Chicago, and will please the small boy.



* * *

CONTAINING light but strong fixtures, forming a folding bed, a trunk, patented by Loui Roswall of Elmsford, New York, will enable any traveler to carry his board and lodging with him and be able to keep comfortable under almost any untoward conditions of "entertainment for man and beast."



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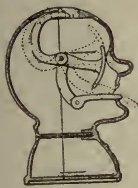
A TINY flashlight contained in a tube under the barrel of a revolver, and fed by a dry battery in the lower part of the pistol-butt not only enables the marksman to see his enemy in the dark, but practically takes aim for him. "There's no encouragement for an honest burglar nowadays" seems to be the natural conclusion when such inventions multiply.

* * *

TOY banks in the shape of a human head with the eye sockets and mouth open have been devised by John W. Schmitt of New York. When operated by the insertion of a coin it opens, closes and rolls its eyes and protrudes and withdraws its tongue to the great delight or affright of the childish beholder.



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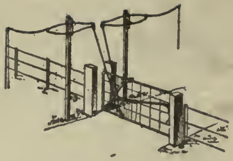
REALIZING that it "is not good for man to be alone" with a skittish horse, and farm gates to open and shut, Zachariah F. Jones of Scottsville, Virginia, has invented the gate illustrated herewith, which, bearing on trunnions at the bar and kept in line by suitable guides, can be raised or lowered by levers operated when some feet from the gate. This gate, "if all be good that is upcome," as the Scotch say, ought to promote "sweetness and light" and discourage profanity in the farming districts by removing a cause for discomfort.



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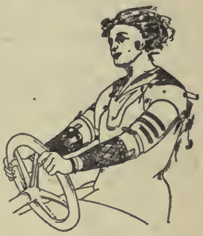
THE old time "husking bee" was a jolly occasion, but is "too slow" for a farmer who has some hundreds of acres of "golden corn" to harvest and husk. Therefore, Reimar Schmidt of Appleton, Wisconsin, has invented a corn-husking machine, which by a multiplicity of pairs of husking rolls and suitable feeding and removing gear disrobes a host of corn-ears in short order.

* * *

FAIR drivers of automobiles will be interested in the detachable sleeve patented by Perry John Nichols of Walsenburg, Colorado, and the rubber wristlets and armlets used therewith and evidently adding to the charms as well as the convenience of the spirited driver.



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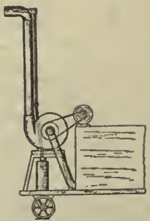
A FIRE extinguisher for use against burning benzine, kerosene, alcohol, etc., which cannot be extinguished by water owing to their flotation on the same, consists of a wheeled receptacle of powdered material which is blown upon the surface of the blazing liquid and smothers the flames. The inventor is John G. Fagan of San Diego, California.



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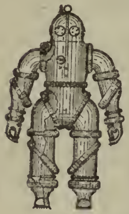
"THAT suit cost me the life of my best diver last week," said a wrecking-boss sorrowful as he pointed to a great seamless rubber suit, split up the back by a long fissure. The submarine armor hitherto used by the diver is chiefly a rubber suit, which is distended by powerful air pumps both to supply air to the lungs and protect the body against the water pressure which averages fifteen pounds to the square inch, to every thirty-two feet in depth. Many a man has felt the tough envelope give way and been almost instantly crushed to death by the enormous pressure which in the case of those unfortunates carried down in the Lusitania must have reached nearly three hundred pounds to the square inch. Harry L. Bowdoin of Bayonne, New Jersey, has patented a metallic armor to protect the rubber air bag and enable the diver to attain lower depths in greater safety. It seems unlikely that any denizens of the deep will care to attack an intruder thus arrayed.



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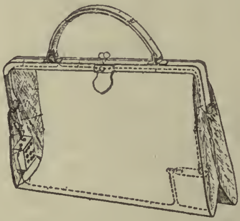
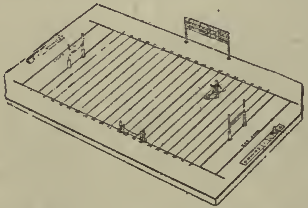


A HAND-BAG containing an alarm which, when set down by the owner, can be so arranged that a sneak-thief at once notifies the world generally that it is being carried away, has been patented by Gerhard P. Helmers of Baltimore, Maryland.

* * *

FOOTBALL for the parlor or playroom is offered the boys and girls of today by Herman L. Wittstein of Springfield, Massachusetts, in the shape of a neat lilliputian football gridiron, with its tees and goals and a mechanical kicker that propels the ball alternately for each player and suitable rules for deciding the points of the game.



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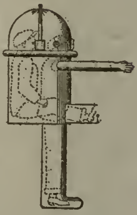
THERE are others" in addition to those devices for saving life at sea, besides the comparatively feeble and simple provisions required by law, and invariably given by the German "chivalry of the sea" too little time for effective utilization. A life preserving buoy in which a man can sit comfortable and be secure from cold or wet has been invented by Olaus B. Felland of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.



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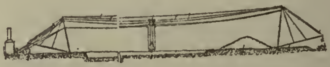
A CONVEYER or transportation device, consisting of two derricks on opposite ends of the route, having long booms so connected with each other and the operating power at one end that the receiving point at either end can always be adjusted so that the conveying cable forms a down grade from the other, has been designed by John A. Thornton of McDonoghville, Louisiana.



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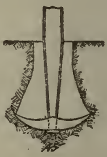
A DIAMOND-SHAPED metallic anchorage-plate for a post or pillar, with a slit which allows it to be passed to the bottom of the post-hole and then set crosswise to be held down by the earth thrown in upon it, is the invention of George Hutchinson of Masterton, New Zealand. It is designed for use in sections where large areas are fenced to hold great herds of cattle and horses.



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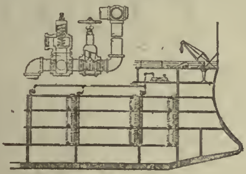
WHEN pumps are used to expel the sea-water which rushes in at a leak the general effect is to steadily increase the leakage. Where the water can be expelled by accumulating air pressure. whatever gain in expelling water is made is held and somewhat increased. This principle, long applied in tunnels and caissons, where tremendous pressure from without is overcome, is applied to the construction of ships by the inventions of William Wallace Wotherspoon of New York City, which not only distributes air pressure to the injured compartments but to the surrounding compartments to enable them to support each other. By this means, where the engine of a ship or auxilliary engines can be brought into play, an otherwise fatal injury can be overcome and the vessel saved.



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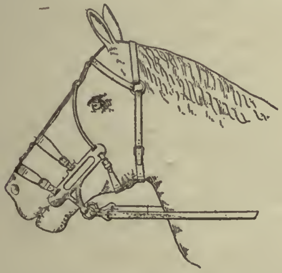
A MONOGRAM plate and safety device combined, to be affixed to one's pocket-book, fastens the pocket-book to the cloth of the pocket by means of hooks, which are easily disengaged by proper manipulation of the plate, patented by Victor O. Burdell of Alameda, California.

* * *

BITLESS bridles have long been desired by all humane men who realize how very low temperatures torture the mouths and teeth of horses, but thus far no reliable substitute has been generally accepted. Jeusinius C. Klabo of Duluth, Minnesota, has invented a bridle which governs the horse by means of two plates of iron securely strapped along the dividing line of the lips and teeth. It looks strong, simple and effective as well as humane and should be well appreciated in Minnesota.



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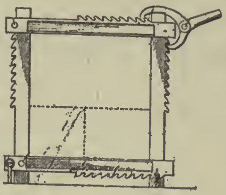
WASTE in dividing blocks of ice by means of the ice-axe is a much more serious source of loss than one would think. John A. Wooton of Fort Meade, Florida, attempts to obviate this waste by a frame of sharply-edged steel bars which by the pressure of a powerful lever penetrates and divides the ice-cakes.



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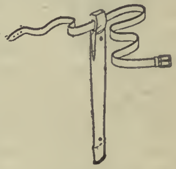
AN axe carried by passing the waist belt through its eye and sheathing its blade in the handle, which can be promptly fitted to the head when needed has been invented by Louis Lang of Detroit, Michigan, to obviate the inconvenience of carrying the ordinary hatchet. A longer helve can be carried and the axe hangs at the side as handily as a short straight sword.



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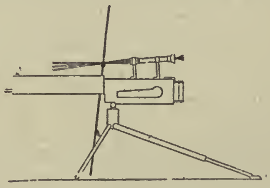
A TELESCOPE sight with protection shield for quick-firing guns was patented last year by Heinrich Jacob of Steglitz, near Berlin, Germany, and has probably been pretty severely tested since that date. The telescope is mounted on the gun, but is set sufficiently back from its aperture in the shield to protect itself from being broken by the vibration or shock produced by rifle-bullets striking the shield.



# Arbor Day Tree Planting

## A Naturefest with the Poets

by

## Hannah Warner

One impulse from a vernal wood
  May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
  Than all the sages can.
—*Wordsworth.*

WHILE the warring nations of Europe, with hideous energy, are sowing death and desolation broadcast, over half a continent on the other side of the Atlantic, Nature stands appalled in the presence of her devastated fields, and powerless to avert an increasing harvest of famine and misery.

Meanwhile we, as a nation, may well rejoice and be thankful for the blessings of peace and the privilege of working hand in hand with Mother Nature, whose silent forces are busy rewarding and waiting to reward the labors of the husbandman, and making glad the waste places.

All over our land, in almost every State in the Union, the tree planting movement has crystallized into a practical and enthusiastic observance of Arbor Day by the school boys and girls, encouraged and directed by the well-equipped departments of the National and State government institutions.

Between the varying dates set apart for observance as Arbor Day, millions of young trees will have been transplanted from nurseries, forests and agricultural stations to adorn the lawns, gardens, streets and waysides, and to be watched over and nurtured while developing their natural grace, beauty and use.

It is only a little more than forty years since the first practical movement toward the setting apart of some special day for tree planting was made by Hon. J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska, who succeeded in having an order passed by the State Board of Agriculture designating the tenth day of April, 1872, to be set apart and consecrated to that purpose in the State of Nebraska, and henceforward to be known as Arbor Day. Premiums were offered to agricultural societies and individuals who should plant the greatest number of trees, and as a result of the enthusiasm created, over one million trees were planted on that memorable day.

Twelve years later the date was changed to April 22 in honor of Mr. Morton's birthday, and made a State holiday. The first states to follow the example of Nebraska were Kansas and Tennessee in 1875; the next year came Minnesota, and later Ohio, West Virginia, Wisconsin, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts, gradually followed by all the states in the Union, with the exception of a few of the Southern states.

The world owes to Europe the idea of forest conservation, and the development of the science and art of forestry. In recent years a great impetus has been given to this movement in this country by both National and State legislation, providing organized and scientific management; but that is another and kindred subject which cannot be embraced in this article.

It is a good omen of the present and for future generations that tree planting has become an annual feature of interest and enthusiasm to the boys and girls, as well as their elders, in almost every school district, and is frequently associated with novel and entertaining literary exercises drawn from Nature and her poet interpreters. The late Moncure D. Conway emphasized this sentiment in a letter from which we quote:

"It is a great pleasure to think of the young people assembling to celebrate the planting of trees and connecting them with the names of authors—the farther and higher products of our Mother Nature—and no truer monument of them can exist than beautiful trees. Our word "book" is from the Beach tablets on which men used to write. Our word "Bible" is from the Greek for the bark of a tree; our word "paper" is from the tree papyrus, the tree which Emerson found the most interesting tree he saw in Sicily; our word "library" is from the Latin *liber*, the bark of a tree.

Thus literature is traceable in the growth of trees and was originally written on leaves and wooden tablets. A grateful posterity will appreciate this idea as well, while it enjoys the shade and beauty which the schools are perpetuating for the generations to come."

In this connection the following brief quotations from the poets, have been selected in the hope of inspiring a closer fellowship with these, and many other lovers and interpreters of Nature, now easily accessible in the public libraries, if not in all the homes of today.

## AMONG THE TREES WITH THE POETS

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it.

—"As You Like It," *Shakespeare.*

### OUR BROTHERS

We trees are your brothers; O children of men have a care,
That you war not upon us—we who are pledged unto peace;
Behold, every blow, every ill that for us ye prepare,
Rebounds to your scath, though the years, to your sorrow increase.
And well, oh ye children of men, if a day we decree,
When the youngest among you, whose flower and whose hope are at Spring,
Shall kneel on the sod, with tender hands planting a tree,
A deed that shall grow with the years, and the annual ring.

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

### A NEW "AMERICA"

Plant trees by the stream and way,
Plant them where children play
And toilers rest;
In every verdant vale
In every sunny swale;
Whether it grow or fail,
God knoweth best.

—*Samuel F. Smith.*

### MAPLE

That was a day of delight and wonder,
While lying the shade of the maple trees under
He felt the soft breeze at its frolicsome play;
He smelled the sweet odor of newly mown hay,
Of wilding blossoms in meadow and wood,
And flowers in the garden that orderly stood;
He drank of the milk foaming fresh from the cow,
He ate the ripe apple just pulled from the bough;
And lifted his hand to where hung in his reach,
All laden with honey, the ruddy-cheeked peach;
Beside him the blackberries juicy and fresh;
Before him the melon with odorous flesh;
There he had all for his use or vision,
All that the wishes of mortal could seize—
There where he lay in a country elysian,
Happily, dreamily,
Under the trees.

—*Thomas Dunn, English.*

### TREE JOYANCE

The birch-tree swang her fragrant hair,
The bramble cast her berry.
The gin within the juniper
Began to make him merry.
The poplars, in long order due,
With cypress promenaded,
The shock-head willows two and two
By rivers gallopaded.

—"Amphion," *Tennyson.*

### THE LORDLY PINE

Various the trees and passing foliage here,—
Wild pear, and oak, and dusky juniper,
While briony between in trails of white,
And ivy, and the suckle's streaky light,
And moss, warm gleaming with a sudden mark
Like growths of sunshine left upon the bark;
And still the pine, flat-topp'd, and dark, and tall,
In lordly right predominant o'er all.

—"In a Pine Forest," *Leigh Hunt.*

## PLANT A TREE

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant; life does the rest?
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

## THE HEMLOCK TREE

O Hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!
Green not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches.

—*Longfellow, from the German.*

## AMONG THE TREES

Ye that my hands have planted, or have spared,
Beside the way, or in the orchard-ground,
Or in the open meadow, ye whose boughs
With every summer spread a wider shade,
Whose herd in coming years shall lie at rest
Beneath your noontide shelter? who shall pluck
Your ripened fruit? who grave, as was the wont
Of simple pastoral ages, on the rind
Of my smooth beeches, some beloved name?
Idly I ask, yet may the eyes that look
Upon you, in your later, nobler growth,
Look also on a nobler age than ours;
An age when, in the eternal strife between
Evil and Good, the Power of Good shall win
A grander mastery.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

## THE HEART OF A TREE

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants the friend of sun and sky;
He plants the flag of breezes free;
The shaft of beauty towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh,
For song and mother-croon of bird
In hushed and happy twilight heard—
The treble of heaven's harmony—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty
And far-cast thought of civic good—
His blessings on the neighborhood,
Who in the hollow of His hand,
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

—*Henry Cuyler Bunner.*

## IN PRAISE OF TREES

And forth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemed in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp Elme; the Poplar never dry;
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all;
The Aspine good for staves; the Cypresse funerall.

The Laurell, meed of mightie conquerors
And poets sage; the Firre that weepeth still;
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours;
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The Birch, for shafts; the Sallow for the mill;
The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing ill;
The fruitful Olive; and the Platane round;
The carver Holme; the Maple seldom inward sound.

—"FAERIE QUEENE," *Spenser.*

## THE BIRCH TREE

Rippling through thy branches goes the sunshine,
Among thy leaves that palpitate forever;
Ovid in thee a pining nymph had prisoned,
The soul once of some tremulous inland river,
Quivering to tell her woe, but, ah! dumb, dumb forever!

Thou art the go-between of rustic lovers;
Thy white bark has their secrets in its keeping;
Reuben writes here the happy name of Patience,
And thy lithe boughs hang murmuring and weeping
Above her as she steals the mystery from thy keeping.

Thou art to me like my beloved maiden,
So frankly coy, so full of trembly confidences;
Thy shadow scarce seems shade, thy pattering leaflets
Sprinkle their gathered sunshine o'er my senses,
And nature gives me all her summer confidences.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

## THE BRAVE OLD OAK

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his crown, when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the forest fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.
Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And flourishes he, a hale green tree
When a hundred years are gone.

—*Anonymous.*

## FRIENDS AND LOVERS

My good friends and lovers,
The beckoning trees,
Entice my fleet courser
The wandering breeze.

The oak and the chestnut, the hemlock and pine,
They civilly greet me, and ask me to dine.
The stalwart, the fruitful, the changeless, austere,—
Their grandeur and triumphs I note and revere;
I marvel and bow to these monarchs, and own
Their sovereignty here, where virtues enthrone.

Oak, chestnut and hemlock
And towering pine,—
Their virtues abash me,
Though good friends of mine.

The birches, the elms and the maples, that grow
By waysides, salute me, and freely bestow
Their greetings, as tender as love half-afraid,
Their gracious upliftings, their peace-breathing shade;
My heart owes allegiance, my soul on its knees
Finds solace, communing with graces like these.

Elms, birches and maples
Are lovers of mine;
They woo me, and soothe me,
With graces divine.

—*John Howard Jewett.*

## HAIL TO THE ELM

Hail to the Elm! the brave old elm,
Our last lone forest tree,
Whose limbs outstand the lightning's brand,
For a brave old elm is he.

For fifteen score of full-told years,
He has borne his leafy prime,
Yet he holds him well, and loves to tell
His tale of the olden time.

Then hail to the elm! the green-topped elm,
And long may his branches wave;
For a relic is he of the gnarled old tree,
Of the times of the good and the brave.

—*N. S. Dodge.*

## THE TULIP TREE

On the hills he standeth as a tower,
Shining in the morn, the tulip tree!
On his rounded turrets beats the shower,
While his emerald flags are flapping free;
But when summer, 'mid her harvests standing,
Pours to him the sun's unmingled wine,
O'er his branches, all at once expanding,
How the starry blossoms shine!

Yet, why cloud the rapture and the glory
Of the beautiful, bequeathed us now?
Why relinquish all the summer's story,
Calling up the bleak autumnal bough?
Let thy blossoms in the morning brighten,
Happy heart, as doth the tulip tree,
While the daisy snows around us whiten,
Drifted down the sloping lea.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

## THE FIR TREE

Hark, hark! What does the Fir tree say?
Standing still all night, all day—
Never a moan from over his way,
Green through all the winter's gray—
What does the steadfast Fir tree say?

Creak, creak! Listen! "Be firm, be true,
The winter's frost and the summer's dew
Are all in God's time, and all for you.
Only live your life, and your duty do,
And be brave, and strong, steadfast and true

—*Luella Clarke.*

## THE TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forespent, forespent.
Into the woods my Master came
Forespent with love and shame.
But the olives were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went
And he was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came
Content with death and shame.
From under the trees they drew him last
'Twas on a tree they slew him last,
When out of the woods he came.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

## A QUESTION

Who does his duty is a question
Too complex to be solved by me;
But he—I venture the suggestion—
Does part of his that plants a tree.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

# The Progress of the World's War

*(Continued)*

SUNDAY, May 16: The British in northern France stormed nearly two miles of German trenches near La Bassee. The fighting for the week in this section had been more than usually persistent, especially on the 10th and 11th, when a tremendous artillery fire was followed by the expulsion of clouds of what appears to have been chlorine gas, as it bleached the grass and even the sandbags of the defenses. After this was supposed to have slain or paralyzed the defenders, the Germans charged, but were repulsed with heavy loss, the English having neutralized the effects of the new gas-poisoning process. Still the losses of the English for the week at all hostile points have been reported at four hundred officers and two thousand men and marines.

MONDAY, May 17: A Zeppelin airship with a crew of sixty men was reported attacked near Brussels by twenty-seven aeroplanes, which successfully ascended to advantageous heights above her, and in spite of her machine guns, brought her to the earth with her crew, all of whom perished. Two aeroplanes were also destroyed in the encounter. The Russian Black Sea fleet reports the destruction of four steamers, twenty sailing vessels and two tugs, convoyed by the German ironclad Goeben, which, after some firing, withdrew in a crippled condition.

TUESDAY, May 18: The Austro-German armies in Galicia had crossed the River San and forced the Russian armies back along two hundred miles of frontier to escape capture. In the west, in Belgium, the Germans were driven back across the Yser. Lord Kitchener, the British secretary of war, called for three hundred thousand more men to strengthen existing forces.

WEDNESDAY, May 19: Premier Asquith announced in the British House of Commons that the Liberal ministry would be reorganized. The reverses of the Russians along the eastern boundaries of Poland in Russia continued to excite apprehension of the final occupation of Warsaw.

THURSDAY, May 20: The Italian Chamber of Deputies voted (707 to 74) to grant Minister Salandra's appropriations "to meet the eventual expenditures of a national war." The issuance of a Green Book by the Italian Premier disclosed that in 1814 Italy protested against the Servian ultimatum of Austria, as an infraction of the agreements of the Triple Alliance, but Austria declined to concede anything to her ally. Later the Austrians sought to impose the following conditions: "Benevolent, economical and political neutrality during the war. Freedom of action for Austria in the Balkans; a continuation of the agreement as to Italy's privileges in Albania; but no further compensation to Italy. Later a moderate concession of lands formerly Italian in the Lake Garda district was offered by Austria. Italy then demanded the cession of portions of Friuliand, the Consolari Islands; the consolidation of Trieste Istria and Pisan into an independent state; the ratification of Italy's occupation of Avlona, Albania, and her absolute freedom of action in that province. These concessions were refused, and Italy retired from the Triple Alliance, in which it was evident that only the old Austrian presumption and neglect awaited her.

Friday, May 21: On May 21 the Roman Senate, by a vote of 262 to 2, passed the bill presented by Prince Colonna, Mayor of Rome, giving plenary powers to the government to deal with the failure of Austria to accede to the Italian demands. Prince Colonna said that in the name of the Italian people he asked the King and Parliament through a just war to deliver their oppressed brothers of the unredeemed Italian provinces still held by Austria since 1811. Canada had notified the United States postal authorities that a war impost of one cent had been imposed on each letter and postal card mailed at the two-cent rate. The department ordered frontier postoffices not to accept mail posted by Canadians for Canadian points with the evident intention of evading this tax. Sixty thousand mountaineers of the Tyrolean Alps are said to be entrusted with the duty of guarding the passes into Lombardy, while the main army moves on Trieste and the desired territory surrounding the head-waters of the Adriatic. It was declared that Servia had recovered from the exhaustion of her expulsion of the Austrians and were about to take the field for a fresh invasion of Austria. Switzerland advices stated that German submarines had been ordered to halt all unarmed vessels and to give passengers and crew an apportunity to take to the boats before destroying them.

Saturday, May 22: Governor-General Von Hissing, German ruler of Belgium, reports the revenue for the year at $35,031,306, and the expenditures at $39,631,906, a deficit of $4,600,000, which he says must be made up later. Much feeling has been manifested in London over an attack on General Kitchener, for his failure to appreciate the need of high explosive shells for use against the deep trenches and wire entanglements which must be destroyed before shrapnel and rifle fire can be of any use. The English, as well as the Russians, it is claimed, have failed to appreciate fully the superiority of the German artillery in this regard, and have lost many men by adhering to the conventional tactics, so greatly made obsolete in this world-war. An actual shortage of cartridges for infantry service is alleged, the consumption having much exceeded all previous records.

Sunday, May 23: A Berlin journal thus announces the beginning of war with Italy:

"The Italian government today (Sunday) caused to be declared through the ambassador to the Austro-Hungarian government, the Duke of Avarna, that Italy considered herself in a state of war with Austria-Hungary.

"The Italian government, by this inexcusable attack against the dual monarchy, has also broken without right of or without ground her alliance with Germany.

"The loyal relationship existing conformably with the treaty between Austria-Hungary and the German Empire, and still more firmly welded by the comradeship of arms, has remained unimpaired by the defection of the third ally and his desertion to the enemies' camp.

"The German ambassador, therefore, has received instructions to leave Rome co-jointly with the Austria-Hungarian ambassador."

Germany promptly declared war on Italy and the Alpine troop of Austria attacked the Tyrolean guard of a mountain pass between Pont de Lego and Pejo, but were forced to retire. All the German and Austrian steamships and other vessels interned in Italian ports have been siezed by the Italian government to an estimated value of twelve million dollars. In case of war with the United States, like seizures would confiscate sea-going vessels to the value of at least one hundred millions of dollars, and supply all necessary transportation.

Monday, May 24: In view of the extraordinary demands made by Japan on the Republic of China and the treaties now resulting therefrom, the United States sent to the two governments the following note:

"In view of the circumstances of the negotiations which have taken place or which are now pending between the government of China and the government of Japan, and the agreements which have been reached as a result thereof, the government of the United States has the honor to notify the government of the Chinese republic that it cannot recognize any agreement or undertaking which has been entered into or which may be entered into between the governments of China and Japan impairing the treaty rights of the United States and its citizens in China, the political or territorial integrity of the republic of China, or the international policy of China, commonly known as the 'open door' policy."

The publication of the Italian Green Book, giving in detail the progress of the diplomatic negotiations between Austro-Hungary and Germany, reveals the fact that the arrogance of Austria in its demands on Servia and her subsequent invasion of the Balkan kingdom, in violation of her treaty with Italy, was the main cause of the rupture between the Allied countries. The Italian demands for compensation were long-neglected and finally almost insolently met with counter-stipulation, which would neither ensure peace in the Balkans or satisfaction to the Italian people, whose main purpose in joining the Alliance was to preserve the peace of Europe. Several attempts were made to convince Sonnino that Russia was about to conclude a separate peace with Austro-Germany, a pretence that undoubtedly held back Roumania from joining the enemies of the Kaiser.

TUESDAY, May 25: Austrian aeroplanes attacked Venice and two harbors, while the warships bombarded Ancona and Barletta, but no especial damage was done at either port. Italy agreed with the other powers not to sign a separate peace whatsoever the conditions might become. Germans made slight gains of outlying trenches east of Ypres, by means of gas cylinder and shells, asphyxiating the defenders. At other points, both French and English claim steady but moderate gains.

WEDNESDAY, May 26: It was estimated that four hundred thousand Italians now in this country are liable to be called to the colors, and that many more not legally called upon would certainly volunteer if needed, as the war fever was already assembling the sons of Italy before she called them to her defence. The Austro-Hungarian peoples, it was declared, have been inspired by the determination of Italy to declare war upon Allied Germany, admitting that their fleet was repulsed and a destroyer and ironclad damaged. The Austrians claim that great damage was done at Porto Corsini, Rimini, Ancona, where their steamers and some oil tanks were destroyed, and Modena, where airmen did some damage. The Italian war office announced that Buso at the head of the Adriatic had been bombarded, and troops disembarked, while land forces had captured the heights northwest of Trieste and occupied Cormona, Cervignano and Terzo. The Austro-Germans under von Mackensen reported taking six villages north of Przemysl by storm with twenty-one thousand Russian prisoners. Over three thousand Turks were buried on May 23 between the hostile armies along the Dardanelles. The Indian brigades had acted with great fidelity and gallantry, although fighting against men of their own faith. The American steamer Nebraskan was torpedoed by a German submarine without notice on the 24th. The crew took to the boats, but no further attack was made and they took the damaged vessel into port, saved by her water-tight bulkheads. Russia contracted for the manufacture of 250,000 three-inch explosion shells with the Laconia (New Hampshire) Car Company.

THURSDAY, May 27: Italian forces had penetrated the Austrian lines defending Trentino and occupied Condino. A blockade of the whole Austrian shore of the Adriatic has been established. The British iron-clad Triumph, of about twelve thousand tons, and seven hundred officers and men, was sunk by a mine or torpedo in the Dardanelles on the 25th. Both the British and French report gains on the western line, the former near Fastubut and La Bassee, and the latter at Aix-Noulette, Lorette and Neuville St. Vast. A German aeroplane raiding Paris was attacked on its return by French flyers, and brought down at Braine near Soisons. Two German aviators perished.

SATURDAY, May 29: The Italian advance occupied every mountain pass, railroad and height commanding entry into Austria from Italy, while the Austrian frontier guards in full retreat burned bridges and homes and destroyed crops, roads, stores, and everything else which might aid the invader. Indeed so precipitate was their flight, and so inefficient their defense, that measures were taken to secure this advantage gained and guard against a possible *ruse de guerre*, leading the Italians into a critical condition. German submarines have torpedoed two English and one Danish steamer and seven trawlers, or attacked others which escaped.

Count Von Revutlaw in discussing the American claims in the matter of the Lusitania massacre, says that Germany is not frightened by any threat of war on the part of the United States, according to the correspondent, and adds:

"The complete cutting off of negotiations would leave us cold. America would only be able to damage us by confiscating trading ships left in her harbors and much other German property. Further dangerous deeds of war by America against Germany are not to be feared, because they are not possible. Also we do not forget certain interior difficulties in America. That is another side of the business."

The article then argues that it is impossible to give German submarine commanders any instructions to discriminate in their actions without nullifying the whole value of the submarine warfare against England, and declares that Germany never will do that. "Germany," it says, "cannot be frightened by big words."

"The only German answer to the American note worthy of our empire," the article concludes, "is that the submarine war against British trade must be carried out by all means and without consideration. America may then do or not do what she likes. We neither care for her bluff nor her deeds."

Sunday, May 30: Belgian batteries dispersed German infantry and working parties in Northwestern Belgium. Heavy fighting along and across the River San had, on the whole, been favorable to the Russians. The French in a sharp engagement captured two German guns at Le Pretre and checked a German charge near Notre Dame de Lorette. Berlin claimed a French defeat in the Le Pretre forest, but admitted the loss of a number of trenches. The first detachment of Austrian prisoners arriving in Italy belonged for the most part to the Landsturm, and are described as "old, famished, and physically broken," evidently not the flower of Austria then engaged in Russian invasion while their own frontiers and mountain passes were easily achieved. Constantinople claimed minor successes for the Turks, bombardment of the Allied position, etc., but nothing of importance.

Monday, May 31: Vienna reports no serious operations on the San, but fighting continued north and southwest of the Przemysl front. On the Italian line, Vienna claims a repulse of Italian infantry on the Lavaronne plateau and of another northeast of Perneveggio, and minor successes on the Corinthian and Vosthal frontiers. London claims the defeat of desperate Turkish onslaughts on the Gallipoli peninsula, the Ottoman loss aggregating two thousand or more, while the British loss was not over three hundred. The French on Saturday had captured and occupied a strong redoubt and repulsed a charge made to recover it. The German attacks on the Russian lines in Galicia have been persistent in spite of tremendous losses of veteran troops, who have evidently been withdrawn from other battle-points to drive the Russians out and capture Moscow. Over four hundred men of the Lancashire Fusiliers were reported as "suffering from gas poisoning." An Italian dirigible bombarded Pola. The Austrian naval base on the Adriatic dropped bombs on the railroad station, naphtha depot and arsenal, starting a big fire in the latter.

The month of June set in with increased activity in aircraft and submarine raids on the English coast and shipping. In the eastern arena of hostilities Germany and Austria gathered their energies and bravest troops to free Galicia and break the Russian centre in Russo-Poland. The diplomatic exchanges between Germany and the United States were far from satisfactory to the American people, who became restive under the apparent disdain with which even minor nations viewed our unpreparedness for defense or military demonstration. It begins to be patent, even to the patriot who bases his views on the personal loss or profit, that may accrue from a national policy, that our almost utter neglect of up-to-date military improvement, and the resultant acceptance of humiliating conditions in our Mexican relations, argues ill for the fruition of that increase of foreign commerce, so vividly depicted as awaiting American enterprise in other lands. The hard-headed, practical business man has already made known his belief that in view of the utter lack of protection to American citizens in Mexico, and the enormous losses of men and corporations, who for years had built up legitimate business, municipal and public improvements, plantations, mining plants, etc., to the great benefit of Mexico and her people, as well as to themselves, only to see everything devastated amid outrages innumerable, there will be a long interregnum of hesitancy and distrust between the present neglect of Latin-American ventures and a real revival of the old interest in Central and South American development. Inasmuch as war-paralyzed Europe will for some time have use for all her resources at home and in her colonies, it is regrettable that our own lack of firmness and national dignity has resulted in our loss of influence abroad and enterprise at home.

Tuesday, June 1: Cruising Zeppelin dirigibles were reported near New Ramsgate, on the Kentish coast, and at several points over Greater London. Some fires were reported and four non-combatants killed and several wounded. Alternate attacks on the northern and southeastern flanks of the Russian armies in Poland had been often repulsed with great slaughter, but the Austro-German forces had, nevertheless, served up battalion on battalion to exhaust the Russian defence. In the Baltic provinces a similar invasion had thus far been far from advantageous to the Kaiser's picked troops. British steamer Dixiana from Savannah for Swansea, Wales, and the Portuguese Cyane, bound for Nieuwport, Holland, were reported sunk by submarines. The German reply to the note submitted by the United States government was considered irrelevant and irresponsive to the gist of the American contention that Germany had no right to destroy a belligerent's unarmed vessel without first giving warning and allowing the passengers time to escape the fate of the vessel. Paris reported gains at Aix-Noulette, Souchez and Neuville, but admit recapture by the Germans of trenches taken in Le Pretre forest. Germans claimed successes at same points and Zeppelin bombardment of London, and in the eastern zone the captures in May along the Niemen River of nearly thirty-two thousand Russians, seventeen cannon and fifty-eight machine guns. In the Carpathians and about Przemysl, minor successes are reported, besides the capture of Stay. The Russians claim that the use of poisonous gases aided the Germans much in paralyzing the Russian defense. The Italians report the occupation of Cortina, fifty miles northeast of Trent, and thirty-seven adjacent villages, and the capture of Monte Zugno, an Austrian mountain fortress commanding the Austrian camps of Rovereto and Mori. An Arab officer taken prisoner by the English declared that the Turkish losses on the Dardanelles had already reached forty thousand officers and men.

Wednesday, June 2: The relations between Austria and Roumania are reported as very strained, and the Roumanian forces, one million in number, are already for mobilization along a battle line of six hundred miles. The German government admits that a submarine torpedoed the Gulflight, tank steamer, but claims that it was the result of an error, which would be promptly atoned for. An official reported that the French engineers in the Arras district had since January created galleries and subterranean trenches more than twenty-six hundred yards in length, and discharged more than twenty-eight tons of high explosives. A mine near Carency destroyed barbed wire entanglements, breastworks, subterranean passages, etc., only seventy Germans being left alive of the German engineering force. In this attack and succeeding operations up to June 1, the Germans lost 2,600 killed and 3,100 prisoners, the French loss being 3,200 men killed, wounded and missing, about 2,200 of whom are only slightly wounded.

Thursday, June 3: Twenty-nine French aeroplanes bombarded the German Crown Prince's quarters, dropping one hundred and seventy-eight shells and thousands of steel darts. None of the aeroplanes were hit by the return fire. Przemysl was reoccupied by the Austro-Germans, having been held by the Russians but nineteen weeks. Most of the forts having been destroyed in the preceding siege, it was not possible to hold the city against the tremendous artillery fire of the Germans. Another British submarine passed through the Dardanelles into the Sea of Marmora and sank a German transport. The Italian general occupying the Trentino towns found the inhabitants on the verge of starvation owing to the exactions of the Austrian commissariats. That Germany continues to send out new submarines through or rather under the neutral waters of the Scheldt, without protest from Holland, which would not allow English ironclads to aid Antwerp, was generally admitted at this date.

FRIDAY, JUNE 4: Germany claimed the capture of Hooge in Belgium, and sanguinary repulse of British attack to recapture it. Also like repulses of British troops near Givenchy, of the French near Souchez, Neuville and Le Pretre, France, and the continued reverses of the Russian armies in Galicia. The French on the other hand, claim moderate gains at the same and last-named points. The Danish steamer Cyrus, with coal for Copenhagen, was torpedoed without warning on the 3d inst., likewise the Swedish steamer Lappland off Peterhead, Scotland; the Thompson liner Iona from Middlesborough, England, for Montreal; and the British steamer Inkune from New York on the early morning of the 4th, all being attacked without notice. While there is some evidence of varied successes by the French in their attempts to penetrate the German line, and by the Germans in their attempted advances toward Dunkirk, nothing decisive can be recorded in the western arena

SATURDAY, June 5: The Holland *Telegraafe* has again and again protested against the continued neutrality of the Dutch kingdom. Its latest issue very justly says that:

"It considers it to be no less than criminal that a great portion of the Dutch press refuses to acknowledge that victory for Germany means the ruin of The Netherlands as an independent people.

"For that reason alone, therefore, we have placed ourselves publicly and frankly on the side of the allies. Holland has the greatest interest in the victory of the Allies, which will make an end of the semi-despotic system of government in Prussia."

The *Telegraaf* further asks, "Is it not criminal rather to join the side of unscrupulous scoundrels, who, in misleading a noble people, have plunged it into the whirlpool of disaster?"

SUNDAY, June 6: The Turks have driven out of Cilicia the greater proportion of its Armenian population. There have also been occasional massacres of the Chrisitan inhabitants in Asia Minor and northern Armenia (Cilicia), but nothing like the horrible butcheries in and near Kurdistan. There were said to be one million British recruits awaiting equipment with modern arms in England at this date. The trades unions of England have been by no means ultra-patriotic at this crisis in British history, but have generally shown a decided intention to profit by the needs of the nation, even at the risk of crippling her naval and military operations abroad. This suggests the fact that the unions of the United States are opposed to having their members serve even in the state militia, fearing that it will be used to crush strikes and massacre strikers.

MONDAY, June 7: A Zeppelin with its crew of twenty-eight men was destroyed by bombs dropped by Lieut. Reginald A. J. Warnebord, a young Canadian, near Ghent in Flanders. Ascending in spirals to an altitude of six thousand feet, he launched six bombs on the great dirigible and sent her in flames to the earth. Nearly overwhelmed himself by the explosion, he planed to the earth, repaired his propeller, and returned in safety to Paris. It was proposed by the management of the Suez Canal Company to remove from their directorship Philip Heineker of the North German Lloyd Company. After transferring $3,740,000 to surplus, a dividend of twenty-four per cent was declared. An Italian flotilla bombarded Monfalcone, and their aeroplanes visited Pola, dropping shells with some success.

TUESDAY, June 8: The resignation of Secretary of State Bryan at this time, when the inexcusable sinking of the Lusitania and the loss of many American lives certainly called for a firm and insistent demand that Germany should refrain from her arrogant and cruel policy, was generally hailed with relief by the American press and people; who, while desiring to live peaceably with the other nations of the world, require that their representatives should not purchase peace with dishonor. The Germans claimed decisive advances to the northeast of Przemysl, in Galicia, and in the west several repulses of French attacks; and Vienna reported indifferent movements by the Italian forces and an aeroplane raid on Venice and Muano. General French reported the capture of two German aeroplanes. In the Dardanelles arena nine Allied aeroplanes bombarded Akdasch, the Turkish base in the harbor of Gallipoli, causing many casualties, and destroying storehouses and stores. German families were said to be deserting Constantinople, as the peace party was gaining head and the German influence waning.

Wednesday, June 9: Three Norwegian vessels, the steamer Trudvany, bark Superb, and brig Glittertrud were sunk by German submarines, and also the Belgian steamer Menapier, whose captain, wife, daughter, and fourteen men were drowned, only five escaping alive. The Turkish cruiser Medjidieh, sunk in the Black Sea in April, had been raised and taken to Odessa for repairs. The Italian advance had crossed the little river Isonzo in the Trieste district, and heavy artillery and infantry engagements resulted to the Austrian disadvantage on the whole. It seemed at this date that the Austrian frontiers had been poorly defended and that their reserves were far inferior to the Italians in dash and daring. President Wilson through Acting Secretary of State Lansing, rejoined to the German reply to his original note on the cases of the Lusitania, Cushing, Falaba, and Gulflight; set forth the fact that the government of the United States could not admit the right of Germany to abbreviate in any way the privileges always enjoyed by unarmed merchantmen on the high seas and of American citizens traveling thereon, and demanded that assurances be given that American lives and American ships would be henceforth safeguarded on the high seas. The note was, however, less forcible in its terms than the one preceding it. The great mass of the American people not inspired by Germanic influences practically agreed with the New York *Tribune*, which said: "Measured by the anticipations of a new birth of firmness and vigor at Washington which they (earlier utterances) excited, the new note to Germany . . . must appear weak and inconclusive." On the other hand, Mr. Bryan declared that "firmness" had involved all the nations in a war in which madness prevented a peaceful solution of comparatively unimportant problems, and said in conclusion: "Some nation must lead the world out of the black night of war into the light of that day when 'swords shall be beaten into plowshares.' Why not make that honor ours? Some day—why not now—the nations will learn that enduring peace cannot be built upon fear—that good will does not grow upon the stalk of violence," etc., with much more that breathes the very spirit of Christ's teachings in dealing between man and man. And yet Mr. Bryan would certainly not abolish the police, or allow bandits to rob and slay, unopposed except by offers of arbitration or words of "sweetness and light," and armies and navies are the police of the world.

Thursday, June 10: The Italians occupied Monfalcone, less than twenty miles from Trieste, and the chief railway junction of the province, cutting off the electrical power of Trieste and destroying a huge factory for manufacturing asphyxiating gases. Seven hundred noblemen, professionals and experts, have formed an aviation corps enrolled at Turin. The Allies discovered on the Island of Kalinino, off the southwest coast of Asia Minor, fifteen hundred cases and ninety-six barrels of benzine concealed there for the use of German submarines. The losses of naval officers and men in the British navy, exclusive of those lost on the Irene and Bulwark blowup at Sheerness, aggregated 6,409 to date. Conflicting accounts affirm and deny French successes and captures of men and guns north of Arras, and in Hebuterne and Champagne. The Germans admit retirement from the Baltic provinces, and strong Russian resistance on the eastern battle lines near Shavli, Dubysk, Przemysl and Lemberg. Two British torpedo boats were destroyed off the east coast of England by a German submarine. Out of seventy-five men, forty-one only reached the shore.

Friday, June 11: During the evening and night of June 10–11 Russian torpedo boats attacked the Turkish port of Samsuri on the Black Sea, destroying the chief buildings and many small craft, besides engaging the German-Turkish cruiser Breslau, and crippling her to some extent. German system had during the past few days demonstrated itself anew by beginning a bombardment of the Ossowetz fortress at exactly five o'clock p.m., when the light was most favorable for exact service, being, of course, discontinued at sunset.

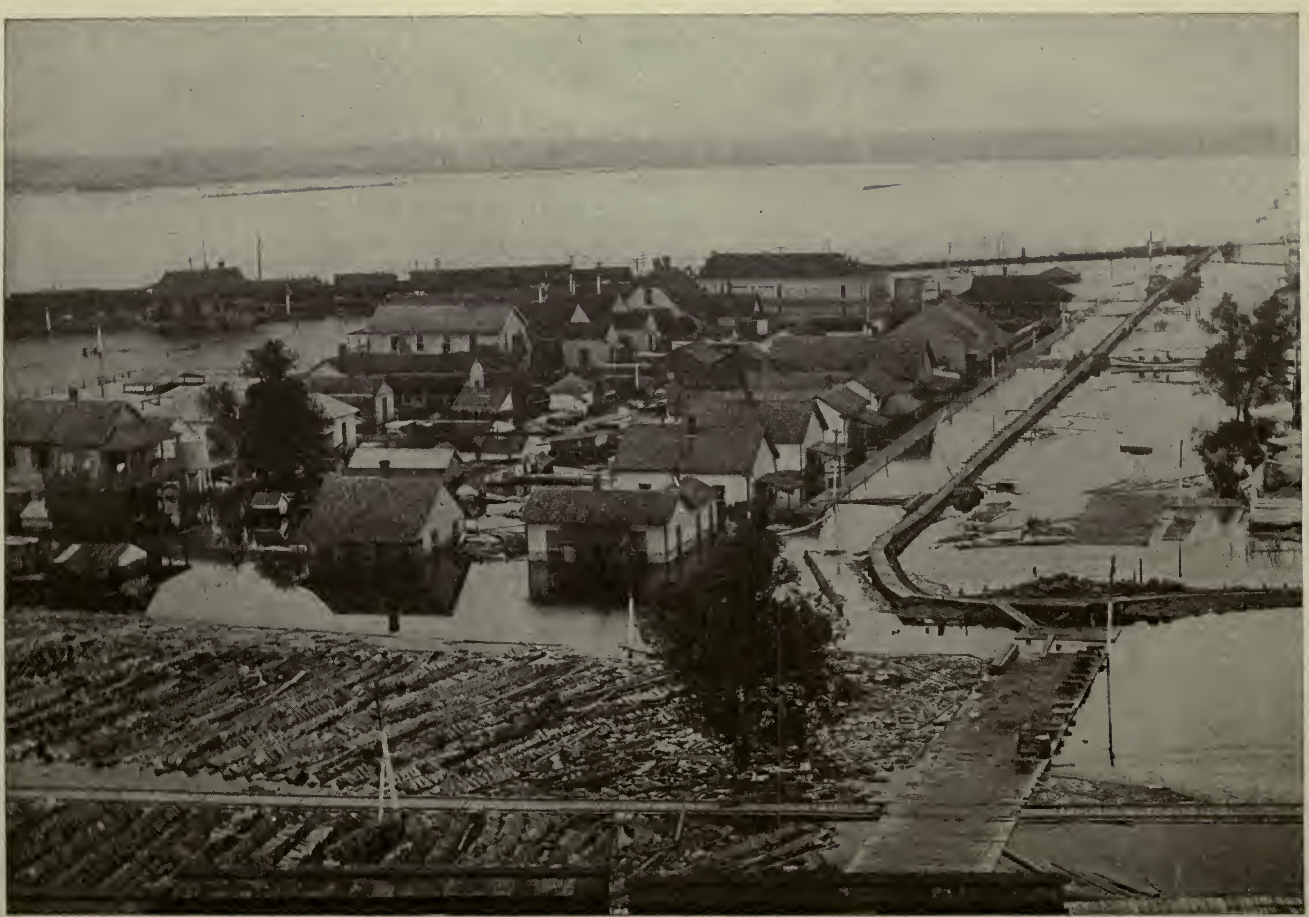
Saturday, June 12: Italy claimed that her troops had occupied defiles and summits in Trentino from which her artillerists had already demolished forts hitherto considered impregnable; have taken Cortina, thus closing the Cadorc passes to the enemy; are holding defiles in the Carmia Ranges against repeated counter attacks by the enemy; and in the Frinli or eastern zone have overcome many obstacles, all of which successes have been gained on "ground mountainous and prepared for defence for a long time, and defended by numerous troops hardened by ten months' fighting."

Sunday, June 13: Italy claims that the Pola arsenal on the Adriatic coast was very badly damaged by aerial bombs. There were ten warships, including a battleship, two cruisers and several submarines, some of which were damaged. The Italian successes in their advance on Trieste up to date surprised military critics, who believed Austrian frontier almost impregnable and fully guarded. The German advance against Warsaw seemed persistent, and pushed with an almost utter disregard of losses and expenditure of artillery ammunition. German submarines sank British bark Crown of India and Norwegian bark Bellglade. Both crews reached Milford Haven. At Naples, the German steamship Bayern interned since August, 1914, was found to contain in a double bottom four cannon, fourteen machine guns, a Taube aeroplane, and the sections of a submarine, all billed for the Orient, from Hamburg. Twenty cases of gunpowder were thrown into the sea.

Monday, June 14: Paris reports the capture of the railroad station of Souchez, eight miles from Arras, also minor guns at Hebuterne, Tracy-le-Mont, and Soissons. An Austrian airship reconnoitering from Trent, was injured by a storm in the mountains. Petrograd reports the capture of 15,779 officers and men, seventy-eight machine guns, and seventeen cannon between June 8 and June 10 in Zurawna, on the Dneister River. Cossack detachments in the Caucasus have defeated the Turks and Kurds near Oltchai. The Italian artillery continued the bombardment of Santa Maria, San Marco, San Pietro, Santa Lucia and other defences of Gorizia, twenty-two miles northwest of Trieste and ten miles east of the Italian border, cutting off railway communications with Gorizia. At the capture of the trenches before the Tout-vail farm, the French artillery destroyed wire entanglements, filled up the trenches, and almost utterly destroyed the 170th Baden infantry, one thousand strong, besides two reserve companies of two hundred men each.

Tuesday, June 15: The Germans were ousted from sections of their trenches at Belle Waarde, and in the Lorette hills had a strong trench demolished by the French, who also penetrated some two thousand feet of the line of trenches south of Souchez. The French artillery commenced a tremendous artillery fire north of Arras, which continued in full intensity all day, being followed by infantry attacks occupying important positions, which the Germans had abandoned for the time being. The Archbishop of York, chairman of a commission to investigate the alleged increase of illegitimate children owing to the war, declares that no material increase had been reported.

(*To be continued*)



TOWNS ARE INUNDATED AND BUSINESS IS SUSPENDED FOR WEEKS

The town here shown conveys some idea of the condition that exists in these little towns throughout the delta when the levee breaks. This town is located

# In the Wake of the Mississippi Floods

## by Flynn Wayne

"OUT of the sea came all things, and into the sea all things return," said Thales of Miletus, one of the Seven Sages of antiquity. Few observations are more nearly actually true as applied to the vast rainfall system, which annually takes up at the equator a volume of water equal to the contents of a ditch a mile deep and fifteen hundred miles wide, belting the equator. By the time this water is dissipated and returned into its place again it has renewed and sustained all life and has carried back in the wash of the rivers and tides millions of tons of animal, vegetable, and mineral tribute, which by turn have increased and decreased the land surface of the world.

The soundings and observations recorded during the famous cruise of the "Challenger" in 1872-1876 showed conclusively, among the interesting and important facts, how often and how radically solid land has become an open sea, and the open sea *terra firma*—sometimes, indeed, by the eruptions of volcanoes and the throes of great earthquakes, but more frequently through the action of heavy rains, resulting floods and the steady attrition of eternal flow.

In the heart of the United States two great rivers combine to gather the overflow and wastage of nearly one-half of the territory of the republic, an area estimated at 1,240,050 square miles, and in the lower section of the Mississippi River, covering in high water an area as great as all Vermont, New Hampshire, New Jersey and Connecticut—twenty-nine thousand square miles. When in the great floods of 1912, the broken levees let in the turbid, raging Father of Waters on the choicest plantations and manors of Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana, twelve thousand square miles of splendid properties, an area almost equal to that of all Switzerland, was devastated.

The Ohio and Tennessee and their respective affluents have their own histories of flood and disaster, but the lower valley of the Mississippi became in due season the recipient of all the overflow of the great and lesser streams of the northern watershed. Through an extensive alluvial valley, five hundred and fifty miles long and fifty miles wide, extending from the foothills of the Ozark Mountains, near Cape Girardeau, to the Gulf of Mexico, the spring-rain-swollen river rushes through a winding course one thousand and sixty miles in length, falling gradually from an extreme head of three hundred and twenty-one feet at high water or a low water altitude of two hundred and sixty-nine feet in the summer droughts.

While various expedients to restrain waters in flood time, such as reforestation, reservoirs, cut-offs and outlets, have been considered useful in the case of small local streams, there is practically but one possible defence for the Mississippi, the levees which line its banks from Cairo to the St. Francis River, from thence to the mouth of the White and Arkansas and

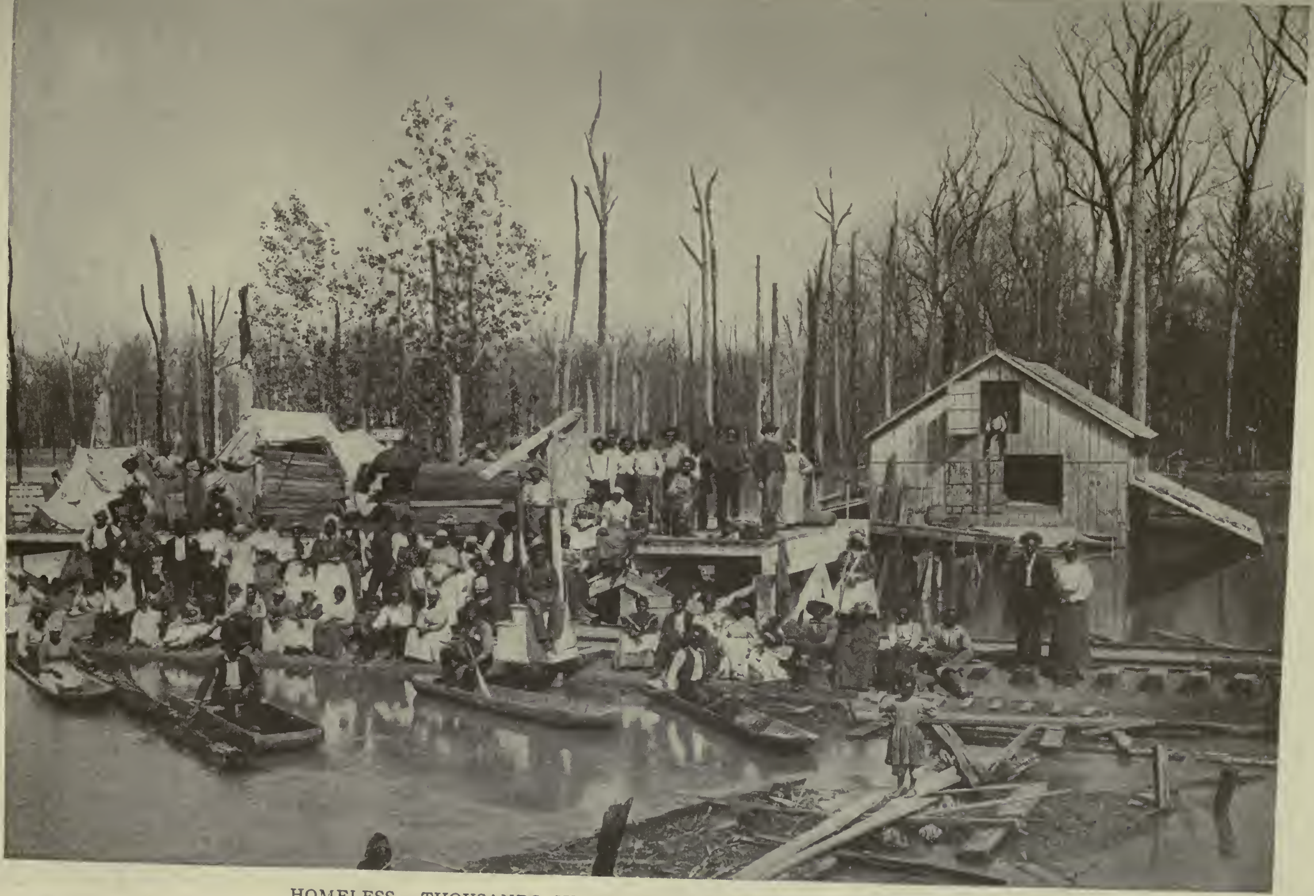
THE AFTERMATH OF THE FLOOD
The illustration shows how the ground cracks open after the water recedes. Often entire plantations that lie back of the break are rendered unfit for further cultivation

thence, broken only by the mouth of the Red River, to Fort Jackson near the Gulf of Mexico. On the eastern bank the highlands of Kentucky and Tennessee hold in the floods to a point below Memphis; thence the levees border the stream to a little above the mouth of the Yazoo River, below which the hills of Mississippi and Louisiana form a barrier as far as Baton Rouge, and here again the levees guard the low rich fields and meadows to Fort St. Phillip nearly opposite Fort Jackson. At least over fifteen hundred miles of levees protect nearly twenty millions of acres, in six great states, wherein sixteen million acres are reclaimed or capable of reclamation.

The deposition of the silt of the river in this basin has raised the natural banks of the lower lands so greatly that the drainage is away from the Mississippi and into the tributaries which run parallel to it, such as the Yazoo, Tensas, and the St. Francis. As a result when the river once breaks over its banks the flood rushes inland with irresistible force and volume.

As early as 1717 De la Tour, the French engineer who laid the city of New Orleans, directed that a "dyke or levee be raised in front, the more effectually to preserve the city from overflow."

Over a century later, in 1827, this necessary defence was finished, and in 1828 continuous levees defended the right bank as far north as the Red River landing,



HOMELESS—THOUSANDS SUFFER IN THIS WAY FROM THE FLOODS

Large numbers of tenants take refuge from the rising waters on the prehistoric mounds that are found in the delta region after their homes are destroyed and there wait, exposed to cold and rain, until relief shall arrive

THE HOME OF COTTON

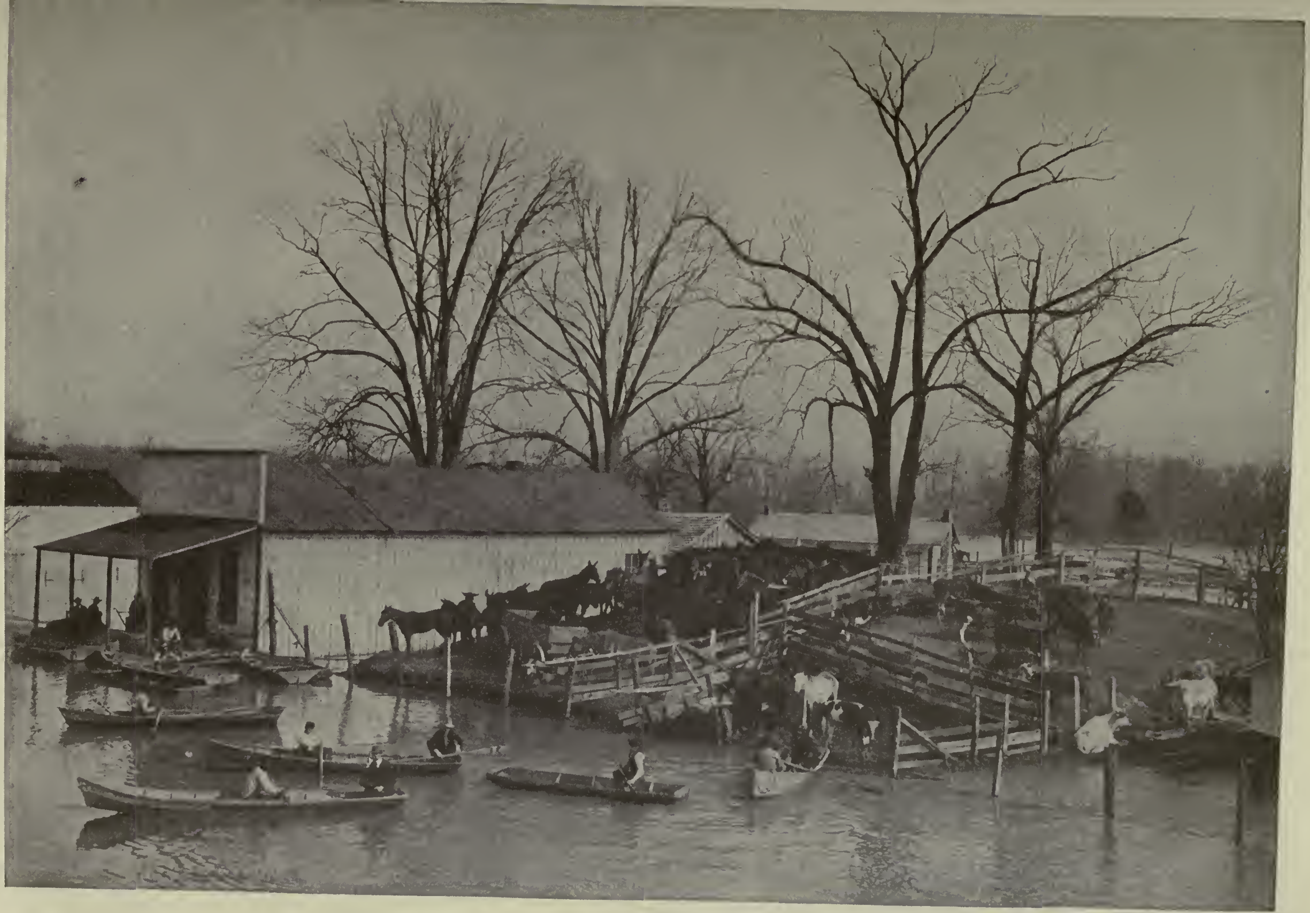
In the bottom lands of the Mississippi delta are some of the world's finest cotton plantations, where the finest grades and the longest staple are grown. If adequate protection from overflow could be secured, it is estimated that twelve and a half million additional acres of this land can be put under cultivation

and disconnected and incomplete sections extended up to the mouth of the Arkansas.

Up to 1859 all these works were completed by private enterprise, aided to some extent by the counties and parishes in which they were situated, but in 1850 the United States Government granted to the several states all swamp and overflowed lands to provide funds for reclaiming the districts inundated. However, the people of the six states affected have borne the major part of the expense, the aid granted by the National Government having been more or less desultory and spasmodic.

In 1858-59 occurred two great floods which destroyed most of the low levees constructed up to that date. The Civil War following closely on these floods, and the strenuous fighting along the Mississippi prevented any material restoration of the broken levees. It was not until 1879 that the State of Louisiana organized a Board of State Engineers, and began a systematic and effective reconstruction of its levee system. Mississippi took up the work in 1881 and Arkansas and Missouri in 1893. These lines of flood defense are now practically continuous, but are not as high or as massive as they should be, to withstand the terrible forces arrayed against them.

For, as is well-known, the denudation of the great forests of the north and northwest, and the practically complete drainage of vast areas of cultivated and uncultivated lands, hastens the discharge of the rainfall into the streams and rivers so greatly that a few days disposes of more surface water than formerly gradually evaporated and flowed off, or was absorbed by the land and vegetation in many weeks. As a result the present levees are insufficient



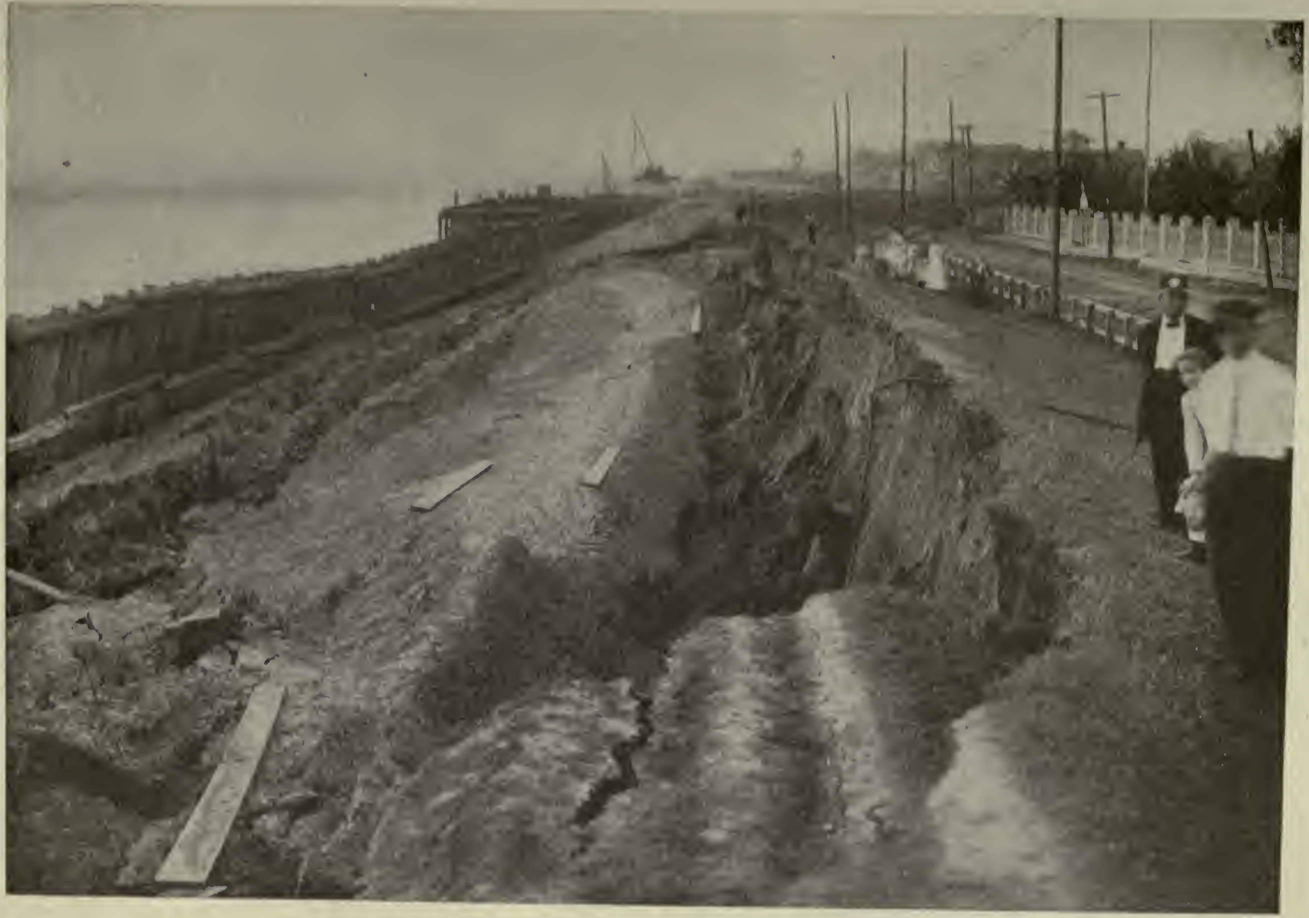
THE LOSS OF LIVESTOCK IN FLOODTIME IS GREAT
Thousands of head of stock are drowned by the flood waters of the crevasses. Sometimes it is possible to save some of them, but more often it is difficult to gather them together in time to save them

RECLAMATION WILL FOLLOW PROTECTION

Extensive systems of drainage canals must be planned and carried out in each of the great alluvial basins. The picture shows the method of cutting the main arteries. Over one thousand miles of such canals have been constructed in the alluvial delta since 1901

although averaging fifteen feet in height, and sometimes sixty feet thick at the base, and eight to ten feet at the crown, with a slope each way of one foot in three. Constructed entirely of the soil nearest at hand, they follow the general course of the river-bank, a wide margin of from one thousand to five thousand feet being left between the levee and the river. The wheelbarrows, and teams previously used are now replaced by traction engines and graders, but the cost has increased until it now averages twenty-five cents per cubic yard. As about two hundred and thirty million cubic yards of earth must be moved to perfect these levees, it is estimated that sixty million dollars will be required within the next five years; an average of twelve million dollars per annum.

The states seeking the necessary appropriation for this purpose justly claim that they are obliged to defend themselves against an ever-increasing spring deluge, due largely to the improvement of the lands and municipalities further north. Every farm whose ploughing and drainage carries off in a single night the rainfall which a few years ago flooded its swamps, meadows and pastures; every town and city which has relieved itself of like pools, and marshes; every clearing, wherein the forest no longer prevents the sun from



CARRIED AWAY BY CAVING BANKS

Crevasses or breaks in thel evee system may be due to caving, through which the foundation of the levee is undermined by the river and the levee itself is taken into the stream. Excessive caving takes place just after the water has receded within its banks drying up the rainfall, adds thousands of tons of water to the turbid flood which surges every spring against these costly embankments. Seventy-five million dollars have already been expended since the Civil War by the owners of these lands to protect life and property against an ever-threatening and terrible danger, and to enable the owner of wild lands to begin the task of clearing and draining a vast acreage of land now unprofitable. So great has been the improvement in this regard since the levee system has been effectively promoted, that the St. Francis Basin in Arkansas has increased its valuation from four million dollars in 1893 (when work was begun on the levees) to forty-four million dollars in 1914. To reclaim these lands, which are wooded and cane-growing, drain canals are dredged, over one thousand miles of which have been cut since 1901.

If the levees are once made safe, many millions of dollars will be at once expended in great reclamation projects benefiting thousands of land-holders.

But until this is done, every spring brings its season of anxiety, of constant watching, of strenuous efforts to save the levees, and often of vast destruction to lands, houses, stock and sometimes human life itself.

"Crevasses" or breaks in these levees generally take place owing to the insufficient height or thickness of a levee hitherto not reached by the rush of the flood, or originally partly composed of stumps and trunks of trees which have decayed and form leaks in the flood season. Or holes are bored through the base of the levee by muskrats and crayfish through which the pressure of the flood drives a current, which, if not promptly stopped, tears a break in the levee. The current of the river also undermines the banks which cave in sometimes to an astonishing extent. This, however, usually takes place after the flood has somewhat subsided, as the pressure of the river water tends to keep the banks in place.

When the water begins to show itself through a "sand boil" on the inside of a levee, a "chimney" or small dam of sand bags is built up to enclose a body of water, whose weight will counteract the pressure of the flood outside. Other weaknesses are cured by laying rows of bags filled with earth on the levee as the flood rises, each succeeding layer a little overlapping the one below it.

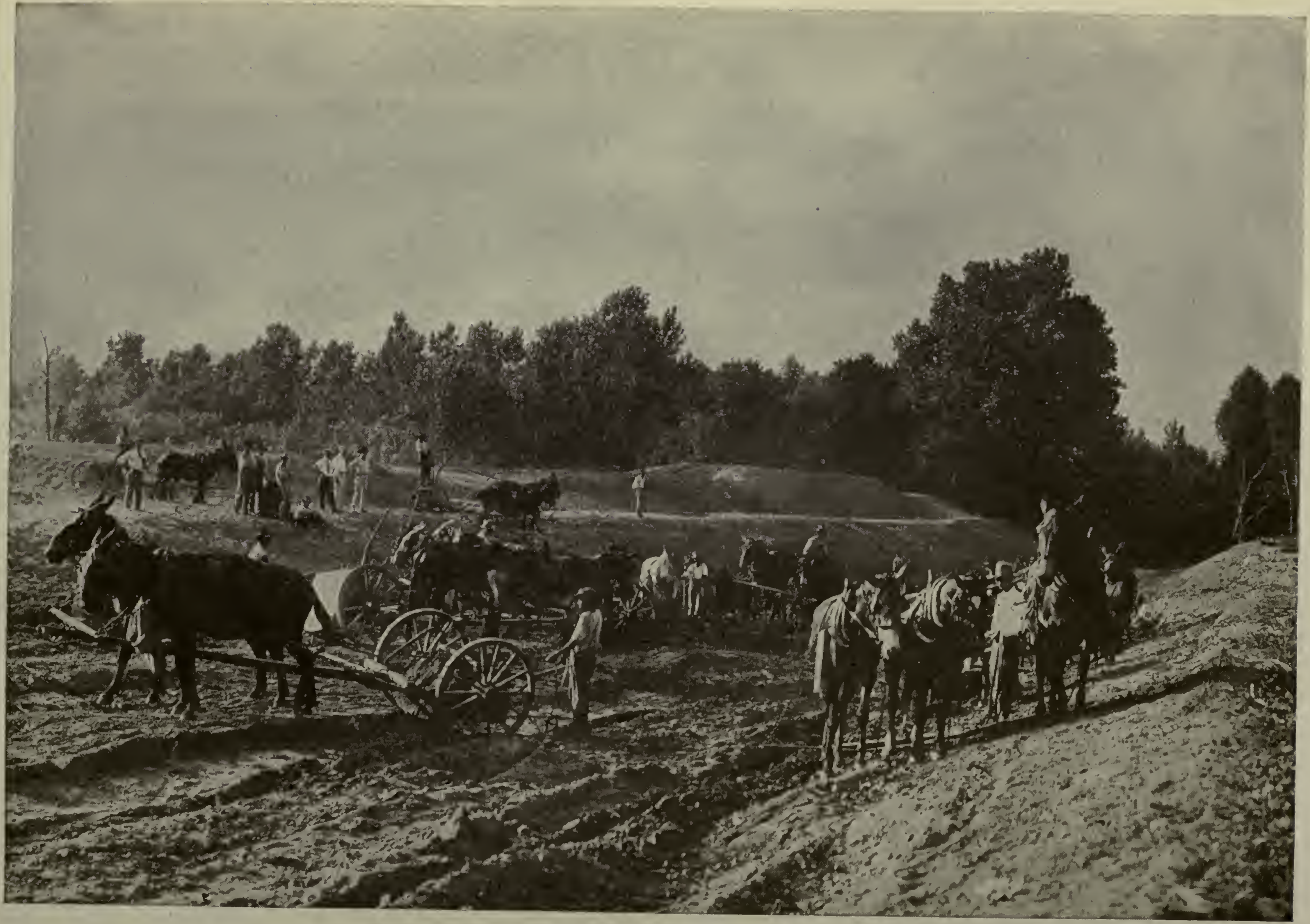
Millions of such bags were filled and piled up during the floods of 1912, when men, women, and children fought night and day for weeks to save their homes, live stock and their own lives. Along fifteen hundred miles of levees this struggle continued, a fight in which human courage and endurance were pitted against an ever-increasing and unrelenting assault, largely due to the waters released against the territory bordering the lower Mississippi by the improvements in drainage, etc., in more northern states. When the river has reached the fifty-one foot stage at Cairo, all who live along the river for one thousand miles below are notified to prepare for a desperate struggle. The crest of the flood will then reach Memphis in about six days, Red River landing in twenty-one and New Orleans in thirty days.

The levee officials order millions of sacks which are distributed at convenient river points, working parties are organized, boats chartered, and guards stationed to patrol the levees day and night. As the river begins to cover the land and press against the levees, every weakness is at once strengthened with sand bags, or the building of cribs to receive the incoming water, and by raising it to the same height as the flood outside, prevent the further action of a cutting current of waters. Sometimes hundreds of men are engaged in adding to the width and height of a levee, using road machines and graders as well as sand bags. When a break occurs all the people living in the district likely to be inundated must be warned, live stock driven to sites safe from flood, and rafts provided by those who have no boats, and cannot get away in time to avoid the inundation which steadily fills the lower swamps and grounds and finally finds the level of the river-current. During the flood of 1912 some thousands of poor people were rescued by the steamboats and other crafts, after having been for hours without food and often only just in time to save their own lives.

In 1912 the Federal Government fed 272,753 of these refugees, issuing almost

ACRES OF CORN FIELDS EVERYWHERE

Formerly nearly all the corn used by the large cotton and sugar plantations in the delta region was brought down the river from the states to the north. Now most of the corn needed is produced in the delta country



LEVEE BUILDING

The levees are constructed entirely of earth, the material for their construction being taken from the riverside or inside. They follow the general direction of the river bank, a wide margin which varies from one thousand to five thousand feet being left between the bank of the river and the levee eight million rations. When the flood subsided very few of them found anything remaining except dismantled and water-soaked buildings, a few rusty tools, and fields covered with wreckage, broken fences, and drift of all descriptions, while the land itself, hardened and cracked under the hot sun, was often seamed with current-fissures or covered in places with sand-drift.

Much damage is, of course, done to gardens, orchards, rice, cotton, alfalfa, sugar and tobacco crops, railways, roads, bridges, and other works of man. Even an irruption of the public enemy could not destroy so thoroughly such large areas as were scourged by the floods of 1912.

It is the general consensus of the most noted engineers that these levees must be strengthened and made impregnable, and that the United States Government should carry out the work as of the first importance to the nation. The people of this section are not asking for reclamation at the hands of the national government, but are merely asking for protection from the water sent down upon them from the great region above. For the purpose of collecting and disseminating reliable information on the conditions pertaining to the flood area, the Mississippi River Levees Association has been formed. The association presents its claims reasonably and forcibly, and should receive from the next session of Congress prompt and favorable action. The damage which occurs when the levees break is more than twice as great as the estimated total cost of completing the system, or the expenditure of twelve million dollars annually for five years should finish a great public work, whose results will continue to increase the resources and prosperity of the republic for centuries to come.

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# THE SEA

## *By* MARIE RICHARDSON

OH, cruel sea! Oh, restless deep!
How well thou doth thy secret keep,
Of those lives thou hast wrecked and sadness borne
To those on shore who must wait forlorn
Some tidings from those loved ones far
Who never more shall greet eve's rising star,
Who never more when night is done
Shall open their eyes to the warmth of the sun,
And though we question justice still
We needs must bow to thy capricious will.

But one question I ask, O pitiless deep,
E'er I too shall take up the endless sleep;
What was it in your effulgent light
That lured them into the endless night?
Did they follow the path of a waning star
That gleamed and beckoned them from afar?
Or was there in their hearts so true
A passionate fire and love for you?
Or did they harken the lure of a siren voice
That drew them on against their choice?

But when thy tempests calmed and thee at rest
Lie passive—smiling neath the Sun's warm caress
Then, oh, then! do you not regret, O relentless deep,
Souls you have beckoned to passionless sleep.

# An American-born Operatic Conductor

## by Flynn Wayne

ONE of the comparatively few native Americans who have "broken into" the fascinating work of operatic conducting is Ralph Lyford. Others, presumably of musical taste and executive talent, will follow this lead for one of the least negligible effects, in general, of the European conflict will be to give young Americans of artistic bent a firmer confidence in themselves than ever before. The professions of literature, sculpture, painting and music should simultaneously benefit from a growing disposition on the part of the public to look to native sons and daughters for proof of inherent power and finished accomplishment.

In this efflorescence of all the arts, the American musician who has the peculiar kind of ability needed by the conductor will assuredly find his services in demand. Up to now he has only slowly come to his own. We have witnessed in recent years the rise to success of many native concert and operatic singers, of pianists, violinists and composers. An American school of musical composition is already an accomplished fact, as witness the international appreciation in which are held the works of such composers as George W. Chadwick, Horatio Parker, Charles Wakefield Cadman, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Arthur Shepherd and many more. If asked, however, to name a quartet of American-born conductors of broad training and recognized administrative ability, most well informed people would confess themselves unable. This very important branch of musicianship has heretofore offered but little incentive to an ambitious youth of this country. Opportunities for sound theoretical training have not been lacking in leading conservatories, but for practical routine experience after school days are over, there have been comparatively few chances.

As a pioneer in this field, with several years of actual operatic conducting to his credit, Mr. Lyford surely holds a unique, or

RALPH LYFORD
One of the first Americans to take up the work of operatic conducting—a field hitherto undertaken almost exclusively by men of foreign birth

practically unique, position. He is perhaps the only native American who is in regular demand for operatic work. Alone among our young men now in their thirties, he has qualified for a profession that has hundreds of European representatives.

Mr. Lyford, who was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1882, a son of J. Channing Lyford, a well-known educator, is a product of the New England Conservatory of Music, America's oldest and largest school of professional music study. At this Boston institution, whose list of alumni includes very many of our leading American composers and virtuosi, Mr. Lyford studied composition, conducting, organ, piano, violoncello and voice. He had exceptionally favorable opportunities to learn the routine of orchestral work through the development of the conservatory orchestra under the conductorship of Mr. Chadwick, who is director of the school. Receiving diplomas in 1905 and 1906, Mr. Lyford continued at the New England Conservatory for two years longer as assistant to the late Oreste Bimboni, then head of the opera school. There followed a year of study and observation under Arthur Nikisch in Germany. Mr. Lyford then felt himself ready for professional work. He secured an engagement with the San Carlo opera company, directed by Henry Russell. Upon the formation of the Boston opera company he was engaged, and re-engaged for four successive seasons, during which his responsibilities steadily increased until he finally reached the conductor's chair. With many performances to his credit at the Boston opera house, he was in the meantime engaged for three successive spring seasons with the Aborn English opera company at Washington, D. C., Providence, Newark, and other cities, conducting more than one hundred performances of all the standard operas. Favorable criticisms of the orchestral part of these performances show that Mr. Lyford's work has been uniformly brilliant and successful. His rise in this difficult department of the musical profession is proof that an American boy, getting all, or practically all his professional training in this country, can make his way upward through the ranks of the best symphonic and operatic orchestras to the important position of conductor.

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# THE GREAT OAK

### *By* JOHN B. GORGAN

SOME men are born, while others seem to grow
From out the soil, like towering oaks that spread
Their strong, broad limbs in shelter overhead
When tempest storms, protecting all below.

Lincoln, Great Oak of a Nation's life,
Rose from the soil, with all its virgin power
Emplanted in him for the fateful hour,
When he might brood a Nation in its strife.

# Love Finds a Way

## by Nixon Waterman

PHYLLIS WELLINGTON was getting well along in years.
Though a rather comely maiden, Phyllis had her fears
That if something didn't happen she must live her life
As a lorn and lonely spinster. Yearned to be a wife.

Once upon a time Ted Wilder took her in his yacht
To an island in the harbor; 'twas a lonely spot.
Left her sitting by the water while he went to find
In a wooded nook some flowers of a lovely kind.

Phyllis as she sat a-thinking felt a bit afraid;
'Twas an island few would visit and where no one stayed.
As she saw the yacht a-dancing, Phyllis, in dismay,
Mused: "Oh, wouldn't it be dreadful should it break away!"

By and by Ted heard her screaming; ran with all his might;
Saw the yacht a-drifting seaward; Phyllis blanched with fright!
Must have been the rope had parted, so he had to own,
Or had slipped from where he tied it round a jagged stone.

"You must realize," said Phyllis, "that so much depends,
Were we—well—it doesn't matter; since we're only friends
You must go for aid, and promptly; 'twill not do to stay
In this lonely spot a moment! Go at once, I pray!"

Ted looked out across the water—three wide miles of wet;
Gazed at Phyllis, still a-weeping in her wild regret.
Ne'er before had thoughts of marriage ever come to him;
Now he faced a fierce dilemma; it was sink or swim!

Pretty soon he broke the silence: "Phyllis, I'll be fair;
'Twas my stupid, clumsy doings brought you this despair.
Let's forget the thing you're thinking: 'What will people say?'
And—it's sudden, yes, but won't you name the wedding-day?"

Phyllis hid her face in anguish; timid, tender child;
Wept a little, wailed a little, sighed a lot and—smiled.
Just as all the vows were plighted, some one chanced to roam
Round the island in a dory; took the couple home.

"They were happy ever after," as the story goes;
(But, are matches made in heaven, must we still suppose?)
Ted believed a blessed angel stole his yacht. The goose!
Never guessed how hard poor Phyllis worked to get it loose!

# Heart Letters

*The making of a book by the people is a most fascinating process. Thousands of letters were received every week when* HEART THROBS *and* HEART SONGS *were in the making, bringing contributions and selections direct from the homes of the people. The beginning of the new book* HEART LETTERS *has been most inspiring, and promises to be the most fascinating book yet published. Next month we will print a large number of* HEART LETTERS *contributed by subscribers. Send in some letter that indicates the heart impulse of your favorite author or public man, or it may be some old letter in the garret written to mother or father during war times, or perhaps some love letter that tells a life story. When these letters are collected in one volume, you will have a bundle of human documents that never has been excelled.*—EDITOR.

THE mystery of death and of the after-life is, of all the great problems, the one most absorbing, and, outside of faith and revelation, the most unsolvable. Some years ago William T. Stead, a man remarkable for his literary ability, and not less for his boldness in expressing whatever he believed to be the truth, became acquainted with a lady, the Ellen of these letters, who had been very closely united to another in the bonds of friendship and similar tastes and beliefs. Her friend, the Julia of these letters, passed out of this life, having promised that, if it were possible, she would visit or communicate with her friend from the land unknown. Some time passed away before the aura, eidolon or simulacrum of the deceased appeared to the living friend and finally transmitted to her the "Letter from Julia," of which these form only the introductory correspondence.

That they are not "of the earth-earthy" their whole tenor shows, and certainly the pictures drawn therein must comfort and encourage many who have been unable to see and realize that the evils and sorrows of this life are only for a season to those who strive to think purely and live usefully and unselfishly.

Especially notable is the letter, "On mourning for the dead," which has in these days so greatly replaced the tender inspiration of Christian triumph over death of the early disciples.

Whether Ellen really wrote to and received letters from Julia or not may be believed or disbelieved as one's faith may decree, but of the beauty, tenderness, love and peace which pervades these pictures of the life eternal there can be no question.

### I—CROSSING THE BAR

When I left you, darling, you thought I was gone from you forever, or at least till you also passed over. But I was never so near to you as after I had, what you called, died.

I found myself free from my body. It was such a strange new feeling. I was standing close to the bedside on which my body was lying; I saw everything in the room just as before I closed my eyes. I did not feel any pain in "dying"; I felt only a great calm and peace. Then I awoke, and I was standing outside my old body in the room. There was no one there at first, just myself and my old body. At first I wondered I was so strangely well. Then I saw that I had passed over.

I waited about a little; then the door opened and Mrs. H. came in. She was very sad; she addressed my poor body as if it was myself. I was standing looking at her, but all her thoughts were upon the poor old body I had left behind. It seemed so absurd I could not help laughing. I did not try to speak at first; I waited to see what would happen.

Then I felt as though a great warm flood of light had come into the room, and I saw an angel. She, for at first she seemed to be a female, came to me and said:

"I am sent to teach you the laws of the new life."

And as I looked, she gently touched me and said, "We must go."

Then I left the room and my poor old body and passed out. It was so strange; the streets were full of spirits. I could see them as we passed; they seemed to be just like ourselves My angel had wings; they were very beautiful. She was all robed in white.

We went at first through the streets, then we went through the air, till we came to the place where we met friends who had passed on before.

There were Mr. M——, and Mr. M—— and Ethel A——, and many others. They told me much about the spirit world. They said I must learn its laws, and endeavor to be as useful as I could. The angel who remained with me all the time helped me to explain.

The spirit friends had their life much as it was here; they lived and loved, and if they had not to work for their daily bread, they had still plenty to do.

Then I began to be sad about you, and I wanted to go back; the angel took me swiftly through the air to where I came from. When I entered the death-chamber there lay my body. It was no longer of interest to me, but I was so grieved to see how you were all weeping over my worn-out clothes. I wished to speak to you. I saw you, darling, all wet with tears, and I was so sad I could not cheer you. I very much wanted to speak and tell you how near I was to you, but I could not make you hear. I tried, but you took no notice. I said to the angel:

"Will it be always thus?"

She said, "Wait; the time will come when you will speak with her. But at present she cannot hear, neither can she understand."

I was then called away. I found myself in a great expanse of landscape where I had never been before. I was alone; that is, I saw no one. But you are never really alone We are always living in the presence of God. But I saw no one. Then, I heard a voice. I did not see whence it came, or who spoke. I only heard the words, "Julia, *He who saved thee would fain speak with thee.*" I listened, but no words other than these were spoken.

Then I said, "Who is it that speaks?" And, behold, a flaming fire—really like fire though in human shape. I was afraid. Then he spoke and said, "Be not afraid. It is I, who am appointed to teach thee the secret things of God." Then I saw that the brightness as of fire was only the brightness that comes from the radiant love of the Immortals.

Then the flame-bright One said to me, "Julia, behold your Saviour!" and when I looked, I saw Him. He was sitting on a seat close to me, and He said, "Beloved, in my Father's house are many mansions; here am I whom you have loved so long. I have prepared a place for you."

And I said, "Where, oh, my Lord?" He smiled, and in the brightness of that smile I saw the whole landscape change as the Alps change in the sunset, which I saw so often from the windows of my hotel at Lucerne. Then I saw that I was not alone, but all around and above were fair and loving forms, some of those whom I had known, others of whom I had heard, while some were strange. But all were friends, and the air was full of love. And in the midst of all was He, my Lord and Saviour. He was as a Man among men. He was full of the wonderful sweet mildness which you are acquainted with in some of the pictures that have been painted by the Italian Fra Angelico. He had an admirable look of warm affection, which was as the very breath of life to my soul. He is with us always. This is heaven—to be with him. You cannot understand how the consciousness of His presence makes the atmosphere of this world so different from that with you. There are many things I wish I could write to you, but I cannot, nor could you understand them. I can only tell you that He is more than we ever have imagined. He is the Source and Giver of all good gifts. All that we know of what is good, and sweet, and pure, and noble, and lovable are but faint reflections of the immensity of the glory that is His. And He loves us with such tender love! Oh, Ellen, Ellen, you and I used to love each other with what seemed to us sometimes too deep and intense a love, but that at its very best was but the pale reflection of the love with which He loves us, which is marvellously and wonderfully great beyond all power of mind to describe. His name is Love; it is what He is—Love, Love, Love!

I cannot tell you everything; you could not understand it. But I am in a state of bliss such as we never imgained when on earth. I am with my friends who went before.

No one seems to be old. We are young, with what seems to be immortal youth. We can, when we please, assume the old bodies or their spiritual counterparts as we can assume our old clothes for purposes of identification, but our spiritual bodies here are young and beautiful. There is a semblance between what we are and what we were. We might recognize the new by its likeness to the old, but is is very different. The disembodied soul soon assumes the new raiment of youth, from which all decay has been removed.

I find it so difficult to explain how we live, and how we spend our time. We never weary, and do not need to sleep as we did on earth; neither do we need to eat or drink; these things were necessary for the material body; here we do not need them. I think we can best teach you what we experience by asking you to remember those moments of exaltation when, in the light of the setting or rising sun, you look out, happy and content, upon the landscape over which the sun's rays have shed their magical beauty. There is peace; there is life; there is beauty; above all, there is love. Beauty everywhere, joy and love. Love, love is the secret of heaven. God is love, and when you are lost in love, you are found in God.

You ask me what we feel about the sin and sorrow of the world. We reply that we see it, and seek to remove it. But it does not oppress us as it used to do, for we see the other side. We cannot doubt the love of God. We live in it. It is the greatest, the only real thing. The sins and sorrows of the earth-life are but as shadows that will flee away. But they are not merely on the earth plane; there is sin and there is sorrow on this side. Hell is on this side as well as heaven. But it is the joy of heaven to be always emptying hell.

We are learning always to save by love; how to redeem by sacrifice. We must make sacrifices, otherwise there is no salvation. What else is the secret of Christ?

### II—THE SURPRISES OF THE NEW LIFE

*While my hand was writing a letter to Ellen I thought, "I wonder if the new life surprised Julia much." Instantly she wrote:*

Yes, I was not prepared for such oneness in the life on both sides.

When the soul leaves the body it remains exactly the same as when it was in the body; the soul, which is the only real self, and which uses the mind and the body as its instruments, no longer has the use or the need of the body. But it retains the mind, the knowledge, the experience, the habits of thought, the inclinations; they remain exactly as they were. Only it often happens that the gradual decay of the fleshy envelope to some extent obscures and impairs the real self which is liberated by death. The most extraordinary thing which came to my knowledge when I passed over was the difference between the apparent man and the real self.

It gave quite a new meaning to the warning, "Judge not," for the real self is built up even more by the use it makes of the mind than by the use it makes of the body. There are here men who seemed to be vile and filthy to their fellows, who are far, far, far superior, even in purity and holiness, to men who in life kept an outward veneer of apparent goodness, while the mind rioted in all wantonness. It is the mind that makes character. It is the mind that is far more active, more potent than the body, which is but a poor instrument at best. Hence the thoughts and intents of the heart, the imaginations of the mind, these are the things by which we are judged; for it is they which make up and create as it were the real character of the inner self, which becomes visible after the leaving of the body.

Thought has much greater reality than you imagine. The day-dreamer is not so idle as you imagine. The influence of his idealizing speculation may not make him work, but it may be felt imperceptibly by more practical minds. And so, in like manner, the man who in his innermost heart gives himself up to evil and unclean thoughts may be generating forces, the evil influences of which stir the passions and ruin the lives it may be of his own children, who possibly never knew that their father had ever had a thought of sin.

Hence on this side things seem so topsy-turvy. The first are last, the last first. I see convicts and murderers and adulterers, who worked their wickedness out in the material sphere, standing far higher in the scale of purity and of holiness than some who never committed a crime, but whose minds, as it were, were the factory and breeding-ground of thoughts which are the seed of crimes in others. I do not mean by this that it is better to do crimes than to think them. Only that the doing is not always to be taken as proof of wicked-heartedness. The sins of impulse, the crimes perpetuated in a gust of passion—these harm the soul less and do less harm than the long-indulged thoughts of evil which come at last to poison the whole soul

When the body is cast off the real state of the case is visible. Then it is for the first time that we are seen as we really are or rather have been thinking. The revelation is startling, and even now I am but dimly beginning to be accustomed to it

Then there is another thing that surprised me not a little, and that was or is the discovery of the nothingness of things. I mean by that the entire nothingness of most things which seemed to one on earth the most important of things. For instance, money, rank, worth, merit, station, and all the things we most prize when on earth, are simply nothing. They don't exist any more than the mist of yesterday or the weather of last year. They were no doubt influential for a time, but they do not last; they pass as the cloud passes, and are not visible any more.

I want to ask you if you can help me at all in a matter in which I am much interested. I have long wanted to establish a place where those who have passed over could communicate with the loved ones behind. At present the world is full of spirits longing to speak to those from whom they have been parted, just as I longed to speak to you, but without finding a hand to enable them to write. It is a strange spectacle. On your side, souls full of anguish for bereavement; on this side, souls full of sadness because they cannot communicate with those whom they love. What can be done to bring these sombre, sorrow-laden persons together? To do so requires something which we cannot supply. You must help. But how? It is not impossible. And when it is done death will have lost its sting and the grave its victory. The apostle thought this was done. But the grave has not been so easily defeated, and death keeps its sting. Who can console us for the loss of our beloved? Only those who can show us that they are not lost, but are with us more than ever. Do you not think I have been much more with Ellen since I put off my flesh than I used to be? Why, I dwell with her in a way that before was quite impossible. I was never more with her than I have been since I came to this side. But she would not have known it, nor would you have heard from me at all but for the accident of your meeting.

What is wanted is a bureau of communication between the two sides. Could you not establish some such sort of office with one or more trustworthy mediums? If only it were to enable the sorrowing on the earth to know, if only for once, that their so-called dead live nearer them than ever before, it would help to dry many a tear and soothe many a sorrow I think you could count upon the eager co-operation of all on this side.

We on this side are full of joy at the hope of this coming to pass. Imagine how grieved we must be to see so many whom we love, sorrowing without hope, when those for whom they sorrow are trying in vain every means to make them conscious of their presence. And many also are racked with agony, imagining that their loved ones are lost in hell, when in reality they have been found in the all-embracing arms of the love of God. Ellen, dear, do talk of this with Minerva, and see what can be done. It is the most important thing there is to do. For it brings with it the trump of the Archangel, when those that were in their graves shall awake and walk forth once more among men.

I was at first astonished to learn how much importance the spirits attach to the communications which they are allowed to have with those on earth. I can, of course, easily understand, because I feel it myself—the craving there is to speak to those whom you loved and whom you love; but it is much more than this. What they tell me on all sides and especially my dear guides, is that the time is come when there is to be a great spiritual awakening among the nations, and that the agency which is to bring this about is the sudden and conclusive demonstration, in every individual case which seeks for it, of the reality of the spirit, of the permanence of the soul, and the immanence of the Divine.

I said: "*But how can I help?*"

She wrote: "You are a good writing medium. If you would allow your hand to be used by the spirit of any on this side whose relatives or friends wished to hear from them, you could depend almost confidently upon the spirit using your hand. At any rate, I could always explain why they could not use your hand."

### III—ON THE BLISS OF HEAVEN

*On another occasion I asked her, "What is it, for instance, which makes heaven so much better than earth?"*

She wrote: There are degrees in heaven. And the lowest heaven is higher than the most wonderful vision of its bliss that you ever had. There is nothing to which you can compare our constantly loving state in this world except the supreme beatitude of the lover who is perfectly satisfied with and perfectly enraptured with the one whom he loves. For the whole difference between this side and your side consists in this—without entering now into the question of body and matter—that we live in love, which is God, and you too often live in the misery which is the natural, necessary result of the absence of God, who is love.

There is much love on earth. Were it not so, it would be hell. There is the love of the mother for her children, of brother and sister, of young man and maiden, of husband and wife, of friends, whether men or women, or whether the friendship is between those of the same sex. All these forms of love are the rays of heaven in earth. They are none of them complete. They are the sparkling light from the diamond facets, the totality of which is God. The meanest man or woman who loves is, so far as they love, inspired by the Divine The whole secret of the saving of the world lies in that—you must have more love—more love—more love.

You may say that there is a love which is selfish and a love which is evil. It is true, but that is because the love is imperfect. It is not love when it leads to selfishness. The love which leads a mother to engross herself with her own children and neglect all her duties to other people is not wrong itself. It is only because she has not enough love for others that her love for her children makes her selfish. The great need wherever love seems to make people selfish is not less love for those whom they do love, but more love for the others who are neglected. You never love anyone too much. It is only that we don't love others enough also. Perfect love all round is the Divine ideal, and when love fails at any point, then evil is in danger of coming in. But even a guilty love, so far as it takes you out of yourself, and makes you toil, and pray, and live, and perhaps die for the man or woman whom you should never have loved, brings you nearer heaven than selfish, loveless marriage. I do not say this as against marriage. I know you think that this is dangerous doctrine. All true doctrine is dangerous, but is not less true for its danger. There is no doubt that much so-called love is very selfish, and is not love at all. The love, for instance, which leads a man to ruin a woman, and desert her when he has gratified a temporary passion, is not love. It is not easy to distinguish it from the deadliest hate. It is self-indulgence in its worst shape. Now, all love is of the nature of self-sacrifice. There are many things also to be borne in mind. We have all not merely to think what is the result to ourselves, but also to other persons, some of whom may not yet be born. To love, therefore, anyone really, truly, means that we are putting ourselves in his place, loving him as ourselves, that we desire for him the best and give up ourselves and our own pleasure in order to secure it for him. This is true love, and wherever you find it, you find a spark of God. That is why mothers are so much nearer God than anyone else. They love more—that is, they are more like God; it is they who keep the earth from becoming a vast hell.

Now, my darling, hold fast to this central doctrine: Love is God, God is Love. The more you love, the more you are like God. It is only when we deeply, truly love, we find our true selves, or that we see the Divine in the person loved. O Ellen, Ellen! if I could come back and speak in the ears of the children of men, I think I should wish to say nothing but this—Love! Love is the fulfilling of the law; love is the seeing of the face of God. Love is God, God is love. If you wish to be with God—love! If you wish to be in heaven—love! For heaven differs chiefly from earth and from hell in that in heaven all love up to the full measure of their being, and all growth in grace is growth in love. Love! love! love! That is the first word and the last word. There is none beside that, for God, who is love, is all in all, the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, world without end. Oh, my darling Ellen, this is indeed a true word. It is the Word which the world needs, it is the Word which became flesh and dwelt amongst men—Love, love, love!

### IV—ON MOURNING FOR THE DEAD

*The following letter was written to a dear friend who was utterly broken down by excessive grief over the death of a beloved relative. I have suppressed the passages which were exclusively personal to the friend in question, but the letter as a whole might be addressed to any of those who mourn for their dead as those who have no hope.*

I was often with you during the last illness of your dear one, and oh, I did so want to help you, but I could not make you see me or hear. I was with you that day when she came over to our side. We were all waiting round for her, and I felt it would have been such a comfort to you, to have told you just how happy she was with her mother and husband and the others. But, alas! alas! you were all so unintelligent we could not make you hear anything.

My own beloved, what do you mean by mourning as one who has no hope? Is it then all mere talk that Christ brought life and immortality to light? Why is it that with the certainty of the continued existence of your loved ones, you feel as disconsolate and forlorn as if there were no other world and as if Christ had never triumphed over death and the grave? Why do you grieve as those who have no hope? Do you not know that you are as a city, set on a hill, which cannot be hid? How many thousands, nay millions, of poor souls all over the world will have their lives saddened by the drip of your tears, who might have been gladdened by the sunlight of your smile—if you had only believed really in the love of God!

I do not say you have been very bad; I only mean to say that, whether from ill-health or over-strain, you have not made the most of an opportunity. My dearest friend, I beg you not to think that I would dare to say these things to one to whom I owe so much, and from whom I learnt almost all that has been useful to me on this side, but I am on this side, and we can see things here which you cannot. I still hope that you will be able to give to all the whole world an example, not of what is called Christian resignation, which is often only another word for despairing acquiescence, but the gladness and joy unspeakable that is the natural right of those who live in the love of God. This is not my message only. It is the message of all on this side. Why were you raised up, why are you set on high in order that all eyes may see you? I know you. Not for your own sake, but in order that you in your life may reflect His love to all who see you, as a mirror reflects the rays of the sun. My dear, dear friend, why do you not weep, not that your dear one is with us, but because you have made so little of the magnificent opportunity of proving to all that the other world is God's world to you, and that those who are lost to others are not lost to you who believe?

It is no use saying you believe if you don't believe. What is the use of saying you are warm if you shiver? I must beg of you not to be vexed with me, and not to think that I would say one word about anything that might grieve your mind, but that we see so clearly, oh so clearly what a chance there is now of proving to all the reality of Christ's triumph over death.

What can I say to convince you? It is easy, you say, for me to scold you, but you cannot hear me, see me. You stretch out your hands in the darkness for your dear one who stands close to you, and you feel nothing, and you are disconsolate, and your heart rebels and you are unbelieving. Well, so far as you disbelieve, so far you lose your power to be the conductor of the love of God to man.

The secret of all power to help man is for you to be just the passive instrument in God's hands to teach, to show, to prove what he says. When self or unbelief comes in, there is weakness and loss of power. I don't mean by self what people call selfishness, I mean the darkness of material things which shuts us out from God and His truth.

It is no use saying you believe when you feel sad. No one who really believes can ever feel sad. The measure of your grief is the measure of your unbelief. We who live in the atmosphere of the love of God are often sad at our own imperfections. But where the deed is not ours, but His—when the fact is what His wisdom and love have accomplished, not what our selfishness and sin have brought about, then all sorrow is the register of the spiritual thermometer of our unbelief.

Forgive me; I hate having to say these things to you, you who have been my teacher, to whom I owe all I am now, oh my own beloved friend. It is not pleasant for me to say these things. It is a hard thing. But I know your faith, and I know your love, and trust to see them shine forth radiant and as the love of God before the eyes of a sorrowing world.

How awful a sight is the human race! Nothing you have ever said, or written, or dreamed could adequately express the sense of the horror of the sum of misery and anguish that prevails in the world by the presence of

Death. By sin came death; Christ came to triumph over both. But He has not triumphed if those who call themselves by His name have no realizing sense of the immortality of their loved ones. Christ destroyed the dim veil that sin drew between the two worlds. Christ opened up the spirit world to those on earth. But since His time that veil has been gradually restored, until now Death is as palpable a separation as it was in the pagan day. That is to be changed, and you are charged with one great part of the work of changing it. It is a proud privilege, a glorious opportunity. Go back, not as one who sorrows for the dead who are lost, but one who rejoices for the lost who are found.

And if you are faithful, then will the joy of the Love of our Lord, which will fill your heart, be as the Dayspring from on high to the dim, sorrow-bleared eyes of the human race.

Now, my dearest and honored friend, forgive me! What I write, I write not for myself alone, but for all on this side whose hope is placed in you. Good-bye.

Your loving friend,

JULIA.

—*Letters from Julia: W. T. Stead.*

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# AT LAST

STRANGE I have lived so many years,
  And trudged along the way
Of life, its joys, its tears and fears,
  Among the grave and gay;
Have met fair maids, and winsome ones,
  And sung the roundelay
Of Love 'neath all the season's suns,
  But never till today
Has any woman won my soul,
Enmeshed my heart and surely stole
My love, and bore it to the goal
Of perfect bliss—and with a kiss—
  Till you, Susanne,
  Took it away,
  On yon bright yesterday.

And now, sweetheart, I live for you,
  And shall, dear soul, alway
With one fond thought, forever true,
  To you, my light and way,
And that to make you happy, dear.
  For this I'll always pray—
And work—through every day and year,
  Within the radiant ray
Of light from your fond, loving smile,
For that alone would sweet beguile
Aeons of time, and all the while
My soul would sing: "I am the King,"
  For sweet Susanne
  Is mine today,
  Tomorrow and alway.

—*William Lightfoot Visscher in "Poems of the South."*

# The Belgians in England

## by Hortense S. Miller

IT has been very sad to see the many Belgian people here who have been driven from their homes. They have met with great kindness from the English people, who have taken them into their homes and are caring for them in every way. It has been found more satisfactory to give them temporary homes by themselves, so numerous furnished houses have been lent to them and hundreds of other houses and flats have been temporarily furnished for them. They are much happier by themselves, preparing their own food and living in their own way. In such instances they are either provided with the food each week or with a regular weekly allowance of money.

At first they were discouraged in their wishes to secure work, and it caused some unhappiness among them, for they are naturally so very industrious. Now that all kinds of labor has become so scarce, the assistance of the refugees is welcomed, and it is better all around. They make splendid munition workers. Immediately after Christmas we had a Belgian woman and her three-half-grown children with us for a little over a month. They were superior people and had been, before the war, of considerable wealth. They came from Liege where the husband still remains, trying to protect their property. He is, or was, a member of the "guard civique," not being eligible for the army because of frail health.

You may notice that I am not mentioning his name. It is for this reason: So many letters go astray these days and information contained in them is used to the disadvantage of innocent people. When people are highly connected, the Germans would be very glad of any information concerning them. The wife, Madam ———, has told me many interesting bits of news of the first few days or weeks of war, and I saw many of her letters received from her people. Of course there are no letters now, as the Germans severely punish any Belgian who sends or receives a letter without its passing first through their hands, and a letter that goes through their hands is worse than no letter.

A sister of hers was imprisoned for five days because she wrote a letter to her son who was in Holland. This same sister has had several interesting experiences with German officers. Her husband is a physician and obliged by the Germans to work in their hospitals, and in times of rush I understand she is also sent in to help, as she is very clever at nursing. She always has at least five German officers in her home to provide for daily, and so far they have done no worse than steal her front door, which was so much admired that they deemed it worthy to be sent to Germany. You see, the city she lives in is noted for its beautiful *old* front doors, or it *was* noted for them. The doors are nearly all in Germany now.

At about Christmas time the German officers convinced Madam ———'s sister that her sons (seventeen and nineteen years), who had been sent over to England for safety, were in great danger because terrible things were to happen there, so she was allowed five days to come and get them, and her husband's life to be the price of her failure to return in that time. So convinced was she that her boys would not be safe in England that she insisted upon taking them back in spite of everything told her to the contrary here. However she was persuaded to leave them in Holland, and is very thankful now, when she knows they would have been sent as prisoners to Germany had she taken them back into Belgium.

I have talked with many of the Belgians and they all agree in their stories of the harshness of the German treatment of Belgium. One nice young woman from Brussels has told me of her own talks with the refugees from Louvain as they arrived, terrified, in Brussels. Some of her own relatives were among those driven before the German soldiers when the Belgian army was making its heroic stand against them. Some were crazed by their experiences and could not talk or tell of their sufferings.

One of the questions I ask all Belgians is this: "Preceding the war, did Belgians fear that France might violate the neutrality of Belgium in order to attack Germany? You know Germany claims that France intended to do this. The answer always has been, "*No*, we have long feared Germany, but *never France*."

In March, before the outbreak of war, a cousin of Madam ———'s went to Germany for several weeks' work connected with his business, and soon after his arrival, quite by accident, he stumbled upon the knowledge that Germany was getting ready for the invasion of Belgium. He made certain that it was true and rushed back to his country, going at once with his information to the highest quarters. He met with unbelief from some, while others believed him, but there was no unity one way or the other. He gave no heed to his business, and went about publicly, lecturing on what he had learned and sent thousands of postcards all over Belgium. A few believed him, but the great majority laughed at him or said, "Yes, *sometime*, but not now."

This man is one of the people now sought after by the Germans. I am told the German blacklist is posted in all the Committee rooms established here for the relief of the Belgian refugees, so that they may all know for whom it is unsafe to return to Belgium. This man is in England and has no intention of returning for sometime.

Of course you have heard of the German atrocities and no doubt, like most other people, found them unbelievable until convinced by Germany herself that it was quite possible. I have enough first-hand stories to make me believe *anything* of Germany today.

ONE thing has especially impressed me, practically all the Belgians that I have talked with express sympathy for the German soldiers. There seems to be little bitterness against them, but the German officers come in for most violent hatred. Over and over they have told me of the soldiers telling them they did not wish to fight the Belgians, and also of how the soldiers were told they were in France when really only in Belgium, and of the surprise and sorrow among these ordinary soldiers when they learned the truth.

Of course I don't know how they feel about it now, perhaps the seeds of hate sown in their hearts by their superiors has taken root and produced a flourishing growth.

You speak of my work among the Belgians, and that you are interested to know about it, but it is nothing, only a "wee drop in the bucket," of which there is little to tell.

Some of my good American friends sent me boxes of clothing that I distributed personally or handed over to one of the committees for that purpose.

It has been and is a big task to feed and clothe these unfortunate people, the majority of them being people who before the war were accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of life. Comparatively few of the poor or peasant class escaped to England. They, as always, suffer cruelly in this awful war. The work that has interested me the most is sending comforts to the men at the front.

I am particularly interested in the Belgian soldiers. It is impossible for them to "write home" for what they want, and their people can send nothing, so I try to help a little there, but as I said before, it is such a little.

Perhaps you would like to know what I send them. Socks, shirts, towels, carbolic soap, candles, leather boot laces, mittens, scarves, condensed milk, chocolate and acid drops, insect powder, tooth brushes and tooth powder, and *cigarettes*. Oh, how they crave those cigarettes! They are very grateful for everything, but the cigarettes call forth everlasting blessings. In every box I also send a nice big fat fruit cake, and it delights them.

Since I began this letter my cook has had a letter from her brother, who is a "Tommy" at the front. In the winter he had his feet frozen and poisoned as a result of four days in the trenches with the water above his knees. The water was very foul and many dead were in it, and it was impossible for the men to stand erect or exercise to keep warm, because the Germans were near, and if so much as a finger appeared it was instantly shot.

Reinforcements were delayed in reaching them, and nearly his whole company were wiped out. He is a nice, honest-faced English boy of nineteen years. Now he writes that it is dreadful over there, very hot and neither side able to bury their dead, and the pest of flies make life hardly worth living. He says the dead are literally black with flies, and the sights and *odors* are almost unbearable.

This is horrid to tell you, but I have come to the point where I think people must know the horrid things in order that they may *truly* realize the horrors of war and perhaps wake up to the uselessness and the imbecility of it all.

However, until all the nations or a strong enough majority wake up and *agree* that war *shall not be*, I believe that every country should be *prepared*. That brings me to the thought of my own dear country. The longer I remain away from the U. S. A., the more proud I am to be an American and the stronger grows my wish to return.

THERE is naturally much interest just now in the attitude of the U.S.A. and her action in regard to the reply to her Lusitania note from Germany. I have never heard any English person express a desire for the U.S.A. to come into the war, indeed I think the government especially wants her to stay out. They seem to think the U. S. A. is more useful to the Allies as a neutral than she would be as an active ally.

On the other hand, they cannot understand America's "silence" and "patience." At present they do not understand and they do *not respect* and *admire* her for it; indeed I have heard many disagreeable and sneering remarks from those who care not if they hurt by their words, while real friends take pains to avoid the subject, or else confine themselves to questions or perhaps polite excuses for America. You see, they do not understand how America, standing for all that she does, could have remained silent when Belgium was invaded.

Just between you and me, whatever America might do would meet with sharp criticism here. We find the traveled Englishman a really splendid and delightful person. He, having been to America, appreciates it and the American people, but the great majority of people here *do not like Americans*. In the first place, they know little or nothing of America, and they *don't want* to know.

Americans are, to some extent, to blame for this. They come over here in their thousands and many make great mistakes in their conduct here. I think the average American is so passionately proud of being an American and so generously eager that others should know and share his blessings that he is apt to talk too much. The very fact that so many Americans do come over here convinces the people that we have nothing worth while at home to see or keep us there. Down deep in their hearts they have never forgiven us for our old revolt. I have actually had people ask me if the "better class of Americans do not feel that it was a mistake," and also if I do not think the time will come when we will return to the fold. You see we are really the "prodigal son" and the "fatted calf" awaits us.

Seriously, though, I do feel this war is bringing the two countries into a better knowledge and understanding of each other. The English are a fine people;

I wish it were possible for us to make them our warm friends. Our differences are more in terms of expression than in fact.

Especially would I like to tell your many readers of the intense gratitude of the Belgian people to the Americans for what they have done and for what they are doing for them and their stricken country. So many times have I heard them say with deep emotion in speaking of the Americans, "Oh, they are so *good*; they are *so* GOOD!"

A refugee from Liege told me this story: In the winter, two Belgians, working for the American Relief Commission, were stopped and roughly treated by German officials, who took from them the small American flags they were wearing and ordered them to wear no badges without their permission. News of this was quickly spread among the inhabitants, and next day practically the whole population appeared with American flags pinned on their breasts. She said the shops could not begin to supply the demand, but that did not prevent their quick and private manufacture.

Now I have taken up a lot of your time with this long and rambling letter, which was intended only to let you know we exiles do thoroughly appreciate being remembered when so far away from home. There is also the hope that you, with your great opportunities and wide acquaintance with our loved fellow-countrymen, when speaking of the Belgian people, give assurance of their heartfelt gratitude to the great and generous American people.

# PRIMROSE'S SECRET

## *By* MORTIMER L. BIXLER

PRIMROSE, primrose
Who knows, who knows
Where you found
Your pretty clothes?

Bright mornings in May
I'm tempted to stray;
Tho' in the city I see
Primrose smiling at me.

I ask in surprise
Why she custom defies
And in such a place
Unveils her sweet face.

She whispers me this:
With the sun's kiss
And a wee little spot,
I'm content with my lot.

Then I heard a voice low,
Sweet measured and slow,
Which chanted quite plain
This inquiring refrain:

Primrose, primrose,
Who knows, who knows
Where you found
Your pretty clothes?

On a moonlight night,
Dancing with a sprite
So the story goes—
An elfin stubbed his toes.

Then a drop of red
Sprayed the primrose bed,
And the falling dew
Sent the color through.

Then her gown of white,
Changing in the night,
Gave the dainty clothes
Hues we see in primrose.

# Industrially Handicapped

by

## Jessie I. Belyea

(*Continued*)

### CRIPPLES

ACCIDENT, disease and congenital deformity are responsible for our cripples. Broadly speaking cripples may be divided into two classes, namely:

(*a*) Those deprived of a member.

(*b*) Those who have a member more or less useless.

A short walk along any of our city streets is convincing proof that we have a large number of maimed people among us. Factories, moving vehicles, icy pavements, and simple accidents which result in bloodpoisoning, contribute toward giving us cripples who have lost one or more limbs.

It would seem that lessons in the care of wounds, however slight, should be a part of our school course. The immediate use of antiseptics, and understanding what it may mean to get a slight wound infected, would undoubtedly lead to fewer cases of bloodpoisoning. For an unsightly hand commend me to a hand that has been through bloodpoisoning. The sensitive public objects to an unsightly hand more than to an amputation, and for this reason a surgeon in operating would help his patient more if he threw his skill into making a sightly hand, even at the expense of its use.

Tuberculosis of the bone, infantile paralysis, paralytic strokes, rheumatism and rheumatoid arthritis swell very materially the number maimed by disease.

When crippled in childhood, by accident or congenital deformity, there is no excuse for anybody, state or parent, if he be wholly dependent when he grows to maturity except, of course, those mentally defective as well as crippled.

Let us grant that the first thought of the physician in such cases is physical cure—the turning out with pride, and justly so, of a remarkable physical result after years of watchful care. But has he done his whole duty when in all those years he has given no thought to the education of the boy or girl, no word of direction when sorely needed to a mother of poor attainments who does not think beyond the present, and who does not see that her child will be a cripple even though a comfortable one, and must needs fight the world a handicapped man or woman.

Booker T. Washington says that the negro must do his work, not only as well, but better than the white man, in order to gain recognition; and this is also true of the cripple. Everyone can think of brilliant examples of cripples who have become noted—of Byron, of Scott and of Pope. But these exceptions did not rise above their fellows *because* they were cripples, but because of the same innate force which causes the normal man to excell his fellows. As most of us are normal and possess but average ability, it is therefore reasonable to treat the crippled child as having average attainments and indeed greatly in need of more careful guidance, considering his disability, than the normal child. It is probably a doubtful truth that the cripple is possessed of abnormal mental ability, for, deprived of full locomotion, study is recreation as well as play, and hence gets twice as much attention as if he were normal.

A good many patients, both at the hospitals and at the office, confessed naively to having been to every hospital and dispensary with no improvement in their condition. All physicians will grant that this very habit of "rounding" is detrimental to their work. A physician in private practice will not attend a patient if he knows a brother physician has charge of the case. Why then should not the same ethics be carried into hospital cases? Some method, I do not say what, should be devised whereby a list of the patients attending hospitals might be a matter of record and an honorable discharge given a patient who wishes to attend another dispensary. This should be a matter in which co-operation of the most friendly nature should exist. Along the same line nothing is more conducive to good work than individual interest—the patient in the doctor, the doctor in the patient; the doctor knowing Mary by name, Mary knowing the doctor's name and face. Trust and confidence grows up under such relations, and the desire to change hospitals and doctors is minimized. To the little patient the doctor becomes the only and greatest man on earth, which certainly helps through periods of depression and discouragement, when the treatment must of necessity extend over long years with seemingly little improvement from month to month. A little simple explanation of the disease and its progress is easy to make and is a great mental help.

It is for the above reasons, and some others, that large clinics are to be deplored. A doctor, being human, has his limitations and cannot individualize beyond a certain point. If he sees a patient once, and then perchance again, his interest naturally is not great. If, however, he has his own patients whom no one thinks of treating but himself—steady one-hand treatment with a definite end in view is the result. A man with no definite aim is a man without success, and so with the patient. Everybody's work is nobody's work. One physician treats this way, the next time another treats another way, when one way or the other all the time would lead to the desired end.

There is money for everything charitable if we look for it and make its need felt. What is necessary, therefore, for a hospital, and what it can possess if we set out to make it possess?

(1) All equipments necessary to easy and effective work. Rest, light and air, even in the waiting rooms, and plentiful though not wasteful supply.

(2) A country branch as well as city, fully equipped for long residence from babyhood to twenty or over.

(3) All auxiliary aids such as socialized nurse, gymnasium with properly trained supervisor and attendants, mechanical aids, such as Zander machines and hydrotheropy.

(4) Small clinics.

(5) Elimination of "rounders."

(6) Hearty co-operation and definite knowledge of the best methods.

Let me sum up, in conclusion, the general feeling of the physicians with whom it has been my privilege to talk:

(1) Cripples should have special training and as carefully led along the road of knowledge as is possible with their physical condition, which should always be first in the minds of the educators. No teacher has a knowledge of braces and straps sufficient to attend to these appliances, and therefore a nurse should be in attendance. Small classes should always be the rule as the crippled child needs more attention than the normal one.

(2) This education should always, if possible, take place in the country, the place for all children, especially the cripple who is sick and not understood by the teacher. Special classes in the public schools would not meet the requirements, but special buildings, not higher than two stories, should be the rule.

(3) The cripple becomes a tyrant at home from over attention from the parents and forced attention from the others in the family. All this is bad for the cripple and equally so for the brothers and sisters. Later in life he, being undisciplined, is unfit for contact with his fellows in the commercial world, where he demands but fails to get this constant consideration.

(5) The period of school life should be extended, a trade taught or, where possible, higher education pursued, because brain work means less physicial work.

For the cripple who has lost members by accident, the problem is most difficult of solution. If the accident occur in boyhood, education, academic and vocational, best suited to the boy, is the duty of parent, or, failing that, the state. Artificial legs and arms should be procured and the boy taught to use them with ease, so that he be as near normal as possible. Accidents are more apt to come to a man during the working periods of his life anywhere from twenty to forty—after he has taken up some trade and has become more or less proficient. As a rule their education is deficient and the ten years or more of routine labor has not tended to brighten the intellect, and has robbed the hands of their supple dexterity. When the accident occurs they are left with a wife and family, no education and hard, calloused and stiff hands, minus a leg—or worse, an arm, to fight the battle of life. The lawyers in some way or other seek the man and a suit is pending for two years or more. The client is led to suppose that he will possess ten thousand dollars or fifty thousand dollars almost any day. He cannot work because he expects to be called to court any day. If he by any chance gets work his case is not so good, as his loss can be proved to be so much the less. One day the case is called, only to be thrown out, and the man after two years takes stock. He finds the grocer and landlord who trusted him on his chances, refuse to do so longer; clothes are worn out and his inclination to work is at a low ebb. "The first few months without work is the hardest, after that you get used to it," one laborer is said to have told another, and it is so. He has not even improved the time in getting used to his new artificial limb, because, while his suit was pending, the more maimed he is the better for the case. At this junction the family becomes demoralized. Driven to it the man seeks work, only to be turned away, till someone tells him to buy some pencils and sell them on the street. He goes to an unfamiliar part of the town where his friends will not see him and after the first plunge it is easy. His stock does not diminish much; people hurry by, give him money or take a pencil and leave twenty-five cents. The man is practically a beggar and finally does not offer the pencils and is really a beggar. One man told me that he took in forty dollars per day of four hours length, panhandling or begging on the steps of a Fifth Avenue bank. Is he going to earn eight or nine dollars per week in future at hard labor?

This is one side of the story, but if no work can be obtained for the man, if there is nothing at which he is *allowed* to work, he should not be arrested and imprisoned. We have only to ask ourselves the question —If I were to lose my arm in getting my daily bread and contributing to the world's work, and no one would give me work, should I with my family starve, or should I be deprived of my liberty and a criminal record added to my handicap because I took the only method open to me in following the law of self-preservation?

There is still another picture—but let the applicant tell his own story. He came to the office carrying a cane, apparently an ornament, his left coat sleeve tucked into his pocket. His coal black expressive eyes, now sad, now tearful, now fiery, set in a handsome face with the olive complexion of the South. He was twenty-eight, half Spanish, and was born in California, I afterwards learned. "I was nineteen when this thing happened," he said, "I was crossing a track one evening and the gates were not down. When I came to myself three days later very little but vital parts were left—both legs and one arm were gone. The law of the state in which I was hurt, at that time read that unless action be taken within twenty-four hours after injury, the case is nil. I was unconscious for more than twenty-four hours, and so my case was outlawed. Friends helped me procure my artificial legs and I do without my arm. I walk almost as well as my normal brother except that I tire and my stump gets sore. I write better than most men and I am quick at figures. I always thought New York would give me work, so I got a pack and started across the continent. It took years because I never took what was not mine. My method is to buy five dollars' worth of merchandise and sell it at a profit, so that I live and most always have five dollars ready for new stock on Monday. Always I look for work. Once in Brooklyn I worked for three weeks in a place; I liked it and they liked me, but the liability insurance company came along and would not insure the employer unless I be discharged. So I was again out and had to take up peddling, which I hate. Time and time again I am told when I go for work that I am repulsive and nauseating. That makes a man fighting mad, so that I see fire, but what can a man like me do? I would stand a slim chance in a fight. I married—yes seven months ago, and my wife has been everything to me, but she is sickly and that is why I am down and out. Her sickness made me use up the five dollars I saved for stock. If there is one thing more unjust than another, one thing that shows man's inhumanity to man, it is the fact that I have to live with the scum of the earth. When I had that clerical job I told of I took an apartment in a nice house with quiet people, but when I began peddling I was told that they were sorry, that they liked us, but that the tenants could not see a cripple going out with a pack and so I had to move. Where I live they drink, swear, and lead dissolute lives. My wife is insulted every time she goes out and I worry when I am out for fear she will be molested. If it were not for books and my wife I would end it all, and still I cannot believe that God will always forsake me. I keep saying, 'God is just,' and some day all will be made straight."

Now as every cloud has its silver lining, let us turn to another phase of the cripple. A man of about forty walked into the office one day and held up his empty sleeve. His nose was red and I was not sure but that he drank, in spite of his positive denial. He told me with a hard look that he had been starved and kicked around for five years and ended up by asking for a place where he could get his board in return for his services. "If I get with a just man I'll get pay," he observed with a covert smile. After much persuasion an employer was found who had had all kinds of trouble getting anyone who cared for his fruit trees and chickens beyond doing the work in a very indifferent manner as long as there were frequent inspection tours. Well, this one-arm man builds fences, tends his trees and chickens, keeps the lawn and shrubbery in good repair and is faithful. He does get pay; as much as if he had not lost his arm.

In a summer community last year I ran across a man with one arm, who was considered the most useful man in his village. He drove four-in-hand, erected and took down tents, and was at the beck and call of everybody when a peculiarly nice job had to be done.

We therefore have the cripple who sinks into vagrancy, and the cripple who rises above his affliction. Anyone who has ever applied for work and has been refused day after day will realize the effect it has upon most people. Personally, the mere looking for work for other people and being refused has driven me to such shrinking dread that I have before applying walked around a block to get my courage up to the point of asking.

It is therefore most important that a man be put to work as soon as the artificial limb is adjusted and the art of using it accomplished.

The employer's attitude toward the cripple is the outcome of public opinion. An employer does not like to "take on" a cripple, because, if too many are seen coming and going they get a bad name—are said to *make* cripples. Many injured employees agree not to prosecute, provided the firm gives them a life job. This is not particularly a good arrangement, as the employee gets cocksure and saucy, or drinks of the flowing bowl too near working hours, and the job lasts about two years. The employer is delighted to get a chance to let the cripple go and easily finds flaws in the workman's attitude or habits.

Then, too, I am sorry to say, employers feel that the cripple, sets a pace that the normal employee will copy. "If that fellow is kept and does so little, why should I kill myself?" they ask. The cripple must often cringe and fawn because, where a normal man would assert the independence proper in a man, a cripple afraid of losing his work—which he is frequently reminded he retains on sufferance—does more and more without a murmur and takes all the insolence the employer sees fit to heap upon him. Frequently I hear, "I keep one cripple out of pity and can't have more."

Of course, all preventive measures should be used to minimize the danger of accident, even to the point of specialists to inspect and suggest and invent guarded machinery. Even then unavoidable accidents will give us enough cripples.

Insurance against accident, procuring artificial limbs, and decent convalescence, so that the family will not be submerged and become discouraged during the illness, should be universal.

All possible aids toward recovery, such as Zander machines, should be understood by everybody. A proper understanding on the part of employer and employee of mutual relations and responsibilities will eventually come about if we all insist and work toward that end. At present the employee thinks of nothing but a lawsuit immediately, and the company of nothing but how to circumvent the law.

Assuredly it is wicked to allow a man of twenty, hale and hearty, to spend his life in the almshouse or become a beggar. It should be acknowledged that each firm reserves jobs for cripples and let them work in peace; then workshops where new trades applicable to each cripple should be taught, and also a second class of shop where a cripple could at least earn enough to keep him from begging, and possibly to contribute enough to the family so that he may feel independent and not a nuisance in this land of full and plenty.

### DEFECTIVE IN SPEECH AND HEARING

It would seem as though the educators of the deaf mute had started out with the full intention of so directing the student of this division of the handicapped that they would appear to be normal and as if the handicap did not exist. Of course, lip reading and speaking have been evolved, but the tendency in the education of the deaf mute has been on and up toward the normal. The deaf mute, therefore, almost never finds it necessary to come to us. He is turned out of school ready to take his place in the world. Those who do come to us are almost always mentally defective as well as deaf mutes. It therefore speaks well of the whole system used in educating the deaf mute that they are educated along lines that will make them industrially useful and hence sought after as desirable employees.

In some schools they have excellent bands played by the students, and in fact, everything that the normal boys would have in a boarding school of a similar nature. Employers have grown to like their silent employees, trained as they are to strict habits of industry and obedience. But this again is what can be done if the handicap is at the beginning of life.

Unfortunately, deafness is so often acquired in adult life. Catarrah, Spinal Meningitis, Scarlet Fever, Mastoiditis, and other ear trouble come at any time. Father Time has a habit of bringing deafness along as his companion. A man so afflicted appears stupid; probably because he does not draw upon his other faculties and tries to hear instead of see what is said. Of late lip-reading schools for the adult are being established to teach lip reading to the adult deaf, but naturally it will need patience and time to acquire the knowledge or habit of trusting to the eyes instead of to the ears. Formerly, also, a deaf mute was placed in an institution, but recently the Board of Education, New York, created a special school where deaf mute children may attend, be taught along special lines and return home at the close of the session, as does the normal child.

The adult deaf who have become so after maturity are not sought after in New York as valuable employees. Nobody wants to stop to explain either by a scream, writing, or gesticulations, simple directions, or get up and cross a room to attract his attention, and yet a deaf man who knows his business needs but little direction, but most normal people think he needs twice as much instruction, and so laboriously try to make him understand by the ear when the eye should be depended upon.

People with all their faculties fail to understand that it is not necessary to consider a person's infirmity too much. A person may write with the left hand, but the result is just the same as if he wrote with the right. I mean by that, that the results are the same even if approached in different ways.

It is said that a deaf file clerk is better than any other, because nothing distracts the attention from the work. Boilermakers seem to become deaf after forty-five, but it does not interefere with their continuing work at their trade. Presumably there are other trades that lead to occupational deafness, but this is the only one that has specially attracted our attention.

The trained, educated deaf mutes have their place industrially, but those who acquire deafness in adult life have a very difficult time to find work, and yet, like all other handicaps, deafness need not be considered at all if the right place can be found. As silent demonstrators in a store window, sheet writers, ledger men and such work, who would need to consider the lack? But again the work is not reserved. Demonstrating is usually given to some silly-looking girl who should not be in such a place anyway, and whose money goes to support a father who cannot find work because of some handicap, say gray hair or deafness.

### DELICATE HEALTH

Health has been well defined as "the perfect circulation of pure blood through a sound organism."

Several generations of under-feeding, air-starvation, and improper living probably creates people not up to the normal standard. Of these there seems to be two classes—the kind that are constantly going beyond their strength and the kind that are labeled lazy. The former seem to have an indomitable spirit that conquers the flesh—the spirit is willing but the flesh weak, or, more popularly, the ghost is willing but the meat is weak. These people are constantly overworking and breaking down, just convalescing from nervous exhaustion, grippe, pneumonia, or some surgical operation; in fact, losing much time from work, getting into debt and being forced to go to work too soon, only to get abreast of their debts before going again into insolvency. "I never seem to get ahead, no matter how much I try," is heard so much from the lips of this class of people.

They apparently have little knowledge that their health is to blame or that they have set for themselves tasks too difficult for their strength. I once heard a woman say that she had never known a moment in her life when she was not in pain; yet she was compelled to make herself, by strong will, perform all acts in her life, and it was done so successfully that people believed her to be a bright little woman.

While we are sometimes provoked with this class of people, we have more patience and understanding of them than the kind that must have outside stimulus, instead of containing within themselves a spur or whip. The lazy get no sympathy. We get tired of urging "Fanny to make an effort."

Perhaps we might find the cause if we looked deep enough. It may be poorly nourished blood—lack of red corpuscles due to improper or not enough of the right kind of food, insufficient oxygen or lack of vitality, that spark so difficult to understand. Perhaps they do not want anything badly enough to work for it. Perhaps the work does not hold sufficient interest for them.

Ask yourself what you do when you feel sick. Do you look for work? Are you specially amicable or reasonable? Do you do things with zest and do you care "whether school keeps or not?" When we have satisfactorily answered these questions we may begin to grasp the situation.

Some one will say, "When I feel badly I do not give in so easily." Yes, probably, but we may have more vital spark or see more heights to climb, more worlds to conquer than our friends, who see clouds but no glimpses beyond.

Now, our over-ambitious people have to be restrained and our under-ambitious people whipped or spurred into action. Each person is a study and the finding of the right kind of work for each a problem in which "A" has to equal the kind of work many times before the answer is correct.

To be kind, firm, severe, judicious and suffer much and be kind, are a few of the virtues necessary when dealing with our friends of this type.

### HAVING CRIMINAL RECORD

For those handicapped socially and having paid the required penalty, I have found nothing but willingness on the part of employers to aid in every way. Naturally the positions offered are those requiring brawn, or at least, where trust does not enter into the relation. A treasurer of a bank cannot hope to become treasurer upon his discharge from prison, and there seems a disinclination on the part of employers toward taking ex-convicts into clerical positions, but the younger the offender the more willingness there is to lend a hand, showing that age is, perhaps, more of a handicap than Criminal Record. People in general seem to feel that a man who has committed robbery on a large scale is more to be trusted than a twenty-five cent thief. Of course, second offences are looked upon with more disfavor than the first.

### HAVING BAD INDUSTRIAL RECORD

By this we mean those who cannot furnish references or who have none but unsatisfactory ones. Perhaps this is not a fault. It may be a strike that has ended fruitlessly; perhaps the work has been done under a number or in a gang; or he has been of the wandering kind, where he did not remain long enough to allow the employer to judge of capabilities, honesty or sobriety. Perhaps there was no prison or criminal record, but would have been if he had gotten his deserts. Drink and quarrel with some other employee, and other records make up the sum total of an industrial career more or less futile. However, persistent people begin success where others end in failure.

If persistence were part of these people's make-up, all would be well with them, but unfortunately that is a quality which is usually absent and has to be nurtured and encouraged.

With many it is a new start; a pointing out that the future must be different, that the new paths must be along other lines. If bad temper is the cause, sometimes it has been an irritating foreman, or home conditions, or illness. So a look is taken at the question all around and from many angles. Many have gotten "down and out" and refuse to let friends and former employers know of the distress, and it is only by stimulating confidence that the whole story is told, help sought where once it was spurned and a fresh start made. The record of a man down and out may even be good, but pride, which is a good thing, is often misused, and has resulted in shunning former haunts. Things go from bad to worse; when they once start they gather momentum rapidly. The pawn shop takes the clothes; dirty linen, etc., soon creates a man whom nobody wants. In these cases a little judicious suggestion about a shave, a clean shirt and a "sprucing up" does much to procure a job of a suitable kind. Apparent success and the feeling that we do not need to skulk because we are trying to hide ourselves from the eyes of a scrutinizing employer, gives an assurance that wins. If a man be vigorous and young, bad industrial record does not so much matter if he is not too particular as to his start, but if a man reaches fifty and finds himself possessing a bad name, or none, he is not to be envied. We warn young men at the start to work faithfully and leave behind an honorable record, no matter how lowly the position, and to build stone upon stone, precept upon precept, an honorable name and a fearless and confidential relation toward those in authority.

### MENTALLY DEFECTIVE

We do not attempt to make industrially useful any but the high-grade mentally defective. Any routine work that ought to make a well-balanced person insane is especially adapted to this class of applicant. Pasting labels, cutting off pieces of rubber for pencils, any work consisting of the same thing hour after hour, day after day, seems made for them. Piece work, however, is not particularly fitting. Farm work, if constantly directed, does very well, as the applicant is physically strong.

It is of course, except under exceptional conditions, wise to colonize the female, as it is certainly a preventive measure to take no chances during the child bearing period. We all believe in doing this, but it is not always adhered to as it should be. When people are almost normal, we feel sorry to deprive them of liberty, but it is certainly a necessary and humane act to prevent the idiot from multiplying and bringing needless suffering to the normal as well as the defective.

(*To be continued*)

# Romance of a "Ten-footer"

By

## George Willoughby

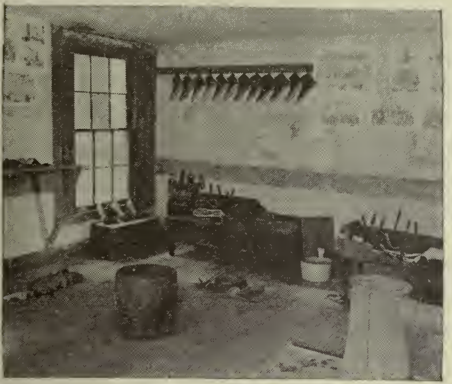
A CURIOUS side light on the character of Sidney W. Winslow, the president of the United Shoe Machinery Company, and one which shows plainly the character of the man and invariably calls forth comment from visitors to the great factory at Beverly, is a small, old-fashioned, one-story building, about twelve feet long and ten feet wide, just back of the main plant. The guide of the factory will tell you, as he points it out, that this is the building where, in the Civil War days, the late Freeman Winslow, Jr., father of Sidney Winslow, made shoes by hand. In this same primitive old-fashioned shoe shop, Sidney W. Winslow first gained his knowledge of shoes and the shoe business in which he was destined to become such a commanding figure.

How it came to be where it is—for its original location was in Lynn—is a part of this story. Some years ago, Mr. Winslow purchased the shanty from Joseph Maroney of Lynn, and had it moved to Beverly and set up in its present location as a memorial. That was sentiment, you say. Yes—and it shows that Sidney Winslow was proud of his humble beginning; proud to point to this little shoe shop as the place where he first worked.

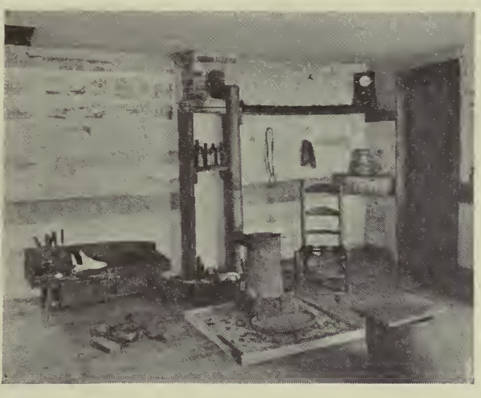
The old "shop" is a veritable "ten-footer," so called because all the shoe shops of that period measured just ten feet each. The furniture of these old-time shoe shops varied according to the circumstances of the shoemakers. In some of them, for example, the windows and the doors were loose, and the walls were not plastered. Consequently, the cold and wind came through and made it a physical impossibility to keep warm, even though the shops were heated with the salamander stoves. One historian declares: "On very cold days the shoemakers often closed the shop, thinking it would be more profitable to go hunting than to try to warm it." And Johnson, in his "Sketches of Lynn," facetiously declared: "There being no thermometers in old-time shops, the shoemakers determined whether or not it was cold by wetting a lapstone and seating an unlucky apprentice on it. If the boy's trousers froze on the stone, it was considered too cold to work."

A glance at the photograph of the exterior of the old shoe shop of Freeman Winslow, Jr., will show that the lighting was as primitive as the heating. One window, with seven by nine panes of glass, allowed sunlight to stream through and fall upon the shoemaker's bench, while another window on the side let in the light at the back. In the evening, the "shoemaker's candles," made by pressing two candles into one with two wicks, were ingeniously rigged in a wooden, leather or tin receptacle, set so as to throw its best rays upon the work.

In so far as the exterior is concerned, the old Winslow shop is precisely similar to the one occupied by Vice-President Wilson, "the Natick cobbler," who is said to have mastered the rudiments of debat-



WHERE SHOES WERE MADE BY HAND
View showing the original bench where sat the father of Sidney W. Winslow, while in the foreground is the well-known shop tub, and alongside it is the lapstone with hammer resting on the edge of it



BACK IN THE DAYS OF '61
The old-fashioned clock and the store patriarch's chair, which the original "old-timer" occupied while reading aloud the war news for the benefit of the shoemaker

ing by discussing problems of the day with fellow-shoemakers in Natick shops. It has been strengthened and revamped so that it appears today exactly as it did in the days of the Civil War. In the photograph above is shown the original bench belonging to the father of Sidney W. Winslow. Here, also, is the "second bench" at the side, and the assistant's bench, as well as the bench of the apprentice. The old stove which was used to heat the shop in winter time is there, as are also the bottles on the shelf back of the stove-pipe, which contained stains and blacking. There, too, in the foreground around the stove are scraps of leather. The well-known shop tub appears in the foreground with the original skiving board on top of it.

The hand skiver is seen at the end of the shelf, and in front of the window is the head block which was used for leveling. On the shelf beside it may also be seen the rub stick.

On the shelf upon which the lasts were kept is an old-fashioned clock, and below it is the water pitcher used in those days. Shoes at that time were made upon straight lasts.

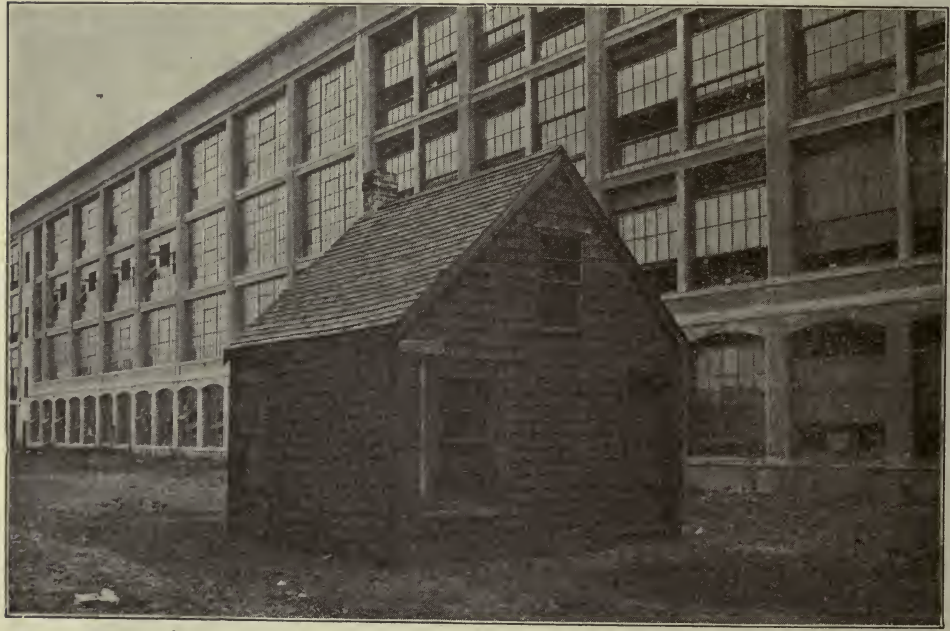
The lapstone, too, with handle of hammer resting on the edge of it, lies on the floor opposite the Freeman Winslow bench. This lapstone was used by the workman, taking it in his lap and pounding the leather to make it solid. The moulding block and the mallet also are shown on the floor. These were used for moulding the rounded sole into shape so that it would hug the edges of the last all around. Behind the stove is the chair—the original old-timer of the war period. This chair was generally occupied by an old patriarch who paid his daily visit to the shop to read the war news for the benefit of the men at work, and for his own information as well.

It may be imagined that the patriarch reading the war news often provoked curious discussions, and, if the old "ten-footer" could talk, it would relate many interesting and instructive stories concerning problems of the day, the arguments for and against national and state

AN INTERESTING CORNER
Adorning the walls are pictures from illustrated papers issued during the War of the Rebellion, 1861-65

issues and sundry other topics. Adorning the walls are pictures from illustrated papers which were issued during the War of the Rebellion, 1861–'65. A copy of the Boston *Sunday Herald* for September 12, 1863, may be seen, while many double-page photographs are taken from the paper called *The Soldier in Our Civil War.* The ceiling is about seven feet from the floor, and the trap door in the corner leads to the space above, which was used as an attic. This attic, like others of the old-time shoe shop, was a receptacle for all sorts of discarded articles—such as old or broken tools, worn boots, old lasts, and other trumpery. The old-fashioned shoemaker believed in saving everything, a notion that prevailed being that everything came into use again once in seven years.

In amazing contrast to this quaint little old building is the enormous plant of the United Shoe Machinery Company, with its sixteen wonderful concrete factory structures towering alongside the "ten footer." Some of them are over a thousand feet in length. The reproduction shown herewith gives only a slight idea of the comparative size and dimensions of the two buildings. The big plant has a floor space of over twenty-one acres.



PLANT OF UNITED SHOE MACHINERY COMPANY, AT BEVERLY
Showing the little "ten footer" shop in which the father of Sidney Winslow engaged in the business of making shoes by hand

# Art at the Exposition

### by

### Jessie Maude Wybro

IN the eager desire of all classes of people to know true art, in the new perception of artistic values inculcated by the training in handcraft in the public schools, in the women's clubs, with their thronged lecture courses on art, and, most wonderfully and convincingly, in the art of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, the new impulse in the artistic life of America can be seen.

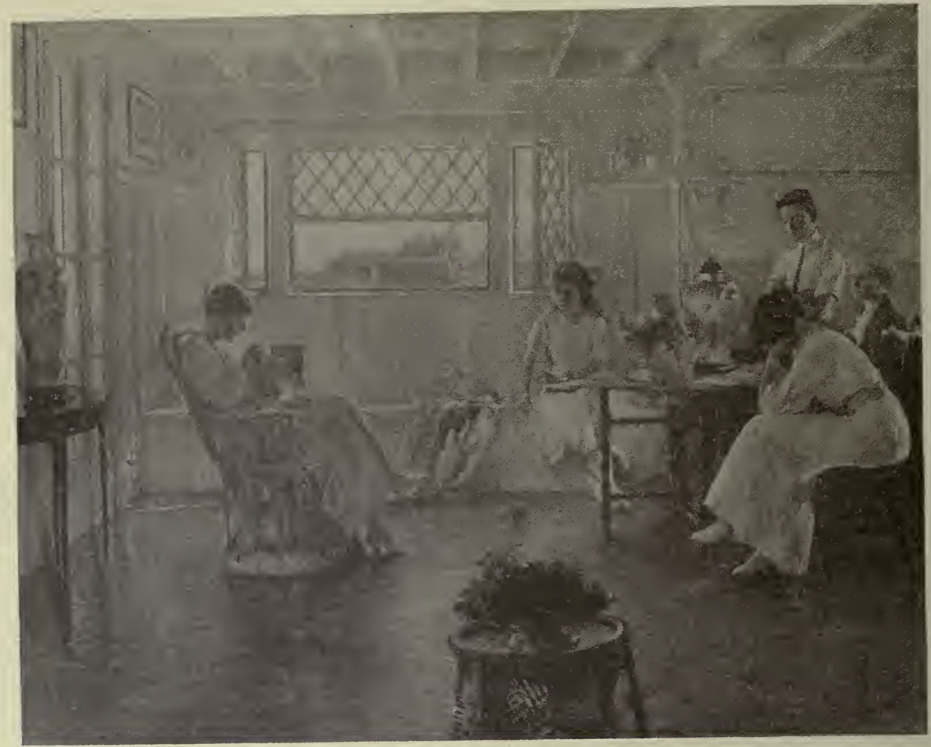
The most deeply significant thing in the work of the American artists, whose pictures hang in the central galleries of the great Fine Arts building, is not merely that it is the work of American artists, but that it is in itself American. The technique is not an imitation of the French or Spanish, nor the subjects adaptations of European ideas, nor is there any looking at life through foreign eyes. The quick American vision, generally supposed to be bent keenly on the main chance, demonstrates its ability to look truthfully into life—to see its joy, its pathos, its poetry, its beauty.

There is also to be noted a strongly marked tendency to turn to American life for subject matter. The note of freshness and vigor is sounded strikingly as one passes through the galleries. On every side the eye is caught by the glow of color, the bold drawing, the suggestive line. The construction of the buildings makes it possible for some score of American artists to be given a room each for the exhibition of their work—an arrangement of great advantage to the work itself, as well as a distinct convenience to the visitor.

Entering the room devoted to Childe Hassam, the joyousness of his vivid tones leaps out from the canvases and assails the beholder with a buoyant sense of youth and freedom and gaiety. A flowering of prismatic tints calls to the eye "Sunset: New England Coast." No stretch of stern-walled shore, no magnificent fury of grim waters such as Winslow Homer sees, but color—color—color—a gorgeousness of hue and wooing luxuriance of atmosphere that might be Italy or California.

From an adjoining wall glimmers down "Reading the Letter," a wonderful harmony of dull golds leading up to white in the high-lights, the picture showing a young girl reading a letter which she holds in her hands; the face is youthfully spring-like in its fresh, soft contours; there is just one small touch of vivid color—the scarlet dash of the soft, half-sullen mouth; the eyes, downcast to the written sheet, have a tantalizing effect of withholding the secret of her news.

"The Strawberry Tea Set" shows this versatile artist in still another phase. It has neither the prismatic coloring of the "Sunset" nor the lyric melody of "Reading the Letter," and is rather modish in character, of skilful composition and charming color arrangement. A tea set decorated in strawberries is displayed upon a round tea table, beside which stands a girl; the figure is gracefully posed, and the personality suggestive of charm.



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MY FAMILY—BY EDMUND TARBELL

This painting hangs in the Tarbell gallery in the Palace of Fine Arts at the Exposition. Like all of this master's canvases, this picture has a simple charm and shows his ability of making the less complex things of life the most beautiful

In his "Diana's Bath" the nude figure of the huntress-goddess gleams above a circular pool in exquisitely luminous flesh-tints, and the limpid waters swirl in a happy rhythm dimpling into quietude here and there to reflect the vivid joyance of the blossoms on its bank.

In "Aphrodite," his largest canvas, Mr. Hassam seems to have been tempted out of his usual poetic mood into one of experimentation. On the whole, it is as a colorist that Mr. Hassam makes his greatest appeal. He sees in vivid tones, and speaks through them, and one must respond to this quality in some degree if one is to understand what he has to say.

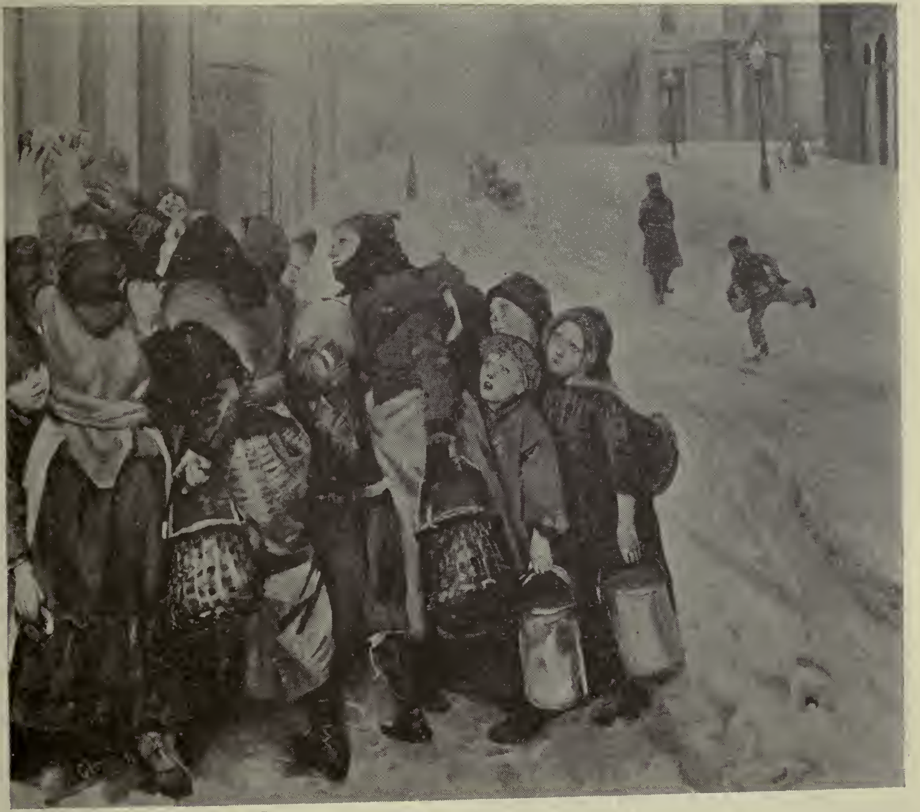
Gari Melchers presents many of the varied tendencies of the time in their highest expression as shaped by his own pervasive individuality. He has a beautiful truth of utterance, an insight into life at once vital and poetic, and a technique of dynamic power. The most notable canvas in his room is "Maternity." The spirit of motherhood, with all its tenderness and its patience and its quiet, abiding joy, rays in simple truth from the mother's face and the serene, beautiful poise of the head.

This artist's feeling for the nobility of motherhood is very fine and sincere. The theme reappears over and over in his canvases, and is treated always with the same beautiful and tender reverence and same intimate insight. The "Mother and Child," the "Madonna of the Fields," and "The White Church," whose motif centers in the baptism of an infant held in the mother's arms, have the same heart interest.

The "Skaters," the "Sailor and His Sweetheart," and "The Smithy" represent this artist in his *genre* subjects—canvases replete with power and with intimate interpretation of character. The "Young Woman at Toilet" is a nude of beautiful flesh quality and luminous drawing. Here is Melchers, not the creator nor the poet, but the artist pure and simple, reveling in the rhythmic line and the exquisite tint, sheerly and joyously the apostle of beauty for beauty's sake.

To leave Melchers' room for that of Tarbell is very much like leaving some hilltop swept by a strong wind of vital humanity for the pleasant social atmosphere of an afternoon tea. But the tea is served temptingly, and the conversation is cultured. Tarbell knows exactly what he wants to say, and has developed wonderful skill in saying it. His interiors, with their shimmering lights and polished surfaces, their skilful composition and beautiful tints, are among the most satisfying things of their kind to be found on canvas.

In another room Abbey's stately compositions, "The Penance of Eleanor," a large canvas lent by the Carnegie Institute, calls to the eye with instant appeal. It has the characteristic Abbeyan suggestion of grandeur, though the central figure is barefoot and well-nigh nude. The story of the penalty inflicted by the church upon the proud Duchess of Gloucester is the subject. Abbey is statuesque rather than dramatic. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he dramatizes the statuesque. His story is made up of dramatic elements, but he does not give us the swirl and splendor of action as, for instance, Brangwyn does. He halts his groups, poised and instant for action, at a moment when they fall into a statuesque grandeur of pose. He thinks in a rhythmic flow of line that has the fullness and repose of marble, and he



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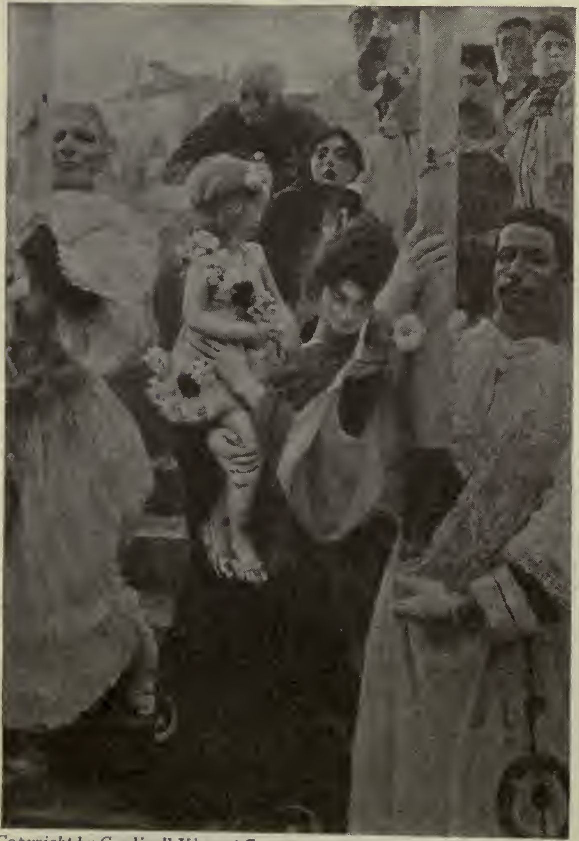
IN THE BREAD LINE—BY CHRISTIAN KROHG

This is one of the finest pictures of genre in the Norwegian section in the Fine Arts Annex at the Exposition. Krohg is one of the older generation of Norwegian painters and one of the first to master the modern movements has at command a finished technique to express his thought fluently.

Achievement in such widely varying fields attests the versatility of American genius. On one side we see George Inness' poetic interpretations of American landscape. On the other, the rugged, splendid canvases of Winslow Homer. On another comes Chase's "Portrait of Whistler," attracting perhaps more attention than anything in the room, with the "Portrait of Mrs. C." and the "Woman with the White Shawl" running close rivals; in "Back of the Villa" this artist has given us one of the most charming bits of color to be found in the exhibition, and together with his Venetian scenes show his sense of landscape to be very fine. John Singer Sargent is represented by some of his best portraits—notably those of John Hay and of Henry James, the latter bearing the slash given it by the militant suffragettes in one of their recent uprisings, and a beautiful sketch of the head of Thomas Jefferson. Just beyond are the quaintly charming narrative canvases of Howard Pyle. Cecilia Beaux's "New England Woman" shows its beautiful treatment of light and of textiles not far from Mary Curtis Richardson's "The Young Mother," which, in its exquisite whites and golds and delicately vivid flesh-tints, is a thing of delight. Arthur F. Matthews' very distinctive work occupies one of the smallest of the rooms allotted to individual exhibitors; the hush of subdued tints falls upon the beholder at the very threshhold. His splendid mural in the Court of Palms, "The Victorious Spirit," is marked by the individuality seen in all his work.

Two rooms have been given to Whistler, one to his paintings and one to his etchings and prints.

The Chicago exposition had its great artistic mission to perform. And it was performed splendidly. That the present impulse in America owes a large debt to that notable achievement in creating a taste for the worthy in art there can be no doubt. The measure of advance in the art-sense among the people themselves can be taken accurately by one small instance: In the Palace of Fine Arts hangs "Breaking Home Ties," by Thomas Hovenden, the great picture of the Chicago fair. What is the picture that attracts the crowd at the present Exposition? Perhaps no one canvas has just the popular appeal of "Breaking Home Ties," it draws scarcely a passing glance while the crowds pause longest before the work of Melchers and Abbey, Sargent, Hassam, or Tarbell.



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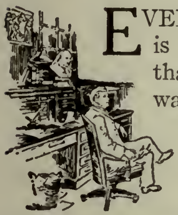
THE PROCESSION—BY ETTORE TITE

Who was accorded the grand prize for painting in the Italian section in the Palace of Fine Arts at the Exposition. Color and feeling are the principal virtues of this artist who is one of the most promising in the modern Italian school

# LET'S TALK IT OVER



EVERY serious-minded editor is at times disgusted to find that when he especially wants to inflate a glittering bubble of humor, the wit and humor verse seems to have run dryer than the Russian vodka-drinker of Petrograd. He cannot turn a faucet like the proprietor of a soda fountain and hand over a fizz pop or lemon phosphate or "pick me up" restoration to order. He must just wait until the tired brain revives for a moment its cheerier tone. Sometimes he tries to utilize the funny stories told him to lighten the grim shadows of an editorial page, but when he tries to call up their ghosts the delicious and care-dispelling point of the joke has, alas, wholly escaped his memory. A jovial humor doesn't ensure the brilliant word-play of the jester.

The world loves fun, but real fun is like foam, it glitters with the hues of Paradise, but it is as evanescent as clouds on a hot summer day. Things written while on the brink of tears, or inspired by deep sincerity and earnestness seem to endure the longest. Even carrying a joke book, with every good story and pungent saying carefully tabulated and indexed, doesn't help, for often notes, when grown cold, lack gleam and glitter, and sometimes the point is as hard to find as a yesterday's newspaper. So this sad fact is a perennial joke in the editorial sanctum, and even this confession might be considered a joke on the reader, for it is not easy even to dictate one's failure to fittingly evolve a joke, and yet one feels that he has often closely approached that frame of mind which Mr. Mark Twain insisted always obsessed him when he wanted to write or say something humorous. "Your head must always be empty—absolutely empty of all else," wrote the author of "Huckleberry Finn." "If you want humor to enter, all else must go, for nature in her piquant moods doth abhor a vacuum." Query, "Would a mental vacuum cleaner help any?"

* * *

ABOUT five years ago when President Moore of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition was in New York he met a brilliant correspondent who had graduated from his position as one of the star newspaper reporters of San Francisco—Mr. Louis C. Levy of the Exposition Department of Special Events.

Among the campaigns handled and inaugurated by Mr. Levy may be mentioned the holding of the Pacific Fleet to take part in the ground-breaking ceremonies of the Exposition, after it had been ordered to leave for battle practice, in October, 1911; the successful fight to have the United States battleship Oregon lead the warships of the world through the Panama Canal, which was only prevented by the troubles abroad; the bringing of the Liberty Bell to the Exposition, which he started by having half a million school children sign a petition that he drew up and sent to the City Council in Philadelphia; the exercises in commemoration of the blowing up of the Gamboa Dyke when he succeeded in having President Wilson delay pressing the button for two hours, so that the people on the Pacific coast might celebrate the great event, and a score of other campaigns.

Mr. Levy showed such aptitude for planning and carrying out dedications and other celebrations that he was transferred to the Department of Special Events. Since taking up his new work he has handled the Municipal Christmas and Columbus Day Celebrations, May Day, Woodrow Wilson Day, Roosevelt Day, Liberty Bell Day, Fourth of July, Federation of Labor Day, opening of the Exposition, Municipal Auditorium, opening day of the Exposition, Call-Post Day and scores of other important events.

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LOUIS C. LEVY

Of the department in charge of special events at the Exposition

* * *

IN the early days of the automobile industry at Detroit, which, to be exact, was ten years ago, I used to meet a young man who was always enthusiastic, always industrious, and always keeping in mind the great vision of what the development of the automobile was to mean to the United States of America in general, and Detroit in particular. This young man was Mr. Roy D. Chapin, now president of the Hudson Motor Company. It is only necessary to mention the Hudson car to indicate one of the most popular machines on the market. Its exhibit at San Francisco was most attractive; especially to the thousand of people who were already proud possessors of a Hudson, and the thousands of others who hoped in the future to own a machine that reflects the sturdy endurance of Henry Hudson when he followed the great river which bears his name, and on which the metropolis of the Republic is located.

Mr. Chapin has recently given to the University of Michigan a graduate fellowship to be known as the "R. D. Chapin Fellowship in Highway Engineering." He graduated at Ann Arbor some years ago, and has always been intensely interested in highway development. The annual payment will continue for at least three years, and is the first of a number of graduate fellowships which it is hoped by Professor Riggs, head of the Engineering College, to secure for the study of problems in connection with the construction of modern highways. The neglect by university men, of the study of the effect of the different kinds of vehicles and varying rates of speed on road surfaces, has left a wide field for patient and effective work along these lines by experts who will hereafter more wisely expend the millions yearly appropriated for road building than has ever been done before. Dealing with the choice of suitable material and scientific study of climatic and other conditions, over eight million dollars every year are expended for the purpose of making good roads in the State of Michigan alone, and seventy thousand miles of road already constructed indicate that the money is not always used to best advantage.

It is Mr. Chapin's idea that the proper development of highways presents the chief and most important problem for solution in the industrial and agrarian development of the country.

* * *

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THE CHINESE PAVILION

The materials for these edifices which are a reproduction of a section of the Forbidden City of Pekin now being opened in part to the visitors, and are in the characteristic and beautiful architecture of the country, were imported from China direct, as were also the native Chinese artisans who put the buildings together. The exhibit is enclosed by a miniature of the great Chinese wall and separated by Chinese gardens. China made an appropriation of $800,000 for its representation at the Exposition. The large gate in the center of the picture is a reproduction of a famous gateway in Pekin, and reveals the finest artistry of the Chinese wood carvers and lacquer experts. The pavilions here shown contain many priceless exhibits, rare ebony sets, gold and ivory inlaid tables, curios, dragons, fantastic shields, and screens, armor worn in the early periods, and other articles selected to represent the art of the once sleeping nation. The exhibits were first collected by the governors of the central and northern provinces of China operating through a large commission, and from this vast assortment of displays the second selection was made

ONE Exposition traveler well remarked that first inspiration of "seeing America first" spirit was the Raymond & Whitcomb excursion tours to California. For many years they have made a feature of their tours to the Pacific Coast, Canada, and Mexico. Many thousands of parties have been conducted across the continent year after year, until the transcontinental travel habit has been established among their patrons. Thousands of people traveling with the comfort and ease which their service insures, turning over all their troubles and time tables, checking and purchasing tickets, and providing hotels to Raymond & Whitcomb, is a feature of Exposition year. Their parties were in charge of men who know how to eliminate worriments of travel. Those who have known this service realize that they get much more out of a tour when the arrangements are made for them in this way, and that they will see what is worth seeing, with the utmost comfort and pleasure. These parties are already an institution much in evidence on a transcontinental tour, and their exploitation of the Exposition has been most effective for these booklets are always readable, ready and accurate reference. This company was the first in the California tourist field, and have been a potential influence in making this golden state a mecca for tourists. When the company was organized in 1880, tours were started for California, and they have made '80 as memorable a date in California as '49, when the gold rush began. The first tourist tour through the Yosemite, Grand Canyon, and over the famous Apache Trail of record was planned by this company. Every patron of Raymond & Whitcomb enjoys all the liberty of traveling as individuals, and yet know that they are going to get the most out of the trip, and all this service costs no more than would the usual kind of service in independent travel.

The beautiful literature which they distribute in connection with their various tours is a veritable cyclopedia of "seeing America first," and furnish the traveler with moderate means all the advantages of the magnate who roams about in his private car.

* * *

THE illustrations of Exposition scenes in this issue are reproduced from special photographs taken by the Cardinell-Vincent Company, official photographers of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Through the great facilities of the company and its large staff of highly skilled and experienced photographers, the beauties of the exposition have been made known in all the portions of the world, and the millions who have been attracted by the wonderful portrait studies have gained a new conception of the world's greatest exposition. While the photographs made by the company during the Exposition period will endure for all time, and will prove a valuable and interesting feature in the historical record of the Exposition and in other publications.

A large and complete studio is provided with the best modern appliances obtainable to successfully operate the various necessary departments of the large photographic plant, and the comprehensive work of these nine departments is an indication of what a modern photographic plant constitutes. The commercial department includes the making of views of the many thousands of exhibits, concessions and other features which are immediately used by the exhibitors in their catalog circulars and on post-cards and other interesting souvenirs.

The making of large panoramic views of delegates to the many conventions and of other groups; also beautiful panoramic art studies of the grounds and buildings is the work of the panorama department. Many remarkable pictures have been made in this department. Some of the original negatives measure six feet in length. The general average, however, is approximately thirty-six inches.

A complete modern studio for the making of individual and group portraits was required by the portrait department.

The department for amateur developing and printing is operated continuously and on short time service in order to accommodate the transient patronage.

In the art print department an extensive line of beautiful Exposition views and statuary are reproduced in varying sizes and styles, including hand-colored photographic prints and bromide enlargements up to eight and ten feet in length. Many thousands of beautiful hand-tinted photographs have been sold from this department and no other souvenir will

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JOHN DOUGLASS CARDINELL
The president and general manager of the Cardinell-Vincent Company, official photographers of the Exposition

compare with these in beauty and lasting quality.

Thousands of beautiful hand-colored and plain slides for lecturing purposes as well as for home collections are turned out in the department of lantern slides and transparencies.

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THE JAPANESE PAVILION

In the foreground on the right is the Formosa tea house, and, on the left, the Japanese tea house. In the rear of the Japanese tea house is an artistic pavilion containing an exact reproduction in one-twentieth size of the famous shrine of Nikko, the object of devotion and adoration to millions of Japanese, and attracting tourists because of its superb architectural beauties. Also in this building are models of Japanese girls engaged in the tea industry. To the rear is shown the still larger reception pavilion built in the typical architecture of Nippon. These buildings are enclosed in a series of gardens with attractive pools and plunging waterfalls. Here are quaint tea houses where visitors may have tea and sandwiches served at a nominal price. In the gardens are many rare old trees and shrubs, as well as carved stone objects, all brought from Japan. Many of the strange shrubs and trees are from one thousand to two thousand years old. Even the grass in these gardens was brought to America so that it might be in consonance with the rest of the setting. Immediately to the west of the Japanese pavilion is the French building, a reproduction of the Palais de la Legion d'Houneur, in Paris. Here, too, will be found displays by Belgium, France having generously offered Belgium the use of space in the French national pavilion

In the publicity department hundreds of thousands of prints are turned out for the daily press, monthly magazines and other publications. This department makes pictures of all sporting and other special events, such as the visit of notables to the fair, pageants, congresses and conventions which require the finished photographs within a few minutes after the event has taken place.

The flashlight department covers the making of flashlight pictures of banquets, balls, receptions and other important events occurring at night or within the buildings.

In the photographic post-card department hundreds of thousands of these interesting souvenirs have been turned out and sent to all portions of the world.

Those in any part of the world who wish information as to the enormous stock of photographs carried by the Cardinell-Vincent Company will obtain a prompt response to letter or postal, addressed to the Cardinell-Vincent Company, Official Photographers of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, Exposition Grounds San Francisco, California.

The photographic concession is under the personal direction of John Douglass Cardinell, president and general manager of the Cardinell-Vincent Company.

MERELY to mention the maker of the famous telescope of the Lick and Yerkes observatories, the naval telescope, and the seventy-two-inch reflecting telescope of the Dominion Astronomical Observatory at Victoria, is sufficient to arrest attention, even in these days of wonders. The firm of Warner & Swasey, of Cleveland, Ohio, known world-wide for their wonderful telescopes, made a display at the Exposition that will arouse more interest and attention to the great science of astronomy than anything that has ever been publicly demonstrated to the people in the history of the country. In their exhibit was shown a drawing of the sixty-inch reflecting telescope being made for Argentina, and the nine-inch equatorial telescope attracted those who have only a superficial interest in the unusual science.

A model of the reflecting telescope and revolving dome, made on a scale of one-tenth of the actual size, seemed to suggest one of the great eyes of the world surveying infinite space. Many a lad and lassie had their first glimpse through a telescope at the Exposition, and who knows but what some future scientist was among the number, and here received the inspiration that molded his life work? At the intersection of two streets in the Liberal Arts Palace stood the twenty-inch equatorial telescope for the Chabot Observatory in Oakland, California, which is similar in design to that of the great Lick and Yerkes. The tube carries a large glass of twenty inches in diameter, and when this is pointed toward the zenith, it is thirty-eight inches above the floor.

The equatorial telescopes are especially adapted for, and are used extensively, in private observatories. The increase of interest in astronomical investigation during the past few years has seemingly been stimulated by aerial navigation, for if the skies are to be used as highways, the public naturally wants to know more about them. The lenses of these remarkable telescopes are made by the John A. Brashear Company of Pittsburgh.

The exhibit also contained transit instruments, and in fact there was nothing that pertains to the pursuit of the study of astronomy or surveying that was not included or suggested in this remarkable exhibit. The astronomical instruments used in the United States Naval Observatories, and in thousands of colleges and universities, offer incontestable proof of the wonderful advances that have been made through the use of these instruments, constructed with marvelous accuracy, where even the width or the weight of a thousandth part of a hair, or even the contact of the breath, is calculated and considered, and apparently infinitesimal measurements are required to enable the astronomer to calculate the immense distances that intervene between the sun and even the nearest planets.

* * *

THERE is one town in Massachusetts which may well be proud of the "Tavern in our Town." It has not its like in the whole country, and no one can find a hostelry more modern and complete in every appointment. This model hostelry is located in Mansfield, Massachusetts. It was built by Walter M. Lowney, the chocolateman, as a tribute of his love and regard for the town in which one of his large factories is located. When the traveler stops at the Tavern, either on motor trip or train, he finds a hotel conducted by a woman with nothing lacking in its home aspect, and yet no metropolitan hotel could be more complete in its service and appointment. With its large veranda, open fireplaces and splendidly kept rooms, and only one and a half hours away from Boston, it is already a popular rendezvous for week-end parties. Friends can be entertained at this hotel without losing any of the charm of inviting them to a large and richly-furnished home.

The proprietress, Mrs. Emily Beall, has a wide experience in hotel management; but, more than that, she has the all-gracious spirit and comprehensive ability of the true hostess.

* * *

THE tourists will not have it all their own way at the Exposition, for Mr. C. L. Seagraves, general colonization agent of the Santa Fe, is organizing a special party of farmers to make a tour to California farms. This "Farmers' Special" will leave Chicago October 14, and after visiting the Grand Canyon, the party will tour through California and the famous San Joachim Valley. The circular which announces this excursion has a singular winsomeness about it that is refreshing. It promises that the farmers will be the guests on trips taken away from the railroad line to farm retreats and homes, in which they will be shown true California hospitality. They will indeed be guests, for the Santa Fe has no land to sell, and they will not be asked to buy anything.

The plan is to enable the farmers to learn at first hand about the character of soils and production per acre, the balmy climatic conditions of California and its varied productions, and thus enjoy themselves with all the independence of the millionaire in his own private car. There will be many friendships formed in the twelve days included in this itinerary, which will bring farmers of all parts of the country together, and each will be of help to the other in developing a most intensive production of the soil. Of course the trip will include the Redlands district, Bakersfield, Visalia, Stockton, Fresno and Merced.

For many months the matter has been talked over in the family and among the neighbors, for the same old neighborhood spirit exists today as in the days of the pioneers, at least among the farmers. This will be accounted one of the unique and attractive excursions of this notable Exposition year, so far as concrete and permanent benefit to California is concerned.

* * *

IF there is one spot on the Pacific Coast to which every tourist looks forward to as a stopping place at which he can rest and revel in the scenic beauties and delights of California, it is the Coronado Beach Hotel at San Diego.

For many years it has been recognized as the one hotel on the Pacific Coast which you must visit. Every bridal couple spending their honeymoon in California is generally found to have inscribed their names on the hotel register at Coronado Beach, and, in fact, nearly every person of distinction coming to California will at some time or other find his way to this hotel. Former President Taft was the latest distinguished guest, and Mr. John Hernan, who has long been identified with the success of this hostelry, is one of the most popular landlords in a land of fine hotels. He hails from the State of Maine, which has trained and developed more prominent hotel men than perhaps any other state in the Union.

* * *

SOCIAL functions are an essential feature of Expositions, and the various state commissions impressed one with their neighborly spirit. In every state building the commissioners and their wives did much towards making the visitors feel a warm welcome from "the folks at home."

Among the many hostesses of the Exposition, who made many friends for her state, was Mrs. Fred Sutton, the official hostess of the Oklahoma Building, and wife of the commissioner. The state building was built in bungalow style, and contained splendid fine art collections. Mrs. Sutton began her work in connection with the Oklahoma Commission as far back as 1913, and the success that has crowned her efforts was greatly commented upon by visitors from that state. Mrs. Sutton is the daughter of a Kansas pioneer, and was educated in the Sunflower State. She was one of the early settlers in Oklahoma, and filed upon a claim on the South Canadian River, and held it, undergoing all the trials and adversities incidental to frontier life. In later years she resided in Oklahoma City, where she has taken an active part in the prominent Colonial and literary societies of the state. Her faculty for organization has won general recognition as a natural leader, and one of the most widely known and universally popular women in Oklahoma.

MRS. FRED E. SUTTON
Official hostess of the Oklahoma Building

* * *

AFTER the trying experiences which the railroad companies and the express companies have gone through for the past five years in the readjustments necessary for rates and regulations, it is refreshing to see that American initiative and push cannot be halted by ordinary handicaps. The shrinkage of revenues in one direction must be made up in some other, says the general manager. This means development more intensively along lines which government-owned competition with all its advantages cannot meet. Taxes and investment and insurance are overhead items with which the Government little concerns itself in the making of figures.

Years ago I had the experience of being on the pay-roll of the American Express Company and I can honestly say that no other experience in school or college or business was ever better adapted for utilizing in later life than the rigid discipline of exactitude and responsibility which an American Express agent must have to get along and hold his job. Every run must be checked, every waybill and every item, every collection and every delivery must be known and recorded as positively as human affairs can be recorded. The billions of dollars handled by the express company, to say nothing of many times that value in freight, with not one cent of loss to customers where responsibility was proven, is a record which few political parties can make as to the conduct of the fiscal affairs of the nation.

Many of the methods later adopted in the Post-office Department were originated and made profitable first by the express companies. The expansion of the express business in the teeth of governmental competition has been an amazing illustration of American initiative. President Taylor and Vice-President Brooks, of the American Express Company, have launched a travel department in connection with their world-wide traffic that is proving intensely popular and meeting a necessity.

Think of a hundred carloads of express matter coming from Europe every day of the week or month and despatched as freight from the various railroad lines simply to utilize the incomparable methods of despatch perfected in the express service.

The American Express money order was the forerunner of the development of the enormous remittance and traveling credit business of that company. Even during the time of the war stress a year ago in Europe their travelers' cheques passed current when most other methods of credit were retarded. Having agents located in all parts of the civilized world this company is prepared to serve the exporter, importer, manufacturer or traveler in a manner unequaled by any American organization.

The history and development of the express business is a story of democratic simplicity. It emphasizes the growth of confidence between man and man, and when the American Express Company first made the registration of a signature sufficient identification for the payment of a travel cheque, it was felt that there was a hazard involved, but experience has proven that it has virtually eliminated the hazard and been a stimulus to the interchange of commercial confidence that precedes and promotes trade relations. The little cheque has been indeed an exploitation for benefits not only to the American Express Company, but to all business bearing the name "American." This little cheque first cashed at a remote hotel found its way through the circulating medium of several countries, each time reiterating its function and inspiring the confidence reposed in a banknote. The very word "express" implies definite and concrete service as well as expedition.

Now the American traveler may purchase his tickets and arrange for his hotel accommodations and his itinerary at any American Express Company office, even if it should include a trip around the world. When you stop to think about it, who is better able to look after all the wants of an American tourist than a responsible American institution having its own exclusive representatives in the principal cities of the world. For many years it has been the custom of Americans going abroad to give the address of the American Express Company in London, Paris, or other cities of Europe, as a direction for mail matter, with the confidence that that company will have matters entrusted to their care given proper attention.

* * *

THE Exposition year will, no doubt, mark the beginning of a tremendous traffic that will follow in years to come the old Overland Trail (which is now the Union Pacific route to the Coast). As straight as the crow flies, in a line as direct as if blazed by the direct flight of an arrow, and through a distinctively effective service on the Overland Limited which has made it recognized the world over as the most famous long-distance railroad train in the world. It is only a matter of looking at your watch and catching the Overland to know that as certainly as the sun will rise tomorrow, in sixty-two hours you will be at the ferry in San Francisco. The continent is threaded like a loom with Overland limited trains passing to and fro as continuously and endlessly as the sun rises in the east and sets in the west. You begin to feel the glow of the golden West the moment you board the Overland limited at the Northwestern station in Chicago, and you realize that only sixty hours will take you from the cold and sharp winter winds of the Lake metropolis to the balmy Riviera of the Pacific. The trees now barren of leaves, the landscape under a dull wintry sky, will be replaced as if by magic with sub-tropical luxuriance nurtured by the early rains on the coast.

* * *

EVERY time I see a Goodyear tire I cannot help thinking of the significance of that name. With the return of prosperity, it seems as if the refrain is ringing, and everybody is singing, "good year, good year," and everybody has a good year when they have a Goodyear tire. As the automobile whizzes along, it seemed to me that I could hear the reiteration of this refrain, "good year," so the greeting echoes prosperity.

But Goodyear is a name that stands for rubber products generally, for though fifteen thousand tires were produced in twenty-four hours, in a single factory, there is a garden hose associated with the memories of sprinkling the lawn, the fire hose which plays its part in protecting the homes and factories of the country from the ravages of the flames; rubber shoes, coats, and headwear, rubber flooring, rubber tiling—in fact, rubber has become one of the essentials in the activities of the country since the time that Charles Goodyear discovered the process of vulcanizing rubber. The Goodyear tire has long been recognized as the standard; it was one of the first in the field, and is still accounted foremost.

* * *

GRAND prize awards have always been a coveted honor at expositions, and the L. E. Waterman Company, manufacturers of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen, have pretty nearly established the long-distance record in awards, having taken medals in twenty-nine different expositions since the year 1883. These include the highest award at the Exposition Universelle at Paris in 1889, as well as medals from the World Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo in 1901, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis in 1904, and the Jamestown Exposition in 1907.

Such a record of achievement in world competition is indicative of the high standing of the Waterman pen, which today can be bought in every part of the world. It has the trade stability of gold and silver itself, for the Waterman pen, like the American dollar, has become a world standard.

* * *

AN automobile which was conceived and put on the market with the idea of "making walking expensive," was naturally the cynosure of all eyes at the Exposition. The "Saxon" car has been developed with truly Saxon spirit, as it would seem that everything that is required of a large car is provided in the "Saxon."

The Saxon Company was the first to manufacture an automobile of standard design and features that could be sold for so low a price as $395. At first the people were skeptical—they doubted that a dependable car could be produced at so low a price. To convince the doubtful, Mr. Harry Ford, president and general manager of the Saxon Motor Company, inaugurated a transcontinental tour, and sent the little Saxon over the Lincoln Highway from coast to coast. This trip of 3,873 miles was made in thirty days, and it is a matter of record that the car was just as lively on the last day of its run as on the first.

# *The Voice Heard 'Round the World*

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EXTERIOR OF BELL EXHIBITION BUILDING
In the Palace of Liberal Arts

UPON my return from each of my two trips to the Exposition, I have been asked repeatedly as to what in my opinion was the most notable and impressive exhibit there. My mind instantly reverted to the day when, with the telephone receiver at my ear, I heard a voice speaking in New York City, over three thousand miles away. Nearby sat hundreds of other people, each hearing the same message across the continent. It seemed almost uncanny to realize that the human voice was flashing so far over the wires—with Nature's speed of transmitting sound increased many fold. Over plain and mountain, over mechanical and physical obstacles, that seemed insurmountable, the telephone wire spanned the continent in 1915 and made as remarkable an exhibit as that of the first telephone shown by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell at the Centennial Exposition in 1876. Here the people were told what the telephone company had accomplished, and no one could hear these addresses without registering the thought that under no circumstances should the telephone service of the country ever be permitted to be strangled by government control and operation, when American initiation has accomplished so much.

The spacious exhibit booth, with its warmth and harmony of color, arranged by Jules Guerin, director of color of the

Exposition, constituted one of the most attractive displays and continued for ten months to be a center of interest amid which hundreds of thousands of visitors gathered in the Palace of Liberal Arts. The Exhibit Building, designed by William Welles Bosworth, carried out the color motif of the architectural symphony of the grounds. The style is reminiscent of Vignola, the famous Italian architect of the eighteenth century. What a revelation it would have been to these master artists of the old days if they could have had telephone connection from castle turrets, across the yawning moats, in the architectural poems they built for posterity to admire and enjoy!

On the wall of the building is a great map of the United States, showing the means of an electrically controlled commutator and miniature electric lamps, the transcontinental line and main trunk circuits of the Bell system. Different soft-hued lights represent the large cities, and the variations in shade and brilliancy make the map an appropriate and harmonious expression of the color-theme of the Exposition. Over the moving picture screen at the rear of the stage is a replica of the first telephone, which is illuminated by a strong shaft of light, revealing the details of this forerunner of the nine million telephones now in use.

Expositions are the "time-keepers of progress," as William McKinley so well said in his last memorable speech at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, and there is not a home in the United States where tinkles the telephone bell that is not directly connected with the San Francisco Fair and remote points thousands of miles away.

The transcontinental telephone exhibit will indeed be recorded in the schoolbooks as one of the notable events in the Wilson administration. Hundreds of visitors heard those words of the President, as he sat at the executive desk ringing

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INTERIOR OF BELL EXHIBITION BUILDING
Audience listening to demonstration of Transcontinental Line

across the continent on the "wings of Mercury."

The day I was there, hundreds of school children, whose bright little eyes sparkled as they looked at each other in wonderment, crowded the exhibit, and I wondered if they would ever forget it. In fancy I could hear them telling their children and children's children about how they heard the message over the first telephone wire across the continent.

The visitor is impressed with the universal inventive and engineering genius that has wrought the magical mechanical attainments to perfect and then still more perfect the methods of communication that annihilate distance with the exhalation of the breath. It is indeed a marvelous feature of a marvelous Exposition, and this is the verdict of nine million people who realize how indispensable to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is that little instrument in the corner or on the desk which plays such an important part in the affairs of the day.

The genius of invention exemplified by Alexander Graham Bell with the able executive ability of Theodore N. Vail, who has been associated with the telephone company almost since its earliest inception, and the engineering skill of John J. Carty, who had much to do with designing and building the transcontinental line, are predominant and distinctive features of the great Exposition of 1915.

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# THE EXPOSITION

*(Written especially for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition)*

THY triumphs stand about us, balm and book,
Complexities of steel and engines bright,
The wings that serve our speed,
And, whatso way one look,
A myriad shapes of human joy and need.

Here, too, the wonders of thy harvest shine,
The corn, the fruit, the wine—
The bounties great and fair
That thou, with loving care,
Hast fostered on a thousand hills and plains,
Trapping the distant rains,
And on the wilderness
Leading new rills to compensate and bless.

And here the leaguing seraphim of Art
Gaze out august above the human streams.
O beauty making lonelier the heart,
And sending forth the soul on deathless dreams.

—*George Sterling.*

# An Interesting Chapter of American Business

EVER since I was permitted to see where and how Carnation Milk is prepared, I have felt a personal interest in the brand whenever I have seen it on the grocery shelf or at expositions. The story of Carnation Milk is one of the most interesting chapters of the history of American business, for it tells of faith and pluck, the creation of a delicious healthy food product of great benefit to the people.

As a grocery salesman of the middle west Mr. E. A. Stuart years ago realized that a perfect condensed milk was greatly needed, especially in the great west, where the larger percentage of his goods are consumed. In traveling about the country he decided that the evergreen hills of Washington offered the ideal location, and he located his first milk condensary. Between Kent and Tacoma is the one spot in the country where the grass is green all the year 'round. One needs only to look out of the car windows at a pastoral scene of "contented cows" to understand why Carnation Milk is the most popular and widely-used evaporated milk, in an industry that ranks fifth in the exports of the country, and the record of its exploitations is a romantic story of a decade of business enterprise.

Early in his business career Mr. Stuart realized that the education of the consumer in its use was the chief problem to be met in extending the use of evaporated milk. He won prizes at the Seattle Exposition, the first at which he exhibited, and he has won the Grand Prize at the Panama-Pacific Exposition for his unrivaled exhibit, located near the Fine Arts lagoon in the booth of the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company, where all the processes of milk evaporation are shown. Over fifteen thousand people have here witnessed the simple processes of milk evaporation in a single day—a veritable university extension course in the science of pure food sanitation and preparation. Thousands of postal cards were mailed from this building every day, telling the folks at home all about it.

Then, too, the name "Carnation" is ever winsome and attractive, to all Americans, associated as it is with the deathless memory of William McKinley, and sweet recollections of the bloom of youth and the magic of early love.

To make this exhibit entirely complete a large number of cows were brought from the Carnation Stock Farms—and these registered Holstein-Frisians were kept on the grounds month after month to furnish milk for the condensers. Mechanical milkers do their work rapidly, suggesting strong contrasts between the old way and the new to the farmer-boy who recalls his own weary morning and evening "chores." The milkers are thoroughly sterilized and operated by motor, and the milk is taken by motor trucks to the condensary on the lagoon, where it is evaporated. The first detail is the analysis, testing and weighing of the milk, which is then pumped through galvanized pipes, thoroughly sterilized by

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HERD OF REGISTERED HOLSTEIN-FRISIAN COWS

At the Live Stock Exhibit at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. These cows, many of which are champions, furnish the milk for the model condensary of the Carnation Company on the Avenue of Nations

steam twice daily, into a glass-lined refrigerator tank. This is also thoroughly cleansed and sterilized hour after hour. From thence it again passes through sterilized pipes into a copper kettle, which is not only made thoroughly sanitary through the use of steam, but is scoured twice a day and rubbed down with emery paper. In this kettle the milk receives a preliminary heating after which it is pumped into a jacketed and steam-heated vacuum condenser in which a portion of the water is evaporated, after which the milk passes through coils of metallic pipe surrounded by ice water and out into a storage tank that when empty and clean gleams like a mirror. Lastly the milk passes under strong pressure into the filling machine, which receives the cans placed bottom up under cylindrical containers, and fills them through a small perforation. When full, the cans are hermetically sealed with a drop of solder, and pass to an S-shaped platform where an expert handler decides whether or not the can is properly filled. After the cans have been examined they are placed on trays in sterilizing cylinders where every possibility of a germ is eliminated by a bath of superheated steam. The simple and artistic label of the "Carnation" is added, and the foaming fresh milk from the cows on the grounds is ready for the market, retaining its primal freshness and sweetness.

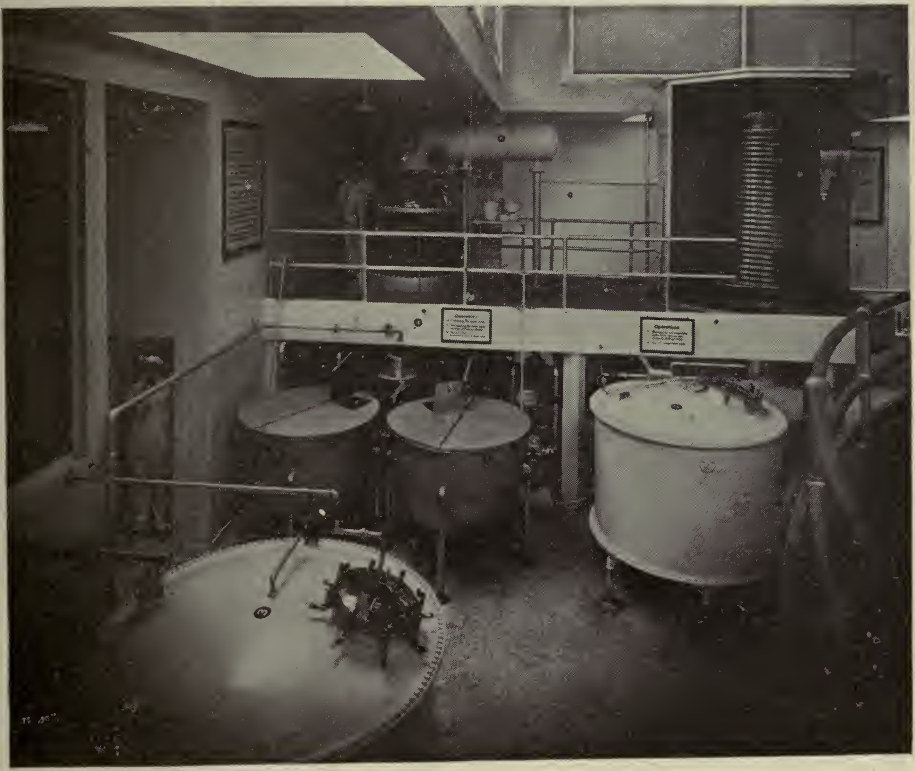
Those who watched the milk going through the process of evaporation insist that the exhibit is a triumph, not only from the viewpoint of the consumer, but also as demonstrating how mechanical genius, is making farm life more attractive to the ambitious young people of today.

The building is constructed of the same material—travertine—as that of the exhibit palaces. It would take the first prize in "Spotless Town," for the walls and floors fairly shine with cleanliness, and the daintiness of the dairy is everywhere apparent. Nestling in the very shadow of the Fine Arts Palace the building is an exact replica of the condensaries of this company in Washington, Illinois and Wisconsin—the only difference being in the capacity.

The highest awards given to the Carnation herd of Holsteins was a fundamental tribute to the product of the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company. It was agreed that this herd was the finest ever exhibited at an exposition. Some of the cows had a record of thirty-six pounds of butter every week, and none of them ever averaged less than twenty-five pounds.

The Carnation Milk exhibit was unique and distinctive in the fact that it not only presented the process of making the product, but exhibited the magnificent living and breathing cows from the pastures of the Evergreen State, making a demonstration, considered one of the most notable features in the history of expositions.

All over the country the souvenir cards from farmers, farmers' wives, sons and daughters, are reaching the dear ones at the old farmsteads telling of this marvelous milk factory at the Exposition. It makes the old farm home seem more attractive and inspires a vision of modern farming, which revives a poetic as well as a practical interest in the pastoral scenes associated with the products of the dairy, and commanding the attention of all the people whether as consumers or producers of milk, even now as precious as when it was one of the two products mentioned in the Biblical records as typifying the plenty and luxury of the Promised Land of Canaan.



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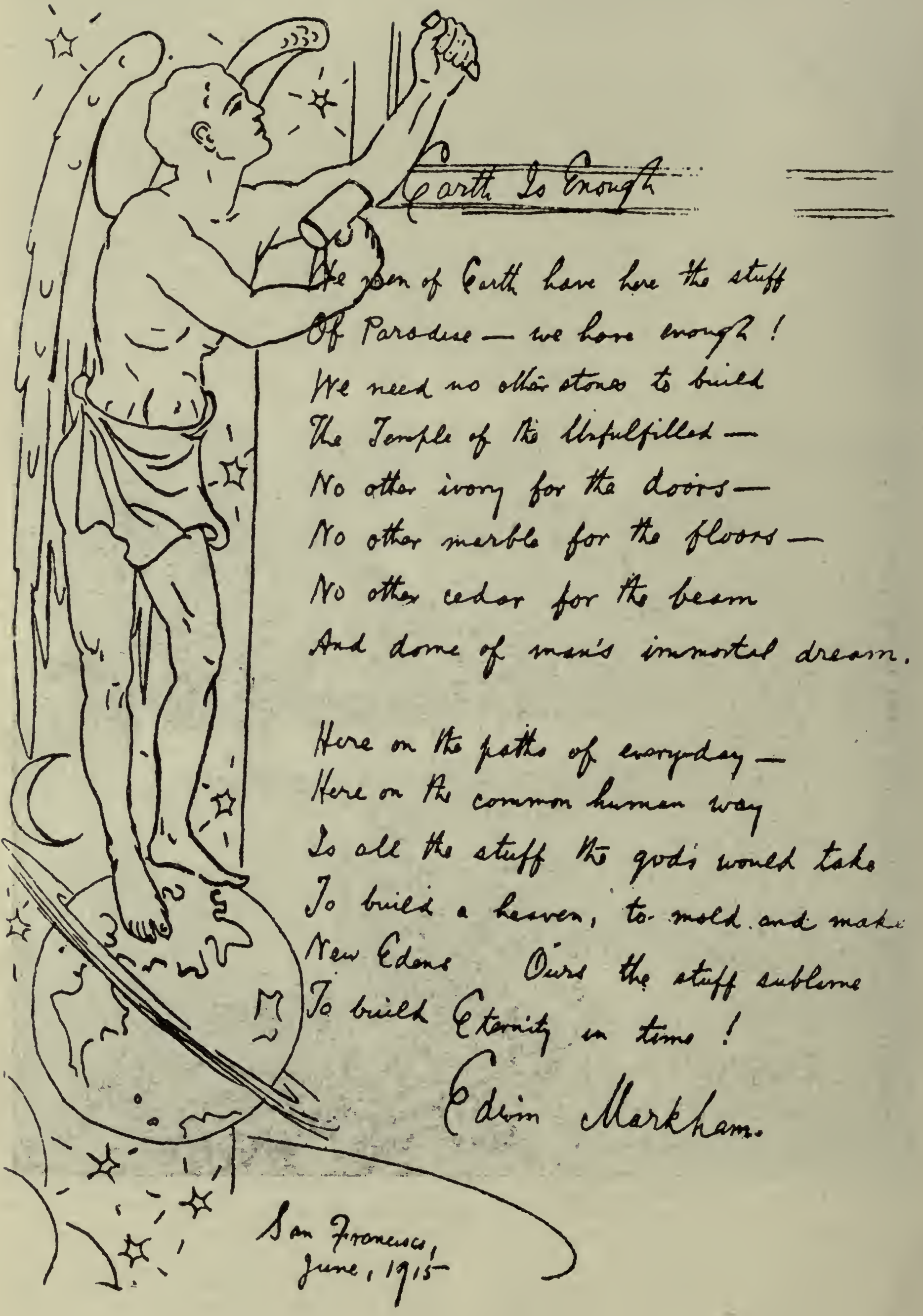
INSIDE THE CARNATION CONDENSARY

Showing the pre-heating kettle, the vacuum pan and the storage tanks used in the evaporating processes



## Earth Is Enough

We men of Earth have here the stuff
Of Paradise — we have enough!
We need no other stones to build
The Temple of the Unfulfilled —
No other ivory for the doors —
No other marble for the floors —
No other cedar for the beam
And dome of man's immortal dream.

Here on the paths of everyday —
Here on the common human way
Is all the stuff the gods would take
To build a heaven, to mold and make
New Edens  Ours the stuff sublime
To build Eternity in time!

Edwin Markham.

San Francisco,
June, 1915

# The Farm Machine Industry

## at the

## First World's Fair and the Last One

ALTHOUGH the agricultural papers of the country have been literally filled with exhaustive descriptions of the unrivalled agricultural display made by the International Harvester Company at the Exposition, a brief tribute to that splendid exhibit from the NATIONAL is due to the healthy, happy boys and girls who, under the new and more attractive methods of rural life and labor, are to become the farmers and farmers' wives of the future, and indeed in many respects like the country gentlemen and ladies of the Old World.

For indeed this great exhibit, for the benefit of a most important element of our national life, might justly be compared to the museum and laboratory of a great agricultural university.

There was indeed, so far as a layman could determine, no phase or interest of agricultural work which was not exhibited or in some way illustrated in the twenty-six thousand feet of floor space occupied by the International Harvester Company.

An electrical trade mark slowly revolving in attractive colors called attention to the location of its model farm scenes, which from a distance suggested the outlines of an Oriental mosque, and within its boundaries were tastefully grouped and illustrated the astonishing creations of American inventive genius—all the more important discoveries and inventions of the nineteenth century which have replaced and made obsolete agricultural tools and resources that with little change were the heritage of pre-historic races. The river steamboat of 1807, the railway and locomotive of 1814, the reaper of 1831, the telegraph of 1835, the first crude all-metal plows, harrows, soil-breakers, and cultivators, the machinery which has replaced the sickle, scythe, spade, hoe, flail, and winnowing sieve—here in tabloid form were set before the eyes of millions.

Here one almost felt the bloom and sweet breath of springtime when viewing the oil tractor plowing across the great field. Then were recalled vivid scenes of my early days in the summer harvest field, when in front of the old hand binder I rode the front horse like a postilion. There, also, was the orchard with the International Harvester engine spraying the trees—in fact, there was not a detail of modern scientific farming that was not covered. The fall scene showing the corn in the shock recalled Riley's famous lines, and the winter scene with the corn sheller and feed grinder demonstrated how every day in the year is utilized in the modern process of farming.

Especially attractive to the boy and young man was the tractor exhibit, and the old McCormick reaper, built in '47, which was the first to win medals at the world's fairs.

The number of grand prizes which the International Harvester has received begin with the prize received in the London Exposition of '51, when the McCormick machine, on account of its perfect work in the field, was granted the highest award possible—the Council Medal. This company has received the award of the Legion of Honor from the French government, and medals from almost every exposition ever held in the world, and an array of these medals in itself would fill a large case.

The International Harvest Company also had a building of unique Spanish colonial type at the San Diego Exposition, where many machines were in actual use in the citrus orchard that surrounded it.

The exhibit seemed to comprehend the purpose of the Exposition in its educative aspect, and the record of its welfare work in looking after nearly fifty thousand men and more employed in the various plants and offices of the company was a most significant feature. This work is carried on by the employes in each of the plants in the most democratic way. Every machine operated is safeguarded, and plans for workmen's compensation, first aid, and the employees' benefit association, to say nothing of the recreative and educational measures, are matters that might well command the earnest attention of governmental experts as models for municipalities in this direction.

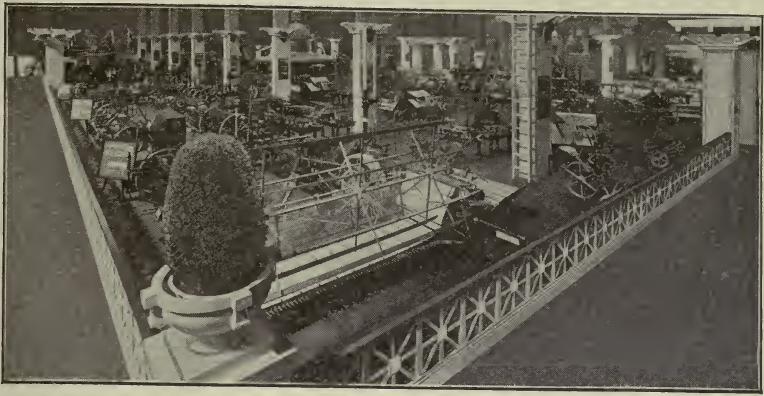
ONE could not talk with the president of the company without realizing that the International Harvester Company is fulfilling ideals and purposes far beyond the mere commercial aspect. He has carried on most effectively and successfully the ideals of the distinguished inventor whose name will always be associated in history with the development not only of the wonderful things which he left, but many wonders that are yet to come. The story of the old blacksmith shop in Virginia where the invention of the reaper was inspired, adds as much color to the history of the Old Dominion State as the distinction of being the mother of presidents, for Cyrus H. McCormick has indeed been the father of agricultural development, not only in America, but all over the world. The international scope and character of the work of this company have done much to give to the people a proper appreciation of American genius and the ideals involved in the new specialization, represented in the new world.

We can see a complete record of the growth of one great American industry in the farm machines exhibits at the first world's fair and the last one. The first world's fair was held two decades after the first reaper was invented, and the last international exposition furnished an example de luxe of farming machine exhibits.

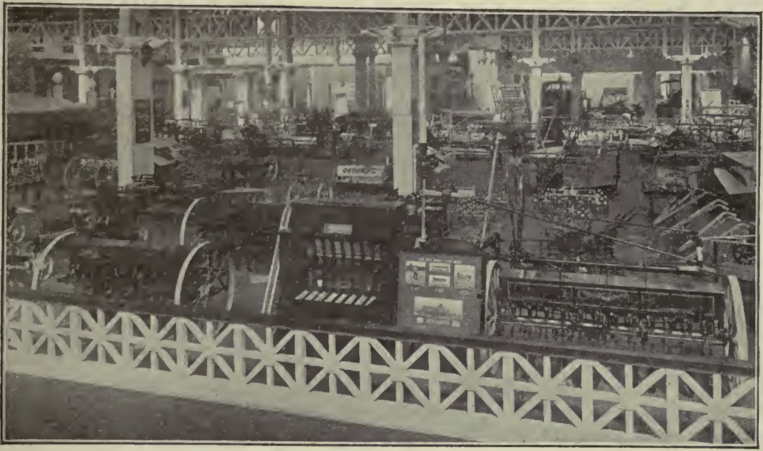
THE fateful history of the early reaper seemed to proceed by decades. In 1831 it was inspired; in 1841 the first two were sold, and in 1851 it received its first international recognition at the first world's fair in London. Judges of that fair not only gave the McCormick reaper the highest award of the exposition, but expressed their decision in the following words: "The McCormick reaper is the most valuable article contributed to this exposition, and for its originality and value, and for its perfect work in the field, it is awarded the Council Medal."

The London *Times*, which at one time had used sarcasm in describing the practicability of the reaper, said at this time: "The McCormick reaper is worth the whole cost of the exposition."

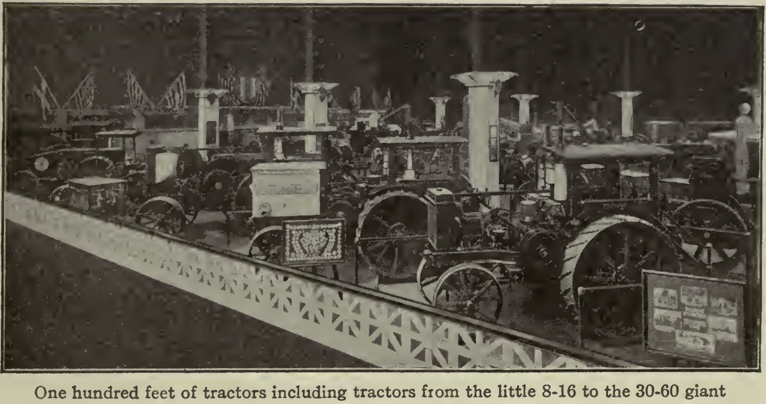
The magic story of the growth in popularity of farming by machines was told as the years went by at many international expositions. Through their public exhibition at world's fairs in France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Russia, Austria, Hungary, and fifteen other countries, machines bearing such names as McCormick, Deering, Osborne, etc., came to be known and demanded among all civilized peoples. The reaper was gradually developed into the binder, and other machines were invented for cheapening food and ushering the dawn of plenty all over the world. The farm machine industry, as reflected in the International Harvester Company's exhibit at San Francisco in 1915, shows a striking development when compared with the first exhibit. A modest area was required by McCormick to exhibit his reaper in 1851, but in 1915 26,700 square feet of space in the Palace of Agriculture were required to hold the machines demonstrated by the International Harvester Company. The first world's fair saw but one farming machine, but it required seventeen carloads of machines from the various



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER EXHIBIT
This is the most comprehensive exhibit of farm machines and implements ever made



Here were drills and planters of every description



One hundred feet of tractors including tractors from the little 8-16 to the 30-60 giant factories of the Harvester Company to illustrate the various types of the thirty odd varieties included in the modern family of farming machines.

Thomas G. Stallsmith, chief of agriculture, upon viewing this great exhibit, declared it to be "the most complete, comprehensive, amazingly interesting exhibit of agricultural implements and machines that has ever been made." And the farm machine industry did not suffer by comparison, for this was, with one possible exception, the largest exhibit by an individual company at the Exposition.

An exact model of the reaper shown at London was exhibited at San Francisco in the midst of cases containing the medals won by it and its successors at the various international expositions. It was surrounded on all sides by the innumerable machines for the various processes of modern farming. The visitor versed in agricultural history could fill in the gap between the old reaper and the glittering array of modern machines with eighty-four years of struggle toward an ideal—an ideal of cheapening food to avert all danger of famine, or even of panic.

"The most complete exhibit ever made" contained machines for carrying the crops through all the processes of production. There were planters and seeders of every description, tillage tools of all varieties, binders, push binders, mowers, rakes, tedders, loaders, stackers, balers, threshers, and wagons. There were machines for spraying, sawing, shelling, and grinding. There were spreaders, corn binders, cream separators, ensilage cutters, huskers and shredders, etc.

In this exhibit were several machines new to exhibition at world's fairs. The most remarkable of these, judging it from the notice it has created among friends of agriculture everywhere, was the oil tractor. Due to the high cost of horses, their low thermal efficiency, and the expensive quality of the feed which they consume, many experts declare that the oil-burning tractor is the most notable achievement for farming that has occurred since the invention of the reaper. The International Harvester Company has been making oil tractors for ten years, and included in its exhibit a line of tractors one hundred feet long, showing all types and sizes, from the little eight-sixteen horse-power machine to the huge machine of thirty-sixty horse-power. All of these tractors were of the kerosene-burning variety, representing the acme of the company's effort to produce a tractor that would burn the cheapest fuel. Tractors were exhibited suited to farms of all sizes. On many farms in America today tractors are furnishing power for practically every operation, and it would seem that in the last world's fair a new era of farming has been predicted.

When Herbert Casson said, "The United States owes more to the reaper than it does to the factory, or the railroad, or the Wall Street Stock Exchange," he was speaking only of the harvesting machine. We may understand the importance of the present farm machine industry when we understand that the harvesting machine is augmented by machines for planting, tilling, harvesting, threshing, grinding, and marketing the crops of the land. Cyrus H. McCormick received the highest prize for his first exhibit at the first world's fair. At the last world's fair the Harvester Company received the special award in the Palace of Agriculture for the "best, most complete, and most attractive installation," and in addition its machines were awarded thirty-six highest prizes—a new world's record for the company and the farm machine industry.

# How Awards Are Made

by

## Genevieve Yoell Parkhurst

A FIRST glimpse of the inner processes of the jury of awards at an International Exposition might seem a Laocoon of red tape. Reviewing them at closer range they are resolved, in spite of their seeming complexities, into a simple equation, with efficiency and despatch on the side of the jury and satisfaction on that of the competitors. This has been particularly true of the work of the jury in session at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The enormous amount of work entailed was completed in an incredibly short time with a perfection that left a contentment in the minds of the exhibitors as far as such can be hoped for where some must be ranked higher than others.

The International Jury of Awards, while acting for the Exposition and under its jurisdiction, was not a part of it. It was, in a way, a tribunal or arbitration committee made up of experts to pass judgment and to reward each man according to his works. It therefore was necessarily constituted so that each man was accorded his rights, and in case he had any complaint to register, the opportunity to explain himself and to seek redress was afforded. For this reason the jury was divided into three distinct classes of juries, the Group Juries, the Department Juries, and the Superior Jury, which was the court of last resort.

The total number of men in the juries at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition was four hundred and fifty, and was composed of little more than fifty per cent American and slightly less than fifty per cent foreigners, the number being regulated according to jury rules, which approximated two per cent of the total number of exhibitors.

The Group Juries were selected by the Chiefs of Departments and the foreign Commissioner Generals, the former selecting the domestic members for ultimate approval by the President of the Exposition, and the latter the foreign jurors. Each Group Jury elected a chairman and a vice-chairman, an American and a foreigner respectively. The business of these juries was to visit all the exhibits in their respective groups, give them a thorough analysis and, meeting in regular session, recommend the awards according to order of merit. Collaborators who, in the opinion of the jury, had done original and conspicuous work, were also entitled to awards. The recommendations, after being certified to the Chief of Department, at the end of five days were certified by him and sent to the Department Jury with such recommendations as he should see fit to make.

The Department Juries were made up of the chairman and vice-chairman of each Group Jury, there being Ten Department Juries in all. Their purpose was to insure the legality of all awards and to settle any conflict of opinion that might have arisen, according to the rules and regulations of governing the system of awards. Five days were devoted to this work, and when the awards recommended by the Group Juries were adjusted, the Department Juries, through the Chiefs of the Department, submitted their findings to the Director of the Exhibits who, within five days after the receipt thereof, certified them to the Superior Jury, including such work as may have been left incomplete by the Department Juries.

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RODNEY S. DURKEE
Comptroller of the Panama-Pacific Exposition

The Superior Jury was made up of the chairman and vice-chairman of each Department Jury, there being twenty Superior jurymen. In addition to these, the President of the Exposition, Charles C. Moore, was appointed honorary president of the Superior Jury, and the Director of Exhibits, Captain Asher Carter Baker, the director-in-chief, and the foreign Commissioner-Generals, the chiefs of the Exhibit Departments, a member of the United States National Commission and a member of the California State Commission were appointed members of the Superior Jury. This jury determined fully and finally the awards to be made to the exhibitors and collaborators in all cases formally presented for consideration. Formal notifications were then sent by the President of the Superior Jury to the exhibitors at the place of their exhibit.

If, for any reason, an award was not satisfactory to the exhibitors, he was

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THEODORE HARDEE
Chief of the Department of Liberal Arts and also in charge of the organization and conduct of all special days and special events at the Exposition. Mr. Hardee is widely experienced in Exposition work, having been connected in large executive capacities with the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, and with the big Exposition held in Portland. A man of high scholarship and literary attainments, Mr. Hardee is a capable and rapidly moving executive. Under his direction the Palace of Liberal Arts has become a mecca for thousands of visitors from all parts of the world

entitled to file a written notice to the effect with the president of the Superior Jury within three days after his official notification of award; this notice was followed within seven days after said date by a written statement setting forth his views on the inconsistency or injustice of the award. In the adjustment of difference and in considering the recommendations of the Department Juries, the Superior Jury provided for hearings of members of the Department Jury and of exhibitors, but in no case was it required to consider matters which were not regularly presented.

Whenever it was applicable, a decimal scale system was used in judging the merits, 100 representing perfection. Exhibits receiving from 60 to 74 inclusive were given a bronze medal; those from 75 to 84 inclusive, a silver medal; those from 85 to 94 inclusive, a gold medal; those from 95 to 100 inclusive, a medal of honor. The exhibit receiving the highest marking was awarded the Grand Prize, there being but one Grand Prize in each class. In some circumstances, and for special reasons, a Diploma of Honorable Mention, without a medal, was awarded. In judging musical instruments, fifty extra points were awarded for tone.

The Group Juries met on May 3, and their work was completed within twenty days, except in the Department of Horticulture, which will require the attendance of a jury at various intervals until the close of the Exposition, and the Department of Livestock, which will not be reviewed by jurors until September 30. The Superior Jury met on June 3 and completed its work within fifteen days. The deliberations of all juries were strictly secret, none but the members of the juries and their secretaries being present. A majority of any jury was in all cases necessary to render and confirm a decision. The exhibits of persons serving as jurymen were non-competitive, with the exception of officers or representatives of governments entered as exhibitors. Only one award could be given to a collective exhibit, but the names of all contributors to that exhibit were entered on the diploma of award and each participant was given a copy.

With these rules, made with reference to equity and justice toward all exhibitors, there could be very little dissatisfaction. There are fewer exhibitors proportionately at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition who are not satisfied with the work

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W. D'ARCY RYAN

Consulting engineer of the General Electric Company and chief of illumination at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, is acknowledged as one of the world's foremost illuminating engineers. He has completely mastered the scientific phases of lighting, and is intimate with every lighting appliance utilized. Mr. Ryan had charge of the illumination of the Hudson-Fulton celebration. He also directed the illumination of Niagara Falls and superintended the lighting of the locks at the Panama Canal, and has originated many of the marvelous lighting effects at the Exposition, and invented apparatus to produce the lighting and decisions of the Jury of Awards than at any previous exposition.

MANY people can remember the time when the orange was a rare luxury, obtainable only during a short season, and often doled out carefully to the children in quarters after the orange season had passed.

There is something about the pungent odor of the orange that is wholesome, fresh and welcome. It tells of the golden sun, and seems to reflect in the very taste the colors of the semi-tropical country whence it comes. Perhaps it is because orange blossoms are held by long usage to be the only flowers that fitly typify the sweet and delicate purity and charm of the blushing bride—and everybody loves a bride. It is no wonder, then, that the visitors at the Exposition linger to look at the complete orange-packing plant that was installed by the Stewart Fruit Company, a comapny that furnishes the Atlantic seaboard oranges all the year 'round. They have establishments all over the state, and have won the grand prize for their splendid exhibit in the Palace of Horticulture. The exhibit is most attractive and is educating the public as to the proper care and handling of fruit so as to obtain the best results for producer and consumer. Here every detail of the packing process was demonstrated—oranges brought from all over California, just as they were picked, underwent a thorough cleaning by rotary brushes, which freed them from all dust.

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FRANK BURT

Director of the Division of Concessions and Admissions, is one of the most brilliant show men in the United States. A collection of wonders housed in superb buildings obtained at an expenditure of more than ten million dollars, and employing seven thousand people under Mr. Burt's direction are on the Zone. Mr. Burt has established and operated public parks and chains of theaters in many of the large American cities, being one of the foremost in this line in the country

After they are bright and shining, they are run over a grading machine, which sorts them according to size and quality into three different grades of fruit—fancy, choice and standard. Then, wrapped in tissue paper and packed in boxes ready for the market, they are tagged with the company's name, which is the seal of honor. From this exhibit one realizes that only a high-grade producer has a chance in the open market these days.

The Stewart Fruit Company has been in business for many years, and holds the enviable reputation of handling only first-class fruit, unblemished and of good flavor.

The oranges are priced and packed according to size, for whereas some average one hundred and fifty to the box, some only one hundred and twenty-six, and others one hundred and seventy-six, there are others so large and fine as to average only eighty.

Under the direction of Mr. A. R. Carney, the packing plant has been running full blast from early morning until late at night, and women in spotless white attended to the packing. No wonder that I see golden orange juice now furnished on Broadway and in other cities throughout the country, where it has found such popular favor that nothing quite takes the place of that delicious draught of orange juice in the morning, and oranges are becoming indispensable in the American household.

AN educative illustration of the utilitarian uses of powder was presented by the exhibit of the Hercules Powder Company of Wilmington, Delaware, and it is bound to remain an impressive memory. The booth in the Palace of Mines at the Exposition represented a mountain, in the interior of which was a huge grotto, portraying ideal hunting scenes and also a trapshooter bringing down clay pigeons using Hercules Smokeless Powder.

The processes of making powder were also exhibited in the grotto, where a little black powder mill—the only model of its kind in existence—was turning out gunpowder. The exhibit was especially complete in its scientific details, as beside the grotto there was a booth in which were shown all the various ingredients that go to make up dynamite, dynamite cases, loaded shells, blasting and electric caps, fuses, etc. All the methods of testing were exhibited, indicating the difference between ordinary and high explosives. The most interesting exhibit, perhaps, were the electric blasting caps, by which many charges can be safely and simultaneously exploded by electricity.

Mural decorations depicted the plant of the company located in Contra Costa County, California. These works cover three thousand acres of land and constitute the largest individual dynamite plant in the world, having a capacity of approximately eighty million pounds of explosives per year. This gives us a glimpse of what might be called just now the basic industry of the world. The progress of industrial development is based upon explosives, for without them mines could not long operate, railroads and industrial activities would cease. Even the Panama Canal could not have been built without the use of explosives, which literally have removed mountains. The Hercules powder has literally lifted the burdens that were carried by toiling millions in the constructive development of ages past.

The Hercules Powder Company bears a name that suggests almost inconceivable strength and effective utilization of their explosives, whose uses are multitudinous and ever increasing. The farmer extracts stumps, excavates ditches and canals, subsoils deeply heavy clay deposits, drives the worn out earth from between the roots of trees, splits up tough trees, trunks, and rough boulders, and even digs post-holes.

The contractor breaks down huge masses of rock and soil, cuts in twain wreckage and hulls of submerged vessels, destroys time-hardened walls and structures of masonry and brick, and breaks up great masses of metal for remanufacture. Whenever a disrupting force is needed to tear apart or break up matter that has become a

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HOLLIS E. COOLEY

Chief of the Department of Special Events. For years Mr. Cooley has been connected with the staging of great theatrical enterprises, and it is said that he knows personally more of the great figures on the American stage than perhaps any other live man. Mr. Cooley has a genius for organization, and in providing fetes that will entertain and amuse the crowds as well as instruct them. Under his direction, aviators like Art Smith, the celebrated boy loop-the-loop aeroplane expert who has attained greater proficiency in the direction of an aeroplane than any man in the world; Charles F. Niles, the "do anything" fellow; Silas Christoffersen, the aquatic flier, perform marvels for the multitude hindrance to progress, the Hercules explosives are the ever-effective servants of man, reviving the marvels of the Arabian Nights; for, as a pillar of smoke issuing from casket, vase or grotto became a mighty genius, whose superhuman strength was at the service of the true and brave, so, from a tiny cartridge, small receptacle, or hidden borings in the primeval rock, the Herculean servants of the modern magician disrupt the very hills and lay waste the strongest foundation of primeval and artificial material.

CAPTAIN ASHER CARTER BAKER

Director of the Division of Exhibits at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and one of the great authorities in universal expositions. Captain Baker is a retired naval officer, but he is as at home in his Exposition work as upon the deck of a warship. Shortly after the outbreak of the European war, he visited France, and so effective were his arguments and so magnetic his personality, that he induced the French government, despite the terrific struggle in which they were was engaged, to participate at the Exposition

ELEVEN years ago, at the St. Louis Exposition, there were very few moving pictures. At the Panama-Pacific one of the features of many of the exhibits was the "movies." In the Education Building there was an exhibit that attracted the attention of hundreds of visitors, especially the school teachers and those interested in educative work. This was the exhibit of the Precision Machine Company of New York. There were two theatres in which their Simplex machines were exhibited. These were the machines selected by the experts for use by the United States War Department, and there was scarcely a building in the Exposition in which motion pictures were not shown. There is no doubt that the moving picture is a gigantic educative force. Every country recognizes that the people more thoroughly and more readily grasp a subject through the medium of pictures than any other method. It is the one universal language that all people understand, and today very few colleges and universities are without their moving picture equipment.

Whenever accuracy, precision and thoroughness are required, most up-to-date corporative and business enterprises consider a projector necessary in their work. In one county in California an appropriation is under consideration for equipping all the schools with moving pictures, and in Colorado it is becoming compulsory for each school district to furnish at least one motion picture machine, and their use has only begun. It brings plainly before the masses the secrets of the laboratory, and is invaluable in nature study. Besides, it accelerates the acquisition of knowledge that required months of dull study.

It was a compliment to the Precision Machine Company that their equipment was used in the Palace of Education, which put it to the supreme test, and a glimpse inside of the projecting room of the Department of Education was like a peep behind the scenes into the mysteries of the stage. Picture projecting is an art as well as a mechanical science.

THERE is something peculiarly attractive about the word "National," and it was only natural that the editor of the NATIONAL, in making his tour of the Exposition, following in the wake of the restless and active Colonel Roosevelt, should stop and linger at an exhibit whose announcements widely proclaimed the word "National."

There was another aspect of the exhibit that particularly appealed to me—it was the banner of the Grand Prize—that, of course, would interest—and this grand prize was for Indestructible Trunks and Traveling Equipment, setting forth that the International Jury of Awards had placed the seal of approval upon the principle of conservation, as illustrated even in the making of an article, so universally in use as a trunk.

Visions of the grim old baggage-smasher of the railroad came to mind—the man who felt it a reflection on his reputation if he let a trunk pass through his hands without a few dents, or cracks, or breaks, and to that end would bang the trunk down on the platform, be it plank, or brick, or concrete—it mattered little to him. But here was a trunk that defies even the genius of the most insatiable baggage smasher—for the trunks manufactured by the National Veneer Company are actually *indestructible.*

The American people travel today more han ever, and thousands live half of their lives "in their trunks." "Then why not have a good trunk?" reasoned the philosophical manufacturers of Mishawaka, and so they proceeded to build what is the last word in the way of trunk building.

The decorative features of the booth were well worthy of mention—on one side a picture of a train entering a station, with a full-sized locomotive in the foreground; on the other, a painting presenting a view of New York harbor, from which so many travelers sail on their trips abroad, and showing the canon-like streets of New York, as viewed from the Jersey shore. Taken as a whole, this exhibit is one of the most attractive in the section where it is located.

"Indestructo" is a word that has not yet been coined, but has already found a prominent place in the language of the day. The National Veneer Company of Mishawaka, Indiana, have reason to be proud, not only of the distinctive and conceded value of their products, but also of the poetic Indian name of the town in which they are located. The National Veneer Company is certainly making the name of "Mishawaka" famous, and are carrying

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OPERATING ROOM

Part of the exhibit of the Precision Machine Company (Incorporated), manufacturers of Simplex Projectors to that little Indiana village trophies of victory from the greatest of International Expositions.

THE magic name of Westinghouse is closely associated with modern electrical development the world over. In the exhibit at San Francisco located in the three palaces devoted to Transportation, Machinery and Mines and Metallurgy, one sees undisputed evidence of the contributions of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, to the wonderful progess of the electrical industry. The silent, efficient electric motor that has done so much to lessen the operating costs and increase production in hundreds of different industries, is shown in varied sizes and forms, each adapted to some particular service. There is a varied assortment of modern electrical cooking and heating devices that are doing so much to lessen the labor of the housewife of today. The Westinghouse electric iron is used not only in the home and work shop but by the traveler; and the charm of an electric breakfast cooked right on the table with an electric stove and percolator, emphasizes the simplification of housework. Especially popular with the women is the Westinghouse automatic electric range that cooks a meal to the queen's taste at a minimum expenditure of current and time. The mammoth Pennsylvania electric locomotive mounted on a turntable at the intersection of the two main aisles of the Transportation Palace, brought to San Francisco after four and a half years of continuous service in the New York Terminal of the Pennsylvania Railroad—typifying the latest advance in railroad practice, and exemplifying Westinghouse design and manufacture, was awarded the Grand Prize, the highest in the gift of the Exposition, in addition to which the Westinghouse Company received a large number of other awards covering its various lines of apparatus. The country owes much to the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company for the educative aspect of its wonderful exhibit.

Electrification of railroads has proved one of the greatest successes of the Westinghouse Company. In "The Mine," incidentally one of the most interesting exhibits at the Exposition, one sees Baldwin-Westinghouse mine locomotives which have replaced the familiar old mine mules.

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CHARLES H. GREEN

Chief of Manufactures and Varied Industries at the Panama-Pacific Exposition

WITH over a million Ford cars in operation, it is not singular that the exhibit of the Ford Company at the Panama-Pacific Exposition was a personal attraction to many thousands of people. This not only included existing Ford owners, but also the many who will yet become owners of Ford machines. There seemed to be no question, when it came to awarding a grand prize, but that the Ford would carry off the ribbon. The superiority of the Ford motor has long been established in

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RUDOLPH J. TAUSSIG

Secretary of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition and Chairman of Committee on Exploitation, is one of the big, strong and steadfast figures of the great fair. Mr. Taussig is a regent of the University of California. For years he has fostered the development of Mechanics library and Mechanics Institute. He is one of the most earnest of the Exposition chieftains, and devotes a great amount of time from his extensive private business to his duties as Exposition director and as secretary of the Exposition

the popular mind, and there seems to be a sort of fraternity and feeling of kinship among the owners of Fords—they even indulge in the latest Ford "joke" and compare notes concerning their machines and what the engines do. The keenest inquiry among the farmers was, "When will the Ford tractor be ready?" and the men from the city insisted that they could get more miles out of less expense for gasoline and repairs with the Ford car than they could with any other automobile.

The various Ford assemblage plants throughout the country now assembling from fifty to two hundred cars a day, were the talk of the visitors, for the American people admire "big things." Even if the Ford is not a very large car, the gigantic totals of its production and sales supply a common subject of conversation, and excite various conjectures as to "what the Ford engine can do" when it comes to a telephone pole.

The exhibits at the Exposition—assembly line, sociological display and motion pictures—are worth more than a passing word. Located in the Palace of Transportation is a very attractive booth, made artistic by mural paintings illustrating the evolution of road transportation. Here were assembled eighteen Ford cars each day, and the passing throngs stopped and looked and looked and then remained to watch the work of assembling cars.

The sociological work done by the Ford Motor Company in the plant at Detroit was demonstrated in the Palace of Mines, and revealed the effects of the Ford profit-sharing plan on the improved living conditions of the workers. In the Palace of Education is the Ford moving picture department, and the crowds at this exhibit indicate the never-failing interest in one's fellow-men. One of the most interesting features in the sociological exhibit was represented by metallic models of the Ford factories at Detroit and at Ford, Canada. The exhibit also includes a unique series of photographs, setting forth the evolution of the workmen's homes, from the dingy and comfortless boarding houses to the cosy home of the profit-sharing employee.

The Ford Brass Band made a tour of the country and everywhere was received with the same enthusiasm that greets the Boston Symphony. They played in one of the pavilions at the Exposition, and it was interesting to see the Ford owners passing by and remarking, "That's our band."

The profit-sharing plans of the Ford company with their employees and customers has made the Ford Motor Company one of the greatest, most cohesive and remarkable corporations of modern times. Every Ford owner is a reader of the *Ford Times.* In this little publication is indicated the tone and character of the Ford company. Graphic descriptions and ideals of life in general are intensely interesting phases of this literature, which is circulated without a suggestion of advertising. There is a gleam of humor, of humanness that reflects the Ford spirit.

The night classes at the Ford plant have set the pace for many foreigners in learning the English language and seeking to become American citizens. The name of Henry Ford is today known throughout the length and breadth of the world, and the selling organization is a remarkably large and thoroughly organized body of men, concentrating their mind and energies upon the exploitation of the "omnipresent" Ford. The real everyday exhibit of the Ford Motor Company is found on every road or by-road wherever the automobile tire doth tread, for watch any procession of automobiles, whether it be on Fifth Avenue, New York, or Michigan Avenue, Chicago, or isolated country road, there is always found the popular Ford.

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"THE GLOBE" IN THE PALACE OF TRANSPORTATION
Exhibit of the Western Pacific, Denver & Rio Grande, Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain line

THE one stretch of track on the transcontinental tour that seemed to control the transit to the Exposition was that extending from Denver to Salt Lake, and is known as the Denver & Rio Grande. No matter how tickets were routed—east or west—one way or the other, the traveler insisted upon going over the scenic "D. & R. G." and the traffic upon this road for the current year has far surpassed that of any previous period in its history.

It was natural that the traveler who came out over this road should be gratified to find that one of the dominating exhibits in the Exposition is that of the D. & R. G. in the Transportation Building, and it was my privilege to see this exhibit in company with Captain Asher Baker, the Director of Exhibits.

A gigantic relief globe, fifty-two feet in diameter and forty-four feet high, is the central part of this splendid exhibit. Around this sphere flash miniature electric trains, and as they pass a city, its name immediately appears in letters of light. The trains carry the eye of the beholder over exactly the same route a passenger would take in traveling from San Francisco to points in the East through the Sierra and Rocky Mountains, and particularly to Salt Lake City, Glenwood Springs, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Hot Springs of Arkansas, over the Western Pacific, Denver & Rio Grande, and Missouri Pacific, and thence to the south by the Iron Mountain route. Squares of soft light indicate Yellowstone, Mesa Verde, Rocky Mountain and the Yosemite National Parks and the Great Salt Lake.

However, the inside of this planet—unlike the world on which we live—is accessible, beautiful and interesting. Ornamental arches form entrances, over which have been placed sculptured figures in strikingly lifelike attitudes, depicting a prospector, a fisherman, a farmer, a blacksmith and a brakeman. Miniature engines, in relief, appear to be emerging from tunnels, and the exhibit is one of the unique sights of the Exposition.

The interior of the earth, as we find it here, contains three million billion feet, in miniature, of the finest scenery in America. A winding fairy causeway leads the visitor through a vista of picturesque diorama, that shows the country and its activities along this railroad system, which is known as the "Scenic Line of the World." The Globe was awarded the gold medal for superiority of exhibit.

* * *

THE name "White" has been made to stand for something, whether it be motor car or motor truck. The only grand prize that was awarded to motor trucks at the Panama-Pacific Exposition was awarded to the White.

This is a supreme triumph for the test of the motor truck is its utility. No wonder that the White trucks are used by the foremost firms in America today, and that they are recognized by the superior jury.

Even the splendid White exhibit at the Exposition, as impressive as it was, could not equal the procession that one sees in all parts of the country every hour of the day and every day of the year, when the White motor trucks and the White automobiles are passing; and, in this procession, what greater tribute than that it is being generally utilized in these days, when every minute and motion must count in the relentless competition, in transacting as large a volume of business in the least possible time with the greatest economy.

FINE WRITING PAPERS
EATON, CRANE & PIKE CO.
EATON, CRANE & PIKE CO.
HIGHLAND LINEN
Crane's Linen Lawn

THERE was something of the clear, cool atmosphere of the "Berkshire Hills far away" in the exhibit of Eaton, Crane & Pike Company at its booth in the palace of Varied Industries, a subtle suggestion of the triumph of craftmanship, linking in the sturdy genuineness and thoroughness of the handiwork of the eighteenth century with the varied needs of today, and even revealing an interesting phase of American social life, the potent influence of feminity in the arts, for as the hat of milady of today must match her gown, and also her hosiery, so too must there be an atmosphere of harmony in the stationery she uses.

While the art of correspondence during the splendid Victorian period typified by Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning has passed away, there is hopefulness of a revival of this art through furnishing the splendid and exquisite papers and envelopes which make a dainty message seem even more winsome and attractive.

In making paper, as in all branches of the arts, the fundamental proposition of progress is simplicity and harmony. Simplicity is expressed in this exhibit in the fineness and quality of the paper, and harmony in the various styles and embellishments of the fine social stationery here produced.

So it is that this good, old New England concern whose history dates back to the earliest years of the last century, is bringing before the women of today a certain amount of the simplicity of character of the products of our Colonial times.

Most impressive of all their exhibit are the mural paintings showing the various factories of this great concern, where Crane's Linen Lawn and Highland Linen are made. The buildings in the beautiful Berkshire hills of western Massachusetts, far away from the influences of that modern commercialism which demands quantity rather than quality products are shown in paintings which form a background for the mechanical department of the exhibit, engaged in stamping monograms, making envelopes, and filling beautiful packages of these papers.

If there is an exhibit to which the grand prize has been awarded with the hearty approval of every one who has visited the Exposition, it is that where the Crane's Linen Lawn and Highland Linen are the distinctive features.

THE clearest and most impressive educative exhibit at the Exposition, as to the value of cooperation through the channels of a large corporation comprehending every need and necessity in the branch of industry they represent, was illustrated in the exhibit of the United Shoe Machinery Company. Here the numerous processes of making shoes were demonstrated—from the choice and

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HARRIS D. H. CONNICK

Director of the Division of Works at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Under his direction, in the space of two years, a vast expanse of marsh and sand dunes, occupied partly by dwellings and warehouses, was converted into a sunny tropical paradise, carpeted with vast beds of flowers, from which arose the stately exhibit palaces that house the world's hugest exposition. Under Mr. Connick's direction the buildings were constructed so rapidly that the daily progress could actually be observed. So interested was a moving picture concern in this unique development that it installed a motion picture machine, which recorded the buildings of the great fair from day to day preparation of materials to the completed goods. It was a far cry from this exhibit to the village cobbler of old, hammering and pegging away for days on a pair of shoes that now requires but a few minutes of systematized labor in the factory. If the restless activity and growth of population would necessitate an increase of production of shoes per capita to supply the demand, it would require an army of followers of Hans Sachs, the poet cobbler of Old Nuremburg, more numerous than moving picture fans. One young lady in the party remarked that she had a great deal more respect for a shoe now that she had seen the various processes to which it must be subjected before it is put on the market: in the cutting department the big clicking machines which supplant the old methods of hand mallet dies and blocks; in the fitting room the motor-driven top and tip stitchers and vampers; the eyeletting machines that make the hole and insert the eyelet at one operation; through the lasting room, watching the operation of the wonderful pulling-over machines; then the Goodyear welting process that has revolutionized shoemaking; the stitching, making and finishing, through many hands and many machines, until it is passed upon by the last inspector and pronounced "fit" for market.

The factory of the United Shoe Machinery Company at Beverly and the branch plants are in themselves continuous, permanent and international expositions, visited every day by people from all parts of the world. The comprehensive and complete lines of machine parts—nails, awls and drivers, the machines that meet every newly conceived need of the passing styles, the prompt attention given to orders from factories where a machine or two is "down"—in fact, a model service that is appreciated by none so well as the factory superintendents to whom a "United" agent is looked upon as a help in time of need.

The development of the export trade has been an important factor, and the American shoe is the popular footwear all over the world today, because of the myriad machines which the "United" has furnished to factories for facilitating work. The United Shoe Machinery Company, in fact, has done more to develop and build up shoe factories through the investment of their own capital in machines, and their plan of putting out machines on a royalty basis, than any other agency.

It has always been human nature to like to see other people work; when excavation is being done in building there is always a crowd looking on—the man with the shovel and pick is the center of interest, which may in part explain why the throngs continually crowd the booth of the United Shoe Machinery Company. The comments among the visitors were tributes to the genius of the men who have built up a company that so broadly meets the pressing demands for expeditious production of shoes, for "shoes are shoes," as every man who has a family knows. To realize that the price today, with decreased raw material per capita, is much lower than in former years, can be credited to the machines of this company, which enable shoe manufacturers to obtain maximum production at minimum labor cost. The use of cloth in shoes has been brought about by the scarcity of leather, and shows again the co-operative spirit of this company, as they have attachments quickly adapted for the change, which have met the demands of the hour, and have saved manufacturers millions of dollars in not being compelled to send their machines to the scrap heap when a new model appears. This is the company that holds the patents on the famous Goodyear Welt process, which was the nucleus around which their gigantic business has been built.

The grand prize that was awarded to the United Shoe Machinery Company for their inspiring and educative exhibit, was well deserved, from a public benefit point of view as well as from the commercial aspects. The welfare work of the company tends towards perfection of factory conditions, making even factory life more pleasant than the average home of years ago.

On Sam Sam Day at Beverly, Governor Walsh addressed the assembly of approximately twenty thousand people, and paid a well-deserved tribute to the exhibit of the company at the Exposition:

> I have just returned from California, where I saw for the first time the wonderful moving pictures of your company entitled

"The Making of a Shoe," on exhibition in connection with the exhibit of the State. As I sat in front of the screen I was amazed at the work done by the machines—machines that seemed absolutely human in their ability to do the work for which they were designed and developed by your company. Some of these machines may, I dare say, be built in a day, or a week, but the time and thought required to build the originals must have meant years of effort, and work and study on the part of great inventive genius. And as I sat there I realized, as I had never realized before, how much the United Shoe Machinery Company has done for the public; how different are the methods used today in making a pair of shoes from the methods used two decades ago; and how many of these changes are to be credited to this organization.

And I was proud, too, of the fact that they were the products of a great Massachusetts corporation which believes in giving its employees a square deal, and which, because of that fact, has never had a labor trouble in all the years of its existence. So it is well that your Governor should come here, if for no other reason than to show by his presence that the Commonwealth is to be congratulated on having within its confines a company headed by men of brains and intelligence, and employing workmen of such sterling qualities. And I trust that the spirit of co-operation which exists will continue and the bond made by mutual interest be strengthened.

SITTING before the open fireplace on a cool night in early autumn, our memories with one accord turned to the trip made during the summer through Yellowstone Park, the most charming feature of our tour across the continent. Nearly fifty thousand people will have visited Yellowstone Park during this Exposition year, and who can ever forget the inspiration of that moment when one first entered the park at Gardner, the original gateway and still the popular entrance for tourists. There is just a moment for a rest for recalling how the swift train sped from the twin cities over the great wheat fields of Minnesota and Dakota, on through the Bad Lands, across the Missouri, and into the rugged State of Montana. Some of the firmest friendships one makes in life are made on such journeyings. As one young lady of the party remarked, "It just seems as if you meet the nicest people in the world going through the Yellowstone." The mecca of the Yellowstone tourist is the "Old Faithful Inn," where the famous geyser is seen spouting with the regularity of the rising and setting of the sun. It seems as if the triumphal arch of initiation is at the Gardner gateway where one finds the horses waiting just as in the old frontier days, and the old style stages recalling picturesque stories of frontier travels and Indian and outlaw attacks.

This lava arch erected by the government was dedicated by President Roosevelt, and marks the formal entrance into Nature's wonderland. The horses are prancing as the stage starts for Mammoth Hot Springs five miles away; we pass the painted terraces seen in the pictures, and the thought comes—"Are we really there?" The picturesque scenes seem to grow on one as Emigrant Peak and Yellowstone River come into view. No wonder they call it Paradise Valley. The tree-fringed Yellowstone threads through the valley and makes a landscape that could scarcely be idealized on canvas. Of course you would not feel that you had been in Yellowstone without meeting Yankee Jim, whose age is fourscore years and ten, and has spent fifty-four years in Yellowstone. He was there before it was ever dreamed of as a park. He built miles of the toll road and is spending the sunset of his life in a cabin retreat among the Rockies, while the Northern Pacific trains rumble past his door on to Yellowstone Park. His name will be immortalized in what is known as the second canyon of the Yellowstone, just below Gardner.

But it is the six-horse coaches that will always be identified with the trip through Yellowstone, although automobiles were admitted on the first of August. The horses are themselves a sight, and would add an attractive feature to the New York horse show.

In the early morning we drove by Eagle Nest Crag, a tapering dun-colored obelisk high over the foaming waters of the Gardner. This is the first thing you see in Yellowstone, and the lights were turned on by Aurora as we passed to the United States military post at Fort Yellowstone.

Different tours are arranged to suit the convenience of the various parties, but no coaching trip in the world can equal the one that carries the tourist through the wonders of Yellowstone. Mammoth Hot

Springs is the location of the executive headquarters of the park, where the government officials reside. The marvelous painted terraces on the mountain side, and the hot water reservoirs, with the great mountain pool of seething hot water, were crowning features of the picture spread before the six hundred guests of the hotel. Memories of the old days on Dakota plains when we gathered buffalo bones were recalled on seeing the herd of bison in the park. Many an eastern tourist for the first time in his life, saw one of these animals outside of a cage or zoo. Every visitor passes through Silver Gate and Golden Gate when the ascending road climbs the mountains.

PHOTO BY GIFFORD FOR NORTHERN PACIFIC RY. CO.
3375

THE BEAUTIFUL GARDNER RIVER AND CANYON, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK
Reached by the Northern Pacific Railway via Gardner Gateway

Tours are five days in duration, and each one of the five nights is spent at a different hotel. With each hotel the tourist associates some recollection of a stranger who became a friend, for riding along together many a man has disclosed his life history, his ambitions and secret ideals.

The Northern Pacific was the first railroad to have a line direct to the Park, and the first route will always remain the most popular with tourists. In the trip over the Northern Pacific, extending across the continent, there is an ever-varying moving picture reeled off as the train passes through the diversified scenic country. Crossing the Cascade Range, sweeping on to Washington, through great wheat fields of the Peluce country, where dry farming has triumphed. The Norther Pacific was one of the first to educate people as to the wonders of the great West, and was the first to exploit the beauties of Yellowstone.

CONSPICUOUS among the exhibits at the Exposition was that of the United States Worsted Company of Massachusetts. The initials of the company have been uniquely interwoven into a word and that word "Uswoco." It stands for quality. When the Board of Trade of the City of Lawrence decided to make a display at the Exposition, the committee called upon the United States Worsted Company for samples of their product. The vice president, Mr. Simson, and staff, with special care selected the samples from goods in process of manufacture and the gold medal was awarded to this exhibit. This tribute to the superiority of the product of the United States Worsted Company, and the awarding of the gold medal by an international jury, for quality of their material and attractiveness of the exhibit, would certainly indicate that this company keeps up their everyday work on an exposition gold medal prize basis.

At the Exposition, the goods were displayed in artistic window drapery effect, on a street of the Palace of Varied Industries, with colors, styles and qualities blending so perfectly that it presented the colorful effect of a picture or a painting.

A REMARKABLE example of the potential force of American industry is illustrated by the sensational speed with which the Good Shepherd Fingering Yarns for knitting and crocheting were placed upon the market and made known and popularized. The wonderful development of the use of this beautiful American product has been one of the marvels of the season. At the time of the opening of the Exposition its manufacture was not complete and it was therefore almost wholly unknown and not ready for exhibition, but an exhibit was made as late as October in the Palace of Varied Industries and the beautiful colorings and the convenience of the cocoon wound ball at once attracted the attention and won the approval of all users of crocheting and knitting yarns. It attracted perhaps more admiration and enthusiasm than any other exhibit in the building, representing as it did something new, something beautifully attractive to the feminine fancy and something that appealed to the artistic as well as the utilitarian sense of the modern woman and so its success was almost instantaneous.

AS the NATIONAL was one of the first magazines to be set up on the Monotype, the sight of these familiar composing machines and type casters clicking away in the Palace of Machinery made me feel quite at home. An interesting part of this exhibit was the showing of American magazines that are composed on the Monotype. Even I was surprised at the completeness of this collection, for I am certain that I found in it every magazine that you and I read and admire. Truly, the NATIONAL was in good company, but I could not help saying to most of these magazines, "Yes, you are very proud of your Monotype dress, but don't forget that the NATIONAL was a Monotype pioneer and set the style that you now follow so gracefully."

I know that there was nothing at the Exhibition more surprising to printers, because I am first of all a printer, than the non-distribution system of the Monotype. Attachments have been applied to this wonderful machine so that it now casts all the rules and leads, as well as the type used by printing offices, and, shades of Gutenberg, it makes this material so rapidly that it is actually cheaper to melt up whole pages than to break up these pages and distribute the type and other material composing them.

As I watched complete pages of perfect type and rules melted up, my mind wandered from this last word in efficiency, and I thought of the old State House in Boston where we printers look with veneration on Franklin's hand press and a few cases of type he imported from England at a cost of almost its weight in gold. And I pictured to myself how Franklin laboriously, in the small hours of the morning, had distributed that type, piece by piece, back into the cases so that he might start the day's work with full cases. I am sure that if Franklin could visit the Palace of Machinery he would unhesitatingly bestow his Grand Prize upon the makers of the Monotype, the men who took the drudgery of distribution out of the printing business.

THE industrial expansion that naturally follows in the wake of expositions is already under way on the Pacific Coast. The exhibit of the Shredded Wheat is to remain there in the form of a large new plant. The ideal conditions surrounding the production of an ideal health product is a harmony of purpose first initiated by Shredded Wheat.

Any one of the plants where Shredded Wheat is made presents an education or object lesson in cleanliness, efficiency, and the lengths to which this corporation has gone in making life in the factory more attractive to its hundreds of employees. One's first thought is a wonder whether there are enough people in the world to consume all the Shredded Wheat Biscuit and Triscuit that is produced in this factory day by day. But when told that there are three factories now in operation, two at Niagara Falls, New York, and one at Niagara Falls, Canada, one begins to comprehend the world-wide popularity of this delicious prepared food.

The new plant in Oakland, California, now under construction, is intended to fill the pressing need of a manufactory to supply the large and ever-increasing demand for Shredded Wheat on the Pacific Coast and in the Orient. This plant, consisting of five buildings, will occupy one large block in Oakland. Mr. F. M. Clough, treasurer of the Shredded Wheat Company, is pushing the construction work to completion, and confidently expects to have it completed and the new plant in operation to capacity by the first of May, 1916.

The main factory building is to be a model and modern in every particular, and in accordance with the usual policy of this company, will be surrounded by beautiful park-like gardens and lawns, tennis courts, and recreation spots for all sorts of outdoor sports. The building will contain all the modern appliances for the comfort and welfare of the employees, as well as for productive efficiency. One of the sights of California will now be the new plant at Oakland—a replica of one of the first of modern factory buildings, which has been visited by thousands of sightseers at Niagara Falls.

*Copyright, Cardinell-Vincent Company*

THE SWEDISH BUILDING

This pavilion is furnished entirely with carpets, tapestries, furniture and pictures from Sweden, and represents an appearance characteristic of the country. In the main entrance are busts of Swedish rulers, both past and present, and many exhibits in models of Swedish steamships and locomotives. There are also pictures showing the scenic attractions, and others portraying Swedish sports

IN the Food Palace one was interested in coming across names familiar as household words on the packages and cans which decorate the grocers' shelves.

For many years the name of Libby, McNeill & Libby have represented the highest quality of prepared food products. The development of this business has been carried far beyond the dreams of the original members of the firm. From the far-off islands of Hawaii, where the most superb pineapples grown in the world are found, and wherever the finest natural products are accessible, these food dainties of the world are collected and preserved for Libby, McNeill & Libby.

THE last lingering view of the matchless illumination is indissolubly associated with memories of the Exposition. This memory might well be called a reminder of the comprehensive exhibit of the General Electric Company. The giant searchlights—forty-eight in number, one for each state—that shed the prismatic rays over the Exposition, indicate that the electric illumination is the dominant feature of the Exposition. Gazing upon this wonder scene with Walter D'Arcy Ryan, who has planned the electrical effects, was like looking upon a matchless picture in company with the artist who painted it. The spectacular effects were such that even the architects themselves looked upon their own dream-pictures in wonderment, scarcely able to credit the verdict of their own eyes, and inspiring them to explain "Did I create this?" The magic touch of illumination was the most fascinating phase of the Exposition and will linger in the memories of thousands of visitors as a veritable glimpse of fairyland.

The General Electric Company not only contributed to this aspect of the Exposition, but, in the Palace of Manufactures, they produced the "Home Electric"—fitted up and installed by the General Electric Company of Schenectady, New York—showing a woman how easy it is to keep house nowadays, if she only knows how to provide the electrical equipment, or is clever enough to be able to wheedle her husband into providing it for her. It was a plain, practical and prosaic presentation of modern home life, and thousands of people thronged this "Home Electric" day after day, looking in wonderment upon the new devices created to eliminate the labor and drudgery of house work. Here were even appliances which wake one up in the morning—hot and cold bath devices, shaving apparatus, an appliance, which by means of a blast of hot air performed the duties of a towel —in fact everything but an electrical valet, and no doubt that will be the next invention. However, I did not observe anything that would quite take the place of the traditional towel of the printing office.

The "Home Electric" represented a model residence under an exhibit palace roof, and was fitted with apparatus that seemed to take the place of a long retinue of servants, including butler, cook, maid, ice-man, laundress, furnace-tender, even the music teacher. It was a catalogue of the triumph of modern mechanics, and but foreshadows how the electrical inventions are going to continue their work of eliminating altogether, or making easy at least, the routine duties of every day life. There were mechanical devices for changing the air in the room every five minutes, without creating a draft. The electric grate—which looked like illuminated sausages—the electric piano, and the butler's pantry, were all indicative of the ingenuity of the legion of inventors working night and day to perfect new appliances for the utilization of electricity.

The kitchen was the wonder-land for the real home-maker, for not only was there the electric range, but there was a dishwasher, which eliminates the traditional plaint of the drudgery of washing dishes, that deservedly unpopular form of evening recreation, which has been from time immemorial, used as an excuse for "why girls leave home." The refrigerator, ice-cream freezer and laundry, all in operation at the same time, to say nothing of the vacuum cleaner and the inter-communicating telephone system, were truly a revelation, but what seemed to diffuse the entire "Home Electric" with the true home glow, was the indirect lighting effects, displaying to advantage the various and most attractive fixtures. Adjoining the "Home Electric" was an electric garage, an electric work shop and laboratory, where experts were continuing research, in order to increase the list of new electrical devices.

There was not a visitor at the Exposition that would not enthusiastically confirm the awarding of the two Grand Prizes to the General Electric Company for their exhibit, which was without doubt unrivalled.

CLUSTERING about a tiny instrument in the exhibit of the Western Union Telegraph Company in the Liberal Arts Building, I found an interested throng. This little instrument had ignited the spark which struck away the last remnant of the intervening wall between ocean and ocean, on October 10, 1914, that marked the wedding of the Atlantic to the Pacific in the Panama Canal.

The same spark, controlled by the hand of President Wilson, on February 20, 1915, flashed across almost four thousand miles to San Francisco, and flung wide the gates of the world's greatest exposition, to permit the waiting throngs to come inside. The message was carried over three distinct wires en route, so as to assure its arrival at the proper moment.

There is an attractiveness about the Western Union booth in the Liberal Arts Building that is in keeping with the purpose of this great corporation. The artistic white columns, decorated with gold and blue, the colors which are associated with the Western Union from one end of the country to the other, and better known than the colors of any college or university —the white and blue squares of the floor blending with the soft tones of the wall and bringing into relief the flowers and golden garlands suspended between the pillars.

The demonstrators in the booth, explain the working models from morning to night, answering intricate questions of those interested in matters electrical, as well as the prosaic business man who wants to know how his "quick words" are handled. Many school teachers come with pupils to have them recite their lesson in electricity.

The exhibit of the Western Union shows the new relationship between the corporation and the people. The president, Mr. Newcomb Carlton, has, through this exhibit, effectively expressed his ideal of the proper relations of a corporation to the public. He has struck the note of service and appreciative patronage. All day long, the people come and go at the Western Union booth, where attendants are just as anxious to please customers, and to sell goods, as in any exhibit at the Exposition.

Here the people were given the important news of the world—not forgetting the latest baseball returns.

There was an appreciation of modern corporation service recognized in the grand prize award on the display of telegraphic apparatus, and many gold medals for the various instruments used for educational purposes.

The exhibit reflects the American spirit of initiative, utilized to furnish service to the people, which no other country in the world possesses. Nothing is more convincing of the futility of government ownership than just what the Western Union exhibit at the San Francisco Exposition has indicated. It was educative in a broad sense, indicating not only that there are standards and service in public utilities, to which the American people are accustomed, and for which they insist upon holding individual corporations responsible, which could not possibly be hoped for under government ownership at this time.

What a picture is presented of the development of the telegraph, from the time when Samuel B. F. Morse sent his first message from Washington to Baltimore: "What hath God wrought." It indicates how man's inventive genius has utilized to the fullest the God-given inspiration and creative ability for the welfare of the race.

STATISTICS prove that since the introduction of the Protectograph there has been a distinct diminution of the crime of forgery. The temptation is eliminated by the use of the Protectograph and cheque writers and the exhibit at the Exposition of the Protectograph system of cheque protection, in which one machine cuts and prints the words "not over fifty dollars," or whatever amount desired, and another cuts and writes in colored letters the exact amount of the check in dollars and cents, was a revelation to a number of visitors. It shows the wonderful progress science has made toward the prevention of crime, and the protection of business integrity.

THE flood tide of tourist travel, which in this fifteenth year of the twentieth century is sweeping across the continent and along the Pacific coastline, is largely the undertow of that immense European travel which for one year, at least, is so interrupted that a large class of hitherto Europe-hypnotized Americans have perforce been obliged to stay at home or to visit the scenic beauties and wonders, not to speak of the antiquities, of their own country.

The "Shasta Limited" is a Pacific Coast institution never to be omitted in the itinerary of tourists, and the least of its pleasures is the study of character and entertainment afforded by listening to the comments of one's fellow-passengers. The veneer of personality is usually thrown off during these conversations, and people from almost every part of America and Europe exchange comments on the scenery, and more personal and political topics.

Viewing the scenery at Puget Sound, with its traditions of the early days of the Hudson Bay Company, on down to the Columbia and Willamette Valley, with its historic memories of the early settlers following the Lewis and Clark expedition, the pages of history and geography become more vivid than ever. The cities of Seattle, Tacoma and Portland each have their individuality, as distinct as that of the individuals hailing from widely scattered sections. The cross currents of emigration have given a flavoring of the sturdiest spirit of all the states represented, with an irresistible hopefulness that is infectious. Even the sad-eyed man from Philadelphia forgot his troubles and offered his seat companion a "Cinco" cigar.

Crossing the Cascades, and the Siskiyous ranges of mountains, the traveler begins to have a wholesome respect for the railroad rates, and an appreciation of what it means to a country to possess methods of transportation, even if it must be through the medium of what the demagogue calls "the accursed railroad." At Roseburg, Oregon, memories of the famous stage coach route over the mountains to Redding is recalled.

The tourist now sweeps, in safety and ease, through the same canyons and the same mountain passes, where brigands once held up the lumbering coaches and laden mule trains. Mt. Shasta, queen of the coast mountains, 14,444 feet in height, is the central figure of the scenic display, and the railroad circles around her as if loath to leave the shadows of the majestic snow-peak. At Shasta Springs, real soda water, provided by Mother Nature, bubbles out. Every tourist must have his draught of Shasta water, as well as a drink from the Oxone Spring, where his olfactory sense is greeted with a whiff of strong ammonia, given off by the water, which is as fresh as that of any purling brook, and possesses wonderful medicinal qualities.

On the way down the canyon of the Sacramento, barren hills, denuded of timber and vegetation by the fumes of the smelters, the gold dredges still at work among the rugged rocks, and here and there the deserted cabins of the placer miners who panned out gold in the early days, tell of the great mining era now part of a past age.

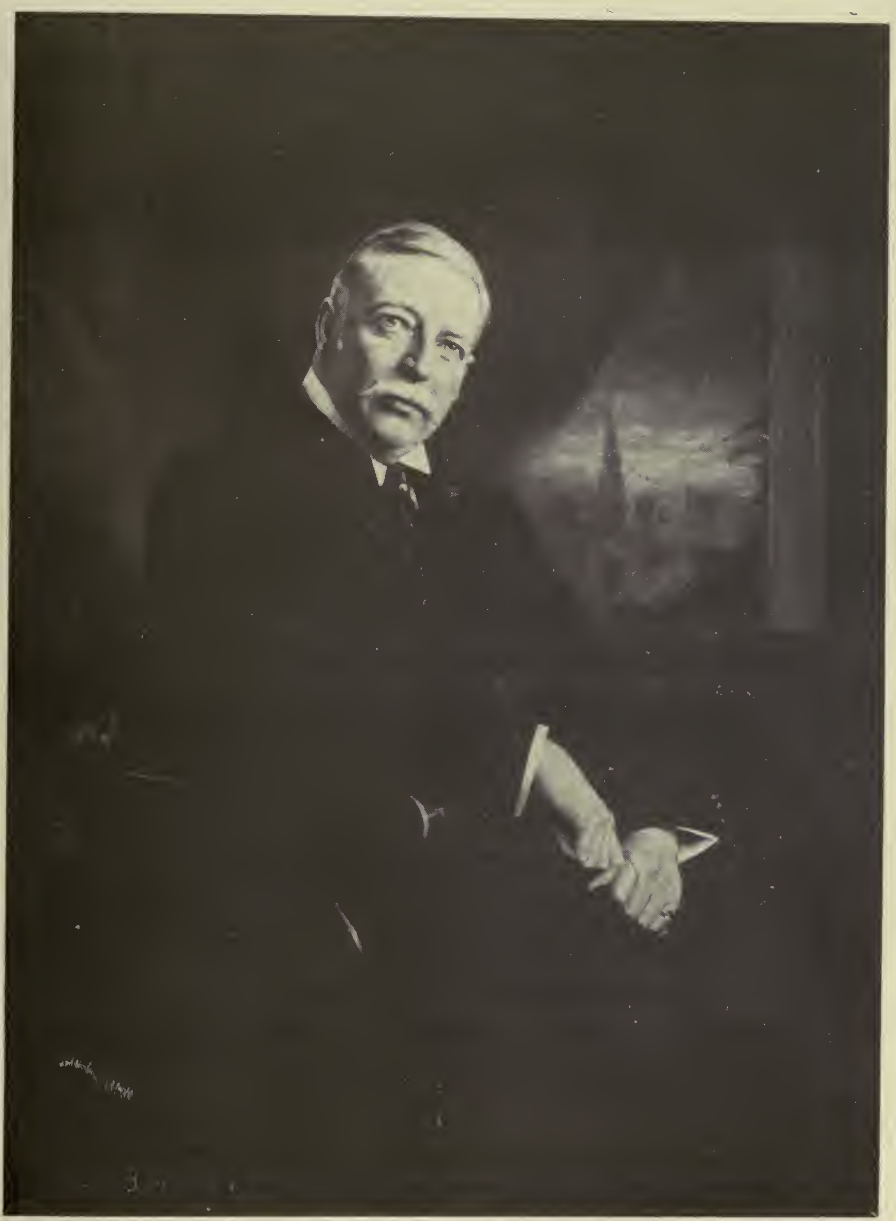
* * *

Over a sea of prairie country, dotted by large haciendas first developed by the Spaniards, the Shasta Limited furnishes a contrast from mountain splendor to sweeping prairies.

Again the train passes from a country of hot winds, suggestive of the Sahara itself, to the area of cool, refreshing trade winds and ocean fog, in which reigns San Francisco triumphant, with a fascination that lures the world-traveler with a charm never to be shaken, even by the rumblings that follow the delicate needle of the seismograph. Ancient Babylon, modern Paris, or historic Rome and Naples never held their royalty more tenaciously than San Francisco, resplendent in her restoration from the great disaster of 1906.

San Francisco, the Exposition City, which within the metropolitan area has a population of eight hundred thousand, is the natural terminal point for the three distinct systems incorporated in the Southern Pacific Railroad; Shasta route to the north, Ogden route to the east as the crow flies, the shortest overland route across the continent, and the Sunset route to the south, almost reaching the southern boundary of the United States. In fifteen brief minutes, the Shasta Limited passes from a sub-tropical to a temperate temperature, when the train is ferried across the straits of Benicia, on the largest ferry boat in the world. In at least four particulars the great Exposition which closes its gates December 4, excels any exposition yet created: in the architecture of its buildings, the color scheme as dominated by Jules Guerin, its floral displays, and its lighting. Any one of these features will justify a trip across the continent. Go *now!*

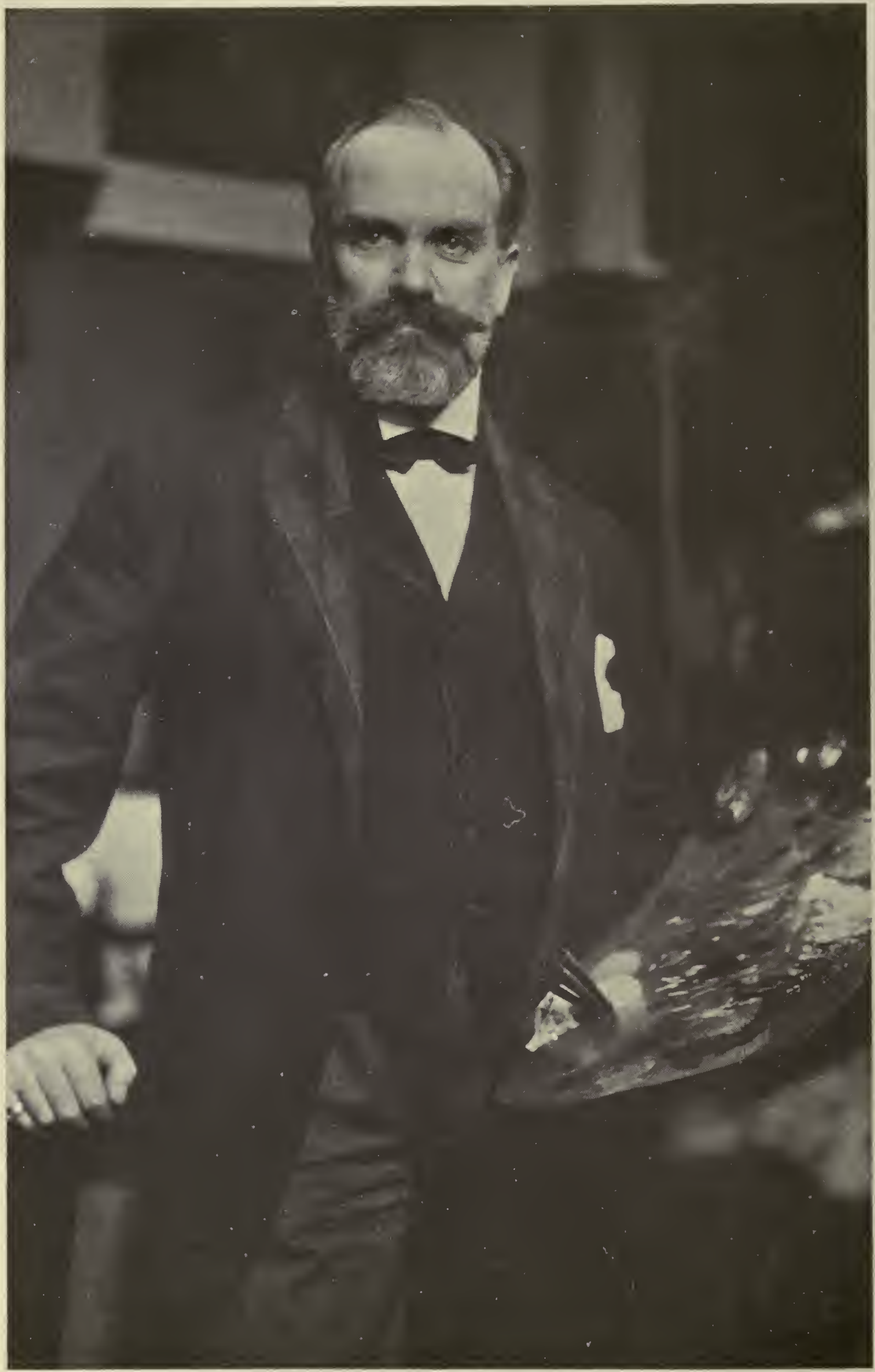
To the southward, across the valleys of Santa Clara and in the foothills of the Santa Cruz mountains at Los Gatos, and on to Monterey and Del Monte, ideal



*Portrait by A. Benziger*

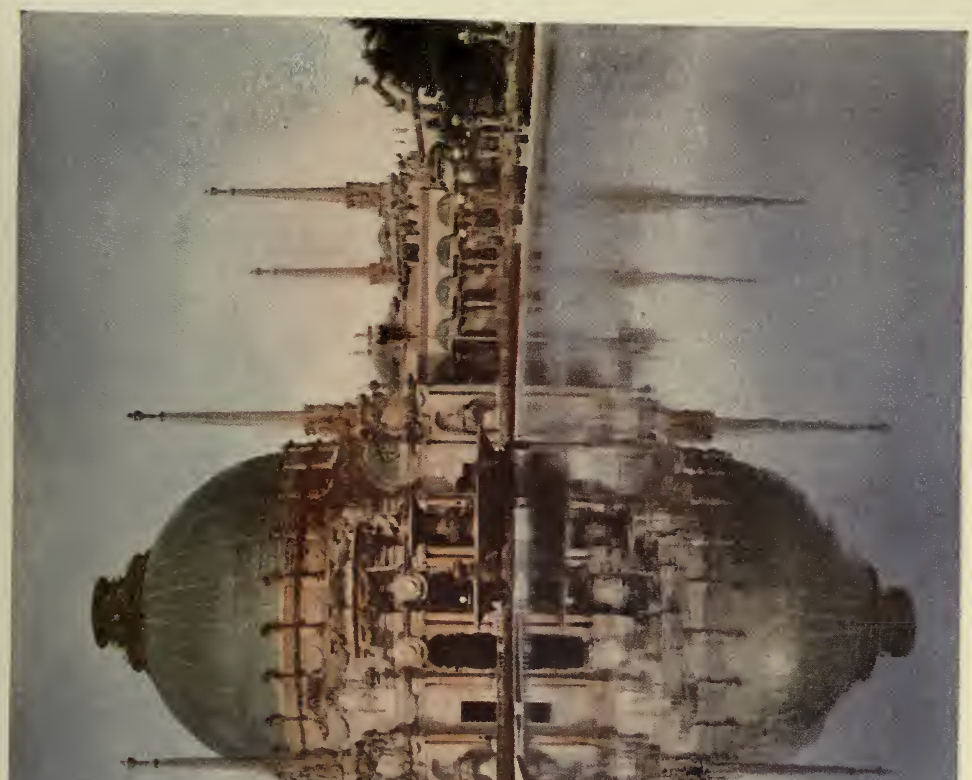
THE LATE CURTIS GUILD

Three times Governor of Massachusetts and ambassador to Russia. The portrait of Mr. Guild on the cover was ordered for the State House in Boston. Governor Walsh, after seeing it, congratulated Mr. Guild and the artist upon its success, and chose for it the most prominent place in his office



*Portrait by A. Benziger*

AUGUST BENZIGER



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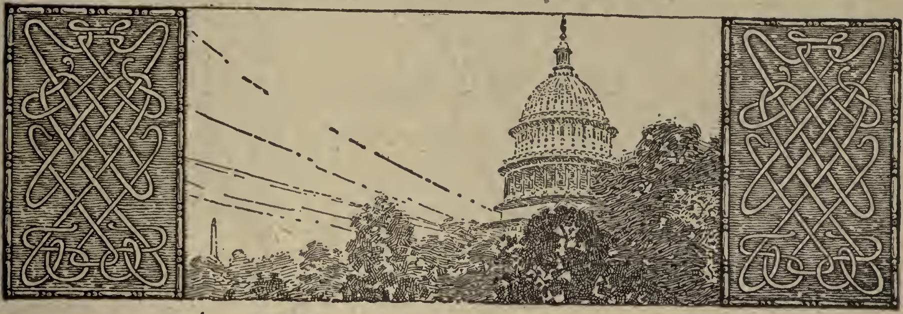
THE PALACE OF HORTICULTURE

The luxuriant surroundings of the Palace of Horticulture little indicate the wonderful exhibit within. On the dome are the signs of the Zodiac, a most clever conception, and even these signs are mirrored in the waters nearby. It is considered the most perfect dome of this kind that has ever been built

NATIONAL MAGAZINE



# AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

### BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THERE is a glow of anticipation in Washington just before Congress convenes. The good old constitutional requirement for national legislators to gather the first Monday in December still holds good. The President has been busy formulating his program of national preparedness, and there have been frequent consultations with his cabinet. Tension at the State Department has lessened as Secretary Lansing has made the diplomatic corps understand more clearly his interpretation of foreign relations.

The European nations, neutral and otherwise, understand more clearly the position of the United States of America on international problems. Many details are still left to be cleared up, but a better feeling and a more placid aspect in reference to foreign affairs prevails now, more than at any time since the war began. What will happen when Congress assembles officially, and unlimited debate and discussion runs riot in the House and the Senate, no one can foretell. The two active departments of the government, as the opening of the Congress approaches, are the Navy and War Departments, who are working overtime formulating plans to meet public demands. Both Secretary Garrison and Secretary Daniels have been the recipients of a floodtide of suggestions coming from all parts of the country and all sorts of people, but the feeling is that the plan of national defense will be formulated under the supervision of experts.

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WHEN Secretary Josephus Daniels proposed the appointment of an Advisory Board of Inventors to assist the Navy Department in planning for the national defense, few people realized its grim and yet pacific purpose. It involved not merely the details of providing for national defense, but exercised a potent influence in modifying the tenor of Germany's

THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP WYOMING

In striking contrast with the square-rigged war vessels of Civil war times are the modern, dark, ironclad defenders of the present-day navy

reply to the President's notes. Germany realizes that it is brains that count, and that by a simple revolutionary invention, all of the military preparation of years may be thrown into the scrap heap. The uselessness of the great battleships and battle cruisers, unless the submarines can be destroyed or foiled, even now becomes more and more tragically apparent.

Secretary Daniels has done much to fire the popular imagination with the necessity of making our navy the first line of defense, and it was nothing short of a stroke of genius—not only in its influence on the American opinion, but on the German mind and the nations of the world at large—that the unified and concentrated power of such men as Thomas A. Edison, who is admired in Germany more than any other one American, and the other members of the Board, all well known in Europe, should so subtly and strongly be brought to bear on this issue. Without doubt it had much to do in tempering and modifying any radical or rash expression towards the United States of America at a critical time when the ties of international amity were strained under a tension very near to the breaking point.

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DURING the year 1915 the United States of America has certainly learned the great lesson of the ages. This lesson is expressed by one great German philosopher in one word—"tolerance." Scarcely had the excitement over the news of a hecatomb of Americans drowned by German torpedoes flashed over the wire than we began to recall facts in the history of the German people which no subsequent act can ever quite obliterate. The first newspaper ever printed in the world was published in Germany just three hundred years ago. When we realize that the newspapers of the world date back to the *Frankfurter Journal* in Germany, we must credit that nation with having established institutions that have been of such benefit to the world that the angry spirit of war can never entirely efface as potential. Newspapers, the world over, might well stop in their kaleidoscopic activities, to pay a tribute on this tercentenary of the creation of the powerful fourth estate, which has been, perhaps, the most potent influence known in the making of great nations.

WHEN Ralph Waldo Emerson in sober tones, with the candle light from a new pulpit glowing upon his face, declared that "all the world loves a lover," he gave expression to a truth that all the world understands. Since the announcement of the President's engagement to Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt, the widow of a wealthy Washington jeweler, the dominant attention of Washington has been directed toward the doings and affairs of Woodrow Wilson and his charming fiancée. Wherever they were, at a ball game, or at church, attending dinners or informal teas, Washington has utilized the President's own favorite expression of "watchful waiting," and the society column now has its innings in reflecting the presidential mind.

Extensive plans are being made at the White House for the new "first lady of the land," and prospects for a lively social season, suggestive of the régime of the daughters of the Southland in ante-bellum days, have given the capital a romantic thrill such as it has not had in years. One meets the usual wiseacres who have insisted that "they knew all about it long ago," but the facts are that scarcely any one outside of the family knew how matters were progressing until the announcement was made in the newspaper dispatches.

There has been some criticism upon the nuptial activities at the White House during a time when all of Europe is under the dark cloud of war, and a feeling that the event might have been delayed at least until peace was declared, but the friends of the President feel that he is fully justified in maintaining his personal privileges and prerogatives, despite what might be construed as inconsistent with his official responsibilities.

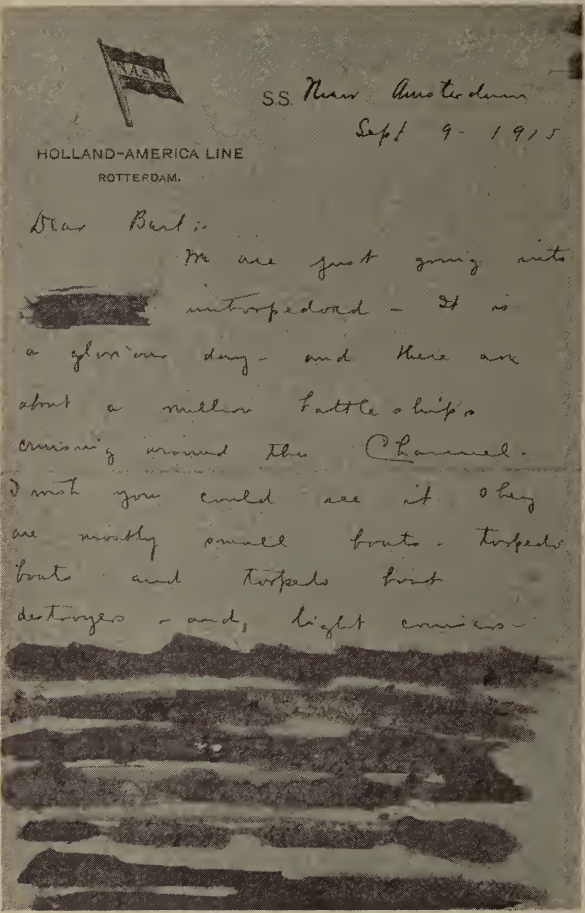
*Copyright, Frank H. Child*

THE MONONGAHELA OF THE CIVIL WAR

Today looked upon as a curiosity, these vessels have given way to the formidable war monsters of 1915

AFTER the day's activities in the maelstrom of business or social duties, what a relief it is to get home and just sit down quietly in the library and pick up some volume written long ago. After meeting with all sorts of people and phases of present-day life, to sit for a chat with some author who wrote and observed in days long past is the priceless heritage of books. After a stressful day when I heard people abused at hearings and in a court case, where human beings were painted as near demons, I picked up Thackeray's "Pendennis." In his preface I find that he challenges those speakers, authors and artists who insist upon giving distorted views of life in order to give their own abilities and talents an opportunity to shine as brilliant. He writes in the glow of Pendennis' Club, "A little more frankness than is customary is attempted in this story, with no desire on the author's part, it is hoped, and with no ill consequences to the reader." Then again he foreshadows modern conditions. "To describe a real rascal, you must make him so horrible that he would be too hideous to show, and unless the painter paints him fairly, I hold that he has no right to show him at all."

This truth is dawning upon the people after an era of muck-raking that has made horned demons out of human beings that have the same impulses, same heart beats, the same joys and sorrows as those who lead in the attacks. The over-ardent self-appointed champion of truth doth protest too much and belie the word and action in their comment and criticism of others who may not shout their own virtues so violently.



HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
ROTTERDAM.

S.S. New Amsterdam
Sept 9 - 1915

Dear Bert:-

We are just going into [redacted] untorpedoed — It is a glorious day — and there are about a million battleships cruising around the Channel. I wish you could see it. They are mostly small boats — torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers — and light cruisers — [redacted]

A GOOD EXAMPLE OF A CENSORED LETTER

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WHILE American life in nearly every aspect is speeding up to the automobile pace, political campaigners are utilizing automobiles, and the old-time stump speaker has evoluted into the motor orator. The suffrage issue has made itself felt as a potential issue in 1915 as never before.

While the defeat in New Jersey was a staggering blow, despite the fact that President Wilson gave suffrage not only his vote, but his support, it is felt that this defeat will only intensify the determination to bring the issue squarely before the country in the form of a constitutional amendment, which it would seem, would be a more practical way of adjusting the franchise privileges of citizenship. As far as the rights of women to vote are concerned, that was settled decisively in 1776. The one great problem presented to the women is to get the women themselves to agree upon the question. If the majority of the American women desire the ballot, and will unite, it would not require a campaign of thirty days to accomplish the result. A system of individual personal campaigns of woman to woman talking it over in a man to man fashion as well as to men, on the calling list, would work wonders. This would be a rifle-shot campaign, instead of scattering bird-shot with the promiscuous propaganda that oftentimes injures rather than helps the cause. There are men and women in the country that cannot become docile or enthusiastic followers of some of the leaders, so absorbed are they in their own egotism. Sometimes they forget that "the cause is the thing," and not the exploitation of themselves as psuedo leaders. In the campaign there is many a man who voted against the suffrage who might not have done so had he not come in contact with some of the urgent but misguided champions. The slogan in New Jersey, "Nobody Home," referring to the woman speakers abroad in the State, and pointing significantly to his own head, furnishes a touch of political humor that evidently counted, as revealed in the returns.

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WILLIAM McKINLEY POST OF CANTON, OHIO, CARRYING THE COUNTRY'S LARGEST FLAG

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THE career of John J. Carty, the engineer pre-eminently associated with the wonders of transcontinental wire and trans-sea wireless telephony, is a story that today appeals as keenly to young men and boys as the career of the "Nick Carter" in the palmy days of the dime novel, because it is full of real thrills of achievement. He was born in Cambridge, within the classic shades of Harvard, and had dreams of becoming a graduate of this historic college. His eyes gave out, and in despair young Carty wondered what he could do to go on with his work, for he had visions which even failing eyesight could not efface.

A natural aptitude for mechanics and a leaning toward scientific investigation attracted him to the telephone business, in which he has made an enviable name for himself. At that time the telephone business was being evolved from experiments. During his early years in this work in Boston he had in charge the operation of the long distance line between Boston and Providence. At that time such a thing as an electrical engineer was unknown, but almost from the very start Mr. Carty was accounted a telephone and electrical engineer, whose concentrated effort and genius have been devoted to the development of telephony almost from its use in commercial life. When Mr. Vail returned from the Pacific Coast six years ago, he remarked that it was nothing short of a crime that the great West should be cut off from telephonic connection with the East. In just a few words he said that this must be changed, and John J. Carty was the man who heard his suggestion, and accomplished it most appropriately during the Exposition year.

* * *

THE European experiments and plans for long distance telephony consisted of one instrument with a range of a thousand miles, another for two thousand miles, still another for three thousand miles, and so on. But the idea of having a table full of telephones attuned to cover different distances did not appeal to the chief of American engineers, whose idea was that the most remote telephone should be in as close communication with the outside world as the magnate sitting at his mahogany desk.

When I saw Mr. Carty at Arlington, at those towers which will figure as significantly as the Washington Monument to make history in not only commemorating but usefully advancing the progress and development of the world, there was a grim flash of humor on his face as the wireless (worked in connection with a metallic wire circuit from Boston) was flashing its message through space to far-off Hawaii, as he said, "If this thing keeps on, we will be talking with the people on Mars, because if we can have force enough to go through the ether surrounding the earth, there is no limit to the speed and possibilities of the wireless." Later messages were sent direct from the towers at Fort Myers near Washington to the famous Eiffel Tower in Paris, and the cable message flashed back the answer that the voice was distinctly heard. The event recalled the fact that when a public demonstration of the telephone was made years ago by Dr. Bell and Mr. Watson for the Walworth Manufacturing Company, from Cambridge to Boston, two miles distant, they so marveled as to what was phoned that each one kept a stenographic report of just what was said, and just what had been received in reply, in order to make a record showing that the transmission of the human voice was an accomplished fact. The telephonic message to Paris from Arlington on October 21, 1915, heard at Honolulu, represents a distance of eighty-seven hundred miles of wireless telephony and makes possible the hope of hearing

JOHN J. CARTY
The engineer who has made possible the voice "heard 'round the world"

the human voice fulfill the poetic phrase of the shot at Concord "heard 'round the world" in a practical and peaceful pursuit. It reflects the spirit of the American nation, which, instead of arming itself against the world, seeks to come in closer communication with other countries and peoples. To think of this great country from coast to coast, and lake to gulf, united by one language, one flag, and one telephone, keeping all the people in almost instant communication with each other, is one explanation of why the United States is at peace. If the countries in Europe had one language, and could use one telephone, so that the people could every one communicate with one another, it is likely that the secrecy of intrigue and deep-laid plans of militarism never would have received the support of the men behind the guns and in the trenches. The telephone wire is one of the triumphant homogeneous powers of the times and will do more to bring about the dreams of democracy than the ardent propaganda of centuries past.

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PRESIDENT WILSON AND GENERAL MILES REVIEWING THE G. A. R. PARADE

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EXPERTS insist that to cross the continent with a telephone wire, carrying clearly the human voice and sound over high mountains and valleys where other currents might interfere, is truly the greatest wonder of the day, and is a more difficult undertaking than spanning the oceans, where no obstructions appear, with wireless to Paris.

The honor of being the first man to span a continent with his voice and to unite the old world with the new with words of welcome belongs to Mr. B. B. Webb, telephone engineer. No special spectacular halo was noticed as he sat at the powerful wireless instrument at Arlington shortly after midnight, when the atmosphere was most clear of static disturbance. The wireless operator signaled the Eiffel tower, and as the green sparks sputtered out almost like the discharge of a machine gun battery in action, the American engineers, Messrs. Shreeve and Curtis, with a group of French officers at the Eiffel, listened with wondering disbelief for the voice of Mr. Webb. The tongues at the tower of Babel confused and divided—the modern times clarified and united. At Honolulu, Mr. Espenschied, a fellow telephone engineer, was waiting, and had his receiver attuned to hear the message forty-eight hundred miles away that was carried to Paris from Washington, making a total distance of eighty-seven hundred miles covered by these messages. Mr. Webb was not thinking of Honolulu "breaking in" at the time, for his mind was intent upon making his voice carry across the Atlantic to Paris.

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G. A. R. VETERANS' FIFE AND DRUM CORPS OF MICHIGAN

"Hello, Shreeve," he shouted with clear enunciation, into the mouthpiece. After a few seconds he began to count and repeated figures up to four, then came the enunciation of the test sentences, which were repeated. A few more seconds were counted and then the familiar telephone farewell was given. "Good-bye, Shreeve," (pause) "good-bye, Shreeve," was repeated the magical three times. When Webb detached the sending apparatus and went home, he knew that a cablegram would come from Paris in the morning, telling whether the experiment had succeeded or not.

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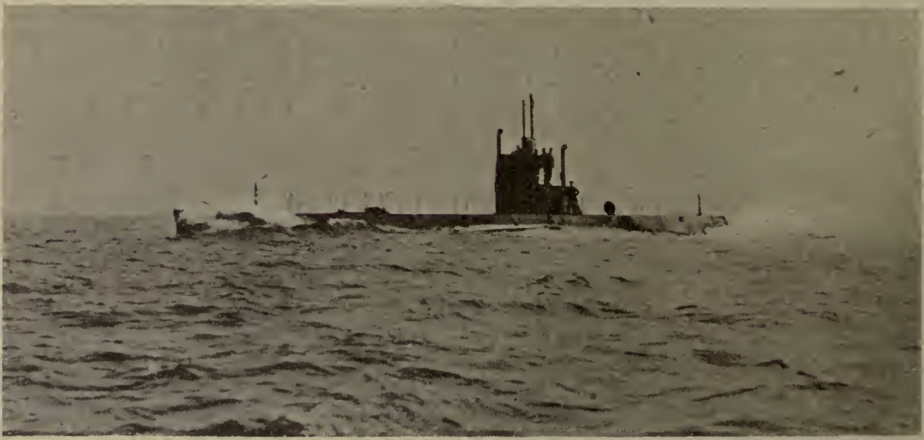
THE dominant issue in the recent state elections have been Woman's Suffrage and Prohibition. Former Secretary of State Bryan has been making an active campaign for these twin problems of the times, and some of the leaders of his patry have been relieved to know that he had already severed his relations with the administration before taking up his



UNITED STATES SUBMARINE "K-7" UNDER WAY AT HALF SPEED

radical propaganda and earnest crusade. The one pre-eminent purpose of William Jennings Bryan at this time, however, is involved in the greater question of "World Peace," in reciting the story of the causeless war and why we should not fall under the warlike spell of preparedness. While the former Secretary of State may not now enjoy the prestige of official position, the throngs that gather to hear him all over the country indicate that Mr. Bryan is still a force to be reckoned with in national affairs. He enjoys the distinction of having been longer in public life than any leader now in the lime light.

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WHEN I first entered the Executive office at the White House in Washington years ago, I met Captain Charles Loeffler, the veteran doorkeeper, who retired after serving every President from Lincoln to Wilson. When I first passed the threshold of the office of the President of of the United States and greeted him in all the dignity of his official position, I felt that the world was mine. Suffice to say that many happy visits to the White House are associated with the strong, rugged, honest face of the doorkeeper who came to America a German emigrant boy and enlisted in the Union army as an evidence of his earnest appreciation of American citizenship. During the grand review I stood again beside Captain Loeffler, and his dark eyes blazed as he told of having stood there fifty years ago on that bright May day at the great review, at the side of Secretary Stanton as his orderly and bodyguard.

He said the picture came up before him of that stern and rugged secretary who had held in his firm grip the conduct of a great civil war. Near him stood General Grant, with a cigar in his mouth, and further away President Andrew Johnson. The schism that later resulted in the impeachment proceedings of President Johnson had already begun to appear. Stanton was firmly opposed to Johnson's revengeful attitude toward the Southern states. The neutrality of General Grant had already excited ill feeling toward the hero of Appomattox within a little over a month after Lincoln had breathed his last in the little brick house on Tenth Street. The impeachment trial occurred the following year and only failed by one vote of passing. It has always been accounted one of ill-omened sequel to the incidents on the reviewing stand as the great Army of the Potomac and Sherman's army, that marched through to the sea coast, swung down Pennsylvania Avenue.

There were many close friends during war times who became bitter enemies in the feuds that followed. Captain Loeffler insists that many of the stories concerning the tippling habits of President Johnson were ill founded and that the oft-repeated stories sent out from Washington that now occupy pages in history are oftentimes founded on superficial observation rather than on facts. Captain Loeffler was with Abraham Lincoln and with William McKinley and carries his fourscore years lightly as he journeys back to the White House now and then, to look upon the old haunts where he served so many years as the doorkeeper and bodyguard of Presidents of the United States.

AN interview with John D. Rockefeller, on the subject of international loans, was read with as much interest as a proclamation of the President of the United States. The interview was purported to have been held on the golf links. Now, I have had the pleasure of going the round of the links with Mr. Rockefeller several times, and if there is any one thing that he has often expressed to me, it was the wish that he be allowed to pursue the ball with all his mind, and not have the game disturbed by an interview. The picture of Mr. Rockefeller after a game, when he starts off on his bicycle from the last hole, is one of simplicity in itself, and while the purported interview sent out from Cleveland was denied, there is no doubt in the minds of his friends that while Mr. Rockefeller does not favor propositions that will serve to continue the war, he understands elimination of wasteful and idle pretense in allowing passion to pose as an arbiter.

If it had been possible to have brought the business men of the various countries together before the outburst of hostilities, with a clearly defined realization of what was to follow, the spectacle of foreign countries asking the

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OLD SOLDIERS MARCHING AT THE G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT IN WASHINGTON

United States for money to continue the war would never have existed. With Mr. Carnegie as the world prophet of peace, Mr. Ford and Mr. Rockefeller the champions of peace, it would seem that when the purse-strings are tightened the curtain might soon fall upon the finale of the great tragedy overseas, but when once the war is on the patriots of all the nations involved are as ready with their fortunes as their lives to stand by their native land. Generations to come will bear the burdens that resulted from the ignition of that flash of war fire, which had been smoldering so many years in Europe.

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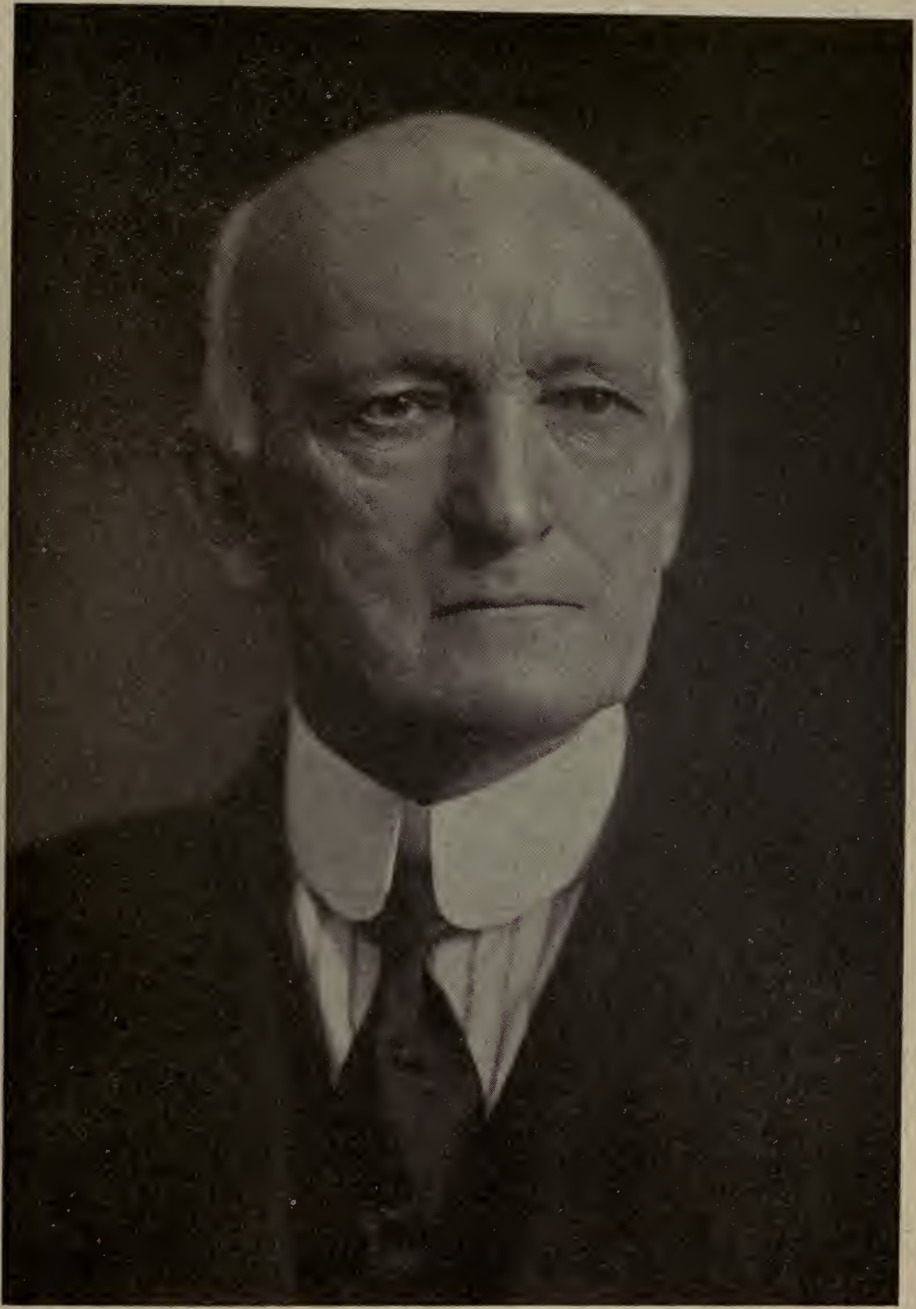
THE Presidential campaign of 1916 is already preluded by the activity of candidates, announced and unannounced. It has long been a custom for prospective candidates to "swing 'round the circle," feeling the public pulse. The forum in which the candidates this year have gathered centered on the Pacific Coast, and the Exposition grounds have been a mighty gathering for discussion of public questions.

Early in the year, Secretary Franklin K. Lane and other members of the Cabinet appeared. Later came Secretary Bryan with his message of "Peace," after his retirement from the Cabinet. Then quickly following was Colonel Roosevelt, with his warning of "preparedness." Former President Taft, in his jovial way, swung 'round, forming the third of the trio of former presidents and presidential candidates. Senator Burton, former Vice-President Fairbanks, Senator William A. Smith, Henry D. Estabrook, Senator Borah, and nearly all of those who have been mentioned, had their preliminary hearing before the Exposition tribunal.

HON. JOSEPH W. FOLK
Former governor of Missouri, who, it is rumored, has been slated as United States ambassador to Mexico as soon as Carranza is officially recognized

Former Senator Root was busy for many months, with his work at the Constitutional convention at Albany, concentrating all the power of his master-intellect upon providing the Empire state with a constitution that would make his state of New York actually a representative, responsible and progressive instrument of administration, supplanting a petty and wasteful organization which the state has outgrown. However, the efforts of the convention were apparently unappreciated by the people at large, for the measure was defeated at the November election.

The acute situations that have arisen in international relations have entirely over-shadowed the interest taken in candidates opposing President Wilson. The popular feeling seems to indicate that the Republican party, with its economical policies has a likely opportunity of electing the next



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SAMUAL WALKER McCALL

Elected Governor of Massachusetts on the Republican ticket. With his record of twenty years in Congress as a constructive and progressive law-maker and with the distinction of being a real statesman, his friends feel that he is the man for the place. His splendid biography of Thomas Brackett Reed and other literature shows him to be a scholar as well as statesman. The *Congressional Record* bears witness in many pages to his capacity as a debater on all important national subjects, and his grasp of public questions, together with his campaign in Massachusetts, demonstrate that he has a wonderful capacity as a vote-getter. Although born in Illinois, Mr. McCall has spent the larger portion of his life in New England president and controlling the next Congress, and this doubtless accounts for the unusual activity among Republicans all over the country in getting ready for 1916; but the President has no more sincere and loyal supporters in his work today than these same Republicans who hope to have the privilege of nominating his successor. The obligations arising from the plank in the Baltimore platform suggesting a single term for the president, is giving Democratic leaders some concern, and after three years of power, there are patronage complications, and the natural schisms of growing factionalism.

It does not seem so long ago that I spoke with Woodrow Wilson on one of his trips through the West, when few people ever dreamed of him as a real presidential possibility. This is why it is dangerous for anyone to attempt to prophesy in these times, for the predominating thought of one week is forgotten the next week.

AFTER visiting almost every northern state, in the last few months, from ocean to ocean, I feel more than ever an irreclaimable optimism as to the future. There is a great deal in just getting acquainted with people here and there. I often think that we are wrong in trying to judge the temper and feeling of one section of the country, from conditions that exist in another section, and the growth of this broad and tolerant spirit is the most hopeful sign of the times. With state boundary lines practically eliminated and communication accelerated, the people from all parts of the country begin to understand each other, and the officious leadership of egoists is passing.

There is nothing that so burns itself into the feelings of an individual as the realization that he has been used for ulterior purposes. The people are awakening to a realization that it is not so much a question of the man, as fundamental principles, that must ultimately prevail in government.

It was during the delivery of former Secretary Bryan's "appeal for peace" speech at San Diego, that one of a flock of pigeons found a resting place on his head. We may think that newspapers are the moulders of public opinion, but the time-honored custom of a public man meeting and speaking with the people whom he has represented, is just as vital today as in the days of the Roman Empire. The people like to make up their minds after seeing and hearing the man, and there is a revival of the good old custom of stump-speaking.

COINCIDENT with the opening of the session of Congress, the committee hearings are beginning to foregather. The publicity given to hearings divides the honors with Congress. Public attention is measured by the human interest story, or the caliber of the celebrity captured for evidence. The trial of the New Haven railroad case seems to have occurred, intentionally or otherwise, at a time to keep up the interest preceding state elections, and show cause for the existence or abolition of legislation. The original idea of the authors of the Constitution was to have all bills in Congress originate with petitions directly from the people. This has been latterly supplanted in these days of specializing, politics and legislation, by having a legislative measure first appear in the form of a hearing which, unfortunately, is often provoked by business rivalries or political enmity. It is felt by new members that something must be done to keep the legislative mill grinding and make fame for new names, for the most tragic thing that could be contemplated in American life is stagnation. The sinking of the submarine at Honolulu received special attention of the Navy Department when just now the program of preparedness is crystallizing. The proposition to have both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts bristle with submarines like a porcupine, as one of the modern needs for defense, appeals to poetic fancy. And with the Panama Canal choked with slides and closed for weeks, we begin to wonder what are the defensive uses of the great ditch. Activity in aeroplane construction has followed closely the results of their use in the European war, and it is felt that the keen-eyed Americans who have been abroad, will not overlook any essentials necessary to perfection in the science of aviation as well as submarine war, not overlooking the one great need and necessity of fast battle cruisers.

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THE LATEST SLIDE IN THE PANAMA CANAL

There are those who believe that the United States will eventually be involved in the world war, pointing significantly to the fact that fifty thousand Japanese are now in Mexico, and American soldiers have already crossed the border in order to support the government of First Chief Carranza. The recognition of Carranza's representative as ambassador from Mexico after a period of two and a half years, was one of the most important developments of the policy of the administration, and when the document with fluttering red, white, and blue ribbons, was conveyed to the Mexican delegation, many hundreds of Mexicans who have been refugees in this country, called around to see if they actually possessed an embassy and if their native country was again represented in the councils of the nation. Peace comes too often from exhaustion rather than from decisive or spectacular battle. It resolves itself finally into a practical question of bread and butter, food and clothing for the people.

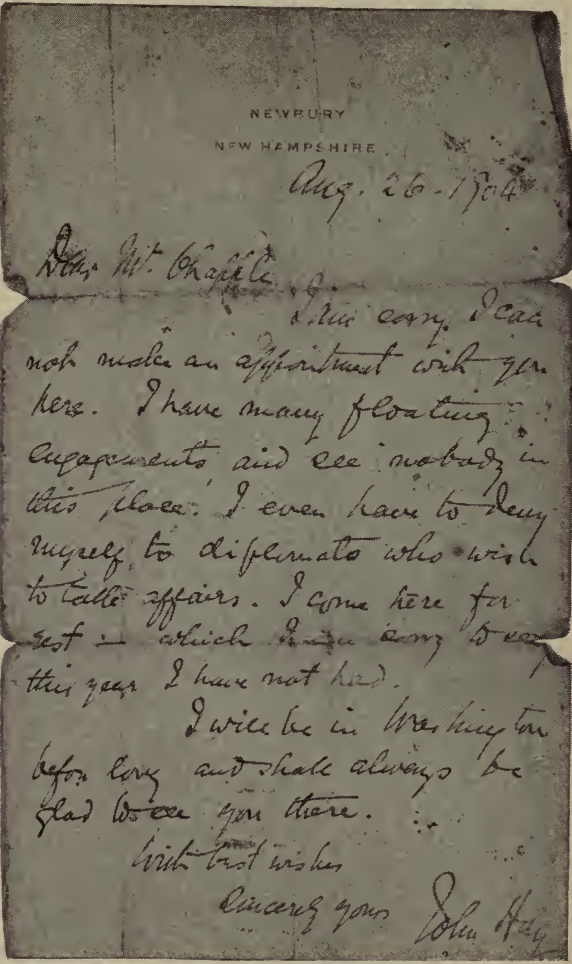
THE LATE JOHN HAY

GREAT interest has been aroused by the appearance in *Harper's Magazine* of certain unpublished letters of John Hay—letters that are extraordinary in their comprehensive treatment of international affairs. Besides their literary style and wonderful grasp of statecraft indicated in these letters, there is a vein of quiet irony now and then. There was no man who was more misunderstood in public life than John Hay. He was considered by some a snob and an autocrat, but he was really a man of intensely democratic instincts; if otherwise, how could he have written such letters? It was John Hay who inaugurated the new era in American diplomacy, and I shall never forget the occasion on which he told me that the fundamental thing in being a good diplomat is simply to be yourself.

His comments on the malignancy of Anglophobia and his statements of how deeply this was entertained in certain quarters, would have made quite a stir had they been published at the time. But his letter to Mr. Choate in 1899 on the open door in China is a document of supreme interest at this time, and the recent war was in a way foreshadowed in his comments on Count Waldersee's punitive expedition against China in 1900, in which he disclosed that the United States then succeeded in stopping that "preposterous German movement, when the whole world seemed likely to join in it, when the entire press of the Continent and a great many on this side were in favor of it, will always be a source of gratification to me. The moment we acted, the rest of the world paused, and finally come over to our ground, and the German government, which is generally brutal, but seldom silly, recovered its senses, climbed down off its perch and presented another proposition which was exactly in line with our position."

The letters have naturally raised this question among the friends and admirers of Secretary Hay: "If he had been Secretary of State when the first war flash appeared in Europe, and had stepped in as he did in the Russo-Japanese war, would the tragedy of Liege and the succeeding ghastly scenes have been averted?" In this connection, what a flood of memories is awakened, as I find in my files one of the last letters ever written by Secretary Hay. It was written from New Hampshire, where he had gone for rest and there is a pathos in that letter, between the lines, that is touching. He knew for some time before his decease that his days were numbered; that he could not live much longer and yet despite the warnings of physicians kept up that unflagging devotion to his duties that was nothing short of heroic.

A short time after this letter was written, he found that rest in eternal sleep that he had craved for so many weary months when the responsibilities of affairs of state bore heavily upon his shoulders, in solving perplexing and complicated questions. The record of John Hay in the State Department has been a beacon light in the troubled seaways of diplomacy for his successors.



A LETTER FROM JOHN HAY

NEWBURY
NEW HAMPSHIRE,
Aug. 26-1904

Dear Mr. Chapple:

I am sorry, I can not make an appointment with you here. I have many floating engagements and see nobody in this place. I even have to deny myself to diplomats who wish to talk affairs. I come here for rest — which I am sorry to say this year I have not had.

I will be in Washington before long and shall always be glad to see you there.

With best wishes
Sincerely yours
John Hay

EVERY once in a while the visitor at Washington comes across an old man or younger antiquarian, who has at his tongue's end anecdotes of the great men or curious happenings of the past. The Town Hall of Alexandria, with its once spacious rooms and lofty clock tower, was sixty years ago one of the impressive sights of the upper Potomac, and among the contributions, one at least had a singular origin. A number of professional gamblers from the lower Mississippi made a raid on the District of Columbia and vicinity, and one of them found an enthusiastic lover of the noble game of poker, who, after several encounters, in which his hands were singularly inferior, drew out of the game and had cashed in his opponent's checks for some thirty-five hundred dollars.

While they could not prove it, the experience of all his friends satisfied them that they were the victims of trickery, and Mr. Blank determined to get even if possible. He had somehow learned that an old colonial law, long disused, but still in full force, provided that if a man could not show that "he was pursuing some lawful means of obtaining a livelihood" he should be sold, or hired out by auction, to prevent by his labor his becoming chargeable to the town.

The planter made a complaint under the statute, which the justice recognized as still in force, and at the trial the evidence satisfied the court that gambling was the defendant's only calling, and that it was not "a lawful means of obtaining a livelihood." He was accordingly sentenced to be sold at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, and a great crowd of Washington celebrities hailed the verdict with delight, and put aside all other engagements for the sale.

FRANCES WILLARD, THE ONLY WOMAN HONORED WITH A STATUE IN THE CAPITOL

The sale was well attended, and the defendant came jauntily to the auction block, faultlessly dressed after the manner of his "profession." It would cost him only a few dollars to buy himself clear, and then he would seek out another field of operations, wherein losers might get mad and shoot—a game that he, too, could play at—but where they could not set up a gentleman on an auction block, like a greasy field hand or a mortgaged cow.

"How much am I offered for this gentleman?" cried the sheriff.

"One hundred dollars," said the prosecutor.

"Two hundred dollars," cried the gambler merrily.

"Three hundred," drawled the down-river man.

"Four hundred," snarled the man of cards.

"Five hundred," said his victim carelessly taking a "fresh chaw of Jeems River."

"Six hundred," said the gambler morosely, for he began to see that in this game he must bid higher than the man, who seemed determined to reduce him to a state of vassalage little better than slavery.

"Seven hundred," said the planter, carelessly swinging a big "black Jack," and walking round the block as if studying the "p'ints" of his intended purchase.

At the two thousand bid the gambler begged for mercy, stating that he had no more money, but the planter was inexorable until his last bid reached three thousand five hundred dollars, which he allowed the gambler to pay over to the sheriff, on condition that he leave the town and state forthwith.

The proceeds of the sale were eventually made over to the town of Alexandria, and it is said paid for the clock-tower and clock which for so many years were the pride of the little municipality.

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THE "faith that moved mountains" was suggested as I looked upon the work of constructing the new Lincoln memorial in Washington, for it typified the great faith of Abraham Lincoln, which could make mountains, as well as remove them. In the center of the memorial plot, a hill of one thousand feet in diameter is being raised, which will present a sightly eminence on the banks of the Potomac. The proportions alone of the Lincoln Memorial will make it one of the most impressive in the Capital City, for both engineers and architects realize that they must perfect a fitting commemoration of the name and fame of Abraham Lincoln.

It is still felt by many that the most appropriate national memorial to Abraham Lincoln is the Lincoln Highway, which will bind together the country with roadways and methods of communication that will make forever impossible that dissolution of the Union which Abraham Lincoln gave his life to preserve.

The Lincoln Highway has been blazed with the national colors on posts, reaching from coast to coast. The letter "L" also appears, a monogramic initial that means much more to the American people than the imperial "N" of Napoleon to the French. An aggregate of the amount of money to be expended in 1916 in good roads in the United States is startling in contrast with the meagre amount appropriated and worked out through the old and shiftless method of poll taxes. It is to be hoped that, by the time the Lincoln Memorial is completed at Washington, the Lincoln Highway will have become an assured fact.

Now that the route has been settled upon, and the trail blazed by Mr. Henry B. Joy of Detroit, the great Lincoln Highway enthusiast, the importance of pushing the work is only second to that of achieving the completion of the first transcontinental railway. It is felt by some shrewd observers that the development of roadways may eliminate the necessity for building many unprofitable branch lines as laterals to build up the traffic of the great railroad systems. As railroad development supplanted canal construction, so with an era of good roads, auto trucks and jitney busses may become formidable rivals for the local traffic of the railroads.

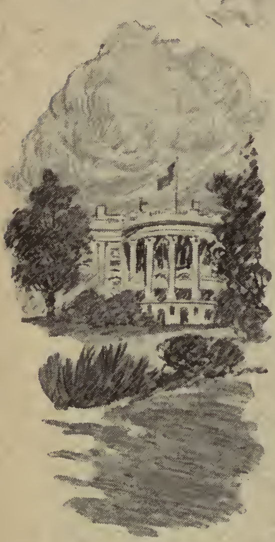
The neighborliness of the people and an appreciation of what the public welfare means in its broadest sense follows in the wake of highway projects

*Photo by American Press Association*

THE NEWEST OF UNCLE SAM'S BATTLESHIPS

The battleship Nevada as viewed from Brooklyn bridge passing up the East river to the Navy Yard. Not until its speed is tested and found up to the mark, will the Nevada be officially turned over to the Navy Department and even gives a new interpretation of the Homeric idyll, as conceived by Sam Walter Foss in his matchless poem, "The House by the Side of the Road." For to live by the side of the road, or more particularly, the Lincoln Highway, nowadays, means to make home life more attractive than ever, in a practical as well as a poetic sense.

ALTHOUGH few Presidents have spent more continuous days at the White House than Woodrow Wilson, he saw but few callers after his return from his brief breathing spell at Cornish. The active and ruddy Joe Tumulty, the President's secretary, kept the routine work going, scarcely interrupting the President for weeks at a time. He expressed a desire to give his uninterrupted and concentrated attention to international problems, and met few members of the Cabinet besides of Secretary Lansing while these matters were under consideration.



Senator Stone arrived early in November with the avowed wish of having an extra session of the Senate called in order that all hang-over business might be expedited, and have the upper house start on an even keel with the business of the Sixty-fourth Congress. As chairman of the Foreign Relations committee, Senator Stone occupies a position that was considered all-important in years past, but with the President taking matters into his own hands, and with Congress not in session, there has been no special rush of business in the Foreign Relations committee room during the days when the tension of international affairs was most intense.

The suggestion comes from various quarters that the country seems to get along nearly as well in the days of delicate relations with foreign countries during an adjournment of Congress as it does when torrents of oratory, unrestrained by cloture, are pouring forth at the capitol. Senator Thomas of Colorado has given notice that cloture is one thing that he will contend for in the Senate unrelentingly until that tradition of early days is relegated to the legislative scrap heap.

THE G. A. R. Reunion at Washington recalled memories of Major-General Thomas and other commanding figures of the Civil War about whom so little is written in history. At the outbreak of the war, Major Thomas was on duty with his regiment, Second United States Cavalry, and his Colonel was Albert Sidney Johnson, the Lieutenant-Colonel being Robert E. Lee, later commanding the Confederate army of the Potomac.

General Thomas was born in Virginia, and at the outbreak of the war was in the prime of his life. He was a quiet, abstemious man, fond of study, and a Christian gentleman in the broadest sense of the word—never a politician, but a true soldier of the Republic. Every foot of soil in Virginia, his native state, was dear to him, and few will ever know the heart-aches which confronted the southern Union man when he saw the friends endeared by long affection and kindred blood ties confronting him as enemies. On his way from Richmond to Washington he was injured in a railroad accident, suffering a shock to his spine from which he never fully recovered, but he was soon in the field again. At Chattanooga are spread out the scenes of his greatest activities during the war. General W. T. Sherman was his classmate at West Point and went to President Lincoln, insisting on his promotion, giving eloquent tribute to the old friend at West Point—one of the few that was *not* shattered among his Southern classmates at the outbreak of the war. Old "Pop" Thomas was beloved by his men—a zealous and self-sacrificing leader. Emblazoned upon the history of the fratricidal conflict is the impress of his military genius and his unswerving loyalty.

ONE of the familiar sights in New York, but rather unique in Washington, is the procession of the "sandwich men" heralding the wares of a shoe shop or a restaurant just 'round the corner. As this procession passes there is an irrepressible touch of pity upon the faces of the passersby. As the old man trudges along, armored "back and breast" with his double sign, one imagines that he was once perhaps a husband or father. The whole reminds you of a fleet of human derelicts drifting with the tide down the city streets, cast aside as useless in the seething maelstrom of the sea of modern activity.

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SHIPS WAITING IN GATUN LAKE FOR PASSAGE THROUGH THE CANAL

Even this method of advertising has been utilized in these days of insatiate craving for "novelty" in the way of education. An illustration of this is the eugenics campaign in New York, which arranged a parade of sandwich men up and down Wall Street, amongst the passing throng of well-groomed brokers. The shambling gait and shabby appearance of the men wearing the boards which heralded such devices as "We must drink alcohol to sustain life," was emphasized on the opposite side with the sentence, "Shall I transfer the craving to others?" Another read, "Would the prisons and asylums be filled if I had no children?" "By what right have I children? I cannot read this sign." This was the beginning of a nation-wide campaign inaugurated by the editor of the *Medical Review* to call attention to the fundamental causes of crime and depravity, but it was significant that in the eugenics campaign the liquor question was pre-eminent. There was no sneering or shouting at these men. Even the street gamin stood and looked at what might well have been a picture of his own father. This display served as a graphic sidelight on many questions which must be solved in the great melting pot of future progress, but somehow it seemed revolting rather than convincing.

* * *

AN old story of the famous and eccentric John Randolph of Roanoke demonstrates that with all his arrogance and cynical humor he was sometimes beaten at his own game.

He was travelling on one occasion in a part of Virginia new to him and to his coachman, and put up for the night at a country inn, whose owner, a man of some wealth and good family, kept open house rather because it relieved the monotony of country life than because of the very moderate income derived from the business.

Knowing who his distinguished visitor was, he gave him every luxury that an old-time Virginian housekeeper had on hand, and that meant an array of eatables and drinkables that would take up too much space even to name, let alone describe. He carved the choicest slices, pressed upon his morose guest the local delicacies, and recommended the "peach and honey," "apple brandy," "Scuppernong wine" and other cordials for which his good wife was famous.

But it was all in vain; Randolph ate and drank but had no pleasant word for his genial host, and went to his room immediately after supper. But after breakfast, when the bill was paid and Randolph was about to proceed on his journey, the landlord made the usual, and as it proved very necessary inquiry, "Which way are you traveling, Mr. Randolph?"

"Sir!" said Randolph with an indescribable rasp of his tongue, and a look intended to extinguish the Virginian.

"I asked," said the landlord, "which way you were traveling."

"Have I paid you my bill?" asked Randolph.

"Yes."

"Do I owe you anything more?"

"No."

"Well, I'm going just where I please, do you understand?"

"Yes!" said the landlord, just about fighting-mad, while Randolph hastily drove off—but not very far, for scarce a rifle shot from the house the highway, hitherto so straight and plain, branched into two forks, each apparently equally well traveled, and as likely to lead him to his destination as the other He groaned in spirit, but there was no alternative; he must ask his way of the Virginian.

So an outrider was sent to ask which road must be taken to reach his destination, but the landlord would not talk with the servant. "Mr. Randolph," he yelled at the top of his voice, "you don't owe me one cent; just take which road you d——n please."

# THE REWARD

### *By* HENRY DUMONT

HE fell, a hero, wounded in the side,
  The foeman's tattered colors in his hand.
And when they bore him back, after the tide
Of battle had rolled past, he ached with pride
  To have so nobly served the fatherland.
And when the lords of battle came and sought,
  Among the wounded on the littered floor,
The gallant captain who had dearly bought
The shreds of victory, his drugged ears caught
  The groans of men, the distant cannon's roar.

Dimly he heard the trumpet's passionate call,
  And marked the rush of comrades o'er the foe
Made meek with bayonet and rifle ball,
And saw them surge across the shattered wall,—
  The great barbarian bulwark lying low.
And glorious visions filled his burning eyes:
  His king a victor upon every sea;
The conquered foeman's land held as a prize;
His country's splendid standard in the skies
  O'er cities freed from alien tyranny.

Then he beheld the wreck that war had made:
  The hearts of brothers ailing with distrust;
The sword in hands designed to hold the spade;
A people homeless, desolate, afraid;
  The shrines of ages ground to shifting dust.
Millions of men slain by their brothers' hands;
  And millions writhing on their beds of pain,
Without a reason save a king's commands;
Great argosies adrift on hostile strands,
  And children crying for their bread in vain.

He saw the face of youth grow pale and drawn;
  Forsaken love bequeath her place to hate,
And days release what centuries had won;
The nation's cross a sabre and a gun
  Which men to lust and murder consecrate.
He saw the fields of spring defiled, abhorred;
  In place of lilies whitening bones were high
Round homes whose hearths were sundered by the sword.
And those about him heard him pray: "Dear Lord,
  "If this be what men live for, let me die!"

And then his General to him addressed
  Some words of praise in name of Emperor,
And pinned an iron cross upon his breast,—
"For valor in the nation's cause,"—the rest
  Mingled with moans of wounded on the floor.
He tore the token from his blood-stained coat,
  And cast it at their feet. His words came cool
And calm: "The witness of Jehovah wrote,
" 'Thou shalt not kill,' " although they seared his throat.
  The lords of war, amazed, thought him a fool.

# Introducing "Our Mrs. McChesney"

### by William Eliot Merrill

WHEN it comes to a really fashionable audience in New York, Miss Ethel Barrymore may be pronounced the most powerful magnet of the day. Her whole family—father, brothers, and uncles, have long been acknowledged as constituting a veritable aristocracy of the New York stage. Yet, despite this, there is no more democratic and human actress living than Ethel Barrymore. In her mature years is simply emphasized the sweetness and charm she possessed in earlier days, when she was hailed as typifying the ideal American girl. It would seem scarcely credible that a play based on anything so seemingly plebeian as "Roast Beef, Medium," could contain a strong appeal to a fashionable New York audience, but the character of Mrs. McChesney created by Miss Edna Ferber is convincing and eminently human, and it is in the portrayal of this character that Miss Barrymore has achieved the success of the season.

The New York opening occurred at the Lyceum Theatre, and the program containing the simple announcement that "Charles Frohman presents Ethel Barrymore" recalled vividly the recent tragedy of the Lusitania. Among the crowd that first night there was a chatter of conversation that one seldom hears in a New York theatre. Friends and neighbors were there, talking over fashions, butlers, disease and divorce scandal, subjects of mutual interest. The boxes were filled, and there were the regal dowagers with their lorgnettes, with the slender young buds in the shadow at their sides.

There was no orchestra—just a bower of autumn leaves in front of the stage. The curtain rose, disclosing the lobby of a hotel in the small city of Sandusky. Sandusky sounds good, and appeals to a New York audience just as does Kankakee, Oshkosh and Kalamazoo, and besides Sandusky was the early home of the late Charles Frohman. There really seems to be something unique and amusing about those old Indian names. The scene teemed with the activity of real life, but interest did not seem to focus until in came a lady who went about the business of ordering a room in a most nonchalant, free-and-easy way. "Ye gods, can this be Ethel Barrymore?" we thought. From this moment the action of the play begins to "catch on." It deals with the popular theme of the cloak business, which has been made famous by "Potash and Perlmutter," and gives a glimpse of an occupation that is most fascinating and interesting. The lines abound with good, wholesome philosophy, and there is a stout defense of the girls in the small city, who know just what they want and when they want it; what to wear and where to buy it, just as well as the girls in the metropolis.

* * *

The support could not have been better balanced, but one name that shines out most impressively is that of Miss Lola Fisher as Vieva Sherwood, the stranded chorus girl who marries the young son of

ETHEL BARRYMORE
Who has achieved another distinctive success in her portrayal of the character of Mrs. McChesney

LOLA FISHER
Supporting Miss Barrymore as Vieva Sherwood, Mrs. McChesney's chorus girl daughter-in-law

Mrs. McChesney when that good lady thought he was in school. There is a wholesomeness in the interpretation of character throughout. The audience instinctively follows Miss Barrymore's every look and gesture watching for the weak spots, and wondering if she will not sometime deviate from this masterful character portrayal of the woman who meets with countless obstacles in her exploitation of the "Featherloom Petticoat."

The touch that makes the entire audience warm toward her is the outburst of wounded mother love when she discovers the marriage of her son. But she is equal to the emergency, accepts the situation, and feigning delight, pretends that Vieva is the girl of her heart. She feels that she was justified in making this sacrifice when the girl takes the place of the model who was ill, and saves the day for Buck & Company. There is something charming in the repressed love sentiment—there's nothing gushing about Emma McChesney—but so realistic that anyone in the audience can feel that there exists a tender sentiment between the junior Buck and the irrepressible Mrs. McChesney.

From the first meeting, when she tells the stranded chorus girl—afterwards her daughter-in-law—to go up to her room and stop worrying, but cautioned her to be sure to put plenty of powder on her nose, to the last act where she arranges the apartment on Riverside Drive for the young couple, there is a sort of kinship between Miss Barrymore and Miss Lola Fisher in personality that is attuned to what is portrayed in the play. Miss Fisher has long been known as "the sunny Lola Fisher, and even the brilliancy of one of America's favorite star actresses does not overshadow her charm of sunniness." She appeared in the successful play "Under Cover," has served her apprenticeship in stock companies, and has now become a popular favorite in New York. Her work is appropriately identified with that of Miss Barrymore.

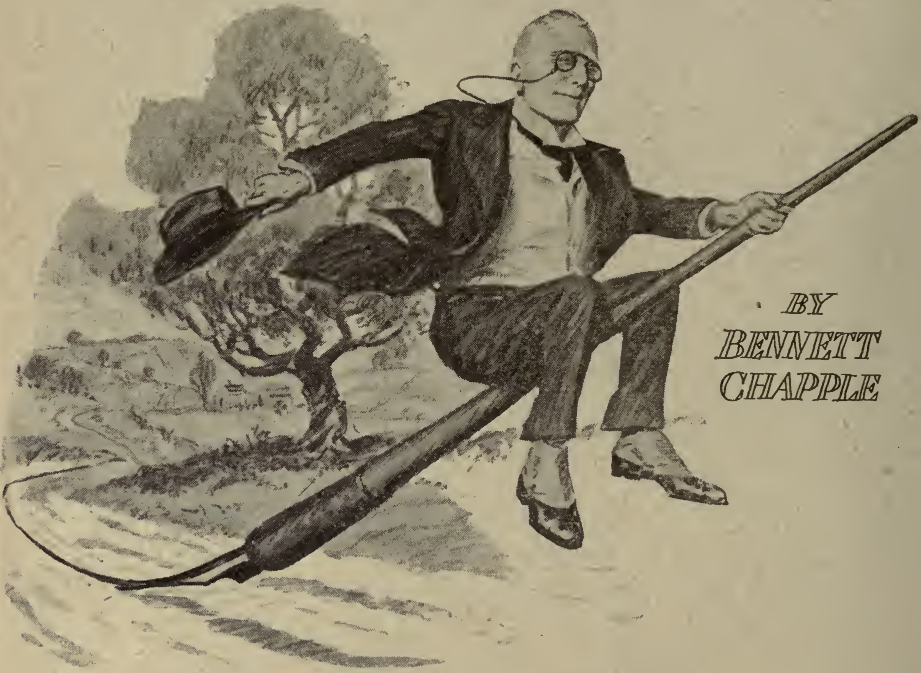
There ought to be an individual mention of each one of the cast, for it is balanced with a truly Frohmanesque carefulness—even the messenger boy who brings the package is a splendidly convincing character sketch, and the supreme test of the play is to watch the audience during the closing act, and to hear the comments as the curtain falls. "Isn't she sweet?" is heard on all sides, and "adorable as ever," "charming," "refreshing." Everyone goes out in good humor directly home or to the theatre supper, feeling that "Roast Beef, Medium" still remains a substantial diet on the menu.

It may be that the public attention is held by the revelation of a business that deals with a subject eternally pre-eminent in the mind of femininity. There is a realistic portrayal of the game that men play in wooing the elusive Dame Fashion—but whatever the cause may be, the fact remains that the play is delightful, has an alluring wholesomeness of its own, a distinctiveness and individuality.

Even the stellar brilliancy of Miss Ethel Barrymore, attractive and winsome as it is, seems only to be enhanced by the support of the "sunny Lola Fisher."

The persistent idealism of Mrs. McChesney surrounded this once despised, but newly reinstated article of feminine apparel, the humble petticoat, with an aura reminiscent of olden days. In her hands, it took unto itself an attractive atmosphere of romance, of the days when the women of ancient Greece, arrayed in their gauzy mantles and clinging flowing robes, were the inspiration of poets, painters and sculptors.

# JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S RIDE



### BY BENNETT CHAPPLE

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of another rider than Paul Revere,
Who rode through villages, cities and farms,
With warm appealing heart alarms
That stirred the people from their ways,
To list to songs of childhood days.

* * *

HIS gallant steed was a facile pen
That frothed with ink to be off again,
Across the meadow and through the dell,
Amid the scenes he loved so well;
When flushed with joy, and stirred of soul,
He echoed the call to the "swimmin' hole."

THRCUGH forgotten meads of the appetite,
He galloped forth with keen delight,
Till every viand one could wish,
Temptingly steamed in its wholesome dish,
And he sang so sweet the whole world tarries,
To linger in spirit at "old Aunt Mary's."

❧

THEN off he turned down lovers' lane,
Where swains were cooing the old refrain;
Surprised they stood, with a startled look,
Then gladly welcomed him to their nook,
That he might sing for them, line by line,
Again "That Old Sweetheart of Mine."

❧

WHEN down the traveled road he flew,
Toil-hardened men and mothers, too,
Went to the fence as he passed by,
To catch his greeting on the fly;
And send a blessing after him,
With hearts that rang out, "Good-bye, Jim."

'MID children along the crowded way,
He reined his steed to join their play;
And there in gracious, genial mood,
He told them that they must be good.
"The Gobble-uns 'll git you"—he winked about
At each small tot,

*"Ef you*

*don't*

*watch*

*out."*

* * *

## L' Envoi

JAMES Whitcomb Riley, at sixty-two,
Rides by no more as he used to do;
But his songs are heard throughout the land,
The world pays homage, and shakes his hand;
For he rode right into the hearts of men,
And his stalwart steed was his loving pen.

# Why the Anglo-French Loan Was Made

### by Flynn Wayne

THE one event that has brought the United States to a closer realization of the distressing situation in Europe, was the visit of the Anglo-French Commission to negotiate a loan secured by the total resources of two countries which have been large customers of American products. The success of the mission recalls the historic circumstances in which Benjamin Franklin, over a century ago, made his pleas in France during the dark days of the Revolution on behalf of the young and struggling Republic.

It was early realized by far-seeing men that the work of this Commission would have a most important influence upon the world trade and international financing for the future.

When the Commission arrived, there was a strong protest by many newspapers and a host of eminent peace advocates, who evidently did not understand the far-reaching and vital influence of the loan in fostering future trade relationship with two nations that have been buying $750,000,000 worth of our products a year in the past. This money was paid to the United States for farm products and other commodities.

Reciprocally, we as a nation have also been a large customer of these countries; but since the war began, American purchases decreased at a tremendous rate, while exports to these countries have grown by leaps and bounds.

As a business proposition, it was plain that these countries could not meet the heavy balances against them through the regular routine of international exchange, nor could they spare gold enough to cover so great a balance. It therefore remained for the United States to solve the problem of taking care of these important customers.

Those in charge of the work quietly proceeded to place the facts before the American people in a business-like way, and as these facts became known, popular opinion became more favorable and the predominant sentiment of the country radically changed in a short time.

The interest of the United States was not in assisting this or that warring nation—it was wholly a business proposition. In effect the proposition illustrated the situation of one business man temporarily embarrassed for ready cash, seeking credit from another upon visible resources, to tide over a depression, and basing his appeal upon patronage in the past, and promises to continue the same trade relationship in the future. It was made plain that the loan was altogether a proposition for mutual safety and convenience—a plan to preserve good times when peace prevailed, and in effecting the deal, the United States has emphasized its conviction that friendly trade relations are a paramount necessity, and that business, rather than bullets or shrapnel, should represent the genius of the age.

When the visiting members of the delegation reached our shores they encountered

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BARON READING

Lord Chief Justice of England, who headed the commission that arranged the $500,000,000 loan

the opinion of financiers and others not in sympathy with their mission. They saw that editorials and articles, for and against the loan, voiced a divided national sentiment. With Mr. Blacklett in charge of the details, the objections and difficulties were considered in logical sequence and with an intelligence born of patience. Under the leadership of Baron Reading, Lord Chief Justice of England, a man of rare tact and poise, there was a dignity in every action that reflected the cool judgment of the statesman as well as the jurist. Numerous conferences were held in the financial district of New York, and the feeling of Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Company and of all the bankers who would naturally take the lead in a financial operation of this magnitude, was that the loan should be participated in by the country at large. They felt that its influence in future dealings of this character was important, and therefore it involved much more than merely supplying the money from one financial center.

The Commission and their American representatives made a journey to Chicago, which was the storm center of the opposition, and also because the peace propaganda was in high favor throughout the Middle West. Then again complications relative to the decisions of the English Prize Court, which involved millions of dollars' worth of Chicago exports were a tangle in the skein.

The mid-continent trip to Chicago was an amazing revelation to the members of the Commission. In a chat with Baron Reading, he told me that it was altogether one of the most impressive incidents of this, his first trip, to America, and that he now has learned a great deal about the visible and unlimited resources of these United States. He stated that to find in Chicago a gigantic and thriving business and market center, so far inland and located upon the borders of a great body of water—a sea in itself—and to realize that this had all been accomplished within a century, was almost beyond the comprehension of any European who traveled in this country. With enthusiastic appreciation expressed in his face, belying popular impression of the imperturbable Briton, he stated that the more he saw of Chicago and the Mid-West the more he marveled. This enthusiastic and favorable impression gained by the Lord Chief Justice was in no way disturbed by the fact that the Commission was confronted in the western part of the country with poor prospects of success.

The first public statement from a prominent man propitious to the loan which aroused the people to the necessity of prompt and favorable action, was from a builder of empires in the West, Mr. James J. Hill, whose foresight has been verified in agricultural development. There was no uncertainty in the message he carried from the West to the East. The farmers in the great West are beginning to realize that the bonds are a security that serve their needs. They not only draw interest, but are available as collateral for a loan at any bank at any time immediate cash may be desired. It furnishes the people an investment that is a liquid asset and can be turned into cash over night. The foreign loan proposition promises to prove a great benefit in liquidizing the savings and resources of farmers for them to utilize in making other investments, that may come up from time to time, enabling them to increase profits as farm production opportunities vary with that of other industrial profits, and the two are more closely related than has been generally believed.

In the pioneer work necessary to a better understanding of the proposed loan, Mr. Charles G. Dawes, president of the Central Trust Company of Illinois, proved to be a trail blazer. He was the first great banker to speak up strongly and to unequivocally favor the loan, by coming out squarely for American enterprise and banking independence. His statement was the most effective factor in bringing the Middle West to a true understanding of what the proposition involved, and when the formal invitation came to join the syndicate, he was ready to act. In his statement Mr. Dawes said: "Banks are coming to realize that this loan is a matter of 'America first.' From the standpoint of the commerce and industry of the nation, it is desirable that this loan be made for the preservation of our export trade. Should that trade be interfered with, our growing prosperity, now well on its way, will, in my judgment, be jeopardized, if not destroyed." He stated that while his own bank is neither pro-Allies nor pro-German in its sympathies, it would become a subscriber to the foreign loan, which being an external obligation constitutes practically a first lien on the resources of the people of England and France, customers of the United States, and there was no doubt as to its absolute safety. Mr. Dawes made a still stronger point in declaring that patriotic and neutral American citizens would not in any large numbers resent any action taken upon a sound business basis, which was unquestionably in the interest of our own nation, to which we owed our first allegiance and devotion. Mr. Dawes' convictions, published in the papers on September 30th, had a magical effect, and especially when

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J. P. MORGAN AND BARON READING

it was announced that he was ready to take $500,000 of the loan.

It was during the conference at Chicago that the calm manner of Lord Reading was most impressive. He left with only expressions of personal pleasure over the reception, and expressed himself as being highly pleased with the result. A canvass of the banking houses of the west and the meeting in Chicago brought most gratifying results, despite the ominous frigidity toward the loan at the beginning. The list of banks that participated includes those located in every important financial center.

The usual attitude of western bankers toward all foreign or external loans is generally known among American financiers. Consequently this breaking away from old-time sectional prejudices is indicative of the cohesiveness of American financial interests unitedly supporting industrial and agricultural operations of the country.

These Anglo-French bonds run for five years, bearing interest at five and one-half per cent. They were placed on the market on a basis of ninety-eight cents on the dollar. The terms of payment were: One half on October 29, and the other half on December 3. The bonds are dated October 15, and the syndicate members subscribing for them made their first payment on that date. Twenty-seven states and sixty-nine cities are represented by the banking and financial houses that have the bonds for sale, and when the contract was signed by the sixty syndicate managers, it was felt that a notable expression of Yankee business judgment had become a matter of momentous historical record.

Lord Reading stated before he departed from the United States that he had enjoyed every minute of his stay in America. He told me that he would like to have remained longer just to visit among the people of the United States, for whom he had formed even a deeper and more profound admiration than ever, but he felt that he must return to look after other matters at home, of great importance. There was a happy expression on the faces of Baron Reading and his conferees as they waved good-bye from the deck of the American steamer St. Louis, feeling that they had been successful in their mission.

When Baron Reading, Lord Chief Justice of England, visited Washington and walked into the Capitol one October afternoon, accompanied by Chief Justice White, it was the third time in the history of this country that a foreign jurist was honored with a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1883, Lord Coleridge, then Chief Justice of England, and Lord Herschel, British Lord High Chancellor, were honored in the same way by the Supreme Court of the United States. During the day Baron Reading called at the White House and had a talk with President Wilson. His manner and comments were exceedingly interesting, and for the time all the worriment and trouble incidental to the financial commission were forgotten. His appreciation of America and American institutions was ever apparent, and everywhere he went he made friends for his country. Baron Reading also represents the distinguished strain of Hebrew blood that furnished to England a premier in Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, and many others prominent in the financial and public life of Europe.

When the loan bill was introduced in the House of Commons by Reginald McKenna, Chancellor of the Exchequer, it was ardently advocated by John Dillon, the famous Irish leader, who declared that the loan was an indication of the broad spirit of America. He insisted that it was more than a business transaction, and the rate of interest indicated that the United States was unwilling to take advantage of war necessities. The fact was appreciated in England that the American people were not accustomed to make large external loans, and that this transaction was culminated despite formidable cross currents of public opinion.

Over five millions of dollars are being paid by the British Government to the wives and children of soldiers serving under the colors, but England's ability to pay her war debts was fully vindicated in a statement by Mr. George Paish, editor of the *London Statist*, in which he showed that in 1816, at the close of the Napoleonic wars, Great Britain, with a population of twenty million, had an accumulated wealth of twelve billions, and an income that did not exceed one billion, five hundred million, and a debt of four and a half billions, which called for eleven per cent of the nation's annual income to carry the interest on the debt. This four and a half billion obligation in 1816 was a dead weight indebtedness, and yet the British people experienced no difficulty in meeting the burden, which was then equal to over twenty-five per cent of the nation's entire income. It was felt that an outside loan would enable the nation to avoid all enforced hardships on the poor people which they had to meet in former times. An old country with an established population, having a great fund of wealth accumulated through the centuries and possessing great systems of highways and railroads, has resources that naturally could not be open to younger countries wherein population is small and values fluctuate.

The complete success of raising the amount of the present Anglo-French loan has already had an influence in steadying the export trade. The offer of the bonds in the advertisements in the newspapers was in keeping with the procedure that has characterized the work of the Commission from the start—fair play and open-handed public negotiation. Some of the editors are now re-reading their early editorials, and have tempered their comment after the success of the undertaking was assured, and its purpose made perfectly plain to the people. The resentful comment that the United States could not borrow money in England during the Civil War without collateral, which drove gold to a premium, served after all only as a good argument for taking hold of this loan, in order to eliminate any likelihood of gold panics abroad, which would naturally affect business in the United States.

The results have clearly proven that the loan is not of a partisan character, in spite of the fiery opposition.

A closer financial co-operation between all the nations of the earth will be one of the results of the war, however it may terminate. To have denied the integrity and financial responsibility of nations like England and France at this time would have been a dangerous precedent for the future of our own country. It is well, in times of peace and prosperity, to remember that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." As the details of the transaction are becoming better known, and as its broad purposes are widely announced, the American people are to be congratulated upon the sturdy and firm common sense and patriotism of those financiers who insisted upon a broad and ready expression of faith and optimism in the welfare of the world.

The American nation has again been tried and not found wanting. To those

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MEMBERS OF THE COMMISSION

(*Left to right*) Basil Blackett, Octave Hombert and Ernest Mallett who believed our great financiers—our Morgans, Harrimans, Rogers and others—men who set the tremendous business pace of the past generation, marked the high tide of financial development in America, there is a new thought coming. No one could survey the world crisis through which we have passed, and the part which America is playing, without the conviction that a still greater work has fallen upon the shoulders of the succeeding generation. One has only to visit the great money establishments in New York to note the new trend of affairs. The old time oaks of the financial forest have passed away, but their places are re-forested with strong young trees that withstand the conflicting currents in the whirlwinds upon export trade during the world's war times. Where great oaks might have snapped with age, these hardy successors only leaned with the storm, to straighten again—and the world marvels at their strength.

The statement signed by many prominent men and published widely in the newspapers give a comprehensive and convincing review of the probable effects of the loan, and good reasons are advanced why it is based on sound business policy. Briefly, it was stated that the loan means to the United States:

1—That not one dollar of the money loaned will leave our shores.
2—That every dollar will go, directly or indirectly, to some American farmer, working man, merchant or manufacturer in cash payment for foodstuffs, clothing, raw material, labor and manufactured products that the English and French people need.
3—That there will be established in this country a commercial credit just as important to us as to England and France because it will be used to increase our trade and permit the outflow of our surplus products.
4—That this country finally recognizes that, in order to further American trade, it must become a creditor nation, giving credit to any solvent and friendly nation that may be entitled to it.

The loan and the incidental discussion served to bring home to the American people the fact that the combined population of the countries applying for the accommodation is approximately 100,000,000, the same as that of the United States, and that a billion dollar trade balance against our country would not be considered a situation that would preclude us from foreign credit. The United States is not the only purchasing market available to Great Britain and France, and in order to retain the trade of these countries, we must manifest the same cordial business relations as exist between manufacturer and merchant or producer and consumer. Applying the strictest banking test, reveals the fact that the security is over two hundred and seventy times greater than the face value of this bond issue, since the combined wealth of the two nations is one hundred and thirty-five billion dollars, on which a first lien is given for five hundred million dollars, increasing their indebtedness only two and a half per cent. The total internal debt of England and France is under twenty billion dollars—less than one year's income of the two nations.

The successful culmination of the five hundred million dollar loan marks the opportunity that unfortunate Europe has thrown before our doors. To those who would "ostrich-ize" the nation at such a time, there is little to say, for their heads are already too far sunk in the sand to listen to the voice of reason. It is generally understood that America cannot ignore the war, nor refuse money to such of the nations as might seek it in a business-like, legitimate manner. To do such a thing would harm our own nation irretrievably, should it find itself in similar need. All the arguments for strict neutrality bear out the position of America in this much discussed question. It is a matter of adhering strictly to the fundamental tenets of international law, as laid down by the nations while assembled in peace, rather than endeavoring to inject new interpretations that might succumb to the whims of prejudice and passion which are always dangerous elements in making business transactions.

# August Benziger

## The Artist Benziger's Reminiscences of Curtis Guild and Great Men of Our Time

### by B. P. Stephenson

TO have painted from life the portraits of seven presidents of republics and of two popes is a boast that very few artists can make. Such is the record of August Benziger, and to the gallery of these famous personages he has added cardinals, ambassadors, generals of armies and captains of industry, statesmen and politicians, men of almost every calling, of every kind of type. While limning the features and, what is still more important, finding the true expression of his sitters' souls, the artist, with searching insight, has seen men as they really are, and has gathered from them interesting and not widely known incidents that have led to what now makes history. So when you sit in August Benziger's New York studio at No. 140 West 57th Street, surrounded by life-like portraits of notable men, you can enjoy many a delightful hour discussing his art, and hearing him outline the little traits of character of his famous sitters and the interesting talks he has had with them.

It has been said of Mr. Benziger that "his command of character, of the individual mind and spirit, is patent almost at a glance, to anyone who has seen his portraits of great men." Take for instance, the portrait of the late Curtis Guild, ordered by him for the Boston State House, which can be called a labor of love. Mr. Benziger who knew Mr. Guild for eighteen years, first met him in 1897 at the White House while painting the portraits of President McKinley, Vice-President Hobart, Addison Porter and General Miles. Mr. Guild so admired Mr. Benziger's work, that of his own accord he sent him letters of introduction to some of his friends, amongst whom was General Draper, then Ambassador to Italy; and while painting the portrait of Mrs. Horace Porter, wife of the American Ambassador to France, Mr. Benziger often met General Draper at the dinners given by General and Mrs. Porter. Mr. Benziger was much attached to the man who was later Governor of Massachusetts, Special Envoy to Mexico and Ambassador to Russia, a man of fine attainments and great intellectual activity. When he was sent to Mexico by President Taft, he took up Spanish and before he left the country was able to make speeches in that language. When he represented the United States at the Calvinist Festival in Geneva he addressed the assembly in French. He had a gentle, tactful way of dealing with men who opposed him that often turned them into friends as illustrated by an experience related to Mr. Benziger that he had when, as ambassador, he was dealing with the renewal of the commercial treaty with Russia. The Special Committee appointed to confer with Mr. Guild became much excited over the question. He told them in that gentle persuasive manner peculiarly his own, that he thought they had come together to do the best possible in the interest of their respective countries, but he did not think that by losing their patience and displaying animosity those ends could be reached. If they preferred that the United States should send another man in his place, he would gladly ask his government to do so immediately. The Russians calmed down at once, were profuse in their apologies and begged him to remain. And when you see Mr. Benziger's portrait of Mr. Guild, you realize that such might well have been the manner of the man.

ON May 21, 1912, General Stewart L. Woodford gave a large and brilliant banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria for the Japanese Ambassador, Vicomte and Vicomtesse Chinda, and afterward Mr. Benziger met Ambassador Guild, who had just arrived from Russia and was surrounded by reporters awaiting an interview on the Russian situation. The Ambassador immediately made an appointment for a sitting at Mr. Benziger's studio the next morning.

Mr. Guild returned to Russia and upon his resignation as Ambassador and definite return to the States, gave the final sittings for his portrait, which was completed in the late spring of 1914. On this occasion Mr. Benziger gave a studio dinner for his friend Mr. Guild and amongst others present were Senator O'Gorman and Mr. Ruddock, whose son is at the American Embassy in Berlin, and whose portrait Mr. Benziger has just completed. Among other portraits in the studio were those of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Cardinal Gibbons, Prof. Brashear, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone; Mr. J. L. Loose, founder of the National Biscuit Company, and now of the Loose-Wiles Sunshine Biscuit Company, President McKinley, President Diaz and Senator Cullom. While indulging in "Bouillabaise," "Moulles Mariniere" and other delicacies that recalled their days of yore in Paris, little did they think that within less than a year America would lose one of her noblest supporters, who stood for all that was just and honorable, a model for future statesmen, a public spirited citizen, and a loyal friend who knew how to appreciate friendship, who in 1908 was indorsed by the Massachusetts delegation to the Republican National convention for Vice-President of the United States, and was the first man in Massachusetts to volunteer in 1898 as a private in the war with Spain, and given a commission on the staff of General Fitzhugh Lee in Cuba.

Guild was a student full of information on all subjects. He was endowed with a clear, capable mind, great abilities, a strong personality and rare mental attainments. Successful in everything he undertook, he managed as Governor to secure the enactment of more progressive legislation than had been accomplished under any of his distinguished predecessors.

He was senior partner of the *Commercial Bulletin*, founded by his father and uncle, who were descendants of John Guild, who settled near Boston, having come from Scotland in 1630.

No man gave more of his time to his State than did Curtis Guild. He was courageous, liberal and outspoken and was the most popular man Massachusetts ever had. He was born February 2, 1860, and died April 6, 1915. He received the degree of LL.D. from Holy Cross College in 1906, and from Williams College in 1908. In 1911 he was made a Doctor of Theology by the University of Geneva.

Mr. Taft said of him: "I know of no one in the public life of Massachusetts whose going leaves such a void in so many hearts in the state and in the nation." Mr. Roosevelt said: "He was a public servant of the very best type, a gallant, loyal and upright gentleman and a staunch personal friend."

TO return to the presidents; the artist has many anecdotes to relate of the interesting facts they told him while posing. President McKinley sat for two portraits by Mr. Benziger and had the East Room of the White House fitted up as a studio. On only one occasion did he ask the painter's leave to take a seat because he was tired out after shaking hands with twelve hundred people.

The President treated Mr. Benziger with such friendliness that the New York *Tribune* of November 14, 1897 wrote: "On such occasions the President received while sitting or more properly speaking, perhaps, as standing, for his portrait, members of the Cabinet and other high functionaries of state, with whom he would discuss, in the presence of the artist, important questions of policy or listen to reports submitted to his consideration and decision."

On one occasion, on the morning of February 16, 1898, when the President was posing for the second portrait, General Henry C. Corbin rushed into the East Room, unannounced, and exclaimed "Major," for so he always addressed Mr. McKinley, "Major, the Spaniards have blown up the Maine." The President became very excited and replied, "I don't believe it. It must have been an accident." That, of course, broke up the sitting and a cabinet meeting was immediately called. And through the stirring events that followed the second portrait was completed. Mrs. McKinley was generally present at the sittings and nothing could be more tender than the attentions the President showed her. One morning Mr. Benziger told them that the evening before, at an entertainment given in his honor by a great niece of George Washington, the general opinion was that he (Mr. McKinley) was a model husband and that if it depended on the women of America his re-election was sure, though Mrs. McKinley said: "I hope he will not be re-elected; there is too much work attached to this office, and I do not need to be the wife of the President to be perfectly happy."

It was at this time that Mr. Benziger became a friend of Mr. John Jacob Astor, who had come to the White House to seek permission to organize and equip a regiment at his own expense to enlist against the Spaniards. Later they met at Palm Beach, New York and in crossing the ocean.

After President McKinley's assassination Mrs. McKinley wrote to a Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution that Mr. Benziger's portrait of McKinley was the one she preferred to all others, and she hoped it would remain in this country in a public institution.

The portrait of President Roosevelt was painted in the Blue Room for the Historical Museum of Chicago, and endorsed by Governor Guild in a letter to the artist as "by all odds the very best that has been done." Not one of his many sitters, the artist will tell you, ever kept up such a running conversation as did the redoubtable Colonel, on every possible subject, especially public men, including Richard Croker whom Mr. Benziger had recently painted.

ONE of the utterances of President Roosevelt of vital interest to America today and one with which Mr. Benziger wishes President Wilson would take the same view as the former President, was his observation that the Swiss military system was the best in the world and would be the proper one for this country to adopt.

In painting the portrait of President Taft, Mr. Benziger has represented him as the man of intellect and has discarded that unctuous grin with which it seems to be the fashion among most portraitists to endow him. It was said of the portrait of Mr. Taft by one famous foreign painter, who, because he could paint joyous sea beach scenes, American patrons insisted he must also be able to paint portraits, that, fat as he had made Mr. Taft, the portrait had belittled the original. There is no belittling in Mr. Benziger's portrait. You recognize the intellect and big heart of the sitter.

Mr. Benziger has some excellent stories to relate of his experiences with the Socialist Forrer, President of Switzerland. "The Lion of Winterthur," as he is called owing to his mane-like shock of white hair, is perhaps the ablest of Swiss statesmen. In order to reach Brunnen, where the Benziger studio was, by 10 A. M. from Berne, the Swiss capital, the President had to get up at three o'clock in the morning. One day he arrived in a pretty bad humor because no passenger cars were attached to the train and he, the head of all the Swiss railroads, had to stand up in a cattle car the whole way. "I cannot paint you with that expression," expostulated the artist as the President retailed the grievance. "Well," replied Forrer, "I will deliver the scolding I shall give the railroad department tomorrow, for not putting on any passenger cars." And as he delivered a fine piece of oratory—he is one of the most noted orators of his country—the President's face was filled with animation. On another occasion, after the sitting he was to review Swiss troops on the Rigi, which loomed above Mr. Benziger's studio. He had on a pair of shoes so worn that the toes almost stuck out. "President," remonstrated Mr. Benziger, "you cannot possibly review the troops in those shoes." The President looked down at his feet and discovered that, having left Berne when it was still dark, he had picked out the wrong pair. But his feet were very broad and Mr. Benziger's very narrow, so they tried the gardener's shoes and then the coachman's but they were too small. At length it was learned that the station master had generous pedal extremities, and it was in the station master's shoes that the President of Switzerland reviewed the troops of the Republic. Mr. Forrer carries his democracy to the length of smoking the Vevey-court, the cheapest of Swiss cigars. He had run out of them and Mr. Benziger offered him a fine Havana. But no, there was no escape for the artist from the pungent fumes of the Vevey-court. Mr. Benziger had to send to the village for some of the President's favorites.

President Deucher's portrait (he was six times president), was painted by order of the government. Deucher was past eighty then, but years had not dulled his gallantry. One morning while he was breakfasting on the terrace at the Villa Benziger, the party was joined by a charming New Yorker, Mrs. Albert Wheeler. A fly alighted on the President's cheek, Mrs. Wheeler leaned over and lightly brushed it away. Whereupon M. Deucher turned the other cheek to her and said "Another fly, please."

Hauser, who was four times president of Switzerland, was a tanner, by no means wealthy, and the salary of a Swiss president is only about $3,000 a year. During one of his terms the government acquired the ownership of all the railroads. The great question was what price would the President decide should be paid for them? M. Hauser called a meeting of all his family and told them that any member of it who held stocks or bonds in any of the railroads was morally obligated to sell them before he could handle the government business in connection with them. And sometime later, as he told Mr. Benziger, while his portrait was being painted, two men representing enormous foreign banking interests called on him and proposed that if he would tell them the price at which he favored the purchase of the stocks of a certain railroad, they would hand him a check for ten million francs.

"What answer did you give them," asked the painter.

"I said," replied the President, "'Gentlemen it is getting very hot!' and, throwing open a window, I pointed to the beautiful white glaciers in the distance. They took the hint, snatched up their hats and left."

Hauser was not only a great statesman, but also a man of extensive learning and devoted to astronomy. He had in Berne a garden that was unique, for in it he cultivated the flowers of the Swiss mountains, gathering the seeds from the places where they had been deposited by avalanches, so that his garden contained even such flowers as grew in inaccessible places. And, as one can tell from his portrait by Mr. Benziger, his love of nature and the cultivation of his mind inspired an expression of peace instead of that aggressiveness which usually marks the statesman.

CARRIED by an American railroad president in his private car, Mr. Benziger went to Mexico City in 1908 to paint President Porfirio Diaz. The impression the sitter left on the painter agrees with what Elihu Root, then Secretary of State, said of President Diaz. "It has seemed to me that of all the men now living General Porfirio Diaz of Mexico was best worth seeing. Whether one considers the adventurous daring, chivalric incidents of his early career; whether one considers the vast work of government which his wisdom and courage and commanding character accomplished, whether one considers his singularly attractive personalty, no one lives today that I would rather see than President Diaz. If I were a Mexican I should feel that the steadfast loyalty of a lifetime could not be too much in return for the blessings that he had brought to my country."

Mr. Benziger will tell you that he never painted a man who had so many decorations from all the Powers all over the world. He put on for the portrait as many as his left breast could hold and had as many more, but he paid so little attention to these honors that he did not know what each one represented and it took Mr.

Benziger a long time, with the aid of the President's wife, Madame Camelita Diaz, to pick out the most important.

It would take a book to tell of all that Diaz and his son told and showed Mr. Benziger in Mexico, and he cannot imagine a ruler with nobler ideals for his country than were those of Diaz. The hospitals and poorhouses of which he was deservedly so proud, showed the refined human spirit in a most powerful being.

Since having painted Diaz in 1908 the times have shown that no living man was able to bring back to Mexico the prosperity and happiness that she enjoyed under Diaz's reign, and it shows us also that only a firm hand of iron such as his is able to hold the Mexicans in check.

Let Diaz's own words upon his resignation, speak for themselves: "In order to continue in office, it would be necessary to shed Mexican blood, endangering the credit of the country, dissipating its wealth, exhausting its resources and exposing its policy to international complications." But his sacrifice was vain.

Mr. Benziger met President Diaz twice in Paris since his resignation. The last time was in June, 1914, when he showed the keenest anxiety for his country and people; and was broken hearted over the faithlessness of the Mexicans for whom he had done so much.

IT was at the Benziger Villa in Brunnen that Queen Margharita of Italy (who was the first Queen to visit Switzerland since the assassination of Elizabeth of Austria), inspected this unique collection of presidential portraits. Turning to her suite she said, "Those are the real rulers of the world, no longer the Kings nor the Emperors. If they put a veto to the decision of the Chambers, it cannot pass as a law." Which, if not altogether correct, at least showed that Her Majesty recognized "the writing on the wall."

An interesting finale to this inspection of presidential portraits was that Mr. Benziger escorted the Queen to the old Benedictine Monastery in Einsiedeln containing the shrine of the famous miracle-working "Black Virgin" which attracts hundreds of thousands of pilgrims. Her Majesty was received by the Prince-Abbott and was conducted through the Monastery after a Mass had been said at the shrine. Queens are the only women allowed to cross the threshold of the Monastery and it had been many a long year since a queen had ventured to demand admittance. One thing that rather astonished Margharita was that a place where no woman was allowed should be so clean and tidy.

This is the monastery the papers have recently mentioned as the possible abode of the Pope and his household, should Rome be molested and the war render it unsafe.

And while on the subject of monasteries let us turn to Mr. Benziger's Ecclesiastical portraits. That of Pope Leo XIII was painted in 1893, and is one of the most famous of the artist's works. It has been held by connoisseurs to be far superior to those by Lenbach, Chartran and Benjamin Constant. It is so intensely human; it is the kindly aristocrat combined with the astute diplomat. You see the man as he really was in his intimate life, not the Head of the Church posed and surrounded by the pomp of State. And how true to such a different character is the white-robed Pope Pius X, the peasant-born, gentle-natured man who knew naught of the subtleties of diplomacy and would far rather have been free in his beloved Venice than a prisoner in the Vatican! Some hold the Cardinal Gibbons portrait to be a finer masterpiece even than that of Pope Leo, "a full impressive expression of the Church, the Priest and the Man," as it has been called. Grand modelling, too, is there in the head of Cardinal Farley. When the war broke out in Europe Cardinal Farley was motoring with Mr. Benziger in Italy. They were in Verona the day war was declared between Austria and Servia, but did not hear of it till they reached the frontier. Notwithstanding this they motored on through Trent to Bozen, and all through the Dolomites, over four hundred kilometers, when Mr. Benziger received a telegram telling him to return immediately, as all Switzerland was mobilized.

At Innsbruck they were held up as spies, but were able to establish their identity and released, reaching Brunnen the next day. Many other noted Americans, among them the Bellamy Storers, found themselves at Brunnen, and the Cardinals headed the list of signatures attached to a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Benziger for the refuge and protection they found under their roof when "cut off from all we hold most dear."

From here Cardinal Farley was called to Rome by the death of Pius X, to the election of Benedict XV, whose portrait Mr. Benziger painted in September, 1914.

QUITE a remarkable work is the portrait of J. Pierpont Morgan. Here again is no posing; it is the very man himself, caught as he really was and without his giving a sitting, for even the least vain of men cannot help putting on an expression not true to himself when he finds himself posing before a canvas. And the way Mr. Benziger got the great financier's true expression is interesting. His friend Mr. Bowdoin was one of Mr. Morgan's partners. This gentleman gave the artist plenty of opportunities of seeing Mr. Morgan at work in his office, and of making studies without Mr. Morgan being aware of it. The artist studied him, too, in the street, he studied him at the opera, he studied him at the Metropolitan Museum, he studied him in this country and in Europe, but the last studies he made were at the banking house in Wall Street. And the result is not only a remarkable likeness, but the painted record of a leader of men accustomed to command and to be obeyed. Here indeed is a real human document. Another striking likeness and also a document of interest is the portrait of Senator O'Gorman who, by the way, met Senator Depew years ago at Mr. Benziger's Swiss home. Little did they imagine in those days that the Democrat would one day succeed the Republican in the United States Senate.

When Mr. Benziger painted James A. O'Gorman, he was the wise, strong, calm judge; as Senator he has shown his fearlessness in standing up for what he believes to be right. We know his declaration that "the Hay-Pauncefort treaty was made inoperative by the change of sovereignty over the Panama Canal Zone." He considered the repeal of the free toll provision of the Panama Canal Act a "colossal blunder" and a "triumph of British diplomacy." Recent historical incidents give renewed interest to his predictions. In 1912 the Senator was regarded as a possible Democratic presidential candidate.

Cardinal Gibbons, perhaps one of the most popular and highly respected men in the United States gave out the following statement about O'Gorman: "I consider it a great honor to know Senator O'Gorman. He is a most estimable man, and the State of New York will be ably represented by him in the highest legislative body of the country. I first became impressed with him, when I met him in Brunnen, Switzerland, years ago. By a strange coincidence he and Senator Depew were seated side by side at a banquet I attended, given by Mr. Benziger.

"He stands for the highest ideals, and the State of New York will be thankful in future years that such a capable man was elected to represent her in Senator Depew's place. He is above all a man of sterling, honest, and broad experience."

That Senator O'Gorman has lived up to the estimate of Cardinal Gibbons was shown last winter when the "Ship Purchase Bill" was being discussed in the Senate. An effort was made to pass the bill by caucus rule, and in opposition to the President's proposal, Senator O'Gorman then said: "I, sir, come from a state the people of which commissioned me to represent them in this body, and I deny the right of any man or group of men, however high or potential may be their influence in this country, to tell me that I must be recreant to my solemn obligation to ten million people; that I shall not represent them as I think proper, but that I shall allow my conduct and my vote on public questions to be dictated by others. If it is necessary to re-assert it, I declare that I shall never, in a matter of principle allow a caucus or a conference, or a group of men to tell me how I must vote. I court no man's favor and fear no man's frown. I know my duty and dare discharge it as I think proper. I recognize no master but my own conscience, and no influence, official or otherwise, is powerful enough to make me recreant to my obligations to my State and the nation."

Of all the interesting men whom Mr. Benziger has met, none has had such a remarkable memory for dates and incidents as has Senator O'Gorman. And this has been of great assistance to him in his career.

Another senatorial portrait of particular interest is that of the late Shelby M. Cullom of Illinois. In February, 1912, while in Dayton, Ohio, Mr. Benziger was asked to go to Washington to paint a portrait of Senator Cullom, to be placed in the rooms of the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations. He was told to begin it right away, for the Senator was in his eighty-third year and it was feared he would not long survive his retirement on the Fourth of March. It was arranged that the artist should make studies of the Senator during his last sitting in the Senate when he presented his last two bills. The old man trembled very much as he got up from his seat, which he had occupied longer than any other senator, unbuttoned his Prince Albert coat, put one hand in a vest pocket and the other on the desk to prevent their shaking. He did not like the idea of sitting for his portrait right in the Senate, but the artist insisted and he yielded.

Upon the completion of the portrait, Senators Root, O'Gorman and the others on the committee passed on it, and Senator Root remarked that the last portrait he had passed on was one at the Metropolitan Museum, of which he is a director. He congratulated the artist warmly, saying that he had immortalized Shelby Cullom, representing the best in the last fifteen years of his life.

BUT it would exceed the limitations of this article to tell all the interesting anecdotes connected with Mr. Benziger and even a few more would leave no space to speak of the artist himself. It would take pages to tell of his impressions of General Miles, Governor Luke Wright, Gen. Stewart L. Woodford and T. J. Wood; of how Charles M. Schwab gave the order for the portrait of Professor Brashear the astronomer, one of Pittsburg's most dearly loved men, who has received nearly all the possible degrees from the universities in this country and Europe; of W. K. Bixby, of how he painted two portraits of Robert S. Brookings of St. Louis, president of the Washington University who endowed the institution with the money he had made in the hardware business; of John Pitcairn of Philadelphia, the only survivor of those who saved the life of President Lincoln when the plot at Harrisburg was discovered. Of J. Malcomb Forbes of Boston (Mr. Benziger was best man at his daughter's wedding); of Robert J. Burdette, and of many other men of distinction, some of whom are M. Leon Bourgeois, Prime Minister of France; Sir Stuart Knill, Lord-Mayor of London; Brahms, the composer; Mr. A. Howard Hinkle and De Witt Balch of Cincinnati; Charles B. Clegg and Eugene J. Barney of Dayton; Fayette Brown and Worcester R. Warner of Cleveland, maker of the greatest telescopes in the country, the best known being the Lick Observatory; Mr. Hugh J. McGowan of Indianapolis; Mr. Albert Caldwell of Memphis; Colonel Poole and his son Captain John Hudson Poole of Detroit, Michigan; Mr. George B. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Mr. George Allen and Archbishop Prendergast of Philadelphia; Mr. Orrin Elliot Foster and Mr. S. H. Knox of Buffalo; Mr. W. P. Snyder, Jr. of Pittsburg; Professor John Meigs of the Hill School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania; Mr. P. H. Glatfelter of Lancaster, Pennsylvania; Colonel Geo. W. Roosevelt of Washington; Mr. Ira N. Morris, United States minister to Sweden; Professor Kocher of Berne, the celebrated surgeon; Judge Victor J. Dowling, Mr. Robert S. Brewster, Mr. George S. Brewster, Mr. John Markle, and Mr. Henry Heide of New York, a leading manufacturer and philanthropist who was recently knighted by the Pope in recognition of his good works; and Hon. James Phinney Baxter of Portland, Maine, her most public-spirited citizen, an historian and writer, author of "Pioneers of New France in New England," "Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Province of Maine," "A Memoir of Jacques Cartier," etc; donor of the Portland and Gorham Public Libraries, six times mayor of Portland and originator of its extensive park system, also Portland Society of Art, president New England Historical Genealogical Society, Maine Historical Society and Portland Public Library, Councillor American Antiquarian Society, etc.

But it must not be supposed that Mr. Benziger is only a painter of men. He has portrayed many charming women, and his children are delightful.

Amongst others he has painted the Duchesse d'Aosta (Princesse Laetitia Bonaparte) of Turin; Duchesse de Sermonete and Marquise de Roccagiovine of Rome; Princesse Merschersky of St. Petersburg; Marquise de Toulongeon of Paris; Princesse Duleep-Singh of London and India; Miss Amelia Oliver and Miss Tener of Pittsburgh; Miss Schumacher and the Hoster children of Columbus; Mrs. Charles S. Keith of Kansas City; Mrs. Lew Wallace, wife of the author of "Ben Hur"; Mrs. Benjamin Douglass, Jr., and little Miss Helen Hatfield of New York.

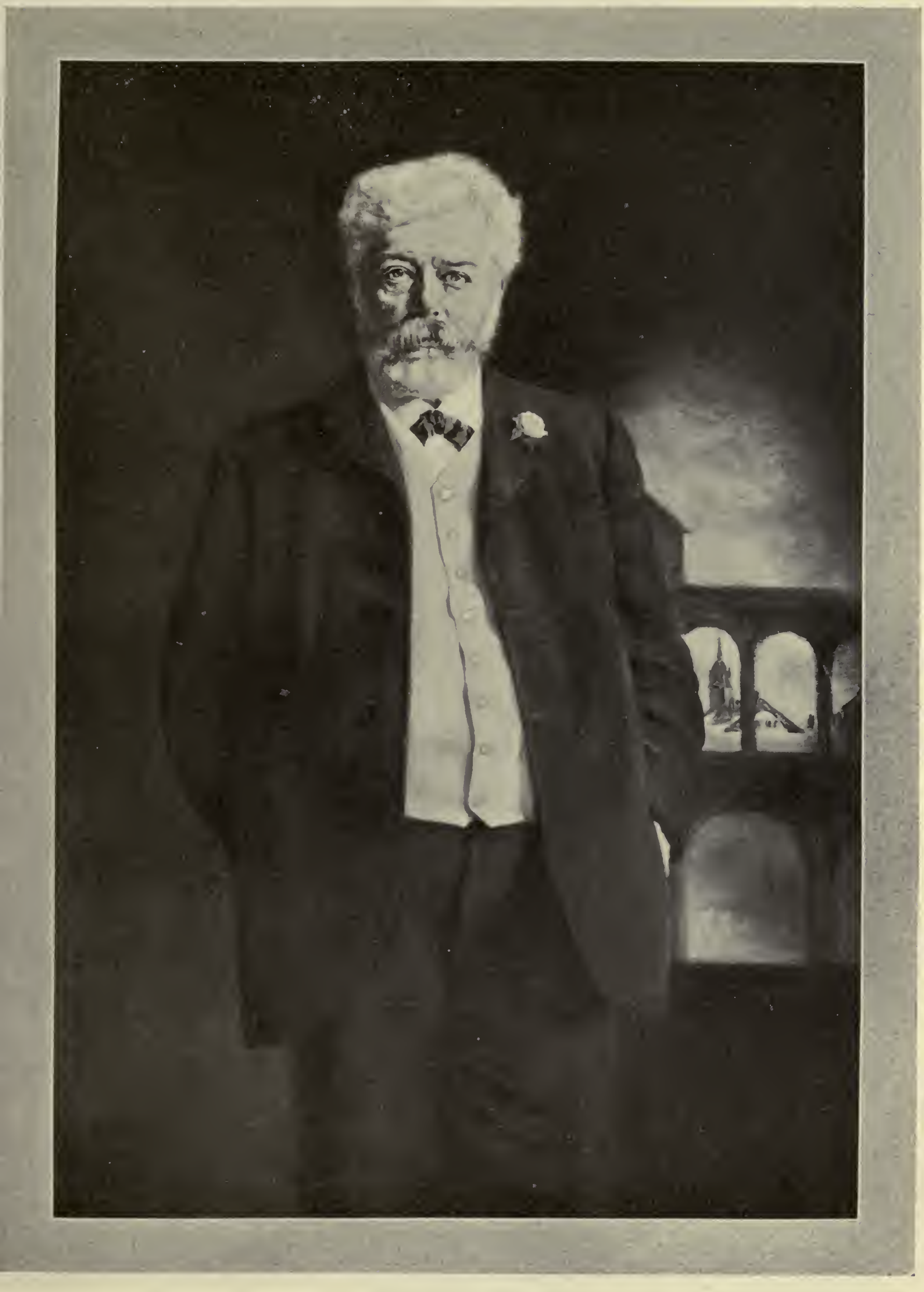
His very first fame was established by portraits of women, and while painting Mademoiselle Delasalle, the Prime Minister of France, M. Leon Bourgeois, was several times present at the sittings at Mr. Benziger's studio. This success induced the Prime Minister to have his own portrait painted by the artist.

August Benziger is a Swiss by birth, an American by adoption, and the charming lady who presides over his household is an American. Mrs. Benziger is not a painter; but she is a good critic of art and greatly assists her husband's work by the interest she takes in it. Mr. Benziger was born in Einsiedeln, his father being the head of a famous publishing house established there in the fifteenth century, which has been publishers to the Pope for four hundred years. In 1852 his father went to New York where he established a branch of the firm. Mr. Benziger studied his art in Munich and Vienna, but his father was opposed to his becoming an artist and induced him to take up chemistry. Still art kept on beckoning to him. He took French leave of the paternal roof and went to Paris where he found refuge in the house of a friend of his father's. This old gentleman had the habit, as sleepless old gentlemen often have, of wandering about the house before daybreak. About four o'clock in the morning after young Benziger's arrival, he wandered into his room; "What, not at work yet? I came here for you to paint my portrait." But the artist had no materials at hand. By the next morning, however, he had provided himself with what was necessary, and the first portrait August Benziger painted was that of his host, which shortly after attracted marked attention at the Salon. Then he studied at Julian's under Bouguereau, and afterward became a pupil of Bonnat at the Beaux Arts. The portrait of Leo XIII which he painted when he was twenty-six attracted great attention in the artist world, and since then his career has been one of uninterrupted success.

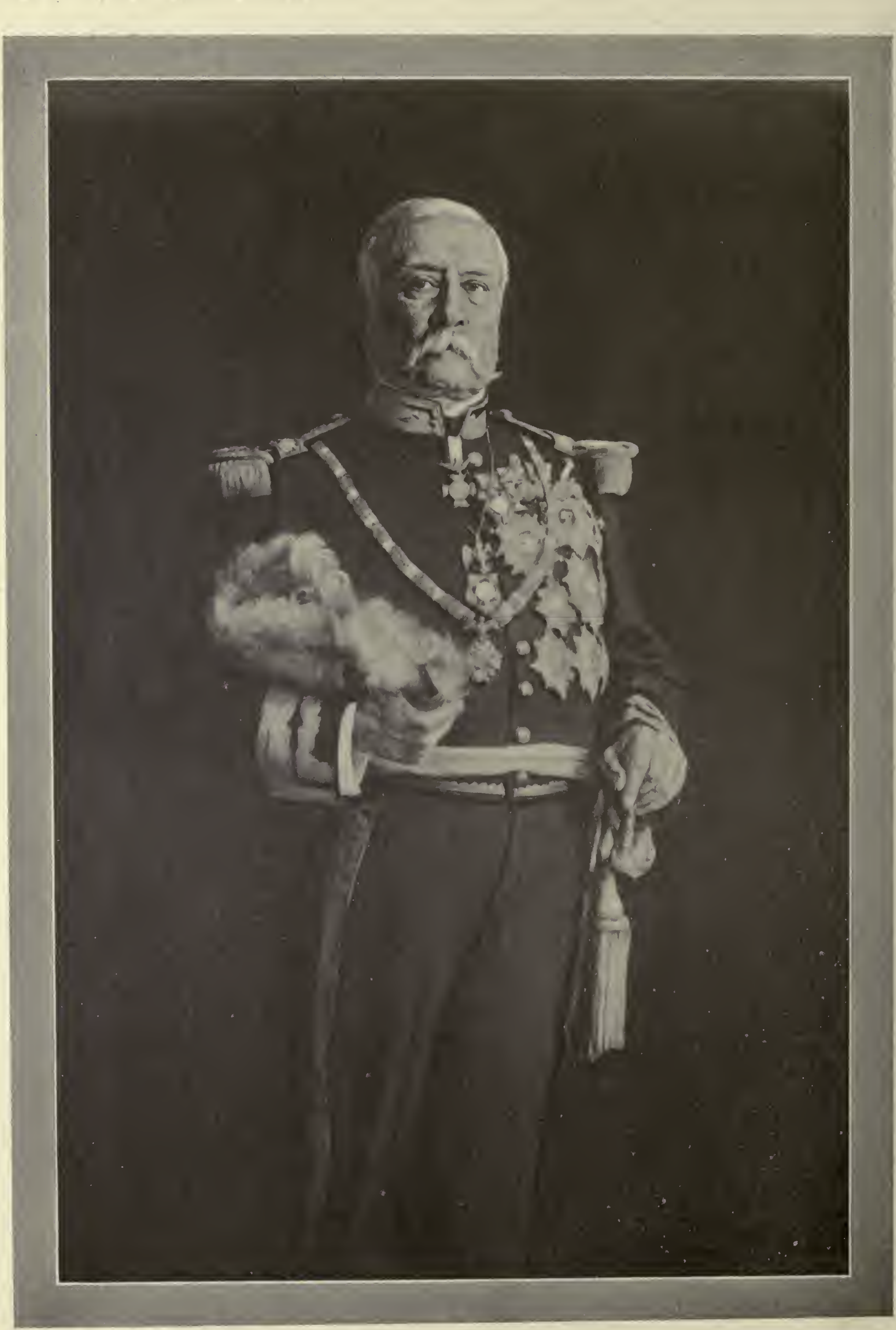
In all Mr. Benziger's career he has never had his portraits refused at an exhibition, and has been represented in the most exclusive exhibits in France, such as the Cercle de l'Union Artistique and the Cercle Artistique et Litteraire, as well as the Salon. At the only two world's fairs to which he sent his portraits, they were not only accepted, but rewarded. Mr. Benziger has been made a knight of different orders and also an officer and commander.

Mr. Benziger does not find time to pay attention to exhibitions, but was invited by the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia to exhibit his Roosevelt portrait. After painting Mr. Robert S. Brookings, president of the Washington University of St. Louis, the Museum of Fine Arts made a special exhibition of his works, as well as the Albright Gallery of Buffalo, after he painted the portraits of Mr. Foster and Mr. Knox. However, Mr. Benziger has taken the habit of making an annual exhibition at his spacious New York studio. As far back as 1892 he was mentioned by the great art critics of Europe with such masters as Henner, Benjamin-Constant, Bonnat, Bouguereau, Detaille, Carolus-Durand, Aime Morot, Roybet, Gerome, and Chartran.

Mr. Benziger is no believer in impressionism. He is satisfied to be a disciple of such a man as Holbein and is as careful about modelling hands as he is about the features of the face and gives prominence in his work to the eyes as the mirror of the soul. There is no slap dash about his work. He lays in his portraits as carefully as did the old masters. The result is that his flesh tones painted twenty years ago are as fresh as they were when the picture left the easel, and his coloring, for Mr. Benziger is a colorist, as brilliant.



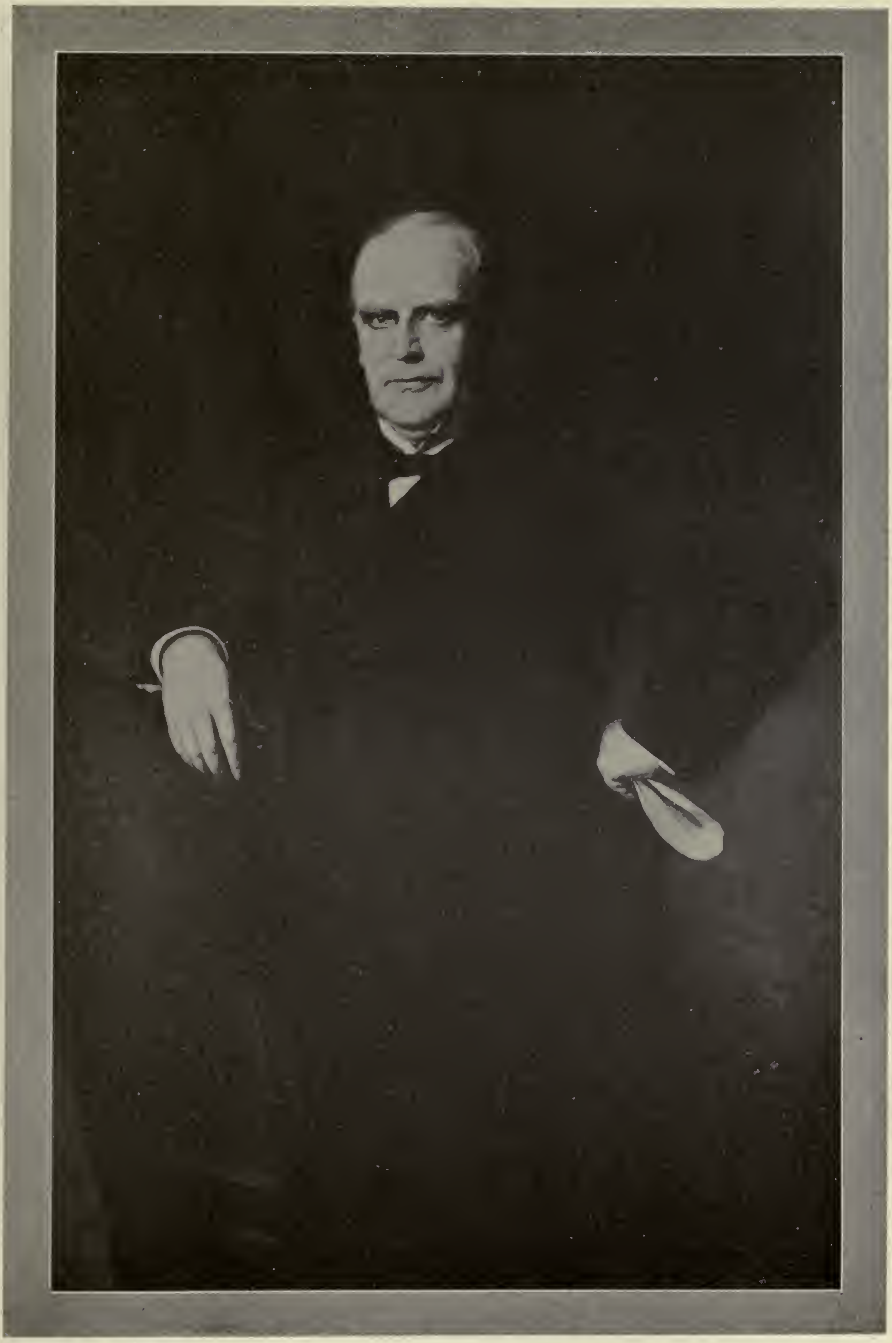
PRESIDENT FORRER
The democratic President of Switzerland, whose portrait was painted by Mr. Benziger at his studio at Brunnen, Switzerland



*Portrait by A. Benziger*

THE LATE PORFIRIO DIAZ

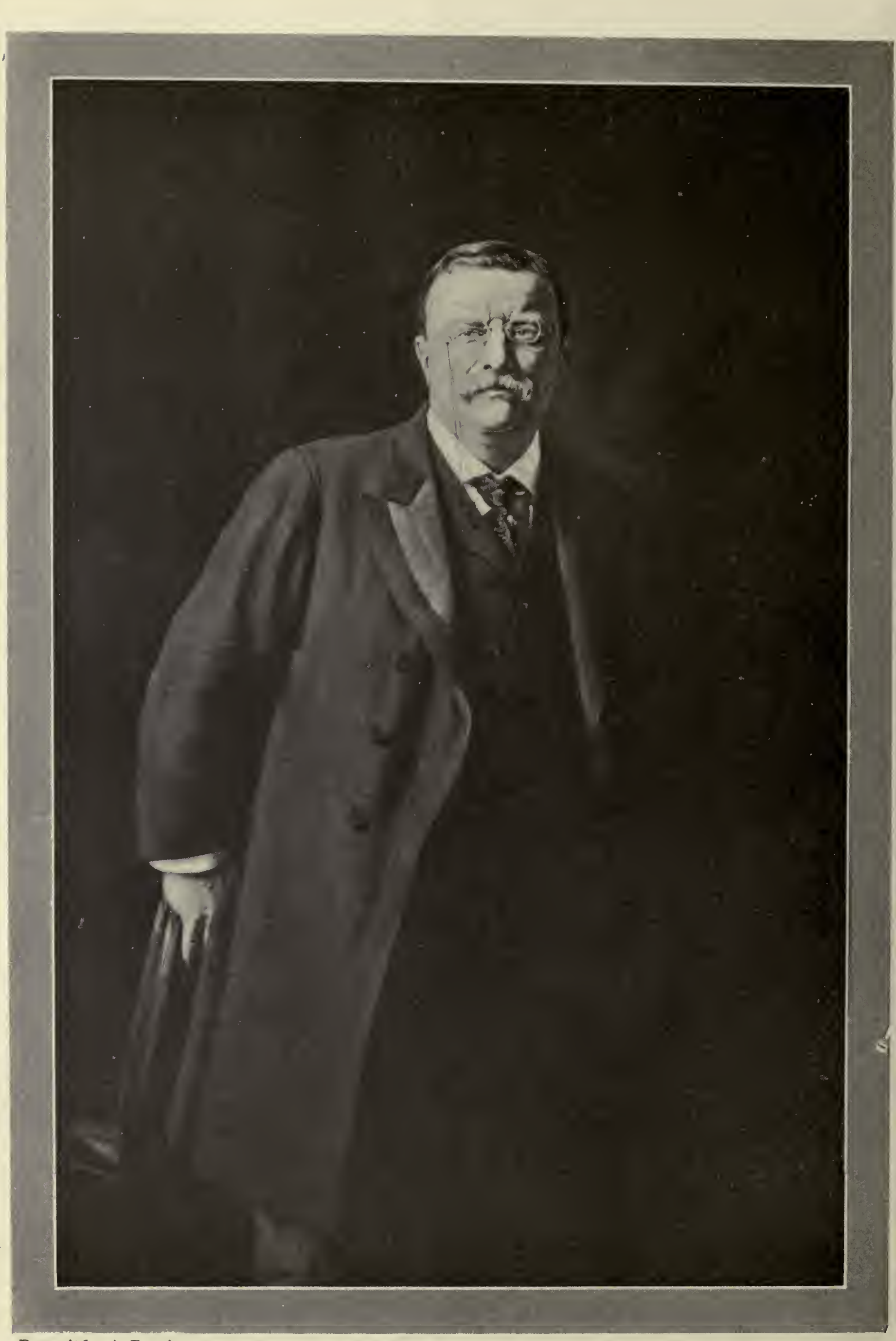
Former President of Mexico, who, though an exile, was anxious and broken-hearted over the condition of his country



*Portrait by A. Benziger*

PRESIDENT McKINLEY

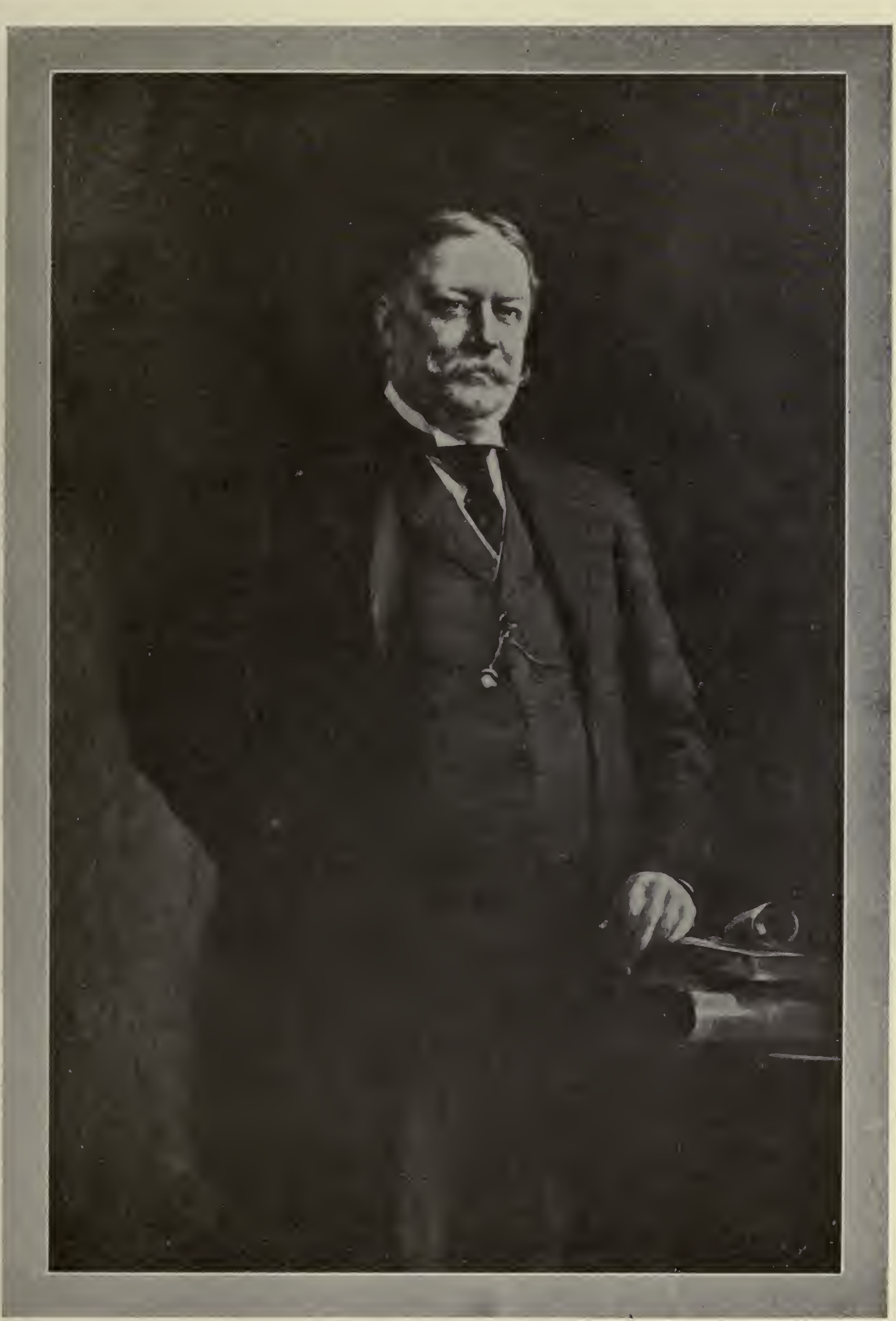
The above was painted at the White House after the Spanish-American war. Another portrait was painted by the order of Vice-President Hobart



*Portrait by A. Benziger*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

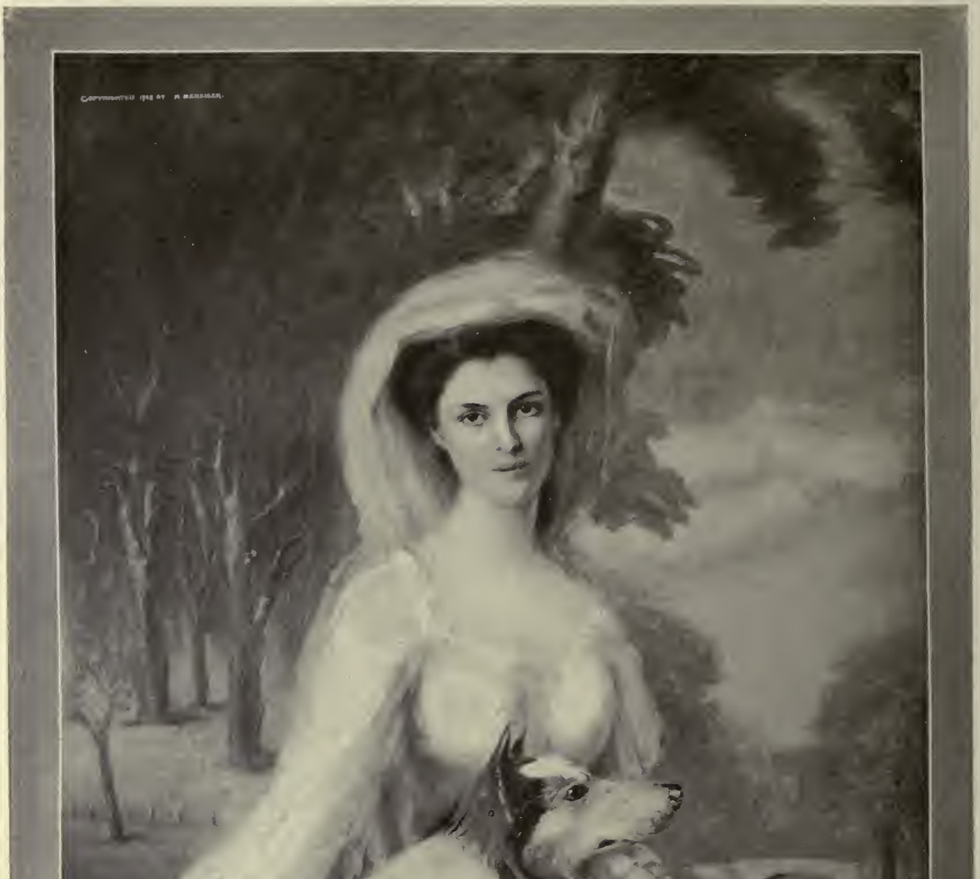
Twenty-sixth President of the United States, who proved a most interesting sitter, keeping up a running fire of conversation on a wide range of subjects



*Portrait by A. Benziger*

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Twenty-seventh President of the United States. In the above portrait the intellect and big heart of the sitter are faithfully portrayed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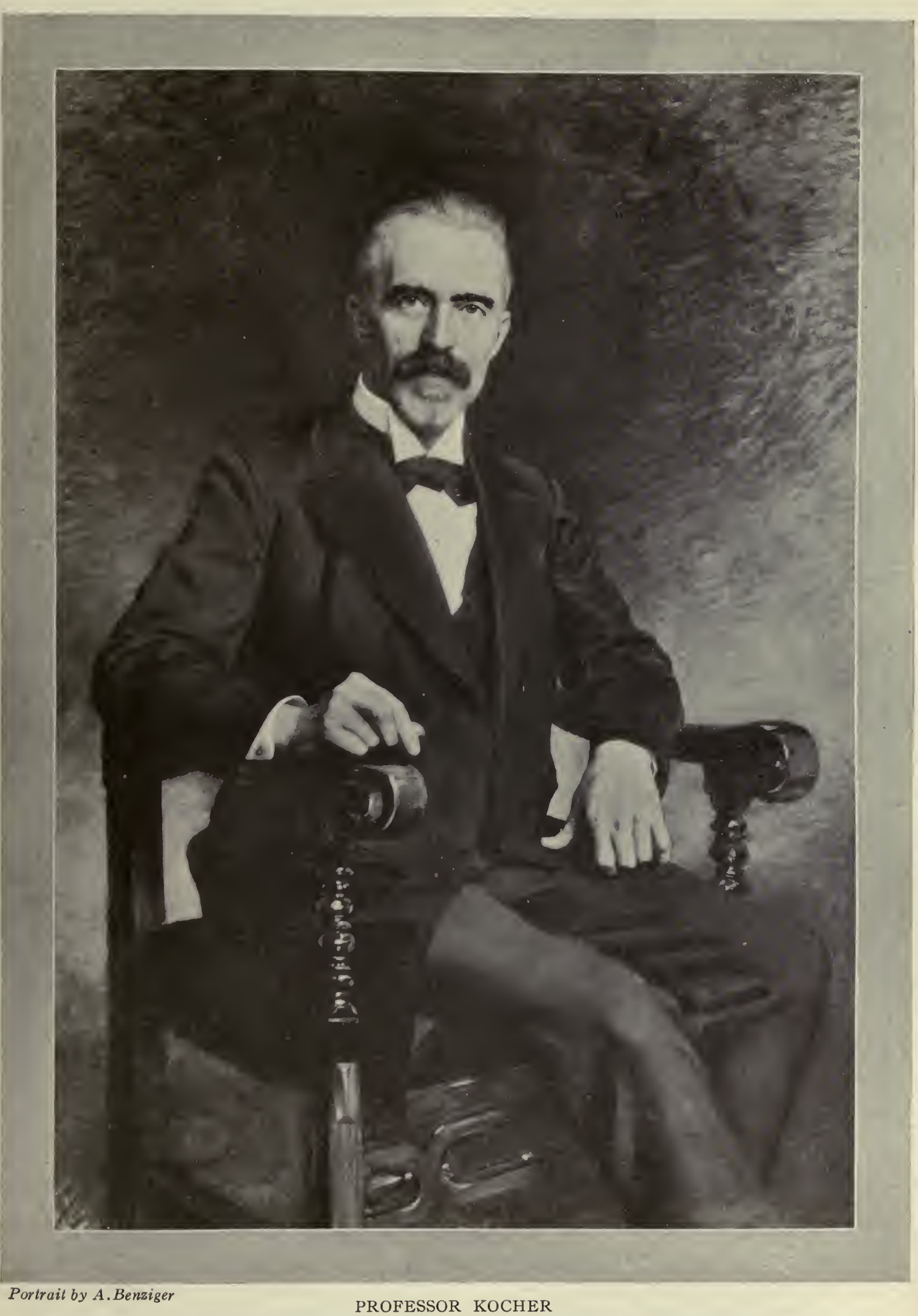
*Portrait by A. Benziger*

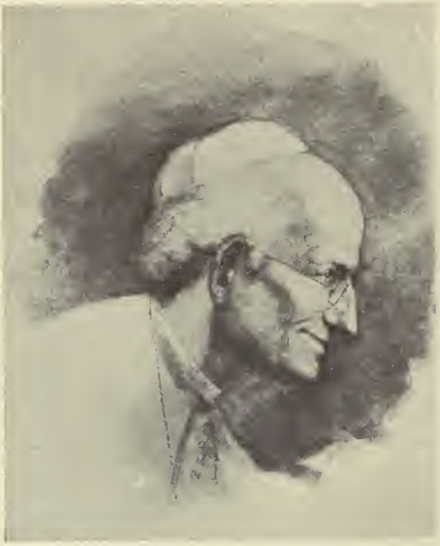
MISS AMELIA OLIVER
Niece of Senator George T. Oliver of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania



*Portrait by A. Benziger*

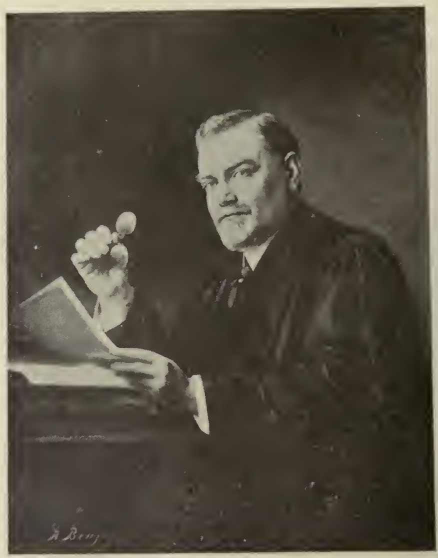
PROFESSOR KOCHER

The celebrated surgeon of Berne, Switzerland, who was the first to discover the operation of the goitre as well as many other wonderful operations. He is ranked as one of the most famous surgeons of Europe



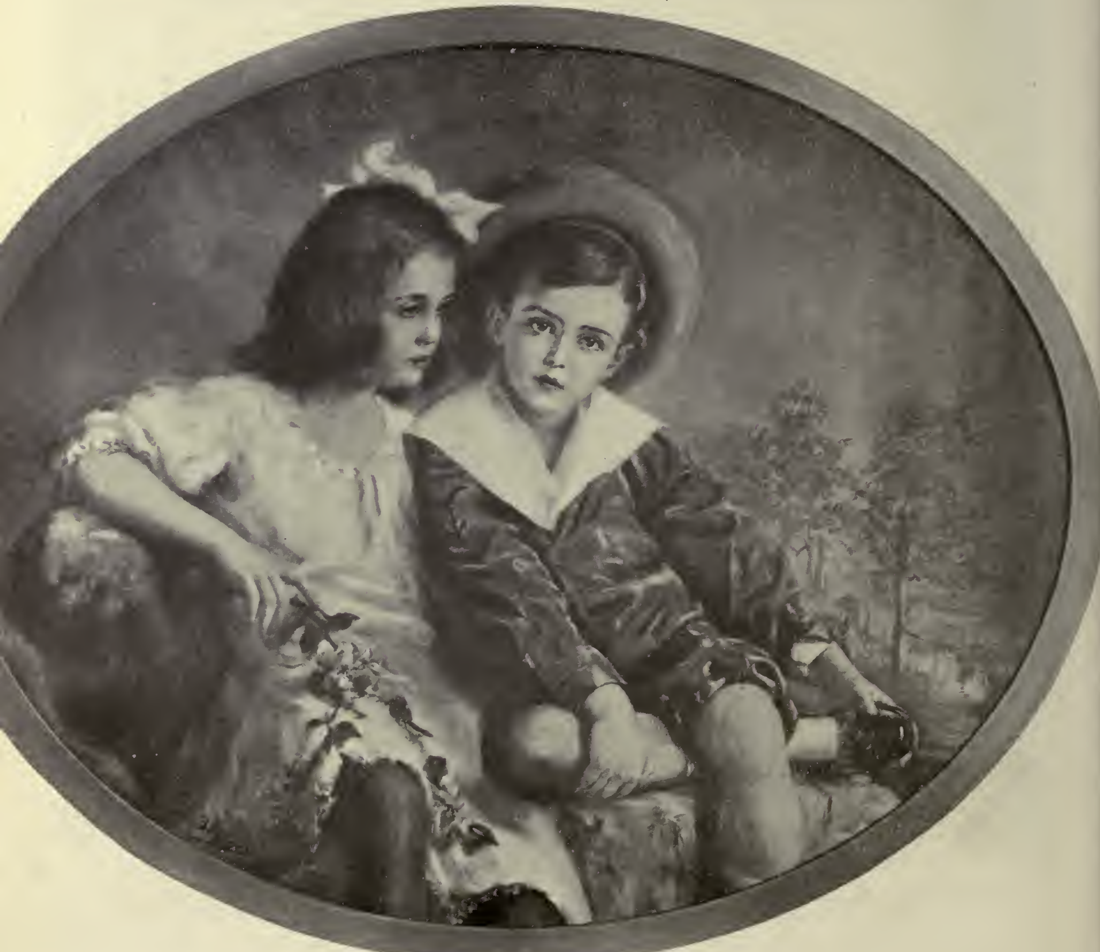
*Portrait by A. Benziger*

HIS HOLINESS, LEO XIII



JAMES A. O'GORMAN

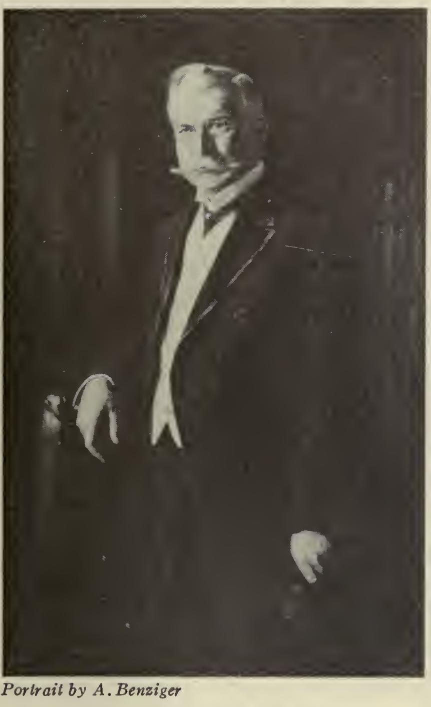
United States Senator from New York



*Portrait by A. Benziger*

THE HOSTER CHILDREN

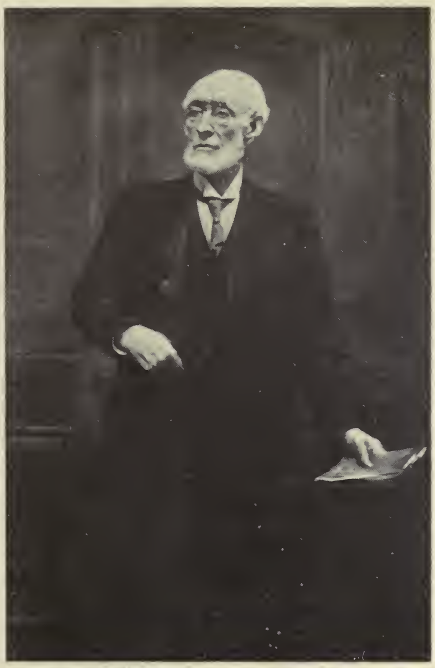
Of Columbus, Ohio



*Portrait by A. Benziger*

GENERAL LUKE E. WRIGHT

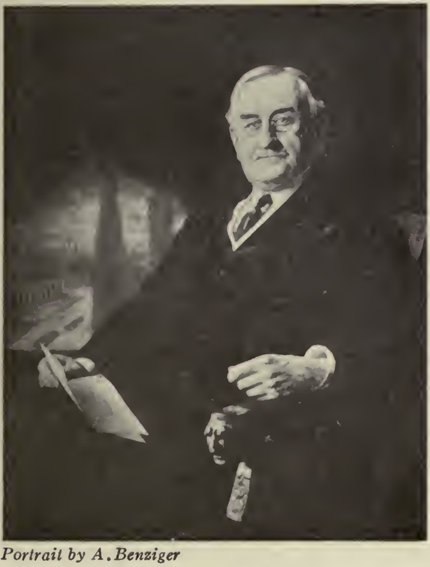
Formerly governor of the Philippines, Secretary of War under Roosevelt and first American ambassador to Japan



*Portrait by A. Benziger*

THE LATE SENATOR SHELBY M. CULLOM

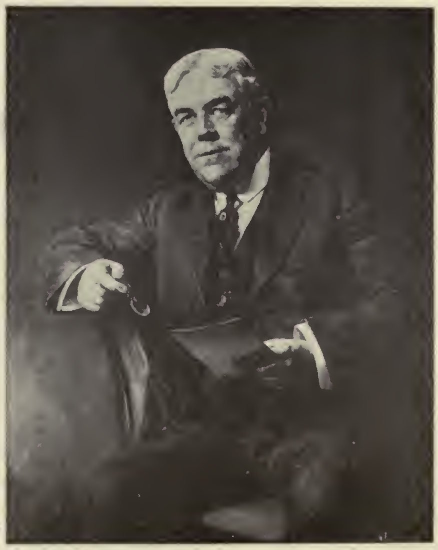
Who sat for his portrait in the Senate during his last term, being then in his eighty-third year. The painting was made for the Foreign Affairs Committee room at the Capitol in Washington



*Portrait by A. Benziger*

CHARLES B. CLEGG

A prominent citizen of Dayton, Ohio, who is proprietor of the street car lines throughout Ohio



*Portrait by A. Benziger*

A. HOWARD HINKLE

Of Cincinnati, Ohio

*Portrait by A. Benziger*

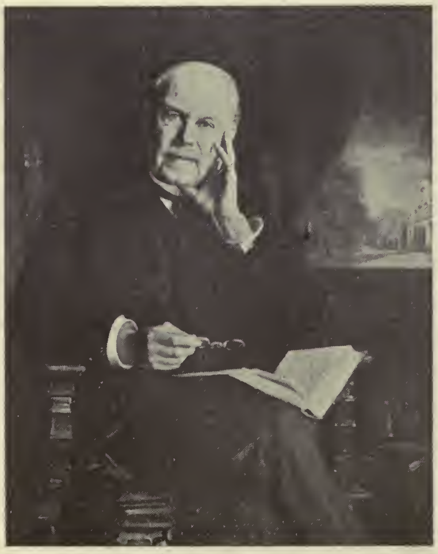
PROFESSOR JOHN A. BRASHEAR

The well-known astronomer, one of Pittsburg's most dearly beloved citizens, who has received nearly all possible degrees from the universities in this country and Europe

*Portrait by A. Benziger*

HENRY HEIDE

A leading manufacturer and philanthropist of New York, recently knighted by the Pope in recognition of his good works



*Portrait by A. Benziger*

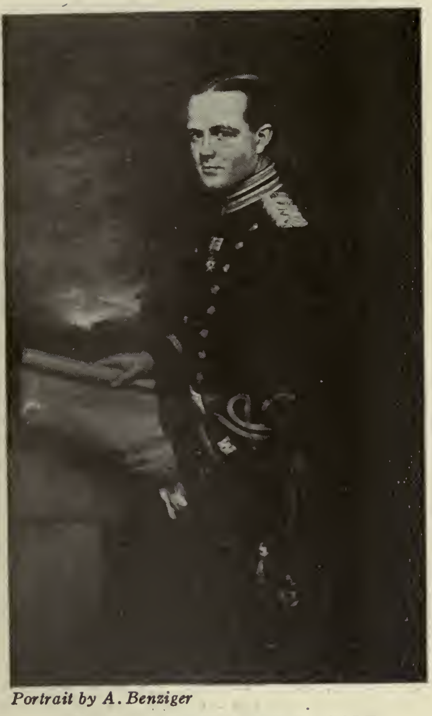
JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER

Historian and writer, who has done much for his home city, Portland, Maine

*Portrait by A. Benziger*

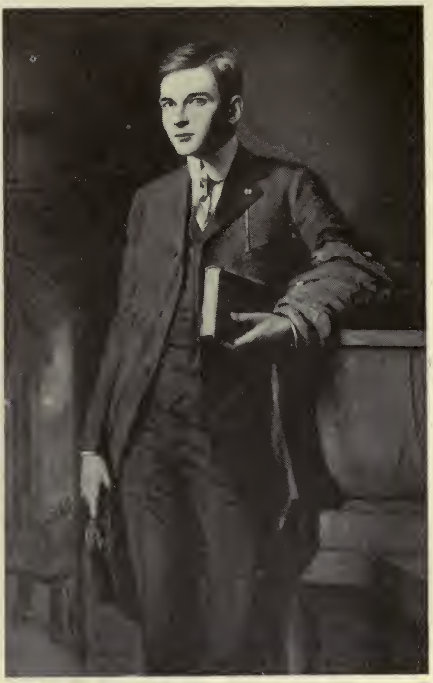
MRS. BENJAMIN DOUGLASS, Jr., Orange, N. J.

Wife of a member of the firm of R. G. Dunn & Company



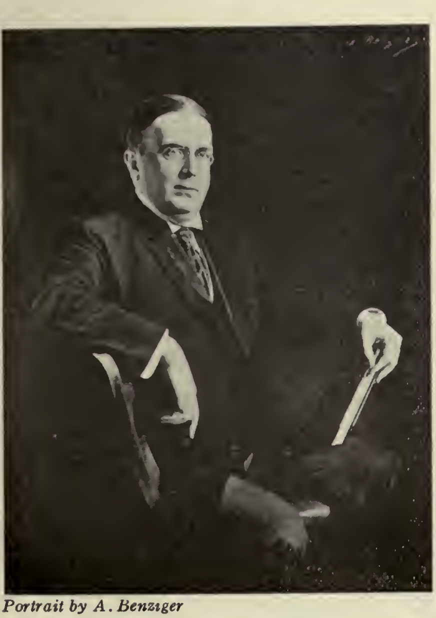
*Portrait by A. Benziger*

CAPTAIN JOHN HUDSON POOLE
Of Detroit, Michigan



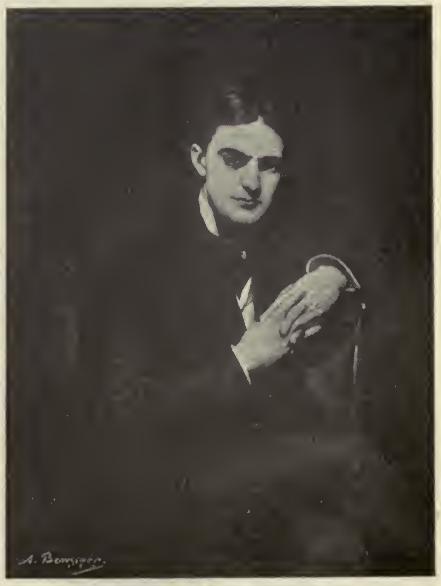
*Portrait by A. Benziger*

DEWITT BALCH
Of Cincinnati, Ohio

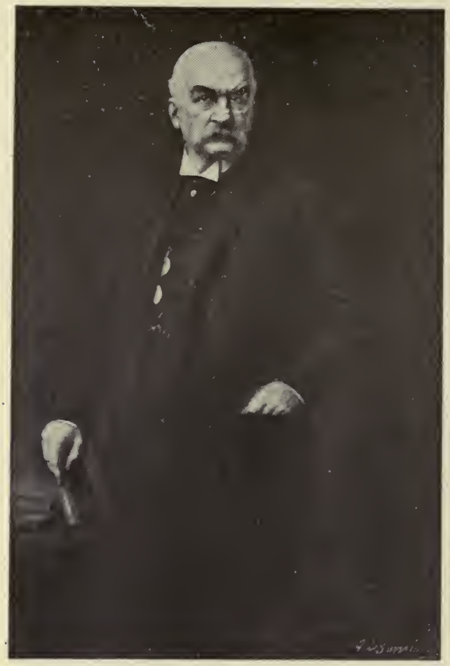


*Portrait by A. Benziger*

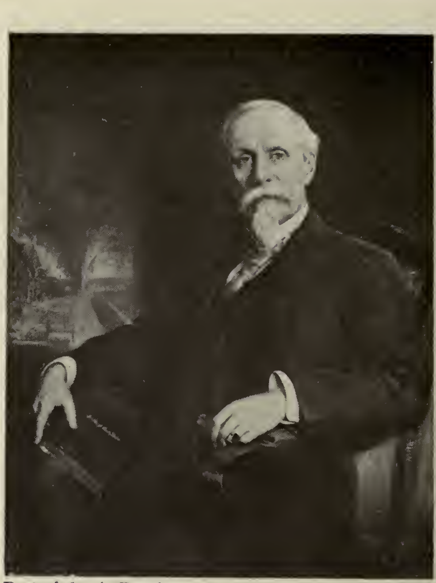
JUDGE VICTOR J. DOWLING
Justice of the Supreme Court of New York



IRA NELSON MORRIS
United States Minister to Sweden

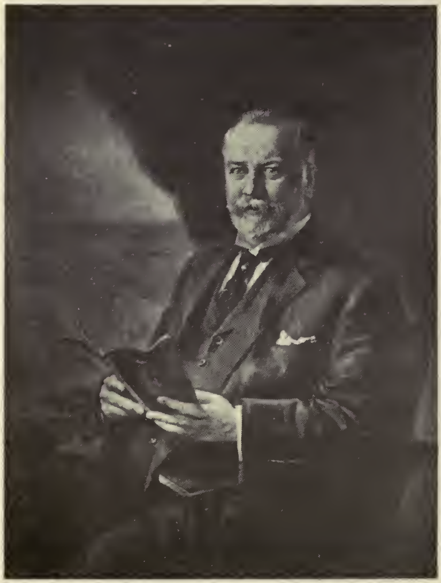


THE LATE J. P. MORGAN
One of the greatest financiers the world has ever known. The portrait is not only an exact representation of that great personality, but it shows also splendid qualities of energy, capacity for work, and refinement



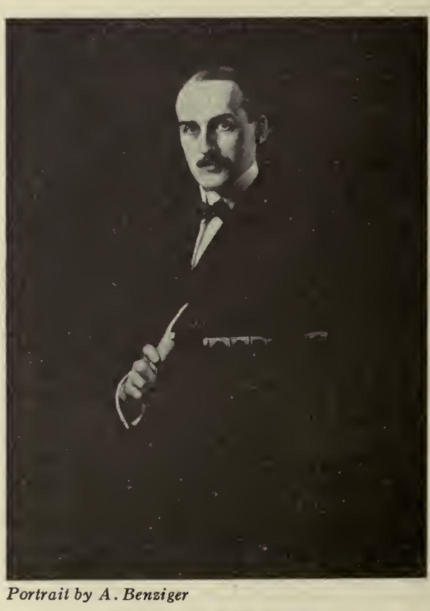
*Portrait by A. Benziger*

JOHN PITCAIRN
The only survivor of those who saved the life of President Lincoln when Pinkerton had discovered the complot to assassinate him after the banquet on Washington's birthday in Harrisburg. Mr. Pitcairn at that time was connected with the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was the first man to use natural gas. His home is in Philadelphia, and he was formerly associated with Carnegie and Rockefeller and connected with many of the leading institutions in America, and is still President of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company



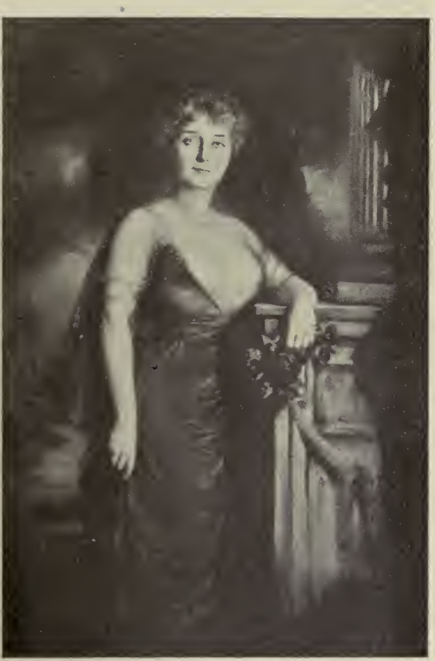
*Portrait by A. Benziger*

ALBERT S. CALDWELL
A prominent banker of Memphis, Tennessee



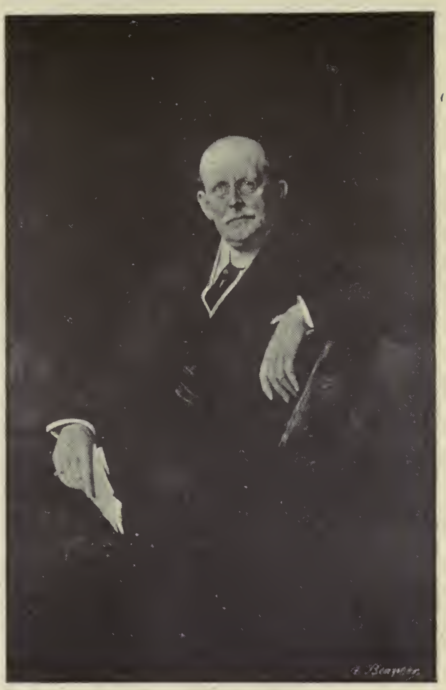
*Portrait by A. Benziger*

ROBERT S. BREWSTER
of New York

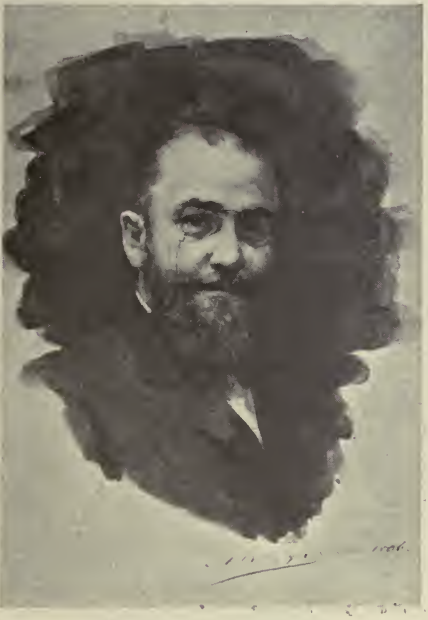


*Portrait by A. Benziger*

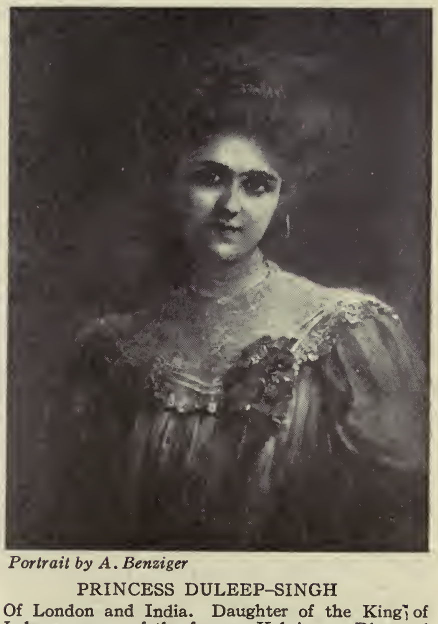
MRS. CHARLES S. KEITH
Wife of Charles S. Keith, a prominent business man of Kansas City Missouri



J. L. LOOSE
President of the Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company

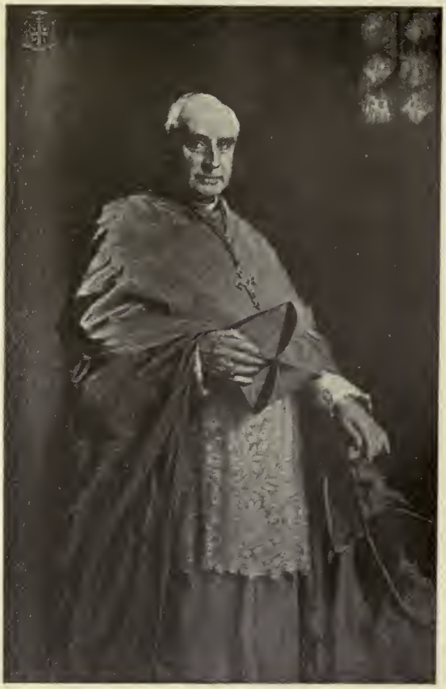


M. LEON BOURGEOIS
Former Prime Minister of France



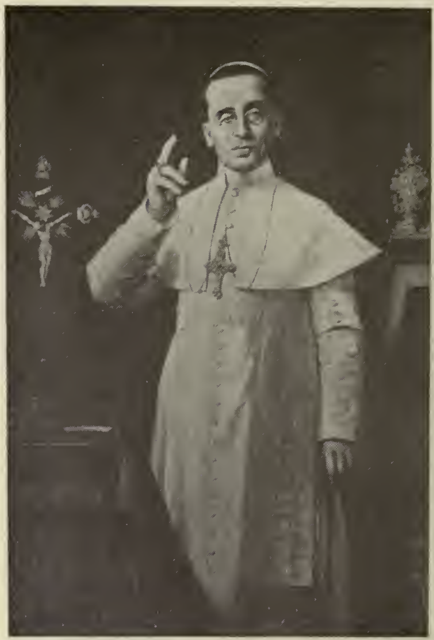
*Portrait by A. Benziger*

PRINCESS DULEEP-SINGH
Of London and India. Daughter of the King of Lahore, owner of the famous Koh-i-noor Diamond which was presented by him to Queen Victoria and is now to be seen in the Tower of London



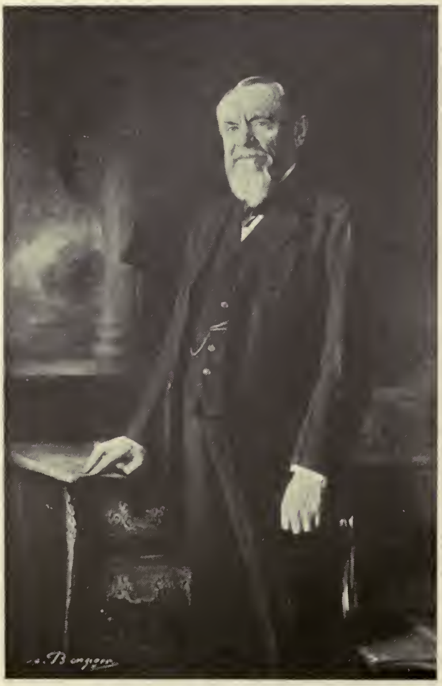
*Portrait by A. Benziger*

HIS EMINENCE JOHN, CARDINAL FARLEY
Of New York

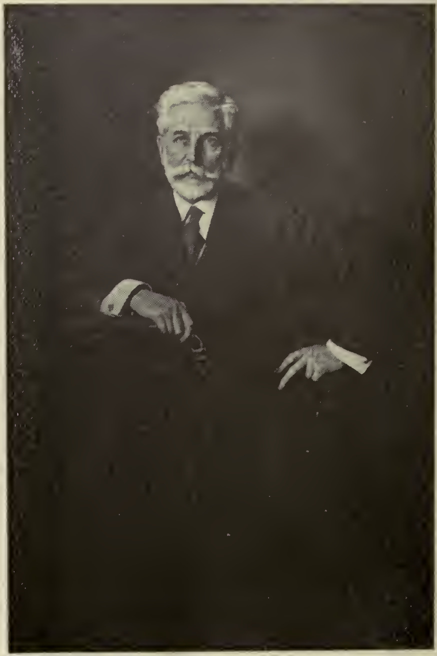


*Portrait by A. Benziger*

HIS HOLINESS, BENEDICT XV
This portrait was painted from audiences at the Vatican, within the week of the Holy Father's coronation, September 1914

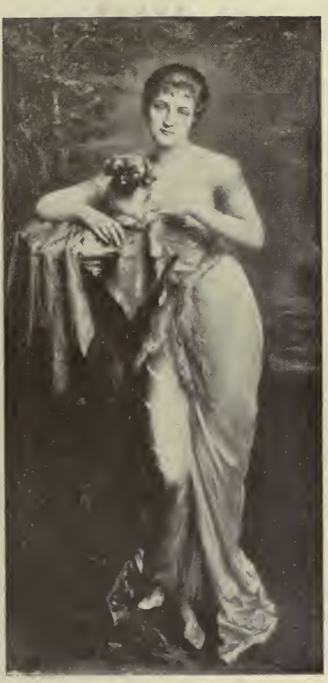


HENRY PHIPPS
Director of the United States Steel Corporation



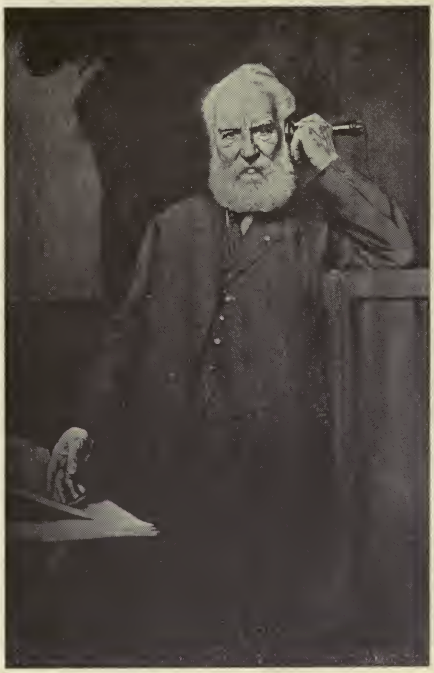
*Portrait by A. Benziger*

ROBERT S. BROOKINGS
President of Washington University, St. Louis, and director of the Peace Fund Commission



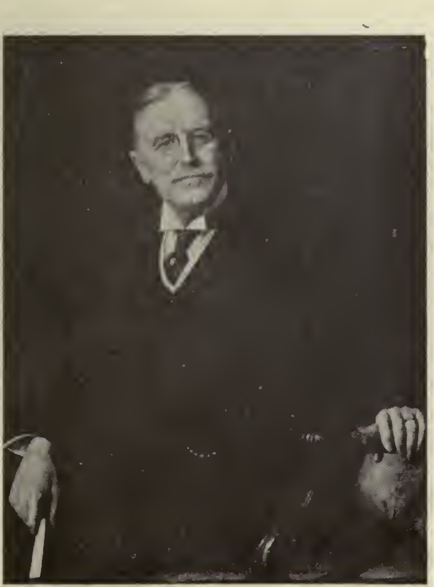
*Portrait by A. Benziger*

MISS MARIBEL SCHUMACHER
Of Columbus, Ohio



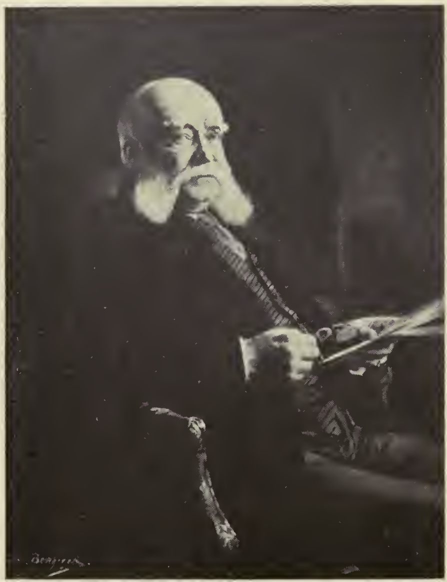
*Portrait by A. Benziger*

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL
Scientist and inventor of the telephone

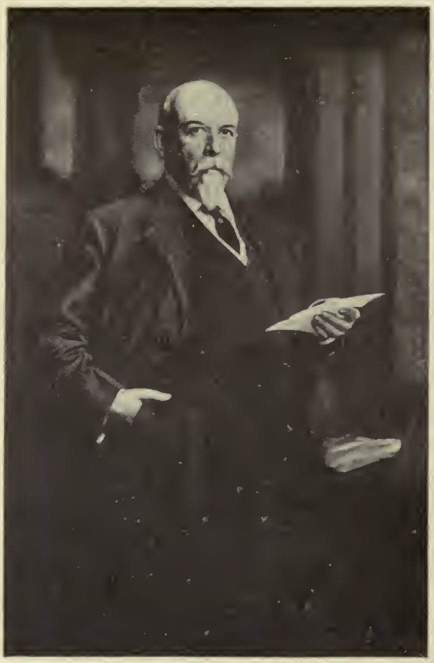


*Portrait by A. Benziger*

CHARLES HOMER RUDDOCK
Whose son, Mr. Albert Ruddock, is Secretary of the American Embassy in Berlin. Mr. Ruddock makes his home in New York



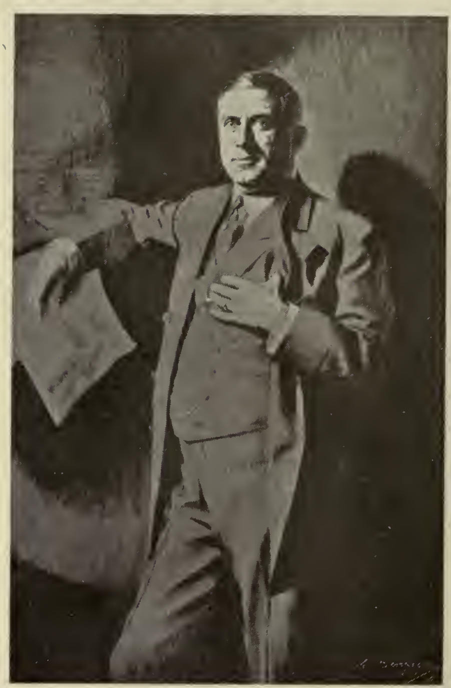
THE LATE GEN. STEWART L. WOODFORD
Connected with Abraham Lincoln and General Grant. Ambassador to Spain until the Spanish-American War. Formerly director of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and trustee of Cornell University



*Portrait by A. Benziger*

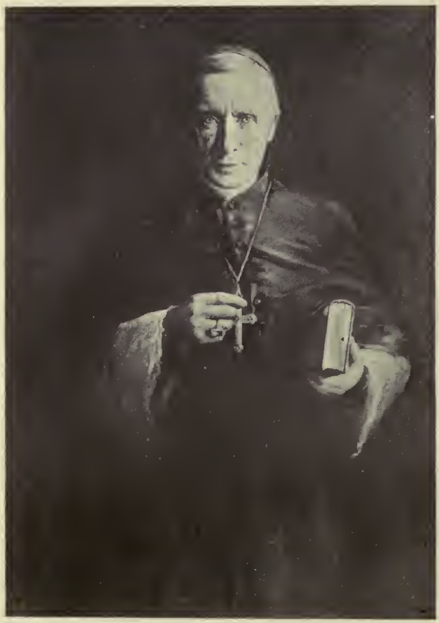
WILLIAM K. BIXBY

President of the St. Louis Museum of Art, and owner of one of the best collections of manuscripts and missals in the United States



CHARLES M. SCHWAB

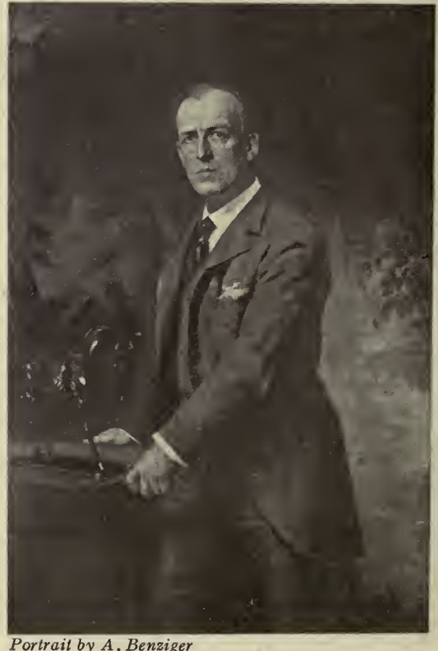
Former president of the United States Steel Corporation and present owner of the Bethlehem Steel Company



*Portrait by A. Benziger*

HIS EMINENCE JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS

Archbishop of Baltimore



*Portrait by A. Benziger*

J. MALCOLM FORBES

The well-known Bostonian

# The Breath of the Serpent

## by Russell Kelso Carter

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Here is a story that will make you think of Edgar Allan Poe's weird tales. Dr. Carter employs his scientific knowledge in many directions, as our readers are fully aware. There is fine work in this story, and you will not lay it down till you finish it. Another remarkable bit of detective work will soon follow. Watch for it.*

"BREATHE on that slide, will you, Warren," said Professor Nevius, the great university toxicologist, to his assistant, as they worked together in the big laboratory.

Warren did as requested and watched the Professor as he stained the slide blue, dried it, and, after putting a tiny drop of clear oil upon it, placed the slide in the microscope.

"What are you trying, Professor?" asked Warren.

"I want to show you the difference between an infected specimen and a healthy one," replied Nevius. "Yonder is one full of t. b.'s. This one is all right, of course."

With a few dexterous turns of the screws the Professor brought the slide into focus and began to examine it. As he did so he started and glanced up with a look of astonishment.

"Did I change those slides, Warren?" he asked sharply.

"I think not, sir. I was not watching, but that is certainly the one you asked me to breathe on," answered his assistant.

Nevius took the slide out and scrutinized it carefully. Then he picked up another and examined that. Pursing his lips incredulously, he put first one and then the other under the lenses and peered at them steadily. Suddenly he rose to his feet and regarded Warren Hyslop with a look of genuine concern.

"Look here, boy," he exclaimed, "look at that slide and tell me what you see!"

Warren did as he was bid and presently replied that he thought the slide showed specimens of the tubercle bacillus. "That can't be the one I breathed upon, Professor," he remarked casually. "You must have swapped the slides without noticing it."

Without a word Professor Nevius picked up another slip of glass and quickly prepared its surface. Then he held it out with the brief request—

"Breathe on that, please."

Warren watched him with deepening interest as he stained the slide and prepared it for examination. Presently Nevius looked up.

"Warren Hyslop, see here. Tell me the exact truth. You were smelling something a few minutes ago."

Hyslop reddened slightly and looked confused.

"Ah, I knew it. You know my eyes are everywhere. What was that? Where did it come from?"

Warren coughed irritatedly. His confusion increased.

"Tell me, Warren," coolly insisted the Professor.

"What does it matter?" asked Warren reluctantly.

"This is serious, Warren," replied Nevius. "You know I am not after personal confidences, but you must tell me. You can trust me, my boy."

"Certainly, Professor; I know I can. The fact is I was sniffing a little at some perfume in a letter I received this morning. A little private, you know, Professor."

Nevius nodded kindly.

"Go on," he said laconically.

"Well," continued Warren rather desperately, "here it is; a note from a lady. She asked my opinion of the perfume, and I was trying it. That is all."

"Let me see some of the perfume, Warren," said the Professor, gravely. "A very little will do."

Hyslop shook out a little of the powder on a bit of writing paper, and Nevius immediately made a microscopic slide with a minute portion, Warren regarding him with varying color and increasing interest.

"I want you to look carefully at that, Warren," said Nevius at length, rising from his seat and making way for the younger man. "What do you see?"

"The slide appears covered with little t. b.'s," replied Hyslop in a shaking voice. "They look like tiny rods and some are characteristically beaded."

He turned suddenly upon his companion. "Merciful God! what can it mean, Professor?"

Nevius regarded him steadily, but with evident sympathy in his gaze. At length he spoke, slowly and distinctly.

"Warren, this is not primarily a question of guilt, it is a question of fact. There is something wrong about this. No, do not wince at that. Somebody is probably wrong; but appearances may be delusive. If you will aid me in every possible way, we will unravel this mystery. Will you do it?"

Professor Nevius had risen and was standing erect and aggressive before his companion. Young Hyslop trembled with excitement and conflicting emotions. He coughed twice, a fact which his alert friend noted gravely. At length he asked—

"What do you want me to do, Professor?"

"Tell me exactly all you know about this powder. That is the first thing." The Professor's tone admitted of no denial.

"But, Professor, I—I—"

"Now, see here, my boy. Do you understand that you are at this minute simply loaded with the deadly bacilli? We will have to fight for your very life. I understand without any more explanation from you that you have received a packet from a lady containing this powder, and asking your opinion of it. I also comprehend instantly that this lady is one for whom you care considerably. Of course I see that the presence of this infernal devil-germ in this packet appears an appalling mystery to you. All this, and more, I see at once. But give me credit for going further in your interests. I am well aware that circumstantial evidence is often at fault. Sometimes one cannot possibly see more than an inch beyond his nose, and no explanation seems admissible; but there is an explanation nevertheless. And I want to tell you right here," the Professor's finger was laid emphatically across his palm—"I believe there is an explanation in this case that will completely remove any thought of blame from the lady."

Warren Hyslop seized the older man's hand in both his own. "Thank you, Professor!" he cried with emotion. "I feel dazed, sort of out of my senses. The thing is so strange. But I see, I see. I must and will tell you all—that is, all I know—it is not much."

"This note," he picked up the packet from the table, "came to me today. It contains a line in typewriter characters signed in ink by a lady for whom I do entertain the deepest feelings possible. She simply asks me to try the enclosed perfume and let her know how I like it. That is all."

Professor Nevius regarded him a moment, then asked—

"What kind of perfume is it?"

"White rose, her favorite perfume."

"Who knows that to be her favorite? Who, besides you?"

"Oh, most of her friends, I suppose."

"Who among her male friends?"

"Why, Professor, I hardly know," replied Warren.

Nevius tried another tack. "Tell me if she has or has had any other suitor."

Warren coughed again, more violently. His countenance fell; evidently he thought of the terrible infection that had already taken hold upon him. The Professor stopped abruptly.

"Come," he said, "we will start your treatment at once and ask questions afterwards."

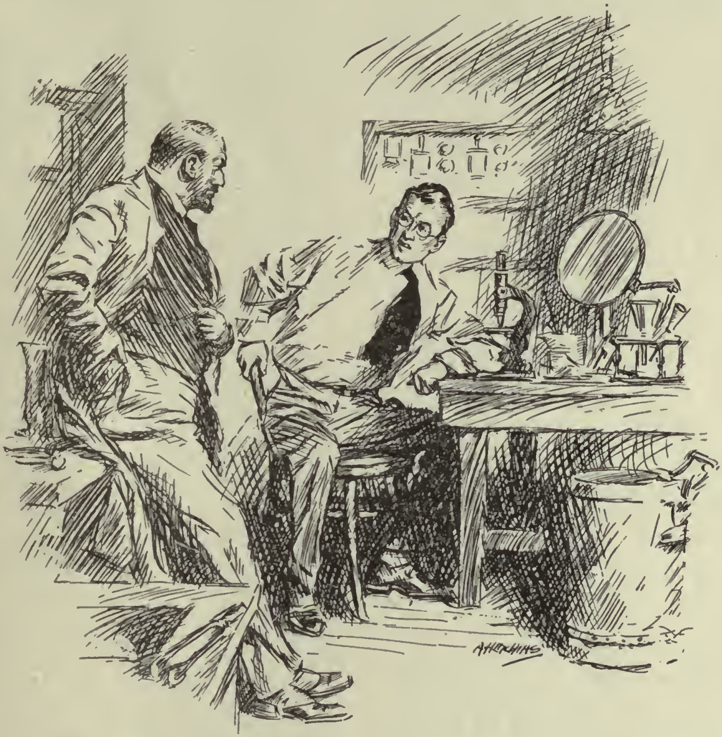
Going immediately to work the scientist arranged a simple but effective breathing apparatus or inhaler, strapping it to his assistant's head so that every breath must be drawn through the chemicals with which it was filled.

"Duval Meredith."

"What! a dark chap with a cast in the left eye?"

"That's right, Professor; how could you know?"

Professor Nevius was diving into his desk. Presently he dragged out a number of note books and hastily ran over the contents of several. Presently he exclaimed triumphantly:



*"The slide appears covered with little t. b.'s," replied Hyslop in a shaking voice. "Merciful God! what can it mean, Professor?"*

"There!" he exclaimed, "that will keep you full of all the formaldehyde you can carry. At night I will fix it so the same thing will continue, and we will fight this thing down to a finish in a few weeks. Just settle that in your mind. You are not going to die; no, sir! Now, let's get back to our trail. I was asking you if the lady had any other beau. Tell me about that."

"There was one man I feared," said Hyslop slowly. "He is a second cousin of mine."

"What is his name?"

"Here it is. I put him down, as I always do every man I teach or deal with, as dark complexion, cast in left eye; expert in toxicology; had a keen mind for its deepest points; could draw anything to the life."

He stopped abruptly and regarded Hyslop thoughtfully.

"His gift at imitation in the drawing line was really wonderful. But you must know all this if he is your relative."

"No, Professor," replied Hyslop. "I do not know much about him. I never saw him in my boyhood; we lived far apart.

He visited Miss Levering—that is the lady's name—during my absence and I only saw him briefly a few times in the last five years. I have heard, however, that he was gifted, and would make his mark in the world."

"Did he know that you were in favor with the lady?"

"Yes, I think he knows that now."

"Does the lady use a typewriter?"

"Yes, sir. She is a stenographer for a big law firm in the Monadnock Building, Chicago."

"Hm! Yes, I see. Where does Meredith live?"

"In Evanston."

"That is only a few miles distant, and you are here in Ann Arbor. He has the advantage of proximity."

Young Hyslop smiled. "I do not think that counts in this case, Professor."

"Indeed! Then you are sure she prefers you?"

"Yes, I am sure." Warren spoke with quiet conviction.

"Do you think this type character is the same as the type of character used by Miss Levering?"

Hyslop looked at the note carefully.

"Yes, sir. It is the same."

"What is Meredith's business?"

"He was head chemist for a big iron concern on the lake, but I do not think he is there now. You know he has no need to work. He is rich."

"Oh, is he? Self-made, or inherited?"

"He inherited a large estate from our grand-uncle, Reginald Tompkins."

"I knew him; a wealthy and a good man. But why did he not leave you some of the plunder?"

"He did, after Meredith. In case of his death, I am the next heir."

"Whew! ! !" The Professor whistled long and softly; then compressed his thin lips in deep thought. Presently he rose and said briefly:

"I want you to write a line to Miss Levering and ask her if she really sent you that powder. Of course you will not send any portion of it; keep that safe; you know how. Then I wish you to give me a note of personal introduction to her, and one to your cousin Meredith. I am going to Chicago this evening."

Warren Hyslop looked gratefully at his chief.

"You are very, very kind, Professor," he said brokenly. Then he sat down and wrote the notes as requested.

Nevius made his arrangements, left parting instructions with Hyslop as to his constant use of the inhaler, gave him a derivative of creosote and a dark tincture for internal use, and, promising to be back with important information in a few days, departed on the fast express.

Three weeks later he returned and found his young friend greatly improved in physical condition, but exceedingly anxious over the mystery of the fatal perfume. Professor Nevius looked him over, sounded his lungs carefully, examined his heart, made a microscopic slide with a tiny bit of sputum and put it through an exhaustive examination under the instrument. Finally he turned to his companion with a smile of triumph.

"There is nothing there, my boy. You are safe with a little more ordinary care. Thank heaven for that! Now, I suppose you are aching to know what kept me so long in Chicago."

Hyslop acknowledged his intense interest, and the Professor continued—

"I was obliged to remain; there was much to trace out. I received your note telling me that Miss Levering denied all knowledge of the perfume. That was exactly what I expected. I called on her, and wish to congratulate you, my boy. She is the real thing."

Warren smiled approvingly, and Nevius resumed his narrative.

"That cousin of yours is a strange chap. Never saw his match in some ways. I went to see him personally. Of course I did not need your introduction, as I taught him for a year at the university; but it served to make him think you were not aware that I knew him. See? That was important. He, therefore, received me cordially, not dreaming that I had any possible information about your affairs.

"I was shocked at his appearance, I must confess. He is in the last stages of tuberculosis— a genuine case of the miliary variety, the real galloping consumption."

"That is dreadful," exclaimed Warren. "Poor chap; I am certainly sorry for him."

Professor Nevius gazed curiously at Hyslop for a moment. Presently he said carelessly:

"When he dies you will be wealthy, Warren."

"Heavens! That's so!" ejaculated the young man. "I declare I forgot that."

"He hasn't forgotten it," remarked Nevius drily.

Hyslop looked up in astonishment, but the Professor did not explain his words. He said:

"I had long talks with him, particularly along the lines of professional work. He has done some straight science, I tell you. I could not help being a trifle proud of my old pupil's ability. He set those iron kings high up; knocked the bottom out of the market for their competitors by his inventions and discoveries. Oh, he's a genius. More's the pity! More's the pity!"

"Do go on, Professor," cried Hyslop, his breath coming faster. "What did you find out?"

"Much, my boy. God knows, more than I wished, but not very much more than I expected. Yes, in one thing I was surprised beyond words. Strange! strange!

"I led him on to talk chemistry to me, which he was naturally ready to do. Of course I went into his disease and discussed possibilities with him. He sadly insisted that there was no hope. When I asked him how he, a scientist so well informed, came to allow the disease to gather so much headway, he shook his head and replied that he had promptly attacked it at its first appearance six months before and had succeeded in turning its course. 'Then,' said I, 'how in the name of science did it get this awful hold on your system?'

"He hesitated for a time and then said reluctantly, 'Professor, you are my old friend and I feel drawn to tell you a little of my case. I was doing splendidly; cough had nearly disappeared; sputum was almost free. Then an accident happened.'

"'An accident!' I exclaimed. 'What kind of an accident?'

"'I was engaged in testing a number of specimens,' he replied. 'I got them from different parts of the slums, being interested in the work of improving existing conditions. One of them'—here, I recall, he hesitated and seemed a trifle confused,—'one of them I prepared from a specimen of sputum I had obtained in a terribly infected house. This I had dried carefully and reduced to an impalpable powder. At the same time I tested a specimen of my own, just to see if there were any t. b's. left in it. And, in order to handle it as I wished, I also dried this specimen and powdered it carefully.'

"I can tell you, boy, I was growing interested, and tried to encourage him to proceed. I said I was deeply concerned with these experiments, as I myself did so much similar work. That pleased him and he continued his story. He said—

"'By some horrible accident, I breathed some of that infernal powder.'

"His face worked terribly, and he added in a tone of despair:

"'Yes, I breathed some of that hellish stuff, and—and, here I am after only two weeks.'

"'Which powder did you breathe, Meredith?' I asked, remembering his careful reference to two specimens.

"'It is too devilish to credit, Professor,' he answered, 'but I breathed my own specimen.'

"I tell you, Warren, my boy, I sat up straight," continued Nevius, with a slight shudder. "But I urged him to tell me all about it. He said:

"'I never dreamed it would hurt me. For three days I forgot about it. Then I woke in the night with lots of temperature and an irritating cough. I needn't tell a man like you any more. I am in hell before my time. Look at me! Look at me!'

"I tell you, Warren, it was awful to see him and to know, as I did, that he had not more than a week or so to live. But I ventured on one question. Speaking sympathetically to him I presently asked, 'What did you do with that specimen, Meredith? I would like to see it.'

"Reluctantly he turned to his desk and took from a small drawer a little glass tube sealed with a plug of paraffine. There was a very little fine powder in the bottom.

"'Let me have this,' I asked; 'I want to prove a rare scientific point if I can. You know the possibility of this sort of thing has been disputed.'

"To my surprise he consented. 'Take it

and do what you please with it, Professor,' he said; 'I am done with it and all the rest. I will be dead in ten days; you know perfectly there is no remedy for this infernal miliary infection through the whole system.'

"I left him with a few kind words. In my soul I pitied the fellow. Then I went to see Miss Levering."

"What for?" queried young Hyslop in surprise.

"I asked her straight if she knew that you had received a little perfume with a note professing to be from her hand. She was greatly astonished, but I reassured her as to my connection with the affair, and she told me freely all she knew. She said she sent no such note, but that she had herself received one of a similar nature. This was a stunner to me, you can well guess, and I inquired particularly about it. She stated that a note in typewriter came to her, that is, the direction was in type, but the note was written, and the writing was yours. In it you asked her to use the perfumed powder and, after a month, to let you know whether she liked it or not."

"Professor, this is the most astounding thing I ever heard of!" exclaimed Warren. "I sent no such note."

"Of course you did not. I knew that. However, I thought it much more delicate and considerate not to let Miss Levering know the deadly nature of the thing, so I said something about somebody attempting a practical joke, and of course did not mention the effect upon you."

"Thank you, Professor," said Warren, gratefully, "that was just like you."

Nevius smiled a little sadly and resumed his story.

"I asked her what she did with the powder and she said she only had the tiny envelope in which it came. She opened it on the elevated train; somebody jostled her and she dropped it on the floor, spilling the powder where she could not get it."

"Thank God for that!" fervently ejaculated Warren. "That is, if it was in any way like mine."

"I have the envelope here," said the Professor, "and also the tube given me by Meredith."

As he spoke he produced the articles mentioned and succeeded in brushing a few specks of powder upon a glass slide.

"You can notice the white rose perfume," he remarked as he focussed the microscope. After examining the specimen he asked Hyslop for the powder he had received and carefully compared the two. Then he did the same with the contents of Meredith's tube. Finally he drew a long breath and said gravely:

"They are identical. All three are the same. There can be no mistake."

Warren Hyslop regarded him with blanched face. His eyes dilated with horror.

"But, Professor," he said, "possibly someone else was concerned. The writing, you know; did you think of that?"

Professor Nevius smiled indulgently.

"I think of everything in a case like this," he replied.

He extracted a little box from his vest pocket and opened it. It contained two little steel pens, such as engineers and engravers use. Taking one up he said:

"I spoke with Meredith about his old gift of drawing, and he was flattered that I remembered him so well. He showed me some beautiful work, and when I asked him what tools he employed, produced these pens. 'Give me one,' said I; 'it will be the very thing I need for some rude attempts of mine.' He readily gave them. Now we will see that signature of Miss Levering's."

This was put under the microscope and the Professor exclaimed:

"Now, look here. See the sharp lines made by the pen nibs. You can see them through the ink. Now look at the same in your signature in this note, given me by Miss Levering."

"They are the same," said Hyslop with conviction.

"No doubt of it," said Nevius. "Now look at this." As he spoke he placed one of the little pens in a holder, dipped it in ink and wrote the names "Hyslop" and "Levering" and then placed it also under the microscope.

"That looks very different," declared Warren, after a moment. "The sharp lines are not placed in the same way. Anybody could tell that was written by another hand."

"Warren," queried Nevius, "did Meredith have any writing of yours?"

"Yes, I think so. I wrote him a few months ago in reply to a note asking some legal questions about Uncle Reginald's estate."

Professor Nevius laid down his pen, pushed the paper away from him, clasped his hands behind his neck and regarded Hyslop with his clear gray eyes.

"My boy," he said kindly, "I think this is the end. The skein is all unravelled. Shall I lay it out before you?"

"I confess I dread to hear it, Professor," replied Hyslop nervously.

"No wonder you do," said the other. "But now, let us look at it carefully.

"Duval Meredith loved Miss Levering, but was rejected by her a few months ago."

"How did you know that, Professor?" broke in Warren.

"She told me herself. Listen! When he found you were the favored one—which, by the way, Miss Levering admitted to me she herself told him (here a flush of pleasure shot across Hyslop's face)—his jealousy was aroused and he brooded over a plan of revenge. Sometimes great villainy is co-existent with great ability. All monsters are not Neros.

"He had contracted tuberculosis in his scientific experiments, but was recovering. He prepared specimens of his sputum in dried, powder form, mixing these with white rose perfume. Then he wrote you and obtained some of your handwriting. Miss Levering's he already possessed in the form of polite notes received from her in reply to several he had written her.

"He wrote the letters to you both, using his little steel pens, and calling to his aid his extraordinary imitative gift. Then he settled down to await the success of his diabolical scheme.

"The plan worked in the main as he had intended. You sniffed away enthusiastically at the perfume from your affianced and received the deadly germs. But for the happy accident on the train Miss Levering would have been similarly infected. The provision in your note to her, asking her to wait a month before telling you how she liked it was calculated to ensure delay in exposing the fraud as to the correspondence. Omitting this in her note to you, he thought would result in your writing her, then in she writing you, you writing back, after having sniffed the perfume all the more to make sure. See?"

Warren clasped his head in his hands and waited, breathless.

"But now!" The Professor waked up with intense energy, emphasizing his words with finger on palm. "Now Providence takes a hand occasionally in such matters. Miss Levering spilled her powder in the crowded car. You were here with me, and I was enabled to save you by prompt measures. Meanwhile Meredith accidentally took a big whiff of his own poison, which, acting on the as yet unhealed lung tissue, developed the worst and quickest form of tuberculosis in his system, and sealed his fate beyond human interference."

Warren Hyslop was standing before the Professor, holding out a pleading hand. A knock was heard at the door and the Professor himself answered it.

"A special delivery for you, Warren," he said.

"It is from the lawyer in Chicago who has charge of Uncle's will and estate," exclaimed the young man, eagerly tearing it open. But at the first line he staggered and threw up his eyes and hands. Then he weakly sat down, trembling in every limb.

"Take it and read it, Professor," he said feebly. "I can't."

Professor took the letter and read with some shade of nervousness even in his steady voice:

"Your cousin, Duval Meredith, died suddenly this morning in my office. He had come to see me about the disposal of the estate in case of his death, and I had just assured him that it was entirely beyond his will or wish, as the devisor made all that extremely plain. I said positively, 'In case of your death, Mr. Meredith, your cousin, Mr. Warren Hyslop, becomes the legatee without restrictions. You cannot alter that.' At these words his face flushed, and then paled; he coughed violently for a moment, then a rush of red dyed his shirt and, before I could summon help, he was gone. He spoke only one word, gasping out 'auto in—'. I suppose he referred to his touring car, which was standing at the curb waiting for him. Your presence, Mr. Hyslop, is desirable immediately, certain papers requiring your personal attention. I have the pleasure to inform you that the estate at present amounts to about a quarter of a million.

Yours sincerely,
RICHARD LAWSON."

Warren Hyslop sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. Nevius regarded him kindly for a few moments, then he rose and said in a grave tone:

"Auto-infection! Yes, yes. It is said the rattlesnake when conscious of defeat, turns his venom upon himself. Well, well!"

He was silent a moment, then stepping to his companion's side he placed a sympathetic hand on the bowed head and said:

"Come, Warren! You and Miss Levering have much, very much for which to be thankful. You and I will bury this criminal revelation out of mind. Look up and be a man, as you have been. Because evil sweeps so near one's life, one does not become responsible, except to be more watchful in future. When you see Miss Levering, give her my love. Yes, I think she can stand that from me; she could if she knew."

# WHEN MOTHER SINGS

## *By* EDWARD WILBUR MASON

YOU may rave about the ballot and the power that men may wield,
You may sing of sword and bayonet and the gory battlefield,
You may talk about the pleasure of the goodly things of earth
And praise the breath of nature and the summer winds of mirth,
But, ah, the finer rapture that the world of childhood knows
At dawn or at the even when mother sings and sews!

There comes a peace of being that makes the world sublime
And every thought and impulse is set to happy rhyme.
There's joy surpassing science in the sight of sunlit trees
And the glimpse of garden blossoms all rocking golden bees—
The air is fragrant with the hollyhock and rose,
At dawn or at the even when mother sings and sews!

The fairies and the pixies and all the elfin crew
Dance lightly down the grasses 'mid breath of meadow rue.
The angels and the seraphs and the choiring cherubim
Lean downward to the valleys from the heaven's azure rim.
Ah, the lyric stream of gladness forevermore it flows
At dawn or at the even when mother sings and sews!

Ashes turns to beauty, and truth has newer birth;
The commonplace has magic and everything has worth.
A luring bow of promise spans the distant purple hill,
The robin's in the orchard with the tender whippoorwill—
Ah, the sound and splendor that the world of childhood knows
At dawn or at the even when mother sings and sews!

# The Thirty-Seven-Fifty Dog

## by William Merriam Rouse

IKE PEABODY, protected against the cold by rubbers over felt leggins, two pairs of trousers, a torn lumberman's jacket, leather mittens and a cloth cap with the ear-lappers down, held a piece of clothesline in a solicitous grip as he scuffled through the light snow that covered the river road with a thin coating. At the other end of the four-foot line was a collar and inside the collar was a dog. The dog stood knee-high to a man. He wore short hair with a tasteful arrangement of black spots, each about the size of a saucer, on a white ground. One spot ended on top of his head and another began well down on his nose. This gave him the appearance of hiding behind his own face, and had communicated no slight jar to Ike's sensibilities when he received the dog at the railroad station half an hour before. He was a little uncertain as to the impression on his two and only neighbors, Rube Martin and Pete Dutraw.

Ike turned a bend in the road and came in sight of his three-room house that stood, delicately outlined by the season's first snowfall, not more than a stone's throw from the Martin and Dutraw cottages. These were the only families on the river road—so called because it ambled companionably at the side of the Bouquet River—and to the men folks, hunting on Coon Mountain, a half mile back from the river, was the principal means of winter livelihood. Hence the importance of the dog that Ike was bringing home and hence his anxiety that public opinion should pat the new canine member of the community with a friendly hand.

The dog was not doing his part. A temperature of fifteen degrees below zero tugged at the animal's hide, and snow that melted only to freeze again, caked on his feet. For five minutes he had been whimpering, his tail curled between his legs and his long ears dragging. Now he sat down, put his black nose in the air and emitted a long howl of unmitigated woe that echoed back from the mountain and swept across the rolling hills on the other side of the river. Ike gave him a shove with his toe.

"Get up!" he commanded, sympathy struggling with mortification in his good-natured face. "Here's where ye got to swing yerself an' show yer good blood!"

Dog obeyed, only to worse disgrace himself. He trotted a few steps, deliberately lay down on his back with his paws in the air, and began to yelp. Ike looked from his dog to his house and saw Mrs. Peabody peering out of a window. Pete Dutraw, followed by sundry of the Dutraw family, came out on his front porch, and Rube Martin appeared in the door of his barn. Ike felt that the eyes of the world were on him, and he dealt with the situation in a masterly manner.

Stooping over, he gathered the heavy dog in his arms and started for the house at a lope. Mrs. Peabody, a declaration of war written on her comely face, held the kitchen door open as he came up, puffing hard. Inside he dumped the dog on the floor and regarded him reproachfully. There was no time to do more. His wife grabbed him by the collar with a capable hand. There was a look in her gray eyes that he had seen before, to his great discomfort.

"Ike Peabody," she purred, in her softest voice, "where's our cow?"

"Cow, Emmy?" Ike straightened up as much of his raw-boned length as his wife's grip would permit. "Our cow?"

"Yas, our cow! Ye told me last night an' this mornin' that the cow was sick an' wouldn't give no milk! I went out to see fer myself this afternoon, *an' they ain't no cow!*"

"Well, ye see, Emmy, I had a plan, an'—"

"Ye've allus had plans, Ike Peabody," she interrupted, raising her voice ever so little. "That's why we're so durned poor that the town had to help us last winter when ye was took down with fever. An' that's why ye're most forty year old an' ain't got nothin' to show fer it but the ten acres of land yer pa left ye. Yesterday we had a cow! Ike Peabody, where's that cow?"

Ike felt that he might as well get the worst over with at once. Pete and Rube were likely to drop in and, anyway, he wanted a chance to enjoy his dog in peace.

"There's the cow, Emmy." He pointed at the dog, now licking the snow from his feet back of the cookstove. There were sixty silent seconds.

"Is that the hens, too?"

"Well, ye see, Emmy—"

"I don't want no beatin' about the bush, Ike Peabody. I know the cow an' the whole fifteen hens is gone, an' I want to know if that spotted cur is all ye've got to show fer 'em. Is it?"

"He ain't a cur," protested Ike indignantly. "He's a full-blooded skunk dog!"

"I don't care nothin' about that! He kin be a full-blooded lightnin' bug dog fer all I care. Is that annermal all ye've got to show fer a cow an' fifteen hens?"

"Yas, I—"

"How much did ye get fer the cow?"

"Thirty dollars; John Hodgkins, he took her, an'—"

"Worth forty! How much did ye get fer the hens?"

"Eight dollars, John—"

"An' ye give thirty-eight dollars fer that—annermal?"

"Only thirty-five, Emmy, an—"

"Then where's the three dollars left over?"

"Well, ye see, the express was two dollars an' a half."

"Give me that extry fifty cents this minute!"

Ike slowly drew a half dollar from his pocket.

"I was calc'latin' to buy dog biscuit with that," he said regretfully.

"Dog biscuit! Dog biscuit! Dog biscuit!" Mrs. Peabody shrieked the last repetition. "Ye was goin' to buy dog biscuit when half our livin' fer the winter is gone with that cow an' them hens an' when they ain't enough flour in the barrel to last the week out? I knew ye did'nt know much, Ike—I've knowed it ever sence a few days after we was married, but I didn't know ye was an out an' out ijit! What be we goin' to eat this winter? Tell me that, ye poor, dough-brained humble apology fer a man! Tell me that!"

"Skunks, Emmy, skunks!" cried Ike, seizing his first opportunity to explain and making a vain attempt to wriggle free. "That dog is guaranteed to ketch enough skunks, even if I only get a dollar apiece fer the pelts, to keep us both an' buy ye a silk dress. Jest see if he don't! He—"

"Skunks!" snorted Mrs. Peabody. She brought her free hand up with a long, swinging blow that landed on her lord's nose and almost knocked him out of the grasp of her other hand. She shifted her grip to his hair.

"Skunks!" A short arm punch landed in the same place. Ike succeeded in covering his face with his arms. His wife suddenly changed her tactics and roughed it. When he staggered into a corner five seconds later there were ten red finger nail furrows the length of his face, and his nose was in an entirely unnatural condition.

Mrs. Peabody went into the other of the two rooms that were on the ground floor of the cottage and slammed the door behind her. Ike sighed, took off his outside coat and washed his face at the kitchen sink. He shoved a stick of wood into the stove and had just lighted his pipe and settled down by the fire when there came a great stamping of feet on the porch. The door opened to admit two men—Rube Martin, lean and solemn, with a straggling gray beard and the general contour of a fish hook, and Pete Dutraw, his swarthy, pitted face half hidden by a rakish red toque that was pulled down to his eyebrows and an equally red muffler that swathed his chin.

"'Lo, boys!" said Ike.

"By gosh, Ike!" exclaimed Rube as he unbuttoned his coat, "that new dog of yourn must of took yer face fer a mess of vittles, didn't he?"

"*Non! Non!*" cried Pete, with a grin. "Mis' Peabody, she make hash fer supper an' take Ike face fer piece of cornbeef!"

"Yew fellers are both married, ain't ye?" retorted Ike.

"Yes, by gar," assented Pete. "I make marry, get de smallpox on my face an' break my laig, all 'fore I come on twenty-one year! Me, I can't say notting."

Rube nodded solemnly, but not with the affected solemnity that accompanied his humor, and Ike knew that his *argumentum ad hominem*—he didn't call it by that name—had not been in vain. It was time to change the subject and show his neighbors what they really had come to see. He leaned forward in his chair and whistled. Rube and Pete expectantly followed his gaze to the stove. Nothing happened. Ike whistled again. Still nothing happened.

"You got nice whistle," remarked Pete. "Do heem some more."

"Plague take that dod-ratted critter!" growled Ike. "Where could he went to?"

The answer came instantaneously and from the pantry. There was a voluminous crash of falling crockery, and on the fortissimo of the sound the dog bolted out, his tail between his legs, and a large piece of boiled pork between his teeth. A few baked beans, late companions of the pork, were smeared over one ear.

The dog was met half way across the kitchen by Mrs. Peabody, who had shot out of the front room at the crash. There was no time for her to seize a weapon, but she put all of her strength and every ounce of her lithe and shapely one hundred and forty pounds into a kick that struck the dog where he had hoped to put the pork. Yells, simultaneous, from Ike and his dog, filled the kitchen. Pete and Rube hurled themselves through the outside door.

Ike might have leaped to safety behind them if it had not been for his dog. The dog, forgetting his duty to his new master, tried to get through the door first. They went down in a yelping, swearing tangle of man and beast that kicked and scrambled under blows from the business end of a broom in the unrelenting hands of Mrs. Peabody. She was past words.

The dog got away first and his howls tore the still air of the river road as he scuttled into the barn. Ike made his escape with a farewell whack from the broom ringing through his head and joined his dog. Pete and Rube greeted him with sympathetic enjoyment.

"Dogs' stummicks is almighty strong," Rube assured him. "He ain't hurt a mite."

"You should tole him 'bout Mis' Peabody," rebuked Pete. "Those dog ain't ben married man's dog, maybe."

"Plague take it!" ejaculated Ike, ignoring their comments. "Ain't it jest like a wommern to get mad at a dog? Let's shut the barn door so it won't be so cold, an' talk things over."

Rube slid the big door into place and the three men sat down on convenient kegs and boxes. Ike, minus his heavy coat, pulled a ratty horse blanket over his shoulders. The dog curled up at his feet.

"What ye goin' to call the critter?" asked Rube, after he had whistled and snapped his fingers several times without visible results.

"Well, I dunno," replied Ike. "Seems like he'd ought to have a sort of oncommon name, bein' as he's a full-blooded dog."

The subject of conversation inserted his teeth in the blanket that covered his master and tried to draw it over himself.

"Mos' bes' call heem *cochon*," advised Pete.

"Ye needn't try to be so all-fired smart, jest 'cause he's showin' some intelligence!" exclaimed the dog's owner.

"*Non! Non!*" apologized Dutraw. "I jes' t'ink hees face look like white peeg peekin' t'rough black fence."

"Most all full-blooded skunk dogs is

marked that way," explained Ike. "Guess I'll call him General Grant—that's high-toned an' it's oncommon fer a dog."

"He acted like he was havin' a hard battle gettin' home," said Rube. "What'd he lay down in the road an' yelp fer?"

"Didn't!" denied Ike indignantly. "He got ketched in the rope an' hurt hisself. Ye don't see no thirty-seven dollar an' a half dogs layin' down in the road jest 'cause it's cold."

"Great snakes!" cried Rube. "Thirty-seven dollars an' a half! Ye kin get a full-blooded fox hound fer twenty-five! All the hound this dog's got is his voice an' ears."

"He ain't got no hound," protested Ike. "'Spose I'd sell my cow an' hens, like I done, to get anything but a full-blooded dog? That's what the old wommern's mad about. But I'm a-goin' to show her! By Jehosophat, I'll get skunks enough with that dog to buy a herd of cows! He kin find skunks where another dog can't sense nothin'!"

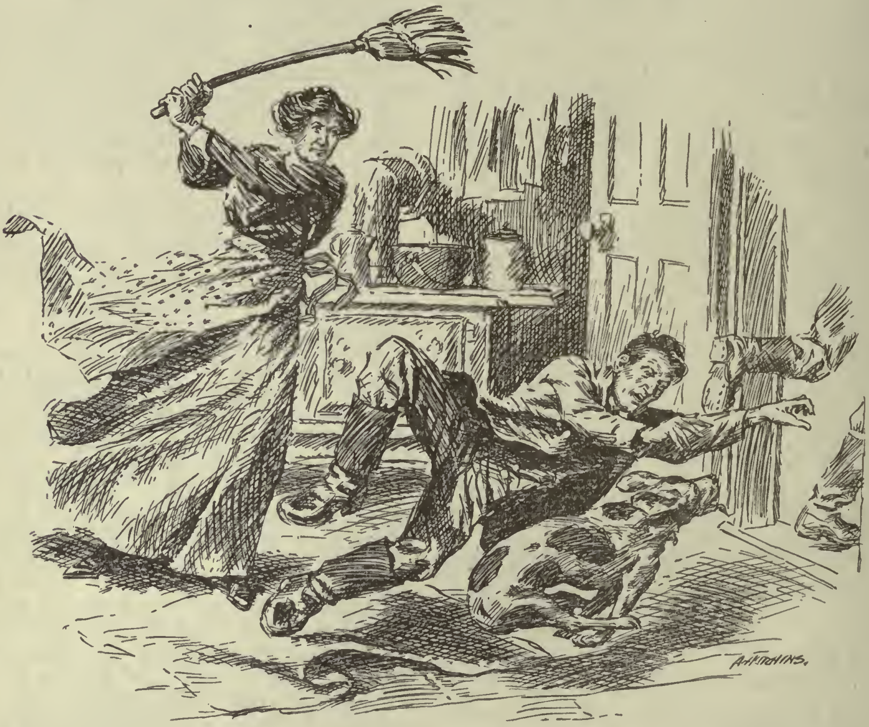
"Le's go skunk hunt tonight," suggested Pete. "Come on my house, Ike—I give you gun, an' coat for keep warm."

"Aw right, I'll show yew fellers what the General kin do, an' anyways, I want to make Emmy 'shamed of herself."

Ike made a reconnoissance to assure himself that Mrs. Peabody was safely within doors. Early winter twilight was settling down, and smoke streaming from the chimney told him of the good supper he might have had. He felt an inward regret until the General, sniffing at his feet, drove such paltry thoughts from his mind.

"Coast is clear, boys," he said, and the three trudged through the gathering darkness to Dutraw's house. There Martin left them and hurried home for his supper and gun.

Two hours later, the men, wrapped to their noses, started for the mountain. The snow glistened under a full moon, and every tree and rock stood out in sharp relief. If skunks were abroad there was



*They went down in a yelping, swearing tangle of man and beast that kicked and scrambled under blows from the business end of a broom in the unrelenting hands of Mrs. Peabody* no excuse for not getting them. Ike had seen the opportunity for the General to distinguish himself, and, after much argument, he had induced Martin and Dutraw to leave their dogs at home.

The General, however, did not seem anxious to show off his fine points. Only a surreptitious booting from Ike had started him away from the Dutraw back steps, and it was with many subdued whimpers that he trotted reluctantly along, persuaded by a steady pull on the rope held in his master's hand.

"Looks to me almighty like ye was draggin' that dog 'stead of leadin' him," remarked Rube as they reached the scattering timber at the foot of Coon Mountain.

"Huh!" snorted Ike. "He's a-smellin' his way! That dog's guaranteed to—"

The unmistakable evidence of a skunk pervaded the otherwise enjoyable air. The party halted abruptly. General Grant sat down and sniffed.

"Look at the General!" whispered Ike proudly. "His nose is a-p'intin' right towards that clump of pines! The skunk must be in there!"

It was true that General Grant's nose was pointing toward the pines. Suddenly he gave a lurch, snapped the rope from Peabody's hand, and bounded forward in leaps of which even his admiring owner had not thought him capable. He went at the rate of two jumps to the rod, and in an instant had disappeared in the shadows. The men followed, their guns at half cock, but no barks or sounds of a death struggle reached them.

"Bet ye he's killed that skunk at one bite!" breathed Ike as they made their way through the low growing branches of the trees. Then he stopped, and his gun slipped through his loose hands.

General Grant had not killed that skunk, nor any other skunk. In a little sheltered hollow where there was a soft bed of pine needles, he had dug himself out a resting place, after the manner of dogs, and lay curled up, with every appearance of contentment, already half asleep. The men gathered around him in a silence that was at length broken by Dutraw.

"Who tole you dat dog was full blood skunk dog?" he asked.

"The feller that sold him, o' course! I—" Ike choked. He could say no more. In a daze he picked up the rope end and, still in a daze, he led the General home, unmindful of the occasional sarcastic comments of his companions. He shook his head at the hospitable invitations of Martin and Dutraw to spend the night at either of their homes. He and the dog might as well sleep in the barn. What if they did freeze? Neither of them was any good, it seemed.

Ike made himself a bed in a box stall with a forkful of hay and a pair of old blankets. With the dog snuggled close to him for warmth, it was fairly comfortable. There were worse ways of passing the hours before dawn. Time enough then to make his peace with Emma. He would give the dog away if she wanted him to.

It was a bright winter morning when Ike awoke. The sun streamed in through the window of the stall, and he knew it must be late—maybe as late as eight o'clock. His first thought was that there was no wood split for breakfast. Then he remembered the tragedy of the night before and groaned. He shook himself clear of the blankets and sat up. General Grant was gone!

The door of the stall, open a few inches, told how the General had squeezed through. There were plenty of holes where the dog could have wiggled out of the barn, and Ike felt decided uneasiness. It was pretty late in the year for sheep to be out where a dog could get them, but anything might happen. A hunting dog loose at night had been known to run a sheep right out of a barnyard if he had learned to like mutton. But was the General a hunting dog? The doubt was reassuring.

Ike stepped out of doors. It was much warmer. He looked apprehensively toward the house. Smoke from the kitchen fire told him that breakfast was cooking, and that, therefore, Emma had been obliged to split her own wood. Home would not be a safe place for him for several hours. He heaved a sigh of resignation and reached for his chewing tobacco.

Ike Peabody's hand stopped half way to his hip pocket. From far up toward Coon Mountain came a series of canine whoops that he knew could come from no throat but that of the General. The whoops dribbled to short yelps and then the yelps ceased. Ike ran around the barn and started as fast as cramped legs would let him in the direction whence the whoops had come.

Across a field and through a clump of woods he ran. He came out at the foot of a rolling hillside meadow on the topmost ridge of which clustered a few trees. At the foot of one of them General Grant—there could be no mistaking his checkerboard effect—was nosing over something that lay inert on the snow. Ike shouted as he ran. The tail of the dog waggled in response, but he did not stop his apparently pleasant occupation.

It was the body of a dark-coated animal that the General was pawing. Ike saw as he mounted the hill that it was too big for a skunk. It must be a sheep! A well-defined picture of the county jail came to him as he panted over the last few hundred yards. He swore breathlessly, but the dog cocked up his ears and hoisted his tail with a pleasant air of welcome. Then Ike reached the spot and looked down at the General's prey.

A full minute passed. Ike stared, motionless, at the body that lay before him. General Grant, grown impatient, whined and licked his hand. Literally, Ike could not believe his eyes. At last he reached cautiously forth and touched the inanimate form. It was real! With a yell, he tore off his cap and sent it spinning into the air.

"A silver-gray, by Godfrey!" he squeaked in a delirium of joy. "A silver-gray, an' worth twelve hundred dollars if it's worth a cent!"

Ike knelt on the snow and turned over the carcass. It was a true black, or silver-gray fox; a variety so rare that not more than half a dozen men of his acquaintance could truthfully say they had ever seen one alive. That a dog alone should run down a fox was not unheard of, but that the fox should be a silver-gray was a triumph to wrap dog and owner in an imperishable mantle of glory. Ike looked lovingly at General Grant and the General looked back, with his aggravating air of hiding behind his own face.

"Ye ain't no skunk dog at all!" with mingled apology and admiration. "Ye're a first-class, top-notch, full-blooded gold mine, an' ye're worth all the cows that ever et grass!"

# A SUNSET SONG

AS under the spell of the sunset skies
  We ask, Shall the morrow be fair?
So ever I ask of thy gracious eyes
  If the promise of love is there.

Ah me, we know not, tho' rose and gold
  Drape the outer halls of the night,
But dead gray clouds by the storm-wind rolled
  Shall curtain the morning's light.

And doubt and fear of my soul are part,
  Tho' shine thine eyes so fair;
Oh, would I could say to my yearning heart
  That the promise of love is there

—*Joseph I. C. Clarke, in "The Fighting Race."*

# The Last Deal

### by

### H. P. Holt

IF anyone had called Terence Flannery a crook he would probably have smiled or merely looked disdainful, for there must be a suggestion of truth in vituperation if you want it to sting. And Terence was just as straight as a razor blade in every single thought or deed excepting for the fact that he would make his living by smuggling diamonds into the United States. It is a delicate profession, involving considerable mental activity and ingenuity, some capital and an infinite capacity for keeping cool.

Several things had combined to draw Terence into his vocation. In the first place his father had been a successful New York jeweler whose two sons were brought up to be shining lights in the business. When their parent departed to a sphere in which he had earned an honorable place, his eldest offspring, Peter, carried on the good work. Terence, "with a light foot and a fellow for it," as they say in the Green Isle, went a-roving. He earned all he spent, and spent all he earned; and he maintained a laughing heart from Frisco to Dublin, from Pekin to Paris. Sometimes he was ship's steward or even stoker. Ashore, his Irish mother wit carried him through where many would have been left guessing. But five years left him tired of wandering, and in the wilds of Wyoming he settled down as a very unqualified dentist, creating a prodigious practice until two patients died ungratefully in his chair in quick succession, which left him no alternative to putting up the shutters.

Peter received the wanderer good-naturedly: "What are you going to do for a living now?" he asked.

"Nothing," was the unequivocal reply. "I've tried work of several varieties, but it neither agrees with me constitution nor provides me with motor cars. I must have a motor car, Pete. Lend me five hundred dollars."

More than once the elder brother had advanced money to Terence, but as the latter had always paid it back, the golden goose was still laying.

"Sure, it's never buying a car with that you'll be doing," Peter protested as he handed the sum over.

Terence winked. He had a little roll of notes tucked away in his pocket, but he said nothing about that. He walked down to the docks as though treading on sunbeams, for there was excitement on the offing. One decent suit of clothes he carried in a canvas bag; the one he had on was quite good enough for him to wear while working his passage to Liverpool.

There was not much about diamonds that Terence Flannery did not know, and during the week he spent in England he managed to pick up several bargains. Being as free from suspicion as the birds in the air, he was permitted to walk back into Uncle Sam's territory with the nucleus of a fortune hidden away securely in the heel of an old boot. Even he knew it was a greenhorn's device, but he could think of none better for the moment, and it proved quite good enough for the occasion. That week a little fresh stock was added unostentatiously to the goods displayed by Peter Flannery in his gew-gaw emporium; and Terence collected several price lists of motor cars, for he began to see a little way into the future, and what he could see of it looked distinctly pleasing.

After his initial experiment, Terence Flannery progressed by easy stages in the gentle art of hoodwinking customs officialdom, and business thrived exceedingly. Sometimes he visited Paris or Amsterdam, sometimes London; and he always reaped a golden harvest with a face as innocent as that of a babe unborn. The methods by which a few glistening stones can be securely carried past the barriers are legion, until the moment arrives when the air of suspicion is abroad. Then the task of that camel to squeeze through the eye of a needle without dislocating his hump begins to look like child's play in comparison. By exercising the greatest discretion in buying gems, Terence had so far escaped the notice of that wonderful net of agents that sweeps almost over the whole of Europe. Like a clever rogue, he never performed the same trick in the same way twice; but it has to be an uncommonly good pitcher that goes often to the well and never encounters the danger of being smashed.

Within three or four years Terence had his motor car and a great many other things that only come with perseverance. Indeed, he was thinking very seriously of resting on his laurels, for the remainder of his life, when the painful fact became apparent to him that he was being singled out, among the flotsam and jetsam that pass in and out of the States every year, as one a little lower than the angels. It came as a positive shock to him, for though he had several times happened to have his belongings carefully searched, this was the first occasion on which he had been "put through a fine sieve," a process which lays bare the very soul of the subject, and leaves as much chance for smuggled diamonds as a snowball finds in an unhappy hereafter.

There is no mistaking the fine sieve when it arrives. The officials attack the culprit's chattels like hungry wolves would a sheep. Terence submitted to it all with a merry smile, which only irritated the wolves, but he could afford to be light-hearted, as the gems they were hunting for so greedily had gone on ahead, lurking peacefully in the dark interior of a quite ordinary cheese that exactly resembled its fellows to all outward and visible appearances.

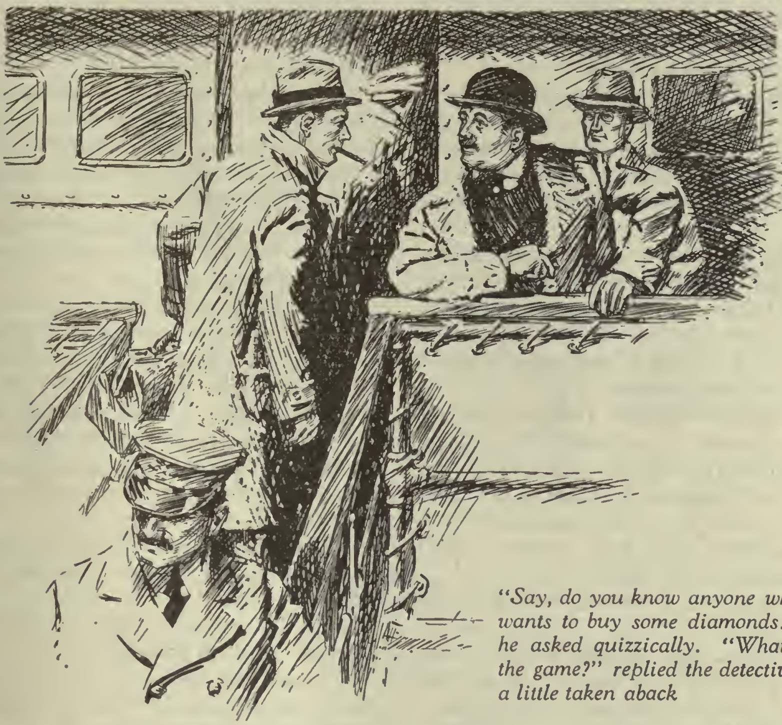
But Terence now knew that he was a marked man, and if he had been a true genius he would have lived a life of impeccability from that day onwards. There was, however, too much of the sportsman in his composition for this little *contretemps* to fill his heart with fear. Besides, he and Peter had been planning for months to carry out one particular coup which, if successful, would form a fitting finish to their business careers. There was a string of eighteen matched diamonds in London that would sit proudly on the neck of any dollar princess who could afford to pay the American price, and Peter, who was cute in these matters, was convinced that he had already more than half found his market for the necklace.

The ordeal of the fine sieve, however, put a different complexion on affairs. It is one thing to dig from the heart of a cheese the proceeds of illicit traffic, but it is quite another matter to contemplate spending one's all in a pretty necklace when the danger flag is flying and failure would mean utter, smashing, financial disaster and a period of seclusion on a carefully prescribed and completely uninteresting diet.

Peter, who had a domestic circle, and was by nature more cautious than his brother, was by no means inclined to tempt the gods. It was the biggest deal they had ever contemplated, and, apart from possible physical discomforts involved, confiscation would be like the end of all things. A whole lifetime of virtue would probably never rebuild their fortunes.

"I'm game for it," urged Terence cheerfully, "in spite of the fact that I strongly suspect they got their information about me from the very quarter where the necklace now is. I'd be as pleased as Micky Brady's bull dog that had two tails if this could be pulled off, after the scandalous way I have been treated. They even took the lining out of my hat. Bad cess to 'em."

Peter looked pensive. The project had its glittering side, but the odds seemed too heavy.



*"Say, do you know anyone who wants to buy some diamonds?" he asked quizzically. "What's the game?" replied the detective, a little taken aback*

"It looks to me like butting clean up against trouble, Terry," he said, "and it will be some trouble if they get their teeth into us."

"Well, it's your funeral as well as mine, so I can't do anything till you make up your mind."

"How would you do it?" asked Peter, nibbling.

"It depends on what I think of," replied Terence, grinning. Either because walls have ears, or because he loved to create a surprise, he rarely revealed his *modus operandi*, even to his partner in sin, before the event. "Are you willing to leave it to me?"

"Yes," agreed Peter, "on condition that we make this our last deal. There's a little farm New Jersey way that would keep me out of mischief for the rest of my days. I tell you honestly that we are a pair of fools for going neck or nothing like this, but it would be a fine deal, and it's a sporting chance."

Terence Flannery knew, as well as though it were being shouted at him through a giant megaphone, that the wolves were on his track as soon as he put his nose into London. He felt it in the air.

There were several roundabout ways in which he might have acquired the necklace, but he knew that whichever one he employed it would come to precisely the same thing—the wolves would be awaiting him at New York with champing jaws. Ultimately he calmly purchased it openly, and within an hour a cable shot across the Atlantic that made the authorities there wear a complacent smile.

During the next few days Terence bought several wholly unnecessary things and despatched them to friends in various quarters of America, partly for the gratification of his friends and partly to annoy the wolves. He also paid a visit to the docks at Liverpool and looked up several of his old acquaintances in the shipping underworld, whereupon there was a further exchange of cables across the Atlantic and a vague feeling of unrest among the U. S. A. customs officials. Even impudent Terence Flannery was not likely to entrust jewels worth the ransom of a lesser king to some stoker or fireman, but it was a complication to be reckoned with. A pest on the man; certainly he was giving a great deal of trouble.

Terence recognized at least two faces when, a fortnight later, he stepped up the gangway of the Corvonia that was to take him to America, and he also recognized the smug contentment in their expression that the men could not hide.

With a cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth, he turned to one of them: "Say, do you know anyone who wants to buy some diamonds?" he asked quizzically.

"What's the game?" replied the detective, a little taken aback.

"I've just sold some in Hatton Garden," Terence declared with a blank face. "They were unhealthy things to have about. You fellows fairly seemed to want to eat me."

"Ah!" observed the detective with a non-committal sniff, and Terence passed on, chuckling to himself.

He was one of the most jovial souls on board during the run. Nobody would have thought that he had a care in the world, and when he came face to face with the wolves, he had the insouciant manner of a happy schoolboy. The gimlet eyes of an inspector took one comprehensive glance at him and his suitcase, and then he was ushered into a quiet chamber where there was no fear of the subsequent proceedings being interrupted. Three experts took him in hand with the calm deliberation of vivisectors. There was no hurry. On this occasion the mills of the customs were grinding slowly, but they were bent on grinding exceeding small. Terence surveyed the vivisection of his things as though with pain. Every article was lifted out of the suitcase separately and examined with minute care, inch by inch, by all three experts, one after the other. Magnifying glasses were brought to bear on everything that by any remote chance might conceivably have been thought to contain more than met the eye. Terence never carried more luggage than was necessary, so the first portion of the program did not last long.

The experts next turned their attention to the leather case itself. This was a more difficult matter, but what those men did not know about secret cavities was not worth knowing. Ten minutes sufficed to convince them that at all events the diamonds were not hidden away in the leather or lining.

"Now your coat—one garment at a time," said the inspector in grim tones. He was beginning to feel just the shadow of a doubt, but the experts proceeded relentlessly, remorselessly, until every stitch of clothing had been through the fine sieve and even Terence's hair was subjected to the closest scrutiny.

"Well, I'll be dog-goned!" muttered the disappointed inspector at length. He would cheerfully have put the victim through a mincing machine to be doubly sure, but for the fact that the laws of the United States made no provision for such a proceeding. "You can put your things on again," he added with the most evident reluctance.

"Sheer waste of time, yours and mine," observed Terence, "but I suppose it's a matter of duty."

"Duty be hanged," retorted the puzzled inspector. "It's a pleasure."

"All this fuss just because I bought a little necklace in London," commented Terence as he adjusted his tie. "I even told one of your clumsy scouts before I sailed that I had sold the things again. Now, did you really expect any sane person would try to smuggle it through when half the wide world seemed to know all about it?"

The inspector would have given a month's pay for the sheer joy of trapping Terence Flannery and seeing him securely caged, but he could only bite the ends of his moustaches and think things. All the elaborate machinery at their disposal had been put in motion to no purpose. Someone had blundered somehow, somewhere. Blind, unreasoning hate towards the smiling Irishman sprang up in the official's heart. He felt, very justly, that the machinery had been fooled; and a bull pup trying conclusions with the business end of a hornet rampant is a mild creature compared with a customs official who knows he has been fooled. He spun round on his heel and walked away lest the demon in him should get beyond control, and a little while after Terence Flannery was free to go where he liked. He made for his own comfortable quarters, solaced himself with a big drink and a special cigar and telephoned for his brother.

Peter arrived, a living, quivering note of interrogation, and his heart sank when he saw the dejected face of Terence.

"They subjected me to the third degree —no, the thirtieth," Terence announced. "It's nothing short of scandalous for such indignities to be allowed."

The fateful question died on Peter's lips.

"Hard luck," he said sorrowfully. "Hard luck on both of us. And I had it practically fixed up for the sale, too."

"They hounded me all over London," went on Terence, "and fell on me at this end as though I were a criminal with ten murders to my credit. It's a rotten business, Pete, smuggling diamonds. I've finished with it, after this."

"But what happened? You haven't been collared, apparently. Where are the stones? Did you leave them behind?"

Terence regarded his brother with a surprised look.

"Now, what do you think I crossed the Atlantic for? To swell the shipping company's dividends?"

"For heaven's sake, Terry, out with it. What in the name of holy thunder has happened to those stones? Ye'll drive me mad. Are they safe?"

"Yes, as far as I know," Terence replied, picking up a sharp little instrument and removing his artificial molars.

For some time he worked steadily, scraping away the outer covering of porcelain on each tooth and extracting a glistening stone from the centre of each one. Terence Flannery had been a skillful dentist, even though he never qualified, and the "set" he was so carefully demolishing was a real work of art.

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# THE FAIRIES' FRIGHT

OUT in the night, the still, dark night,
  The beautiful fairies came,
Dancing around so soft and light;
  No mortal could do the same.

First they dance and skip and bow
  With graceful airy feet,
So lightly you could not see how
  They acquired such graces complete.

Then they circled round and round,
  And laughed and frolicked with glee,
Until, at last, they heard a sound
  Coming over the boundless sea.

'Twas the wind chased by the sunlight,
  Which frightened the fairies away,
And gave the earth to the mortals
  At the breaking of the day.

*Virginia McAlpine Sawyer.*

# Master Absolute

By

## Victor Lauriston

As Andreas the student, his mind full of bright day dreams, turned from the broad Kofstrika, a noisy cavalcade swept past him. The hoofs of many horses beat a harsh tune from the gray stones. The brilliant equipage and glittering uniforms dazzled his eyes. But his far-off thoughts did not comprehend them till, a moment later, he came to the door of Franzia's shop.

The door was fast.

And within—so Andreas saw, staring past the bright-hued souvenirs, the cups and ribbons and bits of stone and pictures of saints—within was no one. With sudden misgivings Andreas thought hard of the noisy horsemen, now clattering far up the stony Kofstrika toward the hill top.

Old Heiliger dozed in front of his gray-pillared wine-shop in this dull, sunny hour of his afternoon nap, perhaps dreaming himself once more in his native Bayern. With rough, unthoughtful shaking, Andreas wakened him. Old Heiliger rubbed his eyes and swore.

"Gott in Himmel! *Knabe*—what will you? Oh, so it is you, my cheerful songbird?" He leered. "Franzia! What of Franzia?"

"She is gone." The voice of the big, fair student thrilled with alarm.

"Gone? Well, what of it?"

Andreas twisted his collar tight till his fat face grew purple.

"Ach! Ach!" choked Heiliger. "Ach!" He gasped till Andreas let go. "What have I done, *knabe?*"

"Where is Franzia?" The young man's tone was insistent.

"She has gone to the graduation."

Andreas thrilled with relief. It was for him, then, that she had gone forth, perhaps planning to surprise and honor him with such a brilliant equipage. For was he not the star of the graduation at the Gray School that day—the big herdsman who had come down from the hills with a smattering of knowledge picked up from his village pastor and who had outdistanced the brilliant youths of Narmada.

"To the graduation"—old Heiliger winked slyly—"and with a most royal escort. The guardsmen wore the livery of Prince Taras."

"The royal livery!"

Old Heiliger gazed in sneering mockery of his bewilderment. "Strange," he repeated, meditatively, "that they took their way, not down the Kofstrika to the Gray School, but up—up—"

"To the palace?" Andreas was white with apprehension.

Heiliger's gaze took on a touch of kindness.

"And they wore royal livery—yes," he repeated. "But while the lieutenant talked with the girl Franzia in the shop, two of the men drank beer with me. And also they talked—yes."

"And what did they say?" flashed Andreas.

Heiliger laughed queerly.

"They said something of Count Morenitz."

For Andreas, the shadows loomed blacker. He knew Count Constant in Morenitz—had, now and then, almost jostled plebeian shoulders with him in the little shop.

"So," pursued Heiliger, in satisfied fashion, "I daresay she has gone as his guest—and not to the graduation, but to the white villa on the hill—yes."

Andreas staggered weakly against one of the gray pillars. Franzia! His Franzia! For he had heard much of the ways of Count Morenitz, and Count Morenitz' ways were evil.

"But—the royal livery?" he questioned, more hopefully.

"Doubtless she would not have gone otherwise—yes."

Not otherwise, mused Andreas—assuredly not. She would not have gone to the white villa willingly, or with full knowledge of what lay before her; hence this subterfuge of a royal escort to the graduation at the Gray School. His heart leapt with sudden hope.

"His Excellency Count Morenitz rode forth this morning to hunt in the mountains," pursued Heiliger, with a faintly malicious grin. "So said one of the men. If ever His Excellency comes to be questioned, he knows nothing of what his men did in his absence—so? But he returns tonight, or on the morrow. Then, doubtless, he will learn, and be much shocked—yes." Heiliger puffed out his cheeks.

As Andreas stared into the old Bavarian's cynical eyes, the sudden flame of hope died into embers.

"If there be trouble, Count Morenitz knows nothing. But who should make trouble? He is powerful—of noble birth—next to Taras himself in rank. He has wealth—a white villa on the hill—great estates in the mountains—a troop of cutthroat servants—yes. And Franzia—Franzia has no friends—"

"Except Andreas," returned the scholar, simply. "And Andreas will kill Count Morenitz. Then his evil ways will cease." As he spoke, his strong hands twitched.

"Much good that will do Andreas—or Franzia," and the wineseller laughed gurglingly, as though enjoying the other's agony. "Let Andreas so much as set foot within the white gates, and the guards know what to do—yes. Andreas would never live to reach Count Morenitz. As for the law—"

Again he puffed his cheeks, derisively.

"Yet"—despairingly—"there must be some way."

Heiliger meditated.

"There is—yes," he returned. "There is always an appeal to the master absolute."

"To Taras—to the prince?"

Heiliger nodded.

"It is the traditional right of the humblest peasant in Narmada to appeal direct to his prince and to secure immediate justice. Taras is absolute master, as the princes of Narmada have always been since first they won the freedom of their country from the Turks. He strikes instantly, and none can gainsay his judgments. But wait"—he halted the impetuous Andreas—"hear what follows, my song-bird. When you appeal to the prince, you put your neck into a noose."

"How so?" Andreas' tone was impatient.

"If you fail to prove your case, the man you accuse has the right to demand your life of the hangman—that is, if you be not noble. If the accuser be noble, then he must accept a challenge."

Andreas shrugged his shoulders. Despair and hope had alike vanished, in the face of great things to do. He was once more at heart the herdsman of the hills, who did what first came to hand, whether with his goats or with his books.

"No matter," he returned quite calmly.

"What are you about?" demanded Heiliger.

"I shall appeal to the master absolute."

THE hot August sun overhead burned upon the young man's neck and shoulders that long, paved way up the Kofstrika; but to Andreas it called back boyhood days when he herded goats in the mountains, in that far-off time before he knew Franzia. And because of Franzia he blessed the day that Papa Jaco, the old pastor among the hills, had first taught him to read and write, and had set his feet on the long pathway to the city and to her—even though they had to travel this long, hard weary way into the jaws of death.

In his ears as he strode along rang the

pass words that Heiliger had flung after him as he raced away; in his mind was but one thought, to demand of Prince Taras the immediate rescue of Franzia.

He glanced back once, as he drew near to the great bronze gates that opened in the palace wall. The gray old city sloped away into hazy distance, and far down by the silver river he discerned the Gray School, with its pointed towers; and then he remembered, queerly, that this must be near the graduation hour.

At the bronze gates a grinning guardsman challenged him.

"Izt Schliki Taras," returned the fair young man firmly.

The guard's face took on a look of wonder. Turning, he shouted a command.

"No one appeals to Taras in these days," he commented, carelessly. "Aren't the courts good enough for you?"

Andreas made no answer. Presently another guard came, and opening the gate, escorted Andreas up the flagged driveway into the courtyard before the palace. Under the great, gray arch they passed, and through tiled corridors with marble walls and up wide stairs. The chill of the great place seemed to cling to Andreas' very bones. To each of the many guards they passed his companion rendered salutes; and at last they came to the doors of a great, high-ceilinged room, within which, Andreas knew from tradition, stood the throne of Narmada. For the first time Andreas hesitated.

His companion smiled encouragingly.

"Do not be afraid," he whispered. "No one has the right to bar your way to the prince."

It was a huge room, wide and lofty; and to the herdsman's unaccustomed eyes the few men about, nobles in attendance and guards and servitors, were queerly dwarfed by the very size of the place. With head up, he strode forward to the rail before the throne, and there knelt, while the friendly guard announced his mission.

"Rise, if you will," spoke a low voice from beyond the rail.

The words were a request, but the tone was a command. The student, rising, gazed straight before him, and saw on the great, resplendent throne a youth with fine, pale, thoughtful features. This, then, was the master absolute of Narmada, of himself, of Franzia. Queerly the thought leapt through his mind how easy it would be for him, a poor herdsman from the hills, with his big hands to kill this slender stripling.

The prince whispered to the secretary, seated close by. Then he turned once more to Andreas.

"Proceed," he commanded, with a touch of sternness.

Andreas hesitated. What help could come from so pale and slight a king? But he thought of Franzia.

"I am Andreas, son of Valti, once a hersdman of Jola, but this day—if it had not been for pressing business—a graduate of the Gray School."

"The business must indeed be pressing to withhold a graduate from his honors," put in the pale youth, in unemotional tones.

"It is indeed pressing." At thought of Franzia, the man's courage grew. "There is one Franzia, who keeps a shop in the Selbstrika, who had promised to accompany me to the graduation; but when I went for her this afternoon, she was gone. I learned that horsemen in uniform had come for her with a carriage, saying it was the custom—"

"There is no such custom."

"She went with them, however. The escort took her, not down toward the Gray School, but up the hill—"

The gray eyes of Taras flashed with anger.

"To the palace?" he questioned, in angry challenge.

"No, sire."

"Then where?"

"To the white villa of Count Morenitz."

Taras gazed full into the student's unfaltering eyes.

"Remember, my man, you pledge your life," he cautioned, coldly. "That is the price of a direct appeal to the prince of Narmada. If you fail to prove this charge —if you cannot show that you, or this woman Franzia, are wronged, or stand in danger of being wronged, the man whom you accuse has a right to demand your life. That is the law of Narmada, and even the prince cannot intervene, though otherwise his word is absolute. So, before Count

Morenitz is summoned before me, I urge you to think very carefully on what responsibility you enter."

"I stake my life, sire—willingly," cried Andreas.

"Very well." Taras motioned to the secretary. "Read over the charge. 'That Andreas, son of Valti, accuses Count Constantin Morenitz of carrying away this girl Franzia, thereby wronging or endangering her.' "

Andreas bowed assent. The prince summoned an officer.

"Where is Count Morenitz?" he demanded preëmptorily.

"He is hunting, sire—he left this morning for the mountains."

"And the girl, you say, was escorted to the villa this afternoon?" The prince's gaze was, thought Andreas, tinged with regret. He again turned to the officer. "Send a guard for her at once. Prepare the royal summons for Count Morenitz; on his return he must find it awaiting him. If he comes, I shall hear him tonight. As for this man"—sharply he turned on Andreas—"keep him in custody. He is answerable to Count Morenitz with his life."

IN the narrow cell that overlooked the wide, flagged courtyard, Andreas waited. The slow hours dragged gloomily. His supper he left untasted. The evening came and drew on into night, and still there was no summons to the audience chamber. This meant that Count Morenitz had not yet returned from his hunting, mused Andreas; it meant, too, that, for the moment, Franzia was safe.

Andreas lay down on his pallet; yet, filled with hideous misgivings and haunted by horrible dreams, he could not sleep. Dully wakeful, he knelt and peered down through the barred window, hour after hour till at last the courtyard lit faintly with the gray dawn.

It was still early when a guard came and beat upon the door with the hilt of his sword.

"To the throne-room," he commanded curtly.

Taras stepped forth from behind the purple hangings as Andreas entered the audience chamber. The men here and there dropped to their knees.

"Arise!" commanded the prince, shortly. "This matter of Count Morenitz—Captain Hirolf!"

The brilliantly uniformed officer, tugging at his heavy moustache, responded with alacrity.

"His Excellency will be here immediately."

The prince turned on Andreas a troubled gaze.

"Can you handle sword or pistol?" he demanded, abruptly.

"Not with any skill, sire."

Taras shook his head regretfully.

"Then I can do little for you. And I would like to do much, for Valti of Jola once, long ago, did my father a notable service." He mused. "After all," he murmured, with an air of grim philosophy, "skill would serve you very little with Count Morenitz. He is reputed the best swordsman and the surest shot in Narmada."

Andreas wondered, with a touch of vague alarm. He knew that Taras must feel kindly toward him; but he felt that in the evening there must have been enquiry made or audience held, and he adjudged in the wrong.

"And what of Franzia?" he quickly asked himself.

"Captain Hirolf!" again commanded the prince, and that officer stepped to the door at the further end of the audience chamber. An instant later Andreas gazed into the sad, dark eyes of Franzia. Her pale face grew paler at sight of him; she knew what dangers he had dared for her.

"We await Count Morenitz," observed the prince, crisply.

In the corridors without loudly sounded the clank of spurs on the tiled floor. A tall, swarthy man strode into the audience chamber, his dark face red with angry rebellion, even in the presence of his prince. At his heels noisily clattered a couple of troopers; these the soldier on guard at the door halted with sternly uplifted hand. The flames of imperious anger lit the Count's dark eyes; and then contempt succeeded to anger as, advancing toward the throne, he beheld Andreas in the accuser's place.

"You are accused, Count Morenitz"—the voice of Taras was coldly judicial, and even the iron-nerved noble trembled slightly. "Read the charge"—the prince turned to the secretary—"amending it," he added grimly, "so that it comes from Andreas of Jola, one of my loyal knights."

Count Constantin's face grew purple at thought that his accuser, thus ennobled, would at least escape the rope; that he must take the fellow's life, as noble from noble, with his own sword. Then he smiled darkly, and Andreas trembled, feeling that it was pity that had prompted Taras thus to give him, instead of the certainty of hanging, the slim chance of unequal combat.

Count Morenitz listened keenly while the charge was read. With every word his dark face seemed to change and move, token that a subtle mind actively sought for loopholes of escape.

"Your answer, Count Morenitz. This girl was taken to your villa?"

"She was." Stubbornly the nobleman refused the "sire."

"And for what purpose?"

Count Constantin's face flushed.

"What do I know of the follies of my servants?" he blustered, hotly. "I daresay she came willingly enough—"

"Admitting that," returned the prince gently, "I hardly fancy that, without the consent and approval of their master, the servants of any subject of Narmada would wear the royal uniform."

Count Morenitz trembled and stood a moment in desperate, hard-pressed silence.

"That is not mentioned in the accusation, sire," he urged.

"Is it true?"

His Excellency cringed before the royal anger, yet all the while his tricky eyes shifted their gaze.

"Your majesty, I have been too bold and most imprudent," he pleaded, hurriedly. "I know it—I erred deeply. And for that I crave the royal pardon." Humbly he bent his head. "Yet," he added, "I merely sought to honor with an escort fitting her worth the lady whom, of all the world, I had chosen to be my bride—"

"Your bride!" roared Andreas, forgetful of himself.

"Be silent!" whispered the guard at his elbow, and the student submissively checked his outburst.

"Your bride, Count Morenitz?" questioned the prince.

His Excellency bent his head in assent. For a silent moment Taras thoughtfully observed him.

"It is unlawful for a noble to wed one of lower rank without the royal consent."

"Ah," lied the nobleman boldly, "but in her native land, Italy, the Lady Franzia is of noble rank."

A queer smile dwelt on the prince's face. He meditated through a brief space of silence. Count Constantin was quick to press his apparent advantage.

"Sire," he pursued boldly, "I demand the life of my accuser. He charged nothing concerning the misuse of the royal livery, in which matter I unquestionably erred; he did charge that I took this girl for a wrongful purpose. Have I not declared my purpose an honorable one? Is the girl harmed? Has wrong been done her, or has she been so much as threatened? I demand the right to be gone to my estates with my bride, and to me this knight"—sneeringly he brought forth the title—"must make immediate answer."

The prince smiled coldly.

"Not immediate," he returned. "He need give no answer to your challenge till sundown, nor is he compelled to meet you till sunrise tomorrow. Count Morenitz"—his voice grew almost pleading—"you are a skilful swordsman. This man would do well to claim the utmost limits of his time. For meet you he must," and again he smiled. "I have decided not to look behind your intentions; on the avowal of strictly honorable intentions I must give you judgment."

In the heart of Andreas there glowed a huge flame of rage against the pallid king; and his strong hands worked, the one within the other, as though itching to close about the slim throat. What was the vaunted justice of Taras worth, that he let this scoundrel go free, and, more than that, delivered helpless Franzia into his keeping?

"But wait—"

With sharply uplifted hand the prince halted Count Constantin's triumph.

"You must make good your honorable purpose, and that immediately," he went on, grimly. "Noble, you have proclaimed this Franzia—I do not dispute that she is.

Your affianced bride you have proclaimed her, and your bride I intend she shall be."

At a whispered command Captain Hirolf vanished.

"Sire—" protested the astounded Morenitz.

"Be silent," commanded the prince; and, if he were slight in figure and pale of face, in tone and manner he was indeed the master absolute.

Hirolf returned, leading a sombre-clad man with a cross.

"Father"—the prince addressed him—"it is the royal will that these two, Count Constantin Morenitz and the Lady Franzia be made man and wife."

ANDREAS the herdsman—nay, Andreas, knight of Jola—with fingers clenched, sank upon his knees. The impressive service came to him vaguely, as through an obscuring dream-mist. Faintly he hoped that Franzia might cry out her unwillingness; but every tradition told him that none dared gainsay the word of the master absolute, the prince of Narmada, however mad that word might be. The girl stood trembling, her dark eyes sad, and seemed to say nothing. And then Andreas, broken-hearted, heard the slow, majestic benediction upon the kneeling pair.

The student staggered to his feet. The face of Franzia was pale, and agony trembled for utterance upon her quivering lips. The dark thundercloud of Count Constantin's look threatened the pale, cold youth upon the throne; and the utter hate in his gaze told Andreas more clearly than words could have done, what evil had been in his thoughts when he claimed Franzia as his bride and asked to take her home. For, if tradition spoke the truth, the gray dungeons of the villa on the hill held many a cruel secret.

"And now, Count Morenitz"—the prince's low tone vibrated—"the future is in your own keeping. Her Excellency, the Duchess Franzia"—with curtly grace he bowed to the sad-eyed girl—"remains here as our guest. As for you, go your way, and let your way be peace. I urge you, too, in the name of mercy refrain from asking your accuser's life—"

"I do ask it." Count Morenitz glared at Andreas.

"Then, Count Morenitz, under the laws of Narmada even the prince cannot refuse. It is the one thing, and, remember, the only one in which the prince of Narmada is not master absolute. Deviate so much as a hair's-breadth from what is right in other things, and I'll hang you, noble though you be. As for this knight, he will not answer your challenge till sundown, nor meet you till sunrise tomorrow. It is only fair that he should take that time in which to prepare his soul."

On Constantin's dark face the smile chased the thundercloud. These words of the prince were indeed a notable tribute to his prowess with sword and pistol.

"But," added Taras sternly, "guard your ways henceforth. It is not fair fight to match such skill as yours against untrained youth. That you have done. I urge you, curb your eagerness to use the sword in every petty quarrel."

The count's lip curled.

"Even you, sire," he answered boldly, "cannot refuse me the right to demand from those of my own rank the satisfaction due me under the code of honor."

The prince bit his lip. He had just admitted as much.

"My secretary is preparing official proclamation of your espousal," he said coldly. "You must await that. As for my knight of Jola," he added with a touch of kindness, "he must remain in custody."

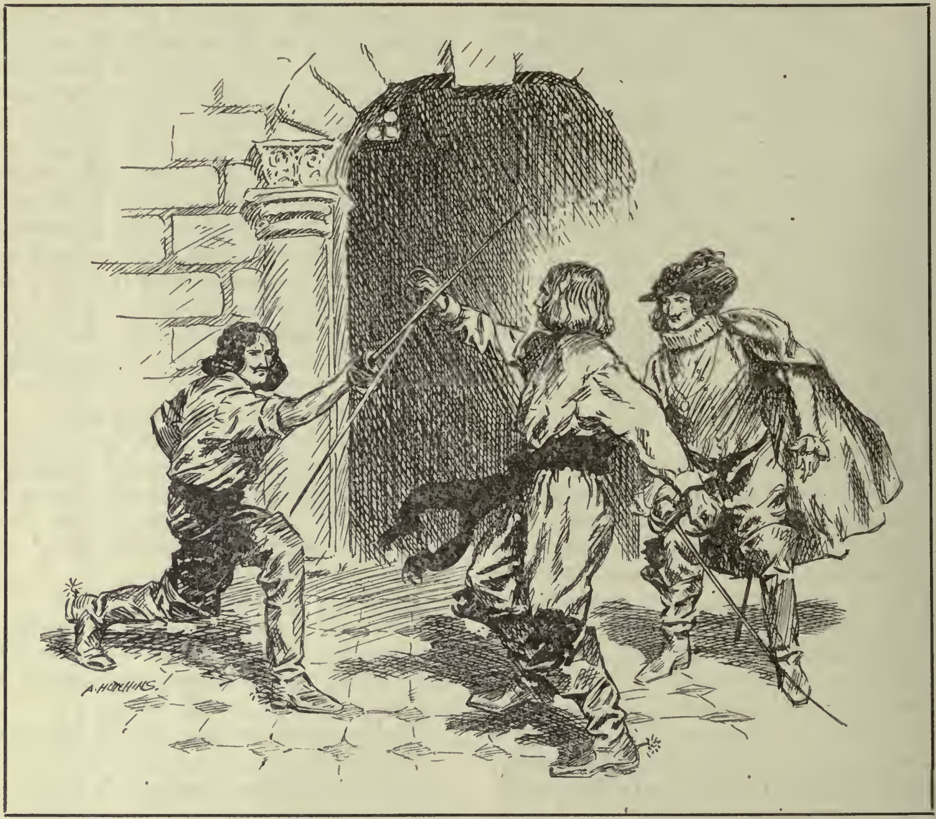
As he spoke Taras rose sharply and stepped behind the purple hangings. Count Morenitz, his dark face more sombre than its wont, waited in angry silence. Then an evil gleam came into his eyes; manifestly, thought Andreas, there was danger for even a wife in the dungeons of the white villa. For, though she was lawfully wedded wife of another, and he himself due to go to his death at sunrise, his soul still clung to Franzia.

A guard touched his shoulder.

"Come," he commanded.

Andreas found himself presently once more in the cell room that overlooked the palace courtyard.

NOW and then there rattled upward from the flags the sound of clanging spurs, as some noble came or went; and anon came the swift, light, hurrying steps of a page



*With a mingling of caution and boldness, fierce to press any advantage, yet shrewd to guard, Count Morenitz from the beginning forced his antagonist back*

bearing a message. His deep, bitter hate surged up, no longer against the dark-faced noble, but against Taras the prince, that slender stripling whom he could have crushed with one great hand; but who, none the less, had crushed him with a few whispered words.

A little party of nobles issued from the great door into the courtyard. Two he recognized as having been present in the royal audience chamber; the third was gray clad and wore but a single star on his breast. As they walked, their spurs jangled gayly, and they chatted with one another. So chatting they paused at the entrance to the courtyard, under the lofty archway.

Again there rose from below the clang of spurs and the jangle of accoutrements; the great door slammed to, behind Count Morenitz, who, with surly stride crossed darkly toward the archway, a single knight and half a dozen rascally troopers at his heels. At their approach the three nobles grouped beneath the archway drew apart. The gray knight with the star, by sheer mischance, it seemed, stepped into the path of Count Constantin.

Andreas from above cried out. It was too late.

The knight in gray struggled slowly to his feet. The air was filled with Constantin's savage cursings.

"Pardon, your Excellency," pleaded the fallen knight, his supplicant tones rising faintly to the barred window.

"Pardon—cur!" Into the harsh words Count Morenitz crowded all his pent-up anger against Franzia, and Andreas, and Taras, and his own folly. "Answer me with your sword."

The gray knight shrank.

"Coward," hissed the count. "Coward."

"No, you shall not call me that." The words came falteringly, and a sneer lit the nobleman's face dark.

"Swords be it," added the gray noble, above the babbling of voices and the pleadings of his companions, who—so it seemed to Andreas—strove to dissuade him from the fight.

One of the nobles, flinging himself in front of the gray knight, hurled at Count Constantin a savage epithet. Constantin's lip curled.

"Your turn comes next," he commented, bitingly. "This cur first."

Nobles and troopers formed a wide circle; then the two duelists, stripped to the waist, took their places. The swords were measured; one of the knights uttered a single, sharp word; the still air was shattered instantly with the clash of angry steel.

Breathless, Andreas watched, while with blades flashing and clanging the combatants struggled back and forth across the wide court. With a mingling of caution and boldness, fierce to press any advantage, yet shrewd to guard, Count Morenitz from the beginning forced his antagonist back.

Andreas gasped and trembled. Quite well he knew that for him life, and more than life, hung on the issue of this fight. Could he but get word to Taras. And yet, Taras himself, in all things master absolute, could not intervene to prevent Count Morenitz from satisfying his honor.

The gray knight of a sudden forced the fighting. For many moments it seemed as though the very fierceness of his attack must win him victory. Andreas cried aloud with joy and hope, his eager fingers clutching the iron bars. Count Constantin, with a sudden exclamation, drew sharply back; then, uttering a cry vengefully triumphant, closed with his foe.

To the unseen watcher the sword play, the outcry, the sudden, vengeful shout, were all a mystery, yet a mystery thrilling with plainly marked issues of life and death. Sinking to his knees, he prayed.

Suddenly from one of the nobles came a cry shrill, almost heart-broken. The gray knight, his foot slipping, sank to his knees on the stones. His companions uttered a hoarse, angry warning; but Constantin, with sword uplifted, rushed in for the death-thrust.

Andreas sank his head upon the bars.

TO the audience chamber," announced the guard.

An hour had passed. The stones below were clean now. Taras sat again in the throne room. And Andreas, rising from his knees before the rail, beheld Franzia gazing deeply into his eyes.

A nobleman entered, one of those who, in the courtyard below had seconded the gray knight in his unequal combat.

"What is it, Garthia?" demanded the prince, as though surprised.

"Sire—" An instant the nobleman hesitated, gazing with wonder into the pale face of his master. "I almost thought —Count Morenitz is dead—by the sword of the gray knight whom you bade me attend."

"The ways of Count Morenitz were in his own keeping," commented Taras grimly. "I fancied a man so eager to fight would fight once too often."

Franzia gazed at Andreas in sudden, mute appeal.

"Alexis"—the prince turned to his secretary—"make entry of this; also proclaim that the Lady Franzia, whom Count Morenitz duly espoused in the royal presence and with the royal approval, is heiress to his title and estates. As for you, my knight of Jola," and he smiled faintly on Andreas, "since he who challenged you is dead, you go free. Unless it be," he added softly, "that his widow and heiress feels that she inherits his claim on you."

Alexis, the secretary, drawing near, stared, utterly aghast. "Sire," he faltered, "what is this—a wound?"

He pointed to a crimson stain that, seeping through a rough bandage on the prince's sword arm, darkened his sleeve. The pale face flushed.

"Forget that you have seen this, Alexis," he commanded curtly.

With courtly grace he attended the Duchess Franzia to the door.

"I would be an unworthy master absolute," he murmured to her and to Andreas, "if I did not risk myself, once in a lifetime, to do justice to those whom God has placed in my keeping."

# Heart Classics of American History

## by George Lippard

### VI—KING GEORGE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

ONE fine summer afternoon, in the year 1780, King George the Third, of Great Britain, defender of the faith, as well as owner of a string of other titles, as long as a hypocrite's prayer, took a quiet stroll through the dim cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

It does not become me to picture that magnificent House of the Dead, where royalty sleeps its last slumber as soundly as though it had never butchered the innocent freeman, or robbed the orphan of her bread, while poor Genius, starved and kicked while living, skulks into some corner, with a marble monument above its tired head.

No! We will leave the description of Westminster Abbey to any one of the ten thousand travelers, who depart from their own country—scarce knowing whether Niagara is in New York or Georgia—and write us home such delightful long letters about kings and queens, and other grand folks.

No! All we have to do is to relate a most singular incident, which happened to George the Third, etc., etc., etc., on this fine summer afternoon, in the year of our Lord, 1780.

Do you see that long, gloomy aisle, walled in on either side by gorgeous tombs, with the fretted roof above, and a mass of red, blue, purple and gold pouring in on the marble pavement, through the discolored window-panes, yonder? Does not the silence of this lonely aisle make you afraid? Do you not feel that the dead are around, about, beneath, above—nay, in the air?

After you have looked well at this aisle, with its splendid tombs, its marble floor, its heavy masses of shade and discolored patches of light, let me ask you to look upon the figure, which, at this moment, turns the corner of yonder monument.

He stands aside from the light, yet you behold every outline of his face and form. He is clad in a coat of dark purple velvet, faced with gold lace. His breeches are of a pale blue satin; his stockings flesh-colored, and of the finest silk. There is a jeweled garter around his right leg. His white satin vest gleams with a single star. His shoes glitter with diamond buckles, he carries a richly-faced hat under his right arm. This is a very pretty dress: and I am sure you will excuse me for being so minute, as I have the greatest respect for grand folks.

This man—if it is not blasphemous to call such a great being a *man*—seems prematurely old. His face does not strike you with its majesty; for his forehead is low, the pale blue eyes bulge out from their sockets, the lower lip hangs down upon the chin. Indeed, if this man was not so great a being, you would call him an idiot.

This, in fact, is George the Third, King of Great Britain, Ireland and France; and owner of a string of other titles, who rules by divine right.

As he stands near yonder monument, a woman—dressed in faded black—starts from behind that big piece of sculptured marble, on which "Mercy" appears, in the act of bending from the skies, and flings herself at the feet of the King.

"Mercy!" she cries, with uplifted hands.

"What—what—what?" stammers the good King. "What's all this?"

"My son committed robbery, some two months ago. He robbed on the highway to give me bread. I was sick—famished—dying. He has been condemned to death, and tomorrow he dies. Mercy for the widow's son?"

"What—what—what? Eh! What's this? How much did he steal?"

"Only ten shillings! Only ten shillings! For the love of God, mercy?"

The good King looked upon the wan face and pleading eyes of that poor woman, and said, hurriedly—

"I cannot pardon your son. If I pardon the thief, I may as well pardon the forger and murderer. There—go, good woman; I can do nothing for you."

The good King turned away, leaving the insensible form of the widow stretched out upon the marble floor. He would have pardoned her boy, but there were some two or three hundred crimes punishable with death, from the petty offence of killing a man up to the enormous blasphemy of shooting a rabbit on a rich man's estate. Therefore, King George could not pardon one of these crimes, for, do you mark, the hangman once put down, there is an end of all law.

THE King, I like to call grand people by their titles, the good King—I also like to call him good, because, do you see, the Archbishop of Canterbury called him so, in his sermon, every Sunday morning—the good King turned away, leaving the poor widow insensible on the floor.

This little incident had somewhat excited him, so he sank down upon the corner of a marble slab, and bent his head upon his hand, and began to think.

All at once, he felt seized by invisible hands, and borne, with the speed of light, through the air and over a long sweep of ocean waves. His journey was but for a moment, yet, it seemed to him, that he had traversed thousands of miles. When he opened his eyes again, he found himself standing by a road-side, opposite a beautiful little cottage, which, with a garden in front, smiled upon the view from a grove of orchard trees. A young woman with a little boy by her side and a baby in her arms, stood in the cottage door.

The King could not admire that cottage too much, with its trees and flowers, and, as for that rosy-cheeked woman, in the linsey gown, he was forced to admit to himself that he had never seen anything half so beautiful, even in the royal family.

While the King was looking upon the young woman and her children, he heard a strange noise, and, turning his head, he beheld a man in a plain farmer's coat, with a gun in his hand, tottering up the highway. His face was very pale, and as he walked trembling along, the blood fell, drop by drop, from a wound near his heart, upon the highway dust.

The man stumbled along, reached the garden gate, and sprang forward, with a bound, towards the young woman and her children.

"Husband!" shrieked the young woman.

"Father!" cried the little boy.

Even the baby lifted its little hands, and greeted in its infant tones that wounded man.

Yet the poor farmer lay there at the feet of his wife, bleeding slowly to death. The young woman knelt by his side, kissing him on the forehead, and placing her hand over the wound, as if to stop the blood, but it was in vain. The red current started from his mouth.

The good King lifted his eyes. The groans of the dying man, the shrieks of the wife, the screams of the little children, sounded like voices from the dead. At last his feelings overcame him—

"Who," he shouted, "who has done this murder?"

As he spoke—as if in answer to his question—a stout, muscular man came running along the road, in the very path lately stained with the blood of the wounded man. He was dressed in a red coat, and in his right hand he grasped a musket, with a bayonet dripping blood.

"I killed that fellow," he said in a rude tone, "and what have you got to say to it?"

"Did he ever harm you?" said the King.

"No—I never saw him before this hour!"

"Then why did you kill him?"

"I killed him for eight-pence," said the man, with a brutal sneer.

The good King raised his hands in horror and called on his God to pity the wretch!

"Killed a man for eight-pence! Ah, you wretch! Don't you hear the groans of his wife?—the screams of his children?"

"Why, that hain't nothin'," said the man in the red coat. "I've killed many a one today, beside him. I'm quite used to it, though burnin' 'em alive in their houses is much better fun."

The King now foamed with righteous scorn.

"Wretch!" he screamed, "where is your master, this devil in human shape, who gives you eight-pence for killing an innocent man?"

"Oh, he's a good ways over the water," said the man. "His name is GEORGE THE THIRD. He's my King. He—"

The good King groaned.

"Why—why," said he, slowly, "I must be in America. That dying man must be a—Rebel. You must be one of my soldiers—"

"Yes," said the man in the red coat, with a brutal grin; "you took me out o' Newgate, and put this pretty dress on my back. That man whom I killed was a farmer; he sometimes killed sheep for a dollar a day. I'm not quite so well off as him, for I kill men, and only get eight-pence a day. I say, old gentleman, couldn't you raise my wages?"

BUT the King did not behold the brute any longer. He only saw the young woman and her children, kneeling around the body of the dead man.

Suddenly those invisible hands again grasped his Royal person, and bore him through the air.

When he again opened his eyes, he beheld a wide lawn, extending in the light of the December moon. That lawn was white with snow. From its centre arose an old-time mansion, with grotesque ornaments about its roof, a hall door defended by pillars, and steps of stone, surmounted by two lions in marble. All around the mansion, like sentinels on their midnight watch, stood scattered trees, their bare limbs rising clearly and distinctly into the midnight sky.

While the King was wrapped in wonder at the sight—behold! A band of women, a long and solemn train, came walking over the lawn, their long black gowns trailing in the winter snow.

It was a terrible sight to see those wan faces, upturned to the cold moon, but oh! the chant they sung, those spectral women, as they slowly wound around the lawn: it chilled the King's blood.

For that chant implored Almighty God to curse King George of England for the murder of their husbands—fathers—brothers!

Then came a band of little children, walking two by two, and raising their tiny hands in the light of the moon. They also rent the air with a low, deep chant, sung in their infantile tones.

George, the King, listened to that chant with freezing blood, with trembling limbs. He knew not why, but he joined in that song in spite of himself, he sung their hymn of woe.

"George of England, we curse thee in the sight of God, for the murder of our fathers! We curse thee with the orphan's curse!"

This was their chant. No other words they sung. But this simple hymn they sung again and again, raising their little hands to God.

"Oh, this is hard!" shrieked King George. "I could bear the curse of warriors—nay, even the curse of the Priest at the Altar! But to be cursed by widows—to be cursed by little children—ah—"

The good King fell on his knees.

"Where am I!" he shrieked; "and who are these?"

A voice from the still winter air answered:

"*You are on the battlefield. These are the widows and orphans of the dead of Germantown.*"

"But did I murder their fathers? Their husbands?"

The voice replied:

"You did! Too cowardly or too weak to kill them with your own hand, you hired your starving peasants, your condemned felons to do it for you!"

The King grovelled in the snow and beat

his head against the frozen ground. He felt that he was a murderer: he could feel the brand of Cain blistering upon his brow.

AGAIN he was taken up—again borne through the air. Where was he now? He looked around, and by the light of that December moon, struggling among thick clouds, he beheld a scattered village of huts, extending along wintry hills. The cold wind cut his cheek and froze his blood.

An object at his feet arrested his eye. He stooped down and examined it with a shudder. It was a man's footsteps, printed in blood.

The King was chilled to the heart by the cold; stupefied with horror at the sight of this strange footstep. He said to himself, I will hasten to yonder hut; I will escape from the wind and cold, and the sight of that horrid footstep.

He started toward the village of huts, but all around him those bloody footsteps in the snow seemed to gather and increase at every inch of his way.

At last he reached the first hut, a rude structure of logs and mud. He looked in the door, and beheld a naked man, worn to a skeleton, stretched prostrate on a heap of straw.

"Ho! my friend," said the King, as though a voice spoke in him, without his will, "why do you lie here, freezing to death, when my General, Sir William Howe, at Philadelphia yonder, will give you such fine clothes and rich food?"

The freezing man looked up, and muttered a few brief words, and then fell back—dead!

"Washington is here!" was all he said ere he died.

In another hut, in search of shelter, peeped the cold and hungry King. A rude fellow sat warming his hands by a miserable fire, over which an old kettle was suspended. His face was lean and his cheeks hollow, nay, the hands which he held out towards the light looked like the hands of a skeleton.

"Ho! my friend—what cheer?" said the King. "I am hungry—have you anything to eat?"

"Not much of any account," replied the rude fellow; "yesterday I eat the last of my dog, and today I'm goin' to dine on these moccasins: don't you hear 'em bilin'?"

"But," said the King, "there's fine living at Philadelphia, in the camp of Sir William. Why do you stay here to starve?"

"Was you ever to school?" said the starved Rebel. "Do you know how to spell L-I-B-E-R-T-Y?"

The good King passed on. In the next hut lay a poor wretch dying of that loathsome plague—smallpox.

"Come," said the King, or rather the voice in him spoke, "away to Philadelphia!"

"These hills are free!" cried the poor wretch, lifting his loathsome face into the light; then, without a moan, he laid down to his fever and starvation again.

At last, his Royal brain confounded by the words of these strange men, the King entered a two-story stone house, which arose in the glen, between the hills, near the brink of a dark river. Slowly entered the King, attracted by the sound of a voice at prayer along a dark passage, into a small chamber in which a light was burning.

A man of noble visage was on his knees, praying to God in earnest tones:

"We will endure disease, starvation, death, but, in thy name, oh, God! we will never give up our arms! The tyrant, with murder in his heart, may darken our plains with his hirelings, possess our cities, but still we thank thee, oh, God, that the mountains are free, that where the panther howls, we may yet find a home for the brave."

"Hold, hold!" shouted the voice within the King, as the terror-stricken Monarch rushed into the room. "Washington do not pray against me! I can bear to be called a murderer—a butcher of orphans, but that you—you, so calm amid starvation, nakedness, disease—you whom I thought hunted long ago, like a wolf before the hounds—that you should call God's vengeance on my head—that I cannot bear! Washington, do not pray against me!"

And he flung himself at the feet of the Hunted Rebel, and besought his mercy with trembling hands, extended in a gesture of supplication.

"It was I that butchered your farmers! It was I that tore the husband from the wife, the father from his child! It was I that drove these freemen to the huts of

Valley Forge, where they endure the want of bread, fire, the freezing cold, the loathsome small-pox, rather than take my gold—it was I! Rebel, I am at your feet! Have mercy! I, George, by the Grace of God, Defender of the Faith, Head of the Church, fling myself at your feet, and beg for pity! For I am a murderer—the murderer of thousands and tens of thousands!"

He started tremblingly forward, but in the action, that room, that solemn face and warrior form of the Rebel passed away.

George the King awoke; he had been dreaming. He woke with the cold sweat on his brow; a tremor like the ague upon his limbs.

The sun was setting, and his red light streamed in one gaudy blaze through yonder stained window. All was terribly still in Westminster Abbey.

The King arose, he rushed along the aisles, seeking with starting eyes for the form of the poor widow. At last he beheld her, shrouded in her faded garments, leaning for support against a marble figure of mercy.

The King rushed to her, with outspread hands.

"Woman, woman!" he shrieked, "I pardon your son!"

He said nothing more, he did not even wait to receive her blessings, but rushing with trembling steps toward the door he seized the withered old Porter, who waited there, by the hand.

"Do you see it in my face?" he whispered—"don't you see the brand—*murder*—here?"

He sadly laid his hand against his forehead, and passed through the door, on his way.

"The poor King's gone mad!" said the old Porter. "God bless his Majesty!"

In front of that dim old Abbey, with its outlines of grandeur and gloom, waited the Royal carriage, environed by guards. Two men advanced to meet the King—one clad in the attire of a nobleman, with a heavy face and dull eye; and the other in the garb of a prelate, with mild blue eyes and snow-white hair.

"I hope your Majesty's prayers for the defeat of the Rebels will be smiled upon by heaven!"

Thus with a smile and gently-waving hand, spoke my Lord, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"O, by Christmas next, we'll have this Washington brought home in chains!"

Thus with a gruff chuckle spoke my Lord North, Prime Minister of England.

The good King looked at them both with a silly smile, and then pressed his finger against his forehead.

"What—what—what? Do you see it here? Do, you see it? It burns! Eh? *Murderer!*"

With that silly smile the King leaped in the carriage. Hurrah! How the mob shouted—how the swords of the guards gleamed on high—how gaily the chariot wheels dashed along the streets—hurrah!

Let us swell the shout, but—

That night a rumor crept through all London, that King George Was Mad Again!

* * *

# From New Hampshire Farm to Country-wide Fame

### by Louis Logan

IT isn't a common name, but if you look in that bulky volume called "The Biographical Congressional Directory," you'll find the name "John Wingate Weeks" twice. The first J. W. W. was a carpenter. He raised a company in the War of 1812 and came out of the war a major. Then he settled down to farming, way up in that sterile region of New Hampshire right on the Vermont border known among the natives as the North Country. He was the kind of man they call a "lay judge" down in New Jersey—good at settling disputes. Everybody thought well of him. Lots of common sense—and honest. So they elected him to Congress twice. That was along about the middle of the last century.

John Wingate Weeks—the second—the one we're going to talk about now, is the Major's grandnephew—a sliver off the same stick. He was born on the old farm on April 11, 1860, just three weeks before Ulysses Grant moved from St. Louis to Galena to take a clerkship in his father's store—and there's something about Weeks and his philosophy of life that makes you think of Grant. Weeks believes in taking things as they come along and making the best of them—not eternally hunting for opportunities; getting all there is out of opportunities when they arrive. That was the way with Grant; and that is why Grant—a plain, drab sort of a citizen—got to be the commanding figure of the Civil War instead of some of the military geniuses who could have given him all the trumps in the pack and beaten him in a theoretical game. While these others were pluming themselves as Little Corporals and figuring out involved plans of campaign—mathematically and technically perfect, and never getting anywhere with them—Grant was plugging away hard at whatever he had in hand; never worried about the other fellow, but fought it out on that line if it took all summer. Sherman said once: "When I go into battle, I am always thinking about what the enemy will do; but Grant doesn't care a d—n!" That was Grant—and that is John Weeks.

Up to the time he was seventeen, John worked on the farm—had nothing else in view—except one winter when he taught the district school—an unruly bunch of boys—the terrors of a long line of teachers. The neighbors all said there was just one way to bring the boys to terms—thrash the ring-leaders right away. So the first day John picked out the biggest and most obstreperous youngster, thrashed him properly, carried him outdoors and dropped him in the yard. It was the son of the chairman of the school committee and John was not popular thenceforth with the authorities, but he ran his school. Then Henry W. Blair, Congressman—he was a Senator later—gave him a chance to go to the Naval Academy. John hadn't been looking for it. The thing just came along and he took it—Grant again. He went to the Academy because that was the line of least resistance—

nothing else quite so promising in sight. He made a good record—liked the life—cruised the seven seas as a midshipman, and got the smell of the salt. If he could have had his pick, he would have stuck to the navy and would have been an admiral by this time—he's always been sorry about it; but he finished his course at the Academy and got his diploma from President Garfield just at a time when there were more officers than ships to carry them—this was away back in 1881; so that his whole class was turned out to grass. Some got appointed to the marine corps—some went into business. A friend of John's father had some wild lands in southern Florida and asked John to go down there and survey them for him. So to Florida the boy went and stayed there six or eight years, pegging ahead the best he could—taking to himself a wife—a New Hampshire girl wintering among the orange groves. The surveying job couldn't last forever, but he found a friend there who induced him to go into the real estate business, and he was doing pretty well at that when he had to pack up and go back to Boston on account of his wife's health.

So far as he could see, when he reached Boston there wasn't a thing for him to do; but with his usual luck he didn't even have to begin looking around for a new job. The banking firm of Hornblower & Page was in the stages of dissolution. One partner had died and the other had gone blind. Hornblower's son was anxious to keep the business going. He ran into John Weeks and the two young fellows went into partnership. That was how the firm of Hornblower & Weeks was formed. Hornblower represented the house on the Exchange; Weeks waited on customers and looked up new accounts. The firm had one clerk, who was likewise the office boy. Now the firm has eight partners and is one of the biggest in New England. Weeks' name is still on the door-plate, but he quit the firm some years ago.

That is the way he became a banker, and then one of the most successful business men in New England. Everybody believed in him. He came to be looked upon as a doctor for broken banks and firms—a consulting surgeon called in desperate cases. He helped one or two shaky institutions to their feet, and was the chief factor in making one of the biggest national banks in New England. He was a winner.

Weeks was a Representative for eight years, and was elected to the Senate after he had been elected to the House for a fifth term—leading his ticket every time. He has been in the Senate now two years. In a quiet, easy, common-sense way he has become one of the recognized Republican leaders; one they look to for settling tough questions, getting the party together, keeping Senators in hand to vote—the Republican whip at times; and a great deal more than that. The Progressives and the Democrats will do more for him than anyone would have imagined a little while ago they would do for anyone outside their own ranks. Whenever they want to talk turkey, Weeks is the man they generally hunt up. That's how it happened that he had so much to do with managing the fight against the shipping bill last winter, so neatly and tactfully and effectively, and gave the administration its first big defeat in Congress. One reason Weeks is so effective is because he is one of the best liked men in the Senate—just as he was in the House. He has a wonderful capacity for putting things through, and an almost equal capacity for preventing things from going through which shouldn't—and through it all he never loses his nerve or yields his principles. There is not another man in Congress who is more indifferent to his own political fortunes, when it comes to a question of supporting or opposing a measure. Like Grant again—he doesn't care a d—n!

He has had a curious kind of a record in Congress—partly because he got the reputation at the very start of being a hard worker and a live wire—never afraid to tackle anything that came his way. The first year he served on the House Committee on Banking and Currency—naturally enough—being a banker by trade. But there's a good story about the way he got his first committee assignment.

He lives at Newton, just outside of Boston, and was president of the Newton Club—a neighborhood affair. The club had built a new house and in order to raise

SENATOR JOHN W. WEEKS

Elected to Congress just ten years ago. He had already been mayor of his home town, a Boston suburb, and had been alderman; but he went into politics, as into everything else, because he was needed there

the money had mortgaged its property and sold its bonds to its members at par. Three or four years later the finance committee decided the expenses of the organization were too high and complained to the president about it.

"Well," said Weeks, "why don't you get rid of your bonds?"

"Easily said, but how can we do it?"

"I'll show you," he replied. "You invite all the bondholders to come into this room, bringing their bonds with them."

A little later the bondholders appeared with their bonds. Weeks made a speech and when he finished everybody followed him downstairs where there was a roaring fire, and in a minute nothing was left of the club's $30,000 indebtedness.

When Weeks was elected to Congress, "Uncle Joe" Cannon asked his predecessor, Samuel L. Powers, what kind of man he was. Sam told him about the Newton Club, adding that Weeks wanted a place on the naval committee.

"My God," said "Uncle Joe," "I can't put a man like that on the naval committee; he must go on banking and currency. Why, that man in a few years will wipe out the national debt."

The next Congress "Uncle Joe," without saying a word to him about it, put him on the Committee on Agriculture. "Why did you do that?" Weeks asked. "I'm not a farmer."

"This is why," replied "Uncle Joe." "These eastern states want a Forest Reserve bill. They are in a wrangle among themselves—can't agree on anything—and I don't like any of the bills they have proposed. I've put you on that committee as a business man to straighten out the tangle. If you'll tell me when the committee agrees on a businesslike proposition, I'll take your judgment and stand by you." Weeks was an earnest champion of conservation, although he hadn't had a chance to do much at it. But taking "Uncle Joe's" cue, he shaped up a sensible bill; got the Speaker to bring it to a vote; carried it through the House, and after two years' hard fighting put it on the statutes.

That was his first big stunt. Here is another along the same line. It was Weeks who put on the statutes the bill for protecting migratory and insectivorous birds after it had been floundering hopelessly in Congress for nine years. The fact that experts estimated the loss suffered from insects by the farmers of the country at $800,000,000 annually, and that this tremendous loss was due to the destruction of birds by pothunters, made little impression on people or Congress until Weeks took the matter up. Two years later a law was enacted which was described by the secretary of the National Association of Audubon Societies as "the most important legislation ever passed in the history of game conservation in this country." Weeks was responsible in the House—McLean in the Senate.

It was Weeks who licked into shape the Postal Savings Bank proposition while he was chairman of the Post Office Committee in the House. He hadn't approved the schemes outlined by the theorists; but he did believe in keeping faith with the people, so he set himself to work on a bill which would accomplish that while meeting his own ideas as to effectiveness. No one believed he could do it; but he did, and a good job it was.

Another example: Weeks has the solitary distinction of having put one of the big appropriation bills through Congress exactly as reported from the committee without a change of any kind whatever. It was in 1910, while he was chairman of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, and the bill was the postoffice appropriation bill, carrying appropriations aggregating $240,000,000. The measure went through both branches just as it came from John Weeks' hands, without the change of so much as a single comma. This is the only instance, so far as anyone in Washington can remember, of a committee chairman having turned a trick like that.

Last winter the Post Office bill in other hands was so badly mussed that they had to abandon it altogether and pass a resolution continuing this year's appropriations for another year.

But what's the use of stringing out the list. He had as much as Aldrich or Vreeland to do with framing the Aldrich-Vreeland Emergency Currency bill, under which we escaped a financial panic in August, 1914, after the European war broke out; and it was his work in the Senate the year before that saved the Federal Reserve act, and made a practicable law out of the crazy panic breeder that the administration tried to put through Congress.

The Senator is looked on as an authority in finance, in shipping, in business, in naval and military affairs, in post office and post roads, in foreign relations, in almost everything except law—and he doesn't pretend to know much about law. But he's a hard worker, a steady driver, a straight-away talker, a hard hitter, a shrewd organizer, and a lovable fellow all around—besides courage and pluck up to the very limit of human endurance—and the habit of success.

# From Karlsbad to New York

## IN FORTY DAYS

## by Alexander H. Revell

*In these times, a twelvemonth has made history. A little over a year ago, Americans were making their way from Germany as the war cloud gathered. Among the experiences of Americans abroad at the time of the declaration of war, this of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander H. Revell is most interesting. Mr. Revell was prominent in organizing the movement of looking after the Americans, and the thrilling account of his trip from Karlsbad to New York in forty days is now history. Looking back upon it in the light of one year, it already has the glow of reminiscence. The details of this trip will be analyzed and scanned when the chronicle of the greatest war ever known is written. Mr. Revell has certainly performed a service that will be appreciated by historians in preserving the details and the very atmosphere of the thrilling events associated with the overture of the world's great war tragedy. The description has the intense interest of a continued story, and the succeeding installment will be published next month for the readers of the* NATIONAL, *who will feel a great interest in the experiences of an American in making his way across the war zone, as the thunders of Jove began to shake the world. In the presence of tragic events, small details are generally lost. The large events cast them in the shade, although to many who are in the conflict themselves they are none the less interesting. Here, then, we have a more intimate side, containing as it does, the lighter as well as the stronger thrills that may come in the experience of a family at a pivotal time—just one such time in a life*

JUST a foreword before beginning the story of our travels and experiences from Karlsbad.

We arrived in Karlsbad on July 18, 1914. Already there were murmurings of war. As we had been hearing of war, and rumors of war, ever since the Franco-Prussian, we dismissed it all as unimportant. No one left Karlsbad immediately on account of these rumors. Many Russians left at the time Austria presented its ultimatum to Servia.

The Karlsbad life went on as usual until the twenty-eighth of July, when Austria declared war against Servia. Then there was a grand rush to get away, on the part of many people of all other than American visitors. There was a decidedly intense feeling, somewhat resembling a panic, at the Springs, during the days between July 28 to August 2.

The Americans were a brave band, certainly very calm and seeming to take it all in a philosophical way. Mobilization had begun even prior to the declaration of war; some of the trains had been taken off, and with the rush of the Servians, the Russians, the French and some English, to leave Karlsbad, the trains were crowded. We also had information that luggage was being stacked mountain high at Eger, the Austrian and German frontier, about thirty miles away.

We received word that the stock exchanges of the United States and other countries were closed. Toward the end of that July week, very few trains were leaving. No word came back from those who departed, although there were many promises to send back information. Undoubtedly efforts were made in this direction by those who had gone.

On Friday, July 31, Russia declared war on Austria. Saturday, August 1, Germany declared war on Russia. France asked the recall of the French Ambassador to Berlin, and Germany's Ambassador was leaving Paris.

Sunday, August 2.

We saw Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Chalmers, of Chicago, at breakfast at Kaiser Park (about three miles from Karlsbad) and discussed plans of leaving, both by trains and automobiles. During that day we met and spoke with many others and had several plans, but abandoned them as impractical.

Yesterday (Saturday) I met Mr. James Patten. He told me he had made arrangements with a Mr. Schriber to hire an automobile to go through Nurnberg to Switzerland, and intended starting early Sunday morning.

Without any organization, up to this time at least, the Karlsbad colony had divided itself into two camps, some for going by train or automobile, like the Pattens, Chalmers, Conovers, Works, Dulles, Huntingtons, and ourselves.

Others like the Belmonts, Rices, Grahams, Owsleys, Coffins, Frank Munsey, Peters, Lydics, and Disstons, were for remaining until they knew exactly what they wished to do, and to what place of safety it would be best to go.

After breakfast we returned to town. I called on Mr. Schriber and made arrangements with him for two automobiles to go to Nurnberg starting the next morning (Monday) for which the charge would be one thousand kroner (about $210). One machine was required for the luggage, which we propose to keep with us as long as possible, although some are abandoning theirs, at least for the time being.

Nurnberg is about four hours by train or automobile from Karlsbad.

We spent the rest of our last day in Karlsbad walking and riding.

During the afternoon, we met Mr. Lederer, the principal banker, who informed us that France had declared war against Germany the day before.

We talked with many Americans during the day and at dinner. They all knew as much as we, and were "as high in the air," to use a slang phrase. We explained what we proposed doing and promised to send back word by the chauffeurs. They smiled and said: "the word will not come."

MONDAY, August 3.

Early in the morning, the people met at the Springs, and at the banks, where the only news was to be had for those Americans who could not speak or read German.

All were still taking the cure but doubted if it would do them any good. The air seemed to be so surcharged with the awful seriousness felt by all. Outwardly the Americans are calmness itself; within they are rather nervous. I have even lost interest in golf.

The news is verified,—France has declared war.

Saw Mr. Schriber at 8:30 o'clock A. M. He was very much excited, although ordinarily calm,—a man who is (and wishes to feel that he is) a gentleman, although he will take on the business in emergency, of renting automobiles. He told me at once he would have to raise the price to fifteen hundred kroner ($310). The chauffeurs said the trip was extra hazardous and demanded more money. He would have to go with us himself to insure getting the automobiles through and back.

He said the car that took Mr. and Mrs. Patten yesterday had not yet returned. He was fearful about going but felt he ought to fulfill his promise to me. Twenty-four hours made a large increase over the price Mr. Patten paid.

We are delighted to have him go as he is an Austrian and speaks our language very well. I agreed to the proposal.

At nine o'clock we started, *M. and the maid, myself and Mr. Schriber and chauffeurs in a limousine. The baggage is in an open car. The machines and chauffeurs were Austrian.

Between Karlsbad and Egar (thirty miles) there was no trouble; in fact, no trouble until we arrived at the German frontier, a few miles out of Egar. Here, every piece of baggage was unloaded, opened and searched minutely. The smallest, as well as the largest article was opened, and placed back,—our papers, including passports, thoroughly examined,—all had the best papers obtainable for the purposes of the trip. Papers only satisfy to a certain extent,—the Germans took nothing for granted.

The examination was well conducted, the officers on the frontier being used to it. There was considerable excitement because about two hundred men, women and children, had congregated to see the trouble and contents of the trunks.

Everything found right, we started on, after endeavoring to get writing of some kind, so stating. This was refused.

About one mile, we arrived at a small village and were stopped by armed soldiers, citizens and peasants. Another automobile had pulled in here, containing an American and his wife. They were about ready to go on. I spoke to them, intending to obtain their names. I gave them mine and my city but they were both so

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*M. means Mrs. Revell.

excited, especially the woman, that I know they never heard my name and did not give theirs. I was really interested because I thought I had come across the ocean with them on some boat a year before. I tried to calm the woman but she seemed terror-stricken. They and their belongings had just been examined and they started on.

Our examination completed, and some trunks opened again, we went on only to be stopped in the same way at numerous places.

Arriving at one place, a village, I think Weldon, about twenty-five or thirty miles inland from the frontier, there was a great crowd assembled in the road, all gathered about the auto of the unknown Americans. The people were angry and seemingly quite hostile. Of course we also were stopped.

They had not yet decided upon the action to take with the car ahead of us.

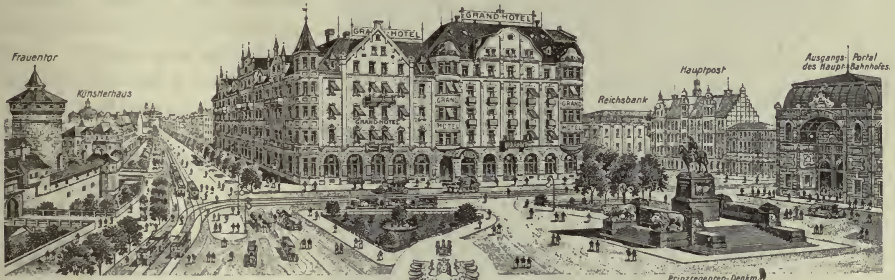
I again talked with the lady, but it was impossible to do or say anything, she was so ill at ease (to put it mildly).

The authorities soon came and passed on our credentials, but without Mr. Schriber and the Austrian cars and chauffeurs, we would have had serious trouble, as all English and French cars were being confiscated or detained. If American cars had French or English chauffeurs, they were held up.

Our chauffeur and Mr. Schriber were most anxious to get on, as the situation changed with each five minutes; that is, the feeling of suspicion of the people became more intense, but we requested Mr. Schribes to help the fellow-Americans, if possible.

Several cars had already been commandeered or confiscated here. The trouble with the car ahead was that it was French and very likely had a French chauffeur. Mr. Schriber and our chauffeur did all they could. The officials had telephoned a military commander somewhere and would hold the French car, and occupants and baggage, until they had an answer. At Bayreuth we learned that the car had been confiscated.

I shall not recite the numerous times we were stopped, but Mr. Schriber and our papers carried us through, although we had several terrifying scares. At Bayreuth (the dear old place where the Wagner festivals were so rudely stopped but a few days before) we had luncheon, or afternoon coffee,—we don't know which—time lost all interest for us,—"On to Nurnberg" was our only thought.



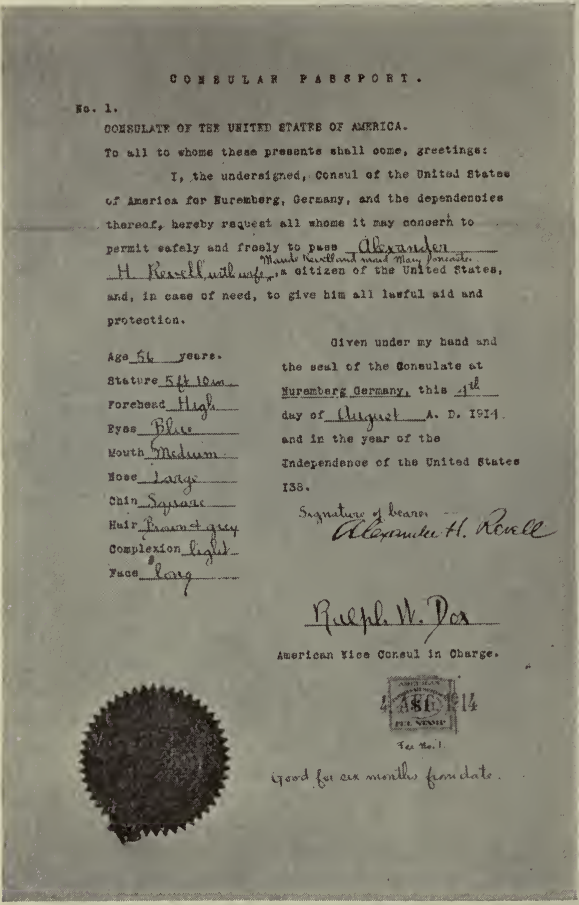
GRAND HOTEL AT NURNBERG

We made a try at eating,—the food was good, the place was clean, but we were not hungry, although we had a very meager breakfast in the morning.

We met here a Mr. Winter, a well known man, and his wife of Pittsburgh. His French car, which he bought in Paris, a few weeks before, had been confiscated the day before on the way from Karlsbad to Nurnberg, and his wife and he had been permitted to come to Bayreuth, because it was a better place to stay. He knew Mr. Schriber and made arrangements for the latter to help him on his way back to some point.

We finally reached Nurnberg at eight o'clock; secured, by good fortune, two excellent rooms and bath, at the principal hotel (Grand Hotel) and felt a tremendous relief.

We notified the American Consul of the plight of the two Americans. Mr. Schriber had been an agent of the Benz Automobile firm, so he telephoned them to come and see if an arrangement could be made to take us on to Aachen (Aix la Chapelle) where my friend, Robert Thompson, is American Consul. Said place is on the border of France, Belgium, Holland and Germany,.and my thought was, although it was through the heart of Germany, if we could reach there, with Thompson's assistance, we might get through the lines to Holland.



CONSULAR PASSPORT.

No. 1.

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

To all to whome these presents shall come, greetings:

I, the undersigned, Consul of the United States of America for Nuremberg, Germany, and the dependencies thereof, hereby request all whome it may concern to permit safely and freely to pass Alexander H. Revell with wife, Maude Revell and maid Mary Doncaster., a citizen of the United States, and, in case of need, to give him all lawful aid and protection.

Age 56 years.
Stature 5 ft 10 in.
Forehead High
Eyes Blue
Mouth Medium
Nose Large
Chin Square
Hair Brown & grey
Complexion light
Face long

Given under my hand and the seal of the Consulate at Nuremberg Germany, this 4th day of August A. D. 1914. and in the year of the Independence of the United States 138.

Signature of bearer — Alexander H. Revell

Ralph W. Dox
American Vice Consul in Charge.

4 $1 14

Fee No. 1.

Good for six months from date.

CONSULAR PASSPORT CARRIED BY MR. REVELL
Issued at Nurnberg and made out on plain paper, as all the lithographed passports had been used

At Nurnberg, we learned that Mr. Bertram Work's beautiful new Rolls-Royce and Mr. Archer Huntington's cars, had been confiscated on the way from Karlsbad, and that both had some extraordinary experiences.

I wrote one letter, addressed to many of my Karlsbad friends, telling them our experiences and especially warning them of the danger as to French and English chauffeurs and automobiles. I signed the letter "Adam Smith" because I was doing something that was *verbotten*.* Mr. Schriber said he would deliver it.

TUESDAY, August 4.

The Benz people did not come to see me as promised that night, but came the next morning. They thought they could get us through, although they realized the danger and insisted on eight hundred marks ($200). They measured our baggage and said it was all right; they could take it. They would be ready at twelve o'clock. I notified M. to be ready to start at that time and I went to the American Consulate to report our presence in Nurnberg and secure additional papers (passports). It took me a considerable time to do this, although I was first in the office. Before I left, there were about twenty-five Americans in the Consulate, all after assistance, of a various nature.

I then went to the Dresdener bank and asked for one hundred pounds on my Letter of Credit. In addition I carried a letter to the bank from the American Vice-Consul, Mr. Dox. I could only secure ten pounds. I found the names of the Dutchener bank and the Byrenchere bank on my Letter of Credit, so I went to those institutions, asking for ten pounds each, but on seeing the amount received from the other bank, I could get nothing.

At the Byrenchere bank I sold my remaining Austrian money at a loss of about twenty per cent.

Returning to the hotel, I found the automobile had arrived. On attempting to load the baggage, it was found impossible to place it, so I at once contracted for another auto to carry the baggage. The total cost was to be sixteen hundred marks (about $400). I only had ninety dollars but I knew I could obtain money from Thompson in Aachen.

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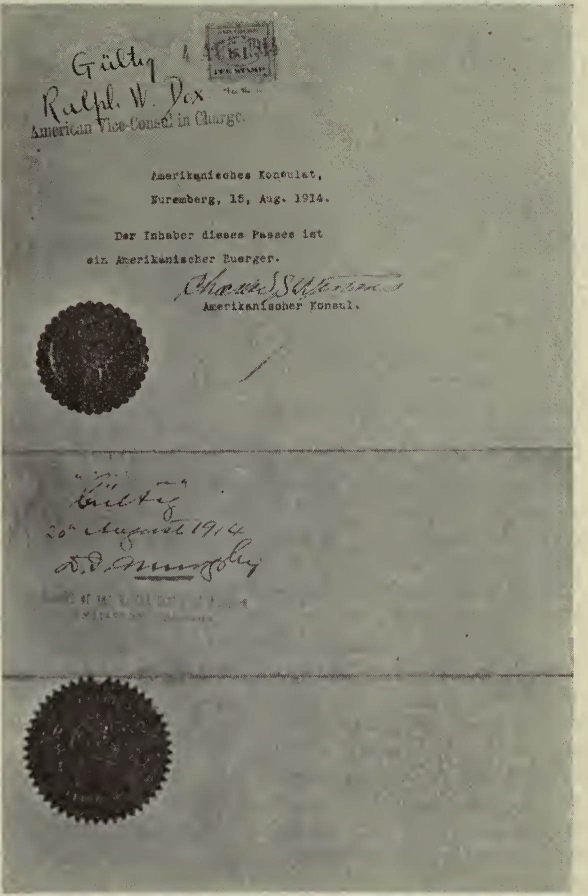
*I understand since that through the American Consul, Mr. Hoover, all were made aware of the contents of the letter.

I also employed a good German courier, Fritz Stemmer, whom I agreed to pay four hundred marks ($100) to see us to Aachen. Of course both contracts were at very excessive rates but they knew it was hazardous, perhaps even better than I. The wife and children of the courier came down to see him off, and the wife of one of the chauffeurs also, who demanded from the automobile contractor, part of her husband's pay before permitting him to start.

A large crowd had gathered around the automobile in front of the hotel and the seventy or eighty Americans in the hotel seemed very much interested in those who were to make a break for the frontier. The crowd kept getting larger, so we decided to have the automobiles taken around to the back door. Here preparations were made with greater peace and comfort. We started about one o'clock and got out of Nurnberg without much trouble. As soon as we were on the open road our troubles commenced with nearly every fifteen or twenty minutes. To give an account of these various detentions, would be only to prolong the story.



Gültig

American Vice-Consul in Charge.

Amerikanisches Konsulat,
Nuremberg, 15, Aug. 1914.

Der Inhaber dieses Passes ist
ein Amerikanischer Buerger.

Amerikanischer Konsul.

Gültig
20th August 1914

THE REVERSE SIDE OF THE PASSPORT

The upper endorsement cost one dollar, as it contained a word in German which would give a traveler added consideration. The same word "güiltig" was used in Holland

The trouble mainly came from the peasants, armed with guns, and from the civil authorities in small burgs. These people insisted upon knowing that we were all right. They were instructed to guard all approaches,—bridges, railroads, etc.

About four o'clock we arrived at quite a good sized burg called Neustadt. Here there was a large crowd,—apparently waiting for us, because we seemed to be the only objects of suspicion on the road. In fact, touring in Germany on that day was rather lonesome excepting of course the trouble we met. We were at once detained in Neustadt,—our papers examined, and they decided to give us a thorough examination. M. and maid were taken to a small room in the city hall. Guards remained in the room—perhaps to guard them. The luggage was examined on the second floor, where it had been carried. The examination was most complete.

Stockings that were rolled up, were unrolled clear to the end; packages containing cotton or other material, were also unrolled to the end; small boxes of tablets, pills would be opened and I would break a pill to show the authorities that it did not contain explosives. The automobiles were examined the same way.

While the examination was going on in this room, one of the officers came to me with a ten-dollar bill and a piece of yellow paper that looked like a telegram, held together by a rubber band. He opened the bill and said: "Ten dollars." I replied, "Yes, that is ten dollars," and told the officer that would be a surprise to one of the two ladies.

They were more suspicious, however, of the telegram, which proved to be an old one from Theodore Roosevelt, inviting us to luncheon at Oyster Bay. How the ten dollars and the telegram happened to be in the out-of-the-way place, in an innovation trunk, we could not imagine. They wished to know what the telegram contained and I told them.

"Oh," said one, "that is from Herr Roosevelt; he is America's greatest general."

It seemed, if a man were great, he ought at least to be a general or another army officer. This made them more suspicious than before.

However, they asked the courier how it happened that the telegram and the ten dollars were together?

For once at least, I got a little humor out of it and said to the courier,—"tell them I suppose the ten dollars was to pay for the luncheon." The officer looked at me suspiciously and had the courier read the contents of the telegram again. He then said that he thought it was all right.

I immediately announced that I would give the ten dollars, and twelve more, making one hundred marks, to the German Red Cross of that village. This seemed to please them. I did not know but that they would be offended, as I had already offered cigars and cigarettes to men, and at one time a mark to a small boy, who seemed to be the son of an under officer, all of which were, with a certain dignified courtesy, refused.

M. and the maid were then sent for, and on coming up to the room it was announced that they would go to an adjoining room, and they were searched by women assistants.

THE examination over, everything pronounced all right, with the luggage once more packed in the automobiles, we started away with the smiles of the officers and people following us, where an hour or more before, we were met with frowns and suspicions. They gave us a pass, stating our luggage had been examined, and we thought our troubles were over. However, some of the officials indicated that it would be better if we turned back to Nurnberg.

We left Neustadt about 5:30 o'clock. We met all kinds of difficulties in the way of barricades, soldiers at railroad crossings, peasants on the road, etc. Our luggage was examined once or twice more, but finally we pulled into a small burg called Mainberheim at about eight o'clock. It was still light and we could see here a crowd of possibly one hundred or more, waiting to receive us. As we got to the crowd and saw the faces of the people we passed between, we felt instinctively that here we were going to have trouble. Our desire was to get to Kitzengen that night,—about four miles further on—a large military post, and we would spend the night there. We had by this time little desire to travel by night or day.

We were stopped of course by the principal man of the place, who proceeded to examine us and the luggage. Pretty soon we found they had been doing some telephoning, and they announced to the courier and me, that we were under arrest. There was nothing to do but make the best of it and we asked where we could stay for the night. He said: "you can stay in the little inn near the bridge."

We were conducted to the small place, and took the only three front rooms in the place. The automobiles were taken to another place. Our luggage was carried to the attic on the third floor. There were guards placed around the inn and autos, otherwise the people treated us very nicely.

We had some supper and then went out for a walk but soon found our walk would be about thirty yards, for at both points there were guards and we were not expected to go through. As this was not very interesting, we went to our rooms. I should have said that the first thing they did after our arrival at the inn was to examine our small luggage. We were extremely anxious about this. We knew our English maid had in her hand-bag some French and English letters, which had already caused us a little trouble back at Neustadt, but we had had no time to destroy them. However, strange as it may seem, they did not discover the letters. Our first object, therefore, was to destroy these letters.

M. was for burning them in the large German porcelain stove, but I said that would not do because it would make smoke, and there probably had not been smoke in that stove for a year. We could not throw them out of the windows. A woman insisted on staying in a little pantry near our rooms—what for, we did not know. We could not carry the letters anywhere else. However, we did take a chance and finally found a way to dispose of them. We then prepared for bed, feeling that we could not sleep.

Before retiring, the burgomaster, who owned the little inn, requested that I give him the keys to the trunks, stating that he would like to be in a position to say that we had no opportunity of opening the trunks during the night. I gave him the keys.

We were in bed in our three small adjoining rooms, when I heard a noise in the street, like that of a wagon drawing up. I looked out, little knowing that M. and the maid were doing the same thing at their respective windows.

The wagon proved to be a hayrack and it was pulled there by men. They talked among themselves three or four minutes and then brought out a trunk from the hotel and placed it on the wagon. In the darkness, the trunk looked very much like M's innovation trunk.

In a little while another trunk came down that looked like my steamer trunk, and soon all five trunks were on the rack.

"What in the world are they doing?" Was the thought in my mind. In a little while six to eight men took hold of the shaft and pulled the trunks away. Then my door opened very gently and M. said: "Do you know what they have been doing?"

"Yes" I replied and we looked at each other blankly, as neither of us could understand the tactics or values of that part of the war.

Once more we tried to sleep but each bedstead had a full soft feather bed to sleep on and one to place over. The result was that if we kept the feather bed over us, we were in Hades; if we left it off, we were at the North Pole. It was a pretty cool night.

After a few hours of tossing and turning, I placed one of the feather beds on the floor, but as I sank through the soft down to the hard floor below, the contour of the bed, seeking every portion of my body and meeting above, there was nothing to do but make the best of the bedstead, using our coats for covers.

WEDNESDAY, August 4.

To add to it all, at four-thirty o'clock the next morning, the little blacksmith shop across the street began to turn out the unwelcome music as of hammering steel. The village blacksmith had started work, and the noise of every blow on the anvil would hit on one side of one's head and go straight through. We had slept very little for several nights.

We were up and out bright and early in the morning, about six o'clock. We had the same promenade, between the soldiers on the roadway in front of the inn.

At seven o'clock we sat down to breakfast, which wasn't bad. Shortly after breakfast, it was announced that a German officer had arrived from Kitzengen for the purpose of examining us and our luggage. We were delighted with this information. We were all introduced to him.

He brought with him a huge police dog. First the officer and assistants went for the automobiles. We thought the Neustadt examination was exhaustive. We showed our pass from them and our other papers but the officer said the pass did not say *allis*(all). If the pass did say *allis* it would have made no difference. This examination was the most complete thing we saw in all our strenuous experience. Even the tires were taken off the automobiles. This was for the purpose of looking for papers or money, in said tires. Even the inner tubes had to be taken out; every tool and bit of metal was examined.

We have just been informed that two spies quite nearby, in an automobile, had tried to escape by taking to the fields. They were caught and shot. The tires of the machines contained money and papers.

Finally we were informed that the small luggage would be examined again. One man of the town, who seemed to be a very intelligent fellow, said he hoped I would not object if the village doctor examined the ladies. I asked him if he really thought that was necessary, saying that of course to us it all seemed unnecessary because we knew they could not find a thing wrong with anything we had. He said the officer from the fort said it was necessary.

There was absolutely nothing to be done, except make trouble for ourselves, if we objected.

I carried the information to M. and the maid and they said they would take the chance of the examination. The examination was made. I would like to state that at no time was clothing removed. "Stripped" was the word used in some newspaper accounts. This was not true.

The small luggage was again opened and found all right. Fortunate were we to have destroyed the French letters—although they contained nothing to harm the Germans. We then, all together, went to the City Hall to see our luggage once more, as that was where it had been carried the night before.

At the city hall, M. and the maid were again searched by two women in a private room; the two chauffeurs and the courier were searched.

ONE part of the entire matter that I never will have explained is why they did not search me, for at no time was I ever troubled in this direction.

In the large room in the city hall we tried to make friends with the police dog, but soon gave it up for all he did was to jump all over us and appear to wish to smell every article of clothing or articles we had. The dog frightened M. very much as it jumped at her, placing its forelegs on her shoulders. I do not think, however, that the dog intended any harm. However, I will not undertake to tell what the dog thought.

After several hours of all this, we all walked slowly down to the automobiles, the luggage loaded, and with the officer and a committee, we were started for Kitzengen, where a report was to be made at headquarters.

Arriving at Kitzengen, there were an immense number of soldiers, citizens, peasants, etc., at a great bridge crossing the river. We were taken through these crowds to the barracks of the Adjutant-General. The report made to him was that we were all right. He sent for me and said that we had to go back to Nurnberg; no one but ourselves would be responsible for what might happen to us, if they permitted us to go on; he felt sure that the excitement, at that moment, of the ordinary people, especially the peasants,—on the road and in the villages, was such that we might easily be shot. He could not take the responsibility for that, nor would he permit us to do so.

By this time we were mighty glad to be ordered to any place that was considered safe. We did not have a twinge of regret at the new order. We told the officer as much, and voluntarily promised that if he would see that we got back to Nurnberg we would not leave that city until our American Ambassador at Berlin told us to go. So, giving us a military pass, which I improved by having all our luggage itemized, and with the same officer who examined our effects, we started back for the railroad crossing, that we had just crossed when coming into Kitzengen. There, the officers bid us good-bye and we were once more on the road and free. Our friends at Mainbernheim seemed to be all out to see us when we came back. We stopped in front of the hotel for a few moments and then passed on to new dangers.

Arriving at the next railroad crossing, we were stopped about five minutes, although we passed it the day before, and the same soldiers were there. I think it was for the purpose of having the man in the tower telephone on ahead in case we were let through. Finally the barriers were lifted and we were on the way.

In about twenty minutes we suddenly came upon about fifteen peasants at a turn in the road; not a house was in sight at any place. These peasants were armed with guns and every gun was leveled directly at us. Each bore looked to me to be about three inches in diameter, as I never had experienced anything like that before in all my life. How large they looked to M. and the maid, I didn't ask. The courier and chauffeurs were also covered. One peasant rushed up and, with a short black revolver pressed against my body (I could feel the impress of the steel), he ordered me out. We were all ordered out.

It happened quicker than I can tell it. Some of the guns were still leveled at us. One man stepped out of the group,—he might have been the burgomaster of the small town we were shortly to be taken to. They immediately began to pull out our trunks; took out the gasoline cans, and other things were thrown about, when it was suddenly stopped and everything put back.

One of the peasants discovered some golf balls in my golf bag. The anxiety these caused could only be allayed by my putting one on the road, taking a driver, and making a good shot into a growing field. Then some of the men got onto the steps of the automobiles, and the chauffeurs were ordered to move on. We had six or seven guards in front, and six or seven behind us for guards,—but now, fortunately carried, not leveled. The automobiles moved toward what looked to be a little burg on the Ishe river, about a mile from the main road.

About half way to the village, one of the soldiers rushed on ahead and we could hear him say to the burgomaster.—"Englishers! Englishers!"

We did not understand this, but afterwards, in looking at our trunks more carefully we found a red steamship label on one of them, which we had overlooked. This had the words on it "Via London."

I was afraid that in some way the peasants had discovered that our maid was English. In such an event, I pity the poor woman, as she certainly would have been kept there for a time. When we had an opportunity we carefully removed all such labels.

On nearing the village, we saw an officer coming out to meet us. Whenever we saw one of those "deep blue" coats, our hearts began to lighten. He soon took the matter in hand. We were taken in front of the little cafe, or beer hall, and the crowds in the village began to assemble. They soon started at the trunks again.

Here we learned that England had declared war against Germany the night before. This explained the increasing and unseeming frenzy of the people.

I had our courier call the officer's attention to the fact that the luggage and ourselves had so recently been examined, that by merely telephoning to Kitzengen, they would save themselves and us a lot of trouble. The officer did this. In a half an hour, he received word that we were all right. Then they apologized and gave us a guard to the next railroad crossing, or bridge, where we were set at liberty once more. We were detained two or three times more before arriving again at Neustadt.

The people here, and the town criers, seemed to be glad to see us. They smiled and hands went up in a "I told you so" manner.

The principal place in Neustadt is an irregular square. Surrounding this square are cafes, the city hall and jail, small hotels, stores, etc.

It was about one o'clock in the middle of the day and we decided we would have luncheon.

I was just helping M. from the automobile, when a handsome German officer came up and said that he was very sorry to tell us that by military instructions received that morning, he was ordered to take the first two automobiles for military purposes. We still maintained the same calmness we had tried to maintain all along. I doubt if we could be surprised at anything.

I discussed the matter with the officer and asked if some other arrangements could be made. Nothing could be done. It was a military order.

"What will we do here?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "this is a nice little hotel; you might go in here and have luncheon, and think it over."

(*To be continued*)

# *William Hodge— Playwright*

### *by The Editor*

FOR several years I have kept inviolate a secret. It was a secret dear to the heart of an editor, for it concerned one of the most popular and well-known actors of the country. For nearly two years the people of the United States have witnessed a play entitled "The Road to Happiness," with William Hodge—one of the most popular and best beloved actors of America—in the leading role. Night after night he has been called before the curtain, and in his own modest and inimitable way, with that gleam of humor which has brought him close to the hearts of the people, he has thanked the audience again and again in behalf of the company and the horse and the chickens in the barn scene, and also on behalf of the author, Mr. Lawrence Whitman.

Noting the powerful spell which the play cast over audiences from coast to coast, I could hardly repress the secret I held, for every line of that play was familiar to me—not only from the many performances that I had seen in all parts of the country, but for the fact that I had been with the author of the play when it was being finished. There was a twinkle in the eye of William Hodge as he glanced at me in the box on the night of the opening performance when he mentioned the name of Mr. Whitman. Now, Whitman is a favorite name with Mr. Hodge, and why not—for it is included in the cast of characters, and is the name of the man whom he so artistically portrays.

After these years of country-wide appreciation of this play as well as of the players, the New York engagement was spared for the last. Instead of following the usual procedure of opening on Broadway, and then playing throughout the country, William Hodge, like the true democrat he is, and with the instinct of Abraham Lincoln, felt that his play must first receive the approval of the nation at large and then its final seal of approbation in New York. The audience attending the Hodge play on its opening night in New York was an interesting study in itself—there were peals of genuine laughter, and they entered right into the atmosphere and spirit of the play from the start, and followed the efforts of Jim Whitman as though he were an intimate friend. During his long run as "The Man from Home," night after night, matinee after matinee, I have been with William Hodge when he was writing a play. Under the very shadow of the gilded dome on Beacon Hill, he penned the last scene. Nearer and nearer I come to the secret, which you have doubtless guessed long ere this—the playwright who wrote "The Road to Happiness" is none other than William Hodge. It was the first play that William Hodge ever wrote, and while he grimly points to a trunk full of plays which he has written, this naturally has the favorite place, being his first effort. It was written and re-written, worked over night after night, and every detail studied and analyzed. The play is a masterpiece in character sketching,

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WILLIAM HODGE, ACTOR

because every character rings true to life, and is a true portrayal of life in a small village—just such as the one in which William Hodge was born and reared. Albion, New York, just now agitated over its water supply, was the birthplace of William Hodge, and when I was there, I could almost fancy that I saw the counterpart of the scenes and characters in "The Road to Happiness." The very spirit of wholesomeness that dominates in the play, despite the petty jealousies and envies of neighborhood life, was apparent.

The play was first called "Jim" and later "From the Ground Up"—and then "Jim Whitman," but none of these titles seemed to typify the great purpose of the play. It was a happy moment when, just before its production, Mr. Hodge found a line in the play that gave him the title, "The Road to Happiness," and it has been a veritable "road to happiness" for millions of playgoers.

In his dressing room at the Shubert Theatre in New York, after the opening performance, I met Mr. Hodge with his old friend, the veteran actor, Mr. H. J. Irving, who helped him "make up" for the first part he ever played on the stage—it was the character of an Indian. That night there was a flow of reminiscences

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WILLIAM HODGE, PLAYWRIGHT

in the house of triumph. As Mr. Hodge was putting on the finishing touches, and making himself up to look like his real self under the footlight glare in the character of Jim Whitman, he turned, with a twinkle lighting his eye, and said: "Pop, you remember when you sent me over the top of the stage to fix the wings, and my leg went through the plastering, and gave a new thrill to the act?" The veteran actor laughed heartily as he recalled the incident and told of reading his play, which is now the New York success, many years ago.

The New York audience outside the "first nighters" were waiting for a glimpse of "The Road to Happiness." From the very first entrance to that last sweet scene of home-glow, William Hodge, the actor, swayed his audience, played upon their emotions, moved them to laughter and tears, but little did they dream when he made his curtain speech that they were looking upon the author of the play. Time after time, when first produced, the audience called for the author, but he was for some reason—absent.

Now the secret is out—William Hodge, playwright, has made his début, and his work has received the hearty approval of not only dramatic, but literary critics. Imagine my delight in hearing the comments of the people as they left the theatre after witnessing "The Road to Happiness." One dear old lady insisted that she had seen nothing like it since the time of Sol Smith Russell and "Pleasant Valley." Others were reminded of Denman Thompson and James Herne, but it seemed as if all these old standard classics of the farm and village life of America were blended into classic form by Mr. Hodge and presented in a play that will endure in literature as a drama that will show people for all time to come the real "road to happiness."

Now that the secret is out, I may receive a protest from the playwright, but I felt it was a duty, as well as an honor and privilege, for me to announce to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE that William Hodge is the author of the play which has proven so great a success. He occupies the unique distinction of being the foremost author-actor on the American stage today.

The career of William Hodge—from the early dreams of the boy at Albion, or his struggles in New York, his experience with stock companies, his infinite patience, hard work, study and care, his uncompromising ideals and loyalty to the millions of admirers whom he has entertained—stands as a biography that will illuminate the pages of the history of American plays and of the literature of the stage.

Mr. Hodge, though a man young in years, has reason to be proud of the record of his busy life. Not only has he written plays, but his novel, "The Guest of Honor," is read with keen interest by many who feel acquainted with him through seeing him in the various plays which have made his name so familiar to theatergoers. He lives in New York, and some years ago married Helen Hale, a popular favorite with the Henry Savage companies, and little Genevieve, Margaret and Will Hodge, Junior, are the treasures of their home.

In the blaze of his triumph in New York, he remains just the simple, modest, matter-of-fact William Hodge of the early days. He is doing a work that is quite as far-reaching and widespread in its influence for the good and welfare of the people as that of any man in public place—he goes on, night after night, with the approval of his nation-wide constituency, entirely exempt from the variableness of political life. He has made his work so distinctive, and is so thoroughly permeated with American ideals and purposes, that every night adds to his increasing power and popularity, and his entrance into the playwright field will be welcomed by the people. Now I have disclosed his secret without doing violence to my conscience, with the feeling that I have performed a duty, and am content to risk the hazard of provoking the displeasure of such a friend as Will Hodge, for he is one of those friends with whom explanations are not necessary.

# THANKSGIVING AT THE OLD HOME

THANKSGIVING DAY! O, silver light
  Enchanting dear, familiar scenes,
Home, home again! In rare delight
  My soul is thrilled with all it means.

O place where fancies e'er run free,
  O dearest spot where I was born,
'Twas here that love first sheltered me—
  A mother's love, soft as the morn.

Sweet scented welcome fills the air,
  And counts not of my wealth or worth,
I breathe thanksgiving in my prayer—
  My home, the dearest spot on earth.

—*George Willoughby.*

# *How a Bill Gets Through Congress*

## *by C. F. Stoddard*

NOTE—*This is the history, with some slight modifications, of an actual bill, the changes being made in order to illustrate certain points that otherwise would not be clear*

THE other day a newspaper in a little town in the Middle West contained the following news item:

> Congressman Smith yesterday wired this paper that the President had signed his bill providing for an increase in the limit of cost of the Post Office Building. Instead of spending $75,000, which was originally appropriated, the Government will spend $85,000. Congressman Smith's effort to get an increase of $15,000 failed, the Senate reducing it to $10,000. Our people are to be congratulated on the success of their Congressman.

When the Honorable Mr. Smith introduced that bill all he had to do was to drop it into the basket on the bill clerk's desk, immediately in front of the Speaker of the House of Representatives. It was then taken by the clerk who made a note of it in a large book, gave it a number, and sent it to Uncle Sam's printer. The following day it appeared in the *Congressional Record*, under the head of bills introduced, as follows:

> By MR. SMITH: A bill (H. R. —) to increase the limit of cost for the erection and completion of the United States Post Office Building at ———; to the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds.

This bill was one of several introduced that day and referred to that committee. Every bill of this character, and those which provide for the erection of post offices and other Federal buildings, or the acquisition of sites therefor, must be considered by the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds. All bills thus introduced are referred automatically to one of the fifty-eight committees of the House of Representatives, and, similarly, all bills introduced in the Senate are referred by the Vice-President to one of the eighty-three committees of that body. If the matter is very urgent the bill may be reported immediately by the committee, and it may even become a law before Congress adjourns for the day. This, however, is exceptional.

Congressman Smith's bill was before the committee for nearly three months, during which time, on several occasions, he urged the chairman of the committee to call it up for consideration. Being a hard-working and conscientious Representative, he was very anxious to get the bill through, and he knew that if a report was long delayed Congress might adjourn without having a chance to pass upon it. That, of course, would "kill" the bill and make it necessary to re-introduce it at the beginning of the following Congress. He knew, also, in a general way, that investigations by the committees often disclosed that bills were not meritorious or that other demands more pressing engaged the attention of the committees and that many of the bills referred to them were not even considered but allowed to "die" at the expiration of the Congress. So he supplied the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds with all the information he could collect to convince its members of the necessity for the additional $15,000. His bill was found to possess merit and eventually one of the members of the committee was requested by the chairman to report it out. This member prepared a brief statement showing the needs of the situation and recommending the appropriation asked for, and, together with a copy of the bill, filed it with the clerk at the Speaker's desk, where it was referred to the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union and placed on the Union Calendar.

THERE are five calendars in the House of Representatives. Bills of a public nature, which do not involve the expenditure of money or property, are referred to the House Calendar. Bills of a public nature, involving the expenditure of money or property, including the regular appropriation bills for the maintenance of the Government, are referred to the Union Calendar. Bills of a private nature, including pension bills and those for the relief of individuals, churches, and corporations, are referred to the Private Calendar. Bills which have been referred either to the House or Union Calendars may be, upon written motion of any member, filed with the Clerk of the House, transferred to the Calendar for Unanimous Consent, in which case, on the first and third Mondays of each month, a member may ask unanimous consent to suspend the rules and pass such bills. A single objection to a bill removes it from this calendar and returns it to the original calendar where it must await its turn under the rules. It may be again placed on the Calendar for Unanimous Consent, but if objected to a second time, it can not come up for further consideration. The use of this calendar facilitates the passage of bills which might otherwise be hopelessly buried beneath measures of greater importance. The last calendar is called the Calendar of Motions to Discharge Committees. When a bill has been before a committee at least fifteen days and not reported, a member may move to discharge the committee from further consideration of the bill, in which case it is placed on the last-named calendar and may come up on the same day as bills on the Unanimous Consent Calendar.

The Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, to which Congressman Smith's bill was referred after being reported, is, of course, the House itself, but is a convenient designation under the rules which requires only one hundred members to make a quorum, and which permits greater freedom and latitude of debate than is allowed under the rules of the House. The Speaker never presides over this committee.

In the case of the regular appropriation bills for the maintenance of the Government, or of bills on the calendars regularly coming up for consideration without being transferred to the Calendar for Unanimous Consent, the House automatically resolves itself into the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union for general debate. Usually an agreement is entered into providing that debate shall be limited to a certain number of hours, one-half to be used by those in favor of the measure, and one-half by those opposed to it. When this time has expired the bill is taken up under the five-minute rule by which no member may speak more than five minutes on a single amendment. When all amendments are offered and the bill is completed in Committee of the Whole, the presiding officer, who is chairman of the committee, surrenders the gavel to the Speaker and reports the bill with all amendments to the House with favorable recommendation. If a separate vote is not demanded on any amendment they are adopted as a whole and the bill as amended is then read a third time by its title and passed.

Congressman Smith's bill, being a measure involving expense to the Government, was referred to the Union Calendar, as indicated, but the Congressman felt that the bill never would be reached because of the crowded condition of that calendar. So he went to the Clerk of the House and requested him to transfer the bill to the Calendar for Unanimous Consent. This was done, and accordingly on a certain Monday, about four months after the bill had been reported, it came up for consideration and, not being objected to, was passed without debate.

Before being messaged to the Senate it was prepared in the enrolling room for the printer and a certificate by the Clerk of the House was attached showing that it was a true act of legislation. On the following day the Chief Clerk of the House took this document over to the Senate where the Vice-President interrupted the proceedings to receive, and later referred it to the Senate Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds. At last Congressman Smith's bill was definitely out of his hands for he was not well enough acquainted with the Chairman of the Senate Committee to urge an early report. However, he made it a point to call the matter to the attention of the Senators from his state and they promised to do all they could to get the measure before the Senate.

AFTER six weeks the Senate Committee reported the bill, and when Congressman Smith saw the report he was somewhat disturbed. The committee had written an amendment cutting down the appropriation from $15,000 to $10,000, thus fixing the limit of cost at $85,000 instead of $90,000, as passed by the House. But the bill might have been entirely rewritten, so Smith was thankful that it had not been cut more than it was. Very often an annual appropriation bill, or a measure of great importance demanding careful consideration and leading to prolonged debate, is rewritten so that when reported by the Senate Committee it may be an entirely new bill with no resemblance to the original House bill save in the title and enacting clause. It is then considered in the Senate as a substitute for the House bill and may eventually become the law.

Smith's bill was referred by the Vice-President to the Senate Calendar. There is no Calendar for Unanimous Consent in the Senate and, unless otherwise provided for, every bill must take its turn. So this bill came up one day when the Senate was going over the calendar. Very often a Senator objects to a certain bill, either because he wants to defeat it or desires to look into it more carefully, and so when that particular bill is reached he simply says, "Let the bill go over." But nobody objected to Congressman Smith's bill and it was considered in the Committee of the Whole, just as had been done in the House. The Vice-President, who presides over the Senate, is not required to call a Senator to the chair when bills are considered in Committee of the Whole, though he may do so. The committee amendment reducing the increase from $15,000 to $10,000 was adopted and the bill was then reported to the Senate where it was passed without further debate.

The bill was then returned to the House with the amendment attached. The House accepted the change and the bill was printed on sheepskin parchment, called engrossing the bill, was signed by the Speaker and the Vice-President, and then sent to the President of the United States for his signature, which was attached almost exactly seven months after the bill had been introduced in the House. Congressman Smith was on the floor of the House when the Speaker asked a member who was speaking to suspend for a moment while the House received a message from the President. One of the secretaries from the White House then announced a long list of bills which the President had signed and among them was Smith's bill. The latter immediately went to the telegraph office in the House corridor and sent the good news to his home paper.

Very often a bill is returned from the Senate to the House with a large number of amendments. Some of these amendments are not accepted by the House. The bill is returned to the Senate with a statement showing just what amendments are rejected. The Senate may then recede from its amendments or may insist upon them. If the latter course is pursued it returns the bill to the House and asks for a conference in order that the differences may be adjusted. The Speaker and Vice-President then appoint conferees and they meet to harmonize the matters in disagreement. The conference report is then presented to each body and adopted or rejected. If adopted, the bill is printed on parchment and signed by the Speaker and Vice-President, as already indicated, and then sent to the President for approval. If the conference report is rejected either by the House or the Senate, the bill may again be referred to the conferees for adjustment. If, for any reason, the conferees are unable to agree, and neither House votes to recede from its position, a deadlock results and the bill fails to become a law.

After a bill is signed by the President and the fact communicated to the Senate and House, it is forwarded to the department affected and ultimately finds its way to the files of the State Department where it is carefully preserved.

A bill originating in the Senate passes through practically the same stages as one introduced in the House. Of course, under the Constitution, a bill seeking to raise revenue or providing for the appropriation of money must originate in the House of Representatives.

During each Congress, both in the House and in the Senate, a large number of private bills are introduced, most of which are for the relief of individuals in the form of claims against the Government growing out of the Civil War or pensions. These are referred to the proper committees where those passed upon favorably are grouped into several bills called "omnibus bills" and reported out in this form. There is but one enacting clause and what was once an original bill, bearing the name of the Congressman presenting it and the date of introduction and committee reference, becomes a mere paragraph giving the name of the claimant and the amount of the relief granted by the committee. On certain days these bills are considered in the House and Senate and are subject to substantially the same rules as public bills. By this method a large number of private claims and pensions are granted which otherwise would never be reached for consideration. Often, however, bills of a private nature are passed individually on their merits.

Every Congress expires at noon on March 4 of the odd years. When the legislative wheels turn slowly during the closing hours and it is apparent that adjournment can not be had just at the stroke of twelve, some diligent employee of the House and Senate manages to turn back the hands of the two clocks in each chamber. Then, if it later develops that he has been too liberal with the time and has turned the hands back more than was necessary, he turns them forward again until they point almost to twelve. The Speaker of the House and the Vice-President in the Senate patiently watch the hands and when, according to the official timepieces, it is twelve o'clock, each presiding officer brings his gavel down on the desk with a whack and announces the adjournment of Congress. In the Record adjournment is announced as having occurred at noon, but every member on the floor and every visitor in the galleries who possesses a watch knows that it is long past twelve. When the Sixty-second Congress adjourned on March 4, 1913, the time shown by watches and clocks, not so erratic as the official chronometers, was just 1.10 P. M.

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# GOLDEN GRAINS

THOSE golden moments of opportunity
  Those golden grains in the sands of Life;
How through our fingers we oft have watched them slipping
  Back to the heaped-up mounds of strife.

All of our strength would we have given
  For just another golden grain;
But the fates heed not our useless pleading,
  Nor the weary sadness of our refrain.

God grants but one handful of his precious sand
  As we loiter on the shores of Life;
And 'tis for us to use and understand
  What mean those grains in the sands of Life.

—*Marie Richardson.*

# Heart Letters

*The making of a book by the people is a most fascinating process. Thousands of letters were received every week when* HEART THROBS *and* HEART SONGS *were in the making, bringing contributions and selections direct from the homes of the people. The beginning of the new book* HEART LETTERS *has been most inspiring, and promises to be the most fascinating book yet published. Next month we will print a large number of* HEART LETTERS *contributed by subscribers. Send in some letter that indicates the heart impulse of your favorite author or public man, or it may be some old letter in the garret written to mother or father during war times, or perhaps some love letter that tells a life story. When these letters are collected in one volume, you will have a bundle of human documents that never has been excelled.*—EDITOR.

NAPOLEON had been promoted to be commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy, and before his departure for that splendid campaign induced Josephine Beauharnais to become his wife. This letter before their marriage certainly does not lack entire devotion, well-expressed admiration and intense passion. The great conqueror was evidently as completely vanquished by the charming Creole widow as any of the world-famous generals whom he overthrew in war's sterner game.

FEBRUARY 23, 1796.
Seven o'clock in the morning.

My waking thoughts are all of thee. Your portrait and the remembrance of last night's delirium have robbed my senses of repose. Sweet and incomparable Josephine, what an extraordinary influence you have over my heart. Are you vexed? Do I see you sad? Are you ill at ease? My soul is broken with grief, and there is no rest for your lover. But is there more for me when, delivering ourselves up to the deep feelings which master me, I breathe upon your lips, upon your heart, a flame which burns me up—ah, it was this past night I realized that your portrait was not you. You start at noon; I shall see you in three hours. Meanwhile, *mio dolce amor*, accept a thousand kisses, but give me none, for they fire my blood.

N. B.

A Madame Beauharnais.

THEY were married on the ninth of March, fifteen days after the date of the above letter, and were separated March 11, two days later, by the stern summons of the young bridegroom to the field.

CHANCEAUX POST HOUSE,
March 14, 1796.

I wrote you at Chatillon, and sent you a power of attorney to enable you to receive various sums of money in course of remittance to me. Every moment separates me further from you, my beloved, and every moment I have less energy to exist so far from you. You are the constant object of my thoughts; I exhaust my imagination in thinking of what you are doing. If I see you unhappy, my heart is torn, and my grief grows greater. If you are gay and lively among your friends (male and female), I reproach you with having so soon forgotten the sorrowful separation three days ago; thence you must be fickle and henceforward stirred by no deep emotions. So you see I am not easy to satisfy, but, my dear, I have quite different sensations when I fear that your health may be affected or that you have cause to be annoyed; then I regret the haste with which I was separated from my darling. I feel, in fact, that your natural kindness of heart exists no longer for me, and it is only when I am quite sure you are not vexed that I am satisfied. If I were asked how I slept, I feel that before replying I should have to get a message to tell me that you had had a good night. The ailments, the passions of men influence me only when I imagine they may reach you, my dear. May my good genius, which has always preserved me in the midst of great dangers, surround you, enfold you, while I will face my fate unguarded. Ah! be not gay, but a trifle melancholy; and especially may your soul be free from worries as your body from illness; you know what our good Ossian says on this subject. Write me, dear, and at full length, and accept the thousand and one kisses of your most devoted and faithful friend.

BEFORE his advance, he writes a rather pathetic as well as long letter, which shows that he already began to realize that he was more in love with his wife than she was with him.

Albenga, Apr. 7th.

I have received the letter that you break off, in order, you say, to go into the country; and in spite of that you give me to understand that you are jealous of me, who am here, overwhelmed with business and fatigue. Ah, my dear, it is true I am wrong. In the spring the country is beautiful, and then the lover of nineteen will doubtless find means to spare an extra moment to write to him, who distant three hundred leagues from thee, lives, enjoys, exists only in thoughts of thee, who reads thy letters as one devours, after six hours' hunting, the meat he likes best. I am not satisfied with your last letter; it is cold as friendship. I have not found that fire which kindles your looks, and which I have sometimes fancied I found there. But how infatuated I am. I found your previous letters weigh too heavily on my mind. The revolution which they produced there invaded my rest and took my faculties captive. I desired more frigid letters, but they gave me the chill of death. Not to be loved by Josephine, the thought of finding her inconstant . . . but I am forging troubles—there are so many real ones, there is no need to manufacture more! You cannot have inspired a boundless love without sharing it, for a cultured mind and a soul like yours cannot requite complete surrender and devotion with the death-blow.

I have received the letter from Madame Chateau Renard. I have written to the Minister. I will write to the former tomorrow. to whom you will make the usual compliments. Kind regards to Madame Tallien and Barras.

You do not speak of your wretched indigestion—I hate it. Adieu, till tomorrow, *mio dolce amor*. A remembrance from my unique wife, and a victory from Destiny—these are my wishes; a unique remembrance entirely worthy of him who thinks of thee every moment.

My brother is here; he has learnt of my marriage with pleasure. He longs to see you. I am trying to prevail on him to go to Paris—his wife has just borne him a girl. He sends you a gift of a box of Genoa bonbons. You will receive oranges, perfumes, and orange-flower water, which I am sending you. Junot and Murat present their respects to you.

On April 19 he began his Italian campaign with about thirty-five thousand men, and on April 12 defeated the Austrians at Montemotte with a loss of thirty-five hundred men, five guns and many other trophies.

Amid all the exploits of that campaign and the much greater ones that followed for that year, in which with thirty thousand men he conquered Italy, he found time to write the most passionate letters, although the divine Josephine seems to have been a very lax correspondent and very slow to respond to the repeated requests of Napoleon that she should join him at Leghorn or Milan in Italy. This she finally did, as appears from the following letters:

Marmirolo, July 17, 1796.
9 p. m.

I got your letter, my beloved; it has filled my heart with joy. I am grateful to you for the trouble you have taken to send me news; your health should be better today—I am sure you are cured. I urge you strongly to ride, which cannot fail to do you good.

Ever since I left you I have been sad. I am only happy when by your side. Ceaselessly I recall your kisses, your tears, your enchanting jealousy; and the charms of the incomparable Josephine keep constantly alight a bright and burning flame in my heart and senses. When, free from every worry, from all business, shall I spend all my moments by your side, to have nothing to do but to love you, and to prove it to you? I shall send your horse, but I am hoping that you will soon be able to rejoin me. I thought I loved you some days ago; but since I saw you, I feel that I love you even a thousand times more. Ever since I have known you, I worship you more every day; which proves how false is the maxim of La Bruyere that "love comes all at once." Everything in nature has a regular course, and different degrees of growth. Ah! pray let me see some of your faults; be less beautiful, less gracious, less tender, and, especially, less kind; above all, never be jealous, never weep; your tears madden me, fire my blood. Be sure that it is no longer possible for me to have a thought except for you, or an idea of which you shall not be the judge.

Have a good rest. Haste to get well. Come and join me, so that, at least before dying, we could say "We were happy for so many days!"

Millions of kisses, and even to Fortune, in spite of his naughtiness.

Bonaparte.

To Josephine at Milan

Verona, September 17, 1796.

*My dear,—*

I write very often and you seldom. You are naughty and undutiful; very undutiful, as well as thoughtless. It is disloyal to deceive a poor husband, an affectionate lover. Ought he to lose his rights because he is far away, up to the neck in business, worries and anxiety? Without his Josephine, without the assurance of her love, what in the wide world remains for him? What will he do?

Yesterday we had a very sanguinary conflict; the enemy has lost heavily and been completely beaten. We have taken from him the suburbs of Mantua.

Adieu, charming Josephine; one of these nights, the door will be burst open with a bang, as if by a jealous husband, and in a moment I shall be in your arms.

A thousand affectionate kisses.

BONAPARTE.

IN 1805 Napoleon was facing Russia and Prussia in a death-grapple, for his great successes had awakened undying enmities. He writes to Josephine at Strasburg, where she held a brilliant court. It will be noticed that the Emperor has accepted the situation, knowing that Josephine loves dress, finery, and flirtation, as a Creole heritage which has colored her whole love life not only with him but also with others.

His account of his defeat of the Austrian army in his letter to her is Homeric in its simplicity and force:

ABBAYE D'ELCHINGEN, Oct. 19, 1805.

*My dear Josephine,—*

I have tired myself more than I ought. Soaked garments and cold feet every day for a week have made me rather ill, but I have spent the whole of today indoors, which has rested me.

My design has been accomplished; I have destroyed the Austrian army by marches alone; I have made sixty thousand prisoners, taken one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, more than ninety flags, and more than thirty generals. I am about to fling myself on the Russians; they are lost men. I am satisfied with my army. I have only lost fifteen hundred men, of whom two-thirds are but slightly wounded.

Prince Charles is on his way to cover Vienna; I think Massena should be already at Vicenza.

The moment I can give my thoughts to Italy I will make Eugene win a battle!

Very best wishes to Hortense.

Adieu, my Josephine; kindest regards to every one.

NAPOLEON.

AFTER the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, on October 25, 1805, swore by and at the tomb of Frederick the Great to make implacable war on France, immense armies (for that time) were levied and defeated in detail by Napoleon and his marshals. Berlin and Stettin surrendered in October, and other garrisons followed in turn. The Empress Josephine at Mayence received for the first time a rather harsh letter, but as he says in a later note that he wrote thus because "it is true that I hate intriguing women." It will be remembered that Barras was declared to have had under his influence both Madame Tallien and Madame Beauharnais.

BERLIN, Monday Noon.

*My dear,—*

I have received your letter. I am glad to know that you are in a place which pleases me, and especially to know that you are very well there. Who should be happier than you? You should live without a worry, and pass your time as pleasantly as possible; that, indeed, is my intention.

I forbid you to see Madame Tallien, under any pretext whatever. I will admit of no excuse. If you desire a continuance of my esteem, if you wish to please me, never transgress the present order. She may possibly come to your apartments, to enter them by night; forbid your porter to admit her.

* * * * * * *

I shall soon be at Malmaison. I warn you to have no lovers there that night; I should be sorry to disturb them. Adieu, dear; I long to see you and assure you of my love and affection.

NAPOLEON.

November 6, 1806, 9 P.M.

Yours to hand, in which you seem annoyed at the bad things I say about women; it is true that I hate intriguing women more than anything. I am used to kind, gentle, persuasive women; these are the kind I like. If I have been spoilt, it is not my fault, but yours. Moreover, you shall learn how kind I have been to one who showed herself sensible and good, Madame d'Hatzfeld. When I showed her husband's letter to her she admitted to me, amid her sobs, with profound emotion, and frankly, "Ah! it is indeed his writing!" While she was reading her voice went to my heart; it pained me. I said, "Well, madame, throw that letter on the fire; I shall then have no longer the power to punish your husband." She burnt the letter and seemed very happy. Her husband now feels at ease, two hours later he would have been a dead man. You see, then, how I like kind, frank, gentle women; but it is because such alone resemble you.

Adieu, dear; my health is good.

NAPOLEON.

LETTERS from Josephine in the midst of the German-Russian campaign of 1807 were full of worries over the supposed dangers and hardships of the Russo-Polish frontier. The following letter, dated about February 1, 1807, in which he outlines his ideas regarding her line of conduct, follows two or three others which attempted to laugh away her fears:

### To the Empress at Paris

*My dear,—*

Your letter of January 20th has given me pain; it is too sad. That's the fault of not being a little more devout! You tell me that your glory consists in your happiness. That is narrow-minded; one should say, my glory consists in the happiness of others. It is not conjugal; one should say, my glory consists in the happiness of my husband. It is not maternal; one should say my glory consists in the happiness of my children. Now, since nations—your husband, your children—can only be happy with a certain amount of glory, you must not make little of it. Fie, Josephine; your heart is excellent and your arguments weak. You feel acutely, but you don't argue as well.

That's sufficient quarrelling. I want you to be cheerful, happy in your lot, and that you should obey, not with grumbling and tears, but with gaiety of heart and a little more good temper.

Adieu, dear; I start tonight to examine my outposts.

Napoleon.

While busied with preparations for the opening campaign, it would seem that the Empress became jealous of Napoleon through some of the scandal-mongers of her court.

It is hardly to be claimed that Josephine's part in life as known to Napoleon was impeccable, and her own yielding, kindly disposition often laid her open to malicious tongues, while the amours of Napoleon were never a prominent feature of his few unwarlike periods of leisure, even if their existence was less dubious than it is. He evidently resents, however, the too general hospitality of the Empress, and not unreasonably.

### To the Empress at Paris

I have just received your letter. I know not what you tell me about ladies in correspondence with me. I love only my little Josephine, sweet, pouting, and capricious, who can quarrel with grace, as she does everything else, for she is always lovable, except when she is jealous; then she becomes a regular shrew. But let us come back to these ladies. If I had leisure for any among them, I assure you that I should like them to be pretty rosebuds.

Are those of whom you speak of this kind?

I wish you to have only those persons to dinner who have dined with me; that your list be the same for your assemblies, that you never make intimates at Malmaison of ambassadors and foreigners. If you should do the contrary, you would displease me. Finally, do not allow yourself to be duped too much by persons whom I do not know, and who would not come to the house if I were there.

Adieu, dear. Yours ever,

Napoleon.

At the beginning of the year 1809 the Empress was, as usual, very apprehensive of the success of the opening campaign in which the French were pitted against the Spaniards, Portuguese and their English allies in the Peninsula.

### To the Empress

Jan. 9, 1809.

Moustache brings me your letter of the 31st of December. I see from it, dear, that you are sad and have very gloomy disquietudes. Austria will not make war on me; if she does, I have one hundred and fifty thousand men in Germany and as many on the Rhine, and four hundred thousand Germans to reply to her. Russia will not separate herself from me. They are foolish in Paris; all goes well.

I shall be at Paris the moment I think it worth while. I advise you to beware of ghosts, one fine day, at two o'clock in the morning.

But adieu, dear; I am well and am yours ever,

Napoleon.

Realizing that he had no direct heir, Napoleon held a family council on Friday, December 15, 1809, at which it was determined, Josephine consenting, that a divorce should separate Napoleon from his beloved Josephine. On the next day, Saturday, December 16, 1809, the Senate issued its decree, showing that thirteen French monarchs had broken the bonds of matrimony to ensure a direct and peaceful succession at their decease.

The Senate decreed that "the Empress Josephine will retain the title and rank of a crowned empress-queen. Her jointure is fixed at an annual revenue of eighty thousand pounds ($400,000) from the public treasury. Every provision which may be made by the Emperor in favor of the Empress Josephine out of the Civil List, shall be obligatory on his successor." Napoleon added to this forty thousand pounds per year from his own private fortune, but out of it paid over a hundred creditors of the Empress, which largely reduced her cost receipts for the first two years.

Josephine slept at Malmaison that night, and Sunday was a stormy day, and she was naturally depressed, although she had faced the matter bravely in the family consultation. Napoleon wrote the following, December 17, after his first visit to the divorced Empress:

December, 1809, 8 P.M.

*My dear,—*

I found you today weaker than you ought to be. You have shown courage; it is necessary that you should maintain it and not give way to a doleful melancholy. You must be contented and take special care of your health, which is so precious to me.

If you are attached to me and if you love me, you should show strength of mind and force yourself to be happy. You cannot question my constant and tender friendship, and you would know very imperfectly all the affection I have for you if you imagined that I can be happy if you are unhappy, and contented if you are ill at ease.

Adieu, dear. Sleep well, dream that I wish it.

NAPOLEON.

ON Monday, December 25, 1809, Josephine, by special invitation, dined with Napoleon at the Little Trianon. This Christmas dinner was the last ever eaten together by Napoleon and Josephine. The Emperor returned to the Tuileries, from which palace he wrote the following Wednesday, December 27.

TO THE EMPRESS AT MALMAISON

PARIS, Wed. Noon, 27 Dec., 1809.

Eugene told me that you were very miserable all yesterday. That is not well, my dear; it is contrary to what you promised me.

I have been thoroughly tired in revisiting the Tuileries; that great palace seemed empty to me, and I felt lost in it.

Adieu, dear. Keep well.

NAPOLEON.

NAPOLEON did indeed greatly miss the pleasant social and political converse in which Josephine had always been most interesting, and on January 7, he wrote her as follows:

TO THE EMPRESS AT MALMAISON

SUNDAY, 8 P. M., 1810.

I was very glad to see you yesterday; I feel what charms your society has for me.

Today I walked with Esteve. I have allowed £4,000 for 1810, for the extraordinary expenses at Malmaison. You can therefore do as much planting as you like; you will distribute that sum as you may require. I have instructed Esteve to send £8,000 the moment the contract for the Maison Julien shall be made. I have ordered them to pay for your parure of rubies, which will be valued by the Department, for I do not wish to be robbed by jewelers. So there goes the £16,000 that this may cost me.

I have ordered them to hold the million which the Civil List owes you for 1810 at the disposal of your man of business, in order to pay your debts.

You should find in the coffers of Malmaison twenty to twenty-five thousand pounds; you can take them to buy your plate and linen.

I have instructed them to make you a a very fine porcelain service; they will take your commands in order that it may be a very fine one.

NAPOLEON.

BIRTH of the King of Rome on March 20, 1811, gave Napoleon the heir for which he had sacrificed so much—and so vainly. Yet this year's military successes in Spain were not complicated by any defeats. Napoleon wrote two days later to Josephine and softens any pain given by his evident delight in his own son by his praise of his stepson, Eugene Beauharnais.

TO THE EMPRESS AT NAVARRE

PARIS, March 22, 1811.

*My dear,—*

I have your letter. I thank you for it. My son is fat and in excellent health. I trust he may continue to improve. He has my chest, my mouth and my eyes. I hope he may fulfill his destiny. I am always well pleased with Eugene; he has never given me the least anxiety.

NAPOLEON.

TWO letters follow, both impressing upon Josephine the necessity of saving a part of her immense annuity:

TO THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE AT MALMAISON

TRIANON, Aug. 25, 1811.

I have your letter. I see with pleasure that you are in good health. I have been for some days at Trianon. I expect to go to Compiegne. My health is very good.

Put some order into your affairs. Spend only 60,000 pounds and save as much every year; that will make a reserve of 600,000 pounds in ten years for your grandchildren. It is pleasant to be able to give them something and be helpful to them. Instead of that, I hear you have debts, which would be really too bad. Look after your affairs, and don't give to every one who wants to help himself. If you wish to please me, let me hear that you have accumulated a large fortune. Consider how ill I must think of you, if I know that you, with 125,000 pounds a year, are in debt.

Adieu, dear; keep well.

Napoleon.

To the Empress at Malmaison

Friday, 8 A.M., 1811.

I send to know how you are, for Hortense tells me you were in bed yesterday. I was annoyed with you about your debts. I do not wish you to have any; on the contrary, I wish you to put a million aside every year, to give to your grandchildren when they get married.

Nevertheless, never doubt my affection for you, and don't worry any more about the present embarrassment.

Adieu, dear. Send me word that you are well.

ON April 11, 1814, the treaty between Napoleon and the Allies, Austria, Russia and Prussia, reserved to Napoleon and his family the Isle of Elba, with a revenue of two hundred thousand pounds ($1,000,000) and the dukedoms of Parma and Placenba for Marie Louise and her son, but she already immediately returned to Vienna.

On Monday, May 23, the Empress Josephine, after receiving at dinner the King of Prussia and the Crown Prince, later Wilhelm, the first Emperor of Germany, was taken ill, probably of quinsy, but pointing to diphtheria, a disease not delineated by doctors of that day. Corvisart, her favorite doctor, was himself ill and could not attend her. She died Sunday, May 29, deeply loved and lamented, and as Corvisart told Napoleon, "of grief and worry."

Before leaving on his fatal Waterloo campaign, Napoleon visited Malmaison, and as he gazed at the familiar scenes of years of love and tenderness, said: "Poor Josephine. Her death, news of which took me by surprise at Elba, was one of the most acute griefs of that fatal year 1814. She had her failings, of course; but she, at any rate, would never have deserted me."

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# STONEHENGE

FAR out on unfrequented moor they rise,
Huge stones were never wrought by hammer stroke
But taken, just as titan forces broke
Rough granite ledge, in blocks of massive size;
The druids ranged these pillars circle wise;
A roofless temple wherein heart of oak
Should on the sacred altar duly smoke
With savor of appointed sacrifice.

The fires burned out, the altars now are cold,
Hushed are the voice of priest, the victims' groans,
The place is silent as abode of Death;
But yet, the mystery of that work is told
In mute disclosure of these upraised stones;—
These were the lower steps to higher faith.

—*Isaac Bassett Choate, in "Through Realms of Song."*

# American Defense

by

## Mitchell Mannering

THE one dominating thought of the United States of America for the past few months has been a realization of our unpreparedness for war and the spirit inspiring adequate provision for "defense." It is a reflection of the same idea that came to the minute men at Lexington, conquered but not subdued, and that followed the echoes of Patrick Henry's immortal speech in the Virginian House of Burgesses.

The camp at Plattsburgh, begun as an experiment, has impressed the country with what can be done, as well as with what must be done. The three propositions before the American people were: "Peace at any price and under all conditions"; the second and predominating feeling of the country is "peace with honor," and the third—"preparedness." This preparedness contemplates being ready for an emergency no matter how many years hence and no matter how much money it might require.

There are those who have felt that the time of passive inaction has passed, and that the United States should play its part in the preservation of its ideals by checking the militaristic spirit demonstrating our ability to build up a still greater militarism.

This movement has a meaning far beyond the mere preparation for military preparedness—it is an expression of the dominant sentiment of the country. Prominent men leaving their work in office and store and the leisure of the club and becoming "rookies" in the camp embody a sort of practical democracy. When Congressmen, Mayors and former Governors join the ranks, it has a tendency to make the private in the ranks proud of the distinction of being an enlisted American. It has renewed the suggestion of having the art of "soldiery" taught in every public school, making it part of the school curriculum and an essential in education, assisting every preparation for war by developing manly self-reliance, discipline, concerted action and all those qualities that go to make up the desirable citizen. In no other country of the world would you find such a co-mingling of all the people for this purpose. The eminent doctor, lawyer, financier, are all demonstrating their allegiance as a part of the warp and woof of national life.

It requires time to prepare for defense, not only in armament, but in having men who know how to handle that armament. We have fire houses for protection—why could not these be utilized and have machine guns as well as fire engines, so that the men could learn how to use them. Have the people join in making a plan for a citizen soldiery whose number would be in proportion to our population of a hundred millions, and that will be as readily effective as when the embattled farmers took down their flint-locks from the chimney hooks when Paul Revere's midnight summons called them to fight and die at Lexington and Concord.

The constructive genius that builds up a thousand railroads and handles hundreds of thousands of men, the corporations with agencies in every city, cannot be baffled by any difficulty in preparing for the defense and honor of the country.

Make every fire house an armory and every school yard a parade as well as a play ground. It is the boys and girls from ten to sixteen years of age who, in a decade more, will be the citizens of this country, upon whom this lesson should be deeply impressed. The Boy Scout movement will no doubt be the nucleus which will develop an organized army of defense.

Congress will meet in December, with the example of the achievement of Plattsburgh before them and the realization of an awakened public sentiment with which it will not dare to trifle. The people now demand protection, not as a privilege, but as a right. A budget should be provided, and the millions therein should be expended by the man who knows how to expend them, rather than committees in Congress that come and go as the partisan political thermometer moves up and down hither and thither.

The very name of the "War Department" is a misnomer—it should be the "Department of the Army," as the "Navy Department" is the "Department of the Navy." The people of this country do not want war, or anything that looks like or suggests war, but they are going to be ready for anything that might happen, and with the Department of the Army FOR DEFENSE, and the Department of the Navy FOR DEFENSE, we begin to realize that we have been living in times of great changes, and every change will mark a step forward.

# PROGRESS

IN its giving and its getting, in its smiling and its fretting,
In its peaceful years of toiling and its awful days of war,
Ever on the world is moving and all human life is proving
It is reaching toward the purpose that the great God meant it for.

Through its laughing and its weeping, through its losing and its keeping,
Through its follies and its labors, weaving in and out of sight,
To the end from the beginning, through all virtue and all sinning,
Reeled from God's great spool of Progress, runs the golden thread of Right.

All the darkness and the errors, all the sorrows and the terrors
Time has painted in the background on the canvas of the World,
All the beauty of life's story he will do in tones of glory
When these final blots of shadows from his brushes have been hurled.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in "Poems of Power."*

# The New Patriotism

by

## by William Hilton Jarboe

WE are so attuned to directing our work toward certain definite, tangible ends, we seem quite forgetful of the fact achievement is something far too complex—too manifold—to be resolved only into that especial attainment for which we may be striving; and yet even a moment's pause upon this point will persuade us into that knowing. A thought can never die; an effort—though it may indeed fall short of its conscious purpose—must none the less surely remain in life; or if they really pass into the silence, it is but to progenerate a thousand children, and so to enter a life more meaningful than that they knew before. And therefore it seems wholly within the possible even those dreamers who quit our world, their dreams yet unrealized, cast an influence quite as wide as their more fortunate brother; truly we could well question whether it does not transcend theirs, since the antagonism it stirs must be infinitely productive.

Whether this production impulses toward the goal vainly sought is, of course, another matter—a matter resting entirely upon the mob attitude toward him who makes the unpopular espousal. For it would not appear impossible to maintain the assertion that, while we sometimes decry our seers because we truly cannot find within ourselves any point of attachment to them, we as often scorn them—not because they stand all apart from us, but rather because they are but an intensified embodiment of our own aspirations—aspirations of which we are but blindly conscious, and which therefore appear to us a vague, unacquirable something we cannot name; aspirations the gaining of which would inevitably involve a mastery over moral fear, and a surrender as well of all deference to tradition. We want simply to recall into mind the time of our Civil War, and to remember Abraham Lincoln sought not merely to re-unite his country, but to touch it into a new acceptance of human equality—a vision not his alone, but one mistily known to the nation of his day; a vision, then, which he had not to conceive, but only to bring into voice. Yet, so little did his public know its own longing—history can leave us nothing doubtful how much Lincoln suffered from his countrymen.

It must be obvious, to even a casual observer, we stand today upon the eve of an evolution for which the world knows no parallel—an evolution, that is to say, toward those ideals of humanity we have always sensed, but which are only now beginning to issue from the region of things half known; an evolution which, though it is leading us into painfully arduous paths, will find its tangible result in a new sense of universal brotherhood. The phrase is not new; the words "universal brotherhood" have sounded more than once upon our ears. But it is a truth slowly dawning into human consciousness, we cannot longer remain followers of tradition if we would some day accomplish that Utopian dream toward which the world has ever blindly striven; and while we surely cannot trace such a change of social temper to its basic source, one can hardly doubt the English dramatist, Mr. John Galsworthy, has been instantly instrumental in its birth.

An inquiry into Mr. Galsworthy's work must return the finding, its common concern lies in picturing the inevitable interplay between "classes," thus to ridicule any aristocratic life philosophy. This is the theme upon which "The Silver Box" dwells; the theme, too, looking from the pages of "Justice," of "The Eldest Son," and—in a somewhat different sense—of his later play, "The Mob," in which, for the first time, his voice soars into a plea for nations where he had ever before asked only a departure from class consciousness into the wider cognizance of all humankind as being one. But "The Mob" is to be remarked not alone as standing something apart from its creator's earlier writings, but as a distinct advancement toward that day when "universal brotherhood" will be a reality, not a phrase; an accomplished fact rather than an unrealized vision.

THE England of "The Mob" is an England verged upon war against a small, uncivilized country British missionaries had sought to win into Christain faith. The question whether it was a faith at all suited to the peoples' peculiar needs had not suggested itself to Britain; and so it happened England received news of the missionaries' murders in an impassioned temper; for was not this a direct stab at her national honor? Undoubtedly; there was, then, but one course for England—War. "We must show Impudence at last that Dignity is not asleep!" cried a Parliamentary member; and England, quick to uphold dignity, rushed to arms. In all the land there was but one varying voice; one voice owning courage to contend the mob for the feeling which, curiously enough, that mob at once accepted and denied: the feeling for the newer patriotism; that old-new recognition of war as something not glorious, but shameful; an achievement not to be vaunted before men, but to be hidden in the closet. The nation swayed between war and peace—unconsciously; for this ideal, though it stood in the common perception, was yet to gain a voice as compelling as the cry, "Our blood is being spilled!" Tradition and tradition alone paused England from attaining to the dream toward which it and the world has been groping; yet, since tradition is a force so lacking definition, and one touching our lives at so many points, we can easily understand why it so enchains us. And if we today may be said to possess any peculiarizing significance for the unborn ages, it rests in the fact we began to put away tradition whenever it failed to meet the issues of our time.

The effort, admittedly, remains in infancy; certainly we are not yet won from that time-honored notion of patriotism which bids us blindly follow our country's call. But there is undisputable evidence of the fact, a new channel is surely if slowly flowing from the unknown into human consciousness, since Mr. Galsworthy—to name one out of several—has brought it into definite assertion, and since he could not have written "The Mob" were it not in answer to some spiritual cry. But his mob was not prepared for so sudden a projection of its own vague sense; and therefore the figure through whom Mr. Galsworthy brought that sense into life was regarded a traitor to be killed. "There is a certain type of public man who, even at his own expense, cannot resist the itch to advertise himself. We would, at moments of national crisis, muzzle such persons as we muzzle dogs that we suspect of incipient rabies." The quotation well bespeaks the mob temper for him who but asserted its own feeling: the man so assailed had merely said, "As we are tender of our own land, so we should be of the lands of others. . . . We have arrogated to our land the title Champion of Freedom, Foe of Oppression. Is that indeed a bygone glory? Is it not worth some sacrifice of our pettier dignity to avoid laying another stone upon its grave? . . . We are about to force our will, our dominion, upon a race that has always been free, that loves its country, its independence, as much as we love ours. . . . In the name of Justice and Civilization we pursue this policy; but by Justice we shall hereafter be judged, and by Civilization—condemned." Tradition yet held too potent a tenet to release the nation from a war which, at heart, its men were unwilling to wage, and to which it turned only because tradition said its national honor had been stirred. And tradition, saying this, knew but one way for answering the fancied challenge—War.

Mr. Galsworthy has said here, we must learn to sacrifice for peace; we must abandon that masterful tradition called "national honor" as something quite too misty to warrant war for its defense. In the light of the newer patriotism, then, we shall cease thinking him hero who blindly surrenders his life to his country, and shall look to him who seeks other means toward maintaining our position among the nations; for readiness to don the soldiers' dress will then appear not so much the hero's part as the slave's to tradition; and surely slaves are not heroes. Ours is the day for a two-fold task: for putting away war as a practice incidental to a past age, and for finding an equally effectual instrument for whatever international questions time will bring; and though we individually may act no highly prominent role, there can be no doubt whatever effort we direct toward accomplishing this revolution will not be in vain. The new instrument will issue—not at the call of one man, but only at the impassioned call of a whole people.

# OPPORTUNITY

### *By* R. R. ROSS

Is opportunity made by time or molded by conditions, or is it the result of a man's own creation? Did the world hand Lincoln an opportunity, or did Lincoln make an opportunity? A crisis appeared in American history and Lincoln was ready to fill the niche which was open. If he had not been prepared he would not have had the opportunity. Did the circumstances which brought about this crisis make him capable of stepping into that little niche and filling it? No, Lincoln prepared himself, and being prepared, he made this crisis his opportunity. If he had not been prepared he would not have had the opportunity.

When the people of this country decided they would no longer pay a tax to England, Washington came to the front and the world said he took advantage of an opportunity. Oh, no, Washington had been fitting himself, fighting Indians, protecting the rear of a defeated army, and taking trips through pathless forests on diplomatic missions, preparing himself for this work. Yes, he had been doing all these things, and when the opportunity presented itself, Washington was capable of filling it.

Preparation opens a man's eyes and enables him to see his opportunity; courage nerves him to grasp this opportunity and take advantage of it; ability enables him to make the best out of it; right ideals insure him the largest success; but the foundation stone on which this success is built is the broad, solid stone of preparation. Without it his eyes remain closed.

# The Vindication of Tubal Cain

## by A. W. Barber

NEITHER ancient mythology nor modern Masonry have been in error in the mild statement that Tubal Cain was a great man. How great he was, in the popular estimation of the antediluvians, does not become evident to those who merely read the brief and solitary mention of his name and fame in the fourth chapter of Genesis. But to be mentioned at all, in a work which assumes to record the beginning and origin of all things in earth, water, and sky would be a distinction to gratify the craving for publicity of the most ambitious.

The sacred writer described him as "the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," but after giving his pedigree straight down, as in the seventh generation after Adam and Eve, his title to fame ends as abruptly as it began, with the nine words above quoted.

As instructor, he was undoubtedly a master-workman in metals; but it is not to be inferred that he found the material native, or prepared by nature to his hand. The professional skill of a smith is as nothing compared to the almost superhuman difficulty of reducing the ores fresh from the rock to the useful metallic form. In the primitive savagery of the first centuries it would be inconceivable to us how that first great member of the Smith family received a hunch—or an inspiration, if you prefer—how to smelt iron and copper from brittle and stony ores.

To begin with, he had no steel pick to get out the stuff, nor an ax to cut wood for his charcoal; nor tongs or hammer to handle the product of his experiments. Verily he was a great genius, to surmount these obstacles; and gratitude for all subsequent benefits calls loudly for acknowledgment and vindication.

The gigantic statue or monument at Pittsburg to his honor, whether erected or merely proposed, was a worthy conception; but the truth of history demands something further. Such a universal benefactor cannot have disappeared from the notice or the worship of the primitive world. The Mosaic evidence speaks as if the merits of Tubal Cain were of world-wide fame and needed mere casual mention only; and upon the presumption that there was once a mighty man of that name it was woven into the record as that of an actual patriarch, who could have personally known his first ancestor Adam in the vigor of his old age of nine hundred and thirty years.

But in this era of modern criticism, surprising discoveries are made and ancient theories revised. The chief implement in this work has been the critical study of languages. Scholars are now prepared to exhibit facts not found in Biblical writers nor cyclopedias, proving that the metallurgical expert, Tubal Cain, was a most distinguished deity of the oldest nations under a similar but unrecognized name; in short, that he figured in Roman mythology as one of the twelve great gods of Olympus, named Volcanus or Vulcan.

There are several reasons for this proposition:

1. To Vulcan was ascribed the invention of the arts which are connected with the smelting of ores and working of metals by means of fire, which element was held to be subject to him. In Roman literature, painting, and sculpture, Vulcan was depicted as a hard-working, grimy, rough-bearded blacksmith, with hammer and pincers, busy at his anvil forging the thunder-bolts of Jupiter. The fiery caves of Mount Etna were his workshops, and temples to his worship were on the mountain slopes. The universality of this cult, in honor of the divine giver of domestic implements and warlike weapons, accords with the single Jewish eulogy, "the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron."

2. Since a similar distinction was paid to the artists in other nations, assigning them a special deity, we may suppose the system was allied to the simpler forms of fire-worship. In Greece the god of the smithy and the volcano was Hephaistos, who had the attributes of his Latin prototype. The similarity of honors paid to the supposed god of miners and cutlers in different nations confirms the assurance that there was really no other patron saint in that line of industry.

Here we observe that the extreme difference of names, Volcanus and Hephaistos, has never been used to promote a doubt as to their both representing one identical personage of the Olympian family of gods. Then what is unreasonable in declaring that Tubal Cain is only a third alias?

3. Modern scholars assume that the books of Moses were actually committed to written manuscript, whether by Moses or others, about twenty-seven or twenty-eight centuries ago. But we must consider the immense antiquity of other Oriental schemes of mythology which had grown to be vast and complex systems before those nomadic tribes of Palestine had settled down into a twelve-fold Hebrew race, and had begun to record in their own language the current ideas of the creation and peopling of a world.

Among these neighbors whom they had hated and fought for centuries, were the Egyptians, with their Osiris and Thoth, and their deified mummies, quadrupeds, bipeds, and no-peds (like the sacred fish); there were the Assyrians with their Baal and Ashtoreth, their high grades of civilization and extensive burnt-clay records; the Persians or Parsees, with their reasonable worship of the Sun (giver of life and of all blessings), and of Fire as its convenient earthly symbol; also the Philistines, Moabites, and other sorts of pernicious heretics.

Some of these races, like the Greeks and Romans, had each a multiple supply of special gods for various occasions, the figment of the active imagination of those who were expert in their manufacture. The Jews, however, like good Unitarians, refused to water the stock of their religion, and fiercely defended their thesis of only one god as sufficient for all purposes of worship and moral culture. They made patriotic war on their neighbors of opposite creeds, whose many gods were never seen on the battlefield in defense of their votaries; and Judaism found it cost much less to confine their altar offerings to a single shrine instead of many. And thus it was natural that in the Jewish writings the great god of metals received but a single mythological compliment.

4. All nations dwelling on Mediterranean shores knew by observation or tradition the phenomena of the fiery mountain and had a holy awe of the mighty power exhibited in events which might not occur for a century, but were perpetually impending. This was interwoven with their superstitions, and at some unknown age had been added to their mythology. The word "Vulcanus" and all its derivatives have spread from Etna around the world, denoting a certain class of geologic facts; but the root of all such words dates far back to the dim days when the people were instructed of the existence of a giant blacksmith within, whose forge fires roared out at the crater and whose anvil resounded in rumblings and explosions. Around the mountainside temples were built to Vulcan, at which the terrified peasants could pray for mitigation of his destructive wrath, with just as great efficiency as attends prayers to later saints. They sought to reach him by absent treatment.

5. The actual names handed down from

the beginnings of history reveal the identity of the words "Vulcan" and "Tubal Cain."

The Jews, in their oldest writings, made the same ingeniuous distinction of letters which Pitman re-invented in his phonography, marking consonants by large full-sized characters, and vowels by small dots and ticks placed alongside.

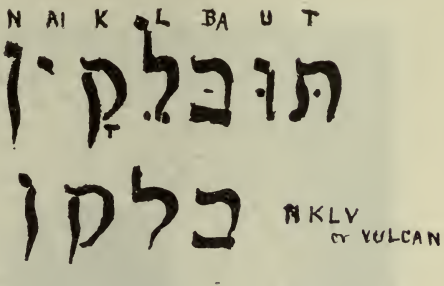
In the study of words and their roots, it is the consonants that offer the strongest evidence of relationship. Vowels are of much more uncertain and variable sound, through the wilderness of languages and dialects. The shorthand beginner will build the framework of a word by its consonants, and complete it with the precise little vowel signs; but if these are omitted, the word may be often read or safely guessed.

Hebrew words exhibit the same peculiar system. The alphabet is classified into radical or root letters, and servile or attendant letters—little creatures to wait on the important consonants and indicate the "vocal elements" by being placed close beside the large radicals.

With this light to guide us, it is easy to analyze Tubal Cain as found in the sacred text. The first syllable may be a title of honor, or some other sort of prefix; at any rate "Tu" does not stand much in our way, and may be set aside for the present, leaving "bal-Cain."

The letters "b." and "v" in some languages are interchangeable, or identical. A Spanish peasantry, too slovenly of speech to close the lips, would make a "v" of every "b." Witness old Spanish printing of two centuries past, as Biscay and Viscaya. Antiquarian writers mention the same confusion in Hebrew. Therefore we may safely write Valcain as an equivalent. And knowing the unreliability of vowel sounds and signs, while passing through the mouths and pens of one hundred generations and many races of men, we may as well accept the common form "Vulcan" as the etymological synonym.

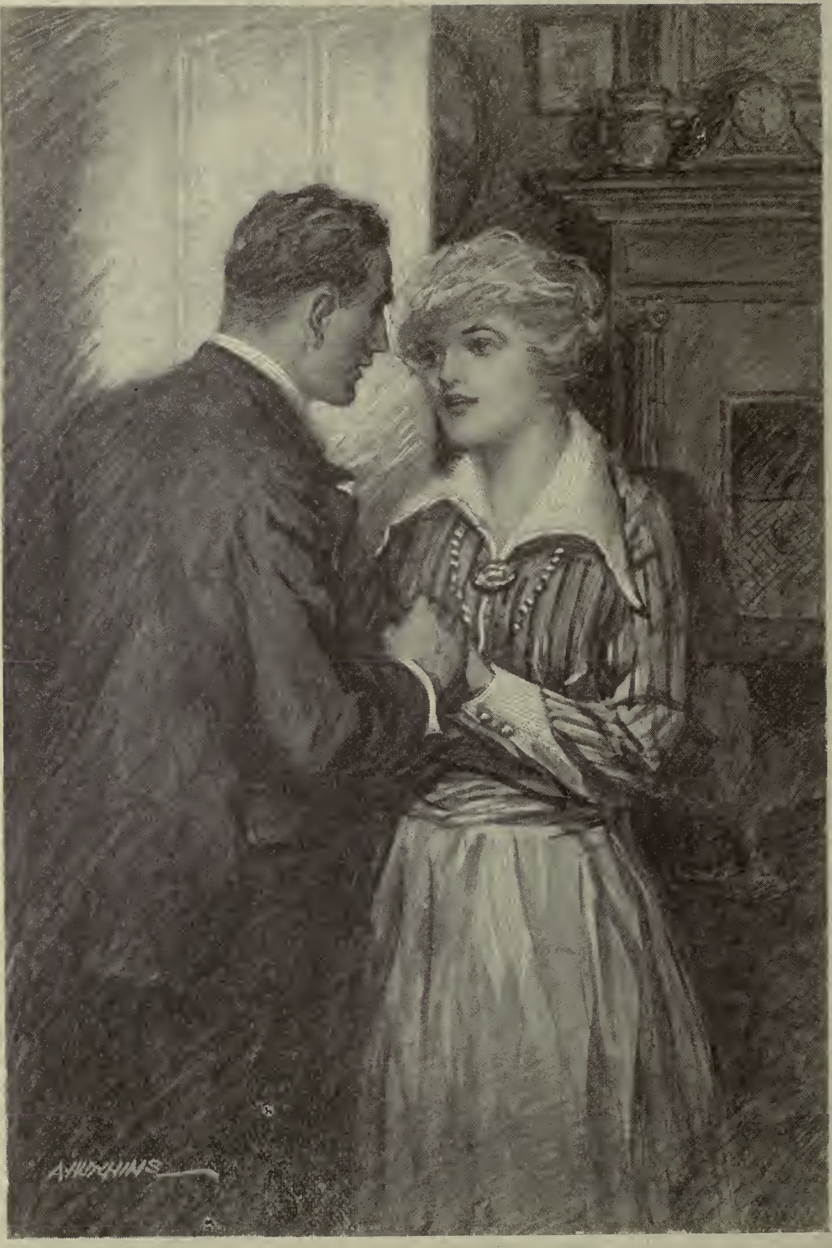
The skeleton word "V-lk-n" stands distinct, both in the Mosaic story and the most ancient Roman inscriptions, designating in each the deified mighty worker in metals, of an age said to have been near the "creation." The venerable characters in Genesis, reading from right to left, are like these:



In this latest age of the world, Tubal Cain emerges from the mists of antiquity and the smoke of his caverns and unites with Mars, to vindicate their power as the one final controlling force of creation. Greatest of all the gods, they are extinguishing the just and gentle thoughts of men, as they mould peoples to their stern will. Their iron-workers have gone mad, inflamed with greed and jealousy, and are filled with plans of destruction of property and human life. A great nation hungering for food hungers still more for copper and brass to increase the machines of slaughter. Useful workshops of peace suddenly become vast factories for deadly shells.

Wherever Mars and Tubal Cain plant their ruthless feet, ruin, fear and starvation enshroud the city and country. They throw upon sad women the burden of raising food for armies—a burden additional to child-bearing for future wars. Nations boasting of honor and justice, hearing the war trump of these volcanic thunderers, shamelessly become toward each other giant liars and robbers.

And shall the battle-cloud yet envelop the whole earth, concealing for a time the despair and death of whole populations, and receding only to expose ghastly deserts of unburied forms? Shall the greed of conquerors leave no peaceful nation untyrannized? Shall insane lust of power and plunder put off till a far-distant era "the Parliament of the World" in order to give the tyrant of the earth full sway? Shall the most upright and generous of nations, though the feeblest in self-government, be led to its downfall by harboring spies, traitors, and bastard citizens whom she has welcomed and nourished?



*"Blind, but now you can see, Agnes," he whispered, taking her in his arms. "The heart chord has sounded with the melody of eternal love." "Oh, Elbert, I am so happy. Is this a dream?" "Agnes, my own true heart, Agnes," he cried, as the betrothal vow was sealed.*

# Boss Bart, Politician

## A Story of Love and Politics and the Grace of Gratitude

(CONCLUDED)

*SYNOPSIS: Elbert Ainsworth, at his father's death, goes to Chicago to make his own way. There he meets a former teacher, who is married to Bartholomew Waldie, a prosperous building contractor, and from his political influence known as "Boss Bart." Agnes had been betrothed to Bart's half-brother, Wesley, with whom he was in business, who was found mysteriously murdered in his office. No clew to his slayer was found. By dint of hard work and study Elbert becomes a lawyer, and in time becomes an indispensable assistant to Bart, who gradually becomes enmeshed in the intrigues and plots incident to political dealings. In his private life Bart is harried by a gipsy woman, Paulina, who thinks that her daughter was several years before married to Bart, and she hounds him for silence money. Agnes is unhappy at seeing her husband so engrossed in politics, and is drawn more and more to depend on Elbert for company. Bart falls under the power of Mrs. Daniels of Washington who, being paid by him, uses her influence for his political advancement. She also suspects a former intrigue—another hold on Bart. On a business trip in the west, Elbert meets Alice Chatsworth, and later visits her in her home near Poplarville. While there, he meets her sister, Veo, to whom he becomes engaged. Meanwhile, in Chicago he is involved still deeper in politics. Tony Turner, a rich young man whom Bart charged with bribery, begged Elbert to defend him when his case came up in court. Knowing Turner to be innocent, Elbert, urged by Veo, decided to defend him. thereby causing a breach with Bart. He defended Tony successfully, but his political hopes were ruined. Soon after he is married to Veo at Poplarville. They started on a honeymoon tour of observation, going first to Washington and from there, upon the advice of a politician to Elbert, they proceeded eastward to Europe, where Elbert studied economic conditions, while visiting all points of interest to tourists. In Frankfort they met Mrs. Daniels, and Elbert was in danger of a disastrous entanglement. On his return to America Elbert entered heartily into his campaign work, and became noted as a stump speaker. Back at Poplarville, he met Agnes, who has become estranged from Bart through the machinations of Paulina. She has taken up her old work of teaching. Elbert engages in his first political fight as a delegate to the State Convention. Later he is nominated to Congress and is successful in his campaign. His triumph is saddened by the death of Veo on the eve of his victory. Elbert leaves to take up his congressional duties at Washington, but throws his influence toward getting Bart an appointment as United States marshal, thereby endangering his political success. Bart, seriously ill, decides to give up political life, and is attacked by some of his former associates, who demand hush money. Agnes returns to Poplarville, where she opens a kindergarten, with little Veo as her first pupil. Elbert, against the advice of his associates, successfully defends Bart, who has been prosecuted on a charge of bribery. While on the way back to Poplarville after the trial, Bart dies suddenly. Back at Washington Elbert wins laurels as an orator, and is thrown much in the society of Mrs. Daniels, who loves him. He decides not to marry her and finds on a return to Poplarville that he loves Agnes. Finding a signed confession from Bart that he killed Wesley, Agnes is greatly troubled,*

### CHAPTER XXXIII

FOR some days Agnes went about her work like one in a dream, for the gruesome confessions of the burned letter haunted her day and night. She could not eat or sleep, and her frame was racked with nervous tension. There could be but one result. Mary Jane found her one morning in a delirious fever. Young Dr. Buzzer was called, and at once realized the gravity of the case. "She has the constitution to pull through," he said to Jasper, "but there is something about this case that I cannot diagnose."

The neighbors took turns in nursing and watching, and as in her delirium Agnes repeated broken sentences of Bart's terrible secret, which had burned into her brain, the tongues of all the gossips were soon filling the little settlement with the most awful suppositions. Heroic attempts were made by Jasper and the Doctor to stem the tide of popular suspicion by giving out the professional description and cause of her illness, but they found things growing worse than if they had said nothing about it. A version of the confession had already leaked out, and it was further even hinted that Agnes had attempted her own life.

When she was convalescent and a mere shadow of her former self, she called Elbert's mother to her and said: "Ask him to remain away—until I am better."

"Why, Agnes, what is the matter? You

know nothing could keep Elbert away at such a time."

When Elbert approached her bedside the following day, Agnes implored him to leave her.

"Agnes, you need not fear my alluding to what occurred during my last visit, if it pains you, and remember I am your friend and protector before anything else."

"Elbert, I want to die."

"My God, is it true that you attempted —"

"No, Elbert," instantly divining his thought, "I would not attempt to take the life God gave me; that would be cowardly, but there are reasons—now trust me—reasons why you should leave."

"Agnes, you have not told me what this is all about."

"It is a secret of the dead," she replied faintly.

"Then I must know, Agnes. Since we first met in youth, we have been honest friends with each other."

"Yes," she said feebly.

"Agnes, you must not drive me away. Tell your friend how to help you. There is nothing I would not do."

"Elbert, an impassable chasm has come between us."

"Then I must know. You are doing wrong to keep it from me. You must let me help fight the battle," he said almost sternly.

"Elbert, don't wring the secret from me when I am so weak and helpless."

"Agnes, you are wrecking more lives than one by refusing your confidence. I will not betray it, trust me."

He leaned closer and she whispered faintly: "Bart was a confessed murderer. He killed his brother Wesley, and I was his wife," she almost hissed.

"It is not true! Who has been poisoning your mind?"

"It is true. I found the letter in my desk. I burned it."

"Agnes, there is some mistake," cried Elbert, bowing his head.

"It was a signed confession, and I found it the day you left for Washington."

"Agnes, my love for you and my love for Bart tells me that it is not true, and we will get to the bottom of this matter."

"Elbert, think of it—I, a murderer's wife. I almost feel as if I should go mad," cried Agnes excitedly.

"Now you must be quiet. As your pupil I obeyed you, now you must obey me. We will solve this mystery."

"Oh, Elbert, how can I ever forget? You must go away. Your future means so much, so much to me."

"My life work, Agnes, is to serve you, and my heart is yours. Our lives have had their mutual joys and sorrows, and why should we part now?"

She was silent. Tears were her answer.

"Agnes, I will not urge further. You must rest and not worry, for I will yet prove that life has much in store for you."

"Mamma Aggie, do you feel better?" and the curly head of little Veo peeped in at the door. The loving little face of the innocent child brought a feeling of relief and pleasure to the almost heart-broken woman, but her only response was a loving smile.

Agnes gained strength rapidly, and Elbert felt now that duty, as well as love, demanded his marriage to Agnes at once, so that he could give her the protection she needed, even if the story of this confession was true.

Elbert's manly love and presence soothed her, but she naturally shrank from a closer tie because of the tragedy of Bart's confession. The newspapers scented "a mystery story," and the files were searched for details of the Wesley Waldie murder in Chicago as the tide of gossip ran. It made a thrilling story, very cleverly put together, for it involved the history of a congressman, and made live headlines for "a romance of modern life," duly illustrated for the Sunday editions of the "human interest" weekly papers.

Agnes feared that pity for her influenced Elbert to reiterate his vow, and that he had mistaken sympathy for love. She decided it was wrong for her to stay longer in the village, and realized that ever since the kindergarten had opened, and little Veo had been placed under her especial charge, it had been her unconscious ambition to please Elbert. It now came upon her like the breaking of the sun through a storm cloud that she was no longer merely Elbert's friend; and as his wife—no! that must never be! But she felt, as never before, the surpassing depth of her love for him.

That night, although scarcely recovered from her illness, she stole away from her home in Poplarville, having determined to seek new surroundings, and break the ties which she feared threatened to mar Elbert's future. She was willing to make the sacrifice, for she felt that her love demanded it.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

THE mystery involved in the sudden departure of Agnes was the most sensational event in Poplarville since the day that Jerry Doughton, standing under the stone bridge, blew his head off with a shotgun. Everything in connection with Bart's confession was naturally exaggerated with every new telling, but no one could assign a definite reason for Mrs. Waldie's departure. Dr. Buzzer's declaration that overwork and nervous prostration had demanded that she go away for absolute rest were repeated over and over again, using his father's favorite expression to give it emphasis. Overwork is a convenient explanation of such mysteries, and especially when affairs of the heart are to be withheld from the gaze of the curious world.

Search for Agnes was made everywhere, and parties started out in every direction. The ponds and the rivers were dragged, for Elbert recalled their conversation of the week previous, and feared that, in a moment of desperation Agnes had forgotten her pledge; but something told him that Agnes was too brave to give up the life struggle. Pinkertons arrived from the city, looked over the ground, and said it would take time. Elbert delayed his return to Washington until something could be learned of her whereabouts. Little Veo could not understand, and wandered about the house clinging to her grandmother's skirts, piteously crying for "Mamma Aggie" to come back to her.

Days passed, and there was still no trace of Agnes. Even Elbert's appointment to a foreign mission, heralded as an important political event, which indicated that Mrs. Daniels and his friends in Washington had been busy, excited little public interest and less pleasure in the recipient.

He was informed of some of the plots of Ronald Ribeaux, the reformer, and their failure, for Ribeaux's wild and impassioned diatribes in the fight "for the people" against certain corporations, and his exposures of others, had laid bare his own unscrupulous dealings. He approved the claim of all egoists, that treachery to employers and friends was a virtue. His ambition to attain leadership was ruthless; and all who would not bow to his mandate were brushed out of his way. The one man in Washington and in his own state who stood in the way for his advancement for political honors was Elbert Ainsworth.

There was another reason why Elbert should be put out of the way. Mrs. Daniels, Hon. Ronald Ribeaux admitted even to his egotistic self, was the one woman who could help him in his ambition to lead in public life. He was in love with her, so far as a man of his nature could love another beside himself, and he became intensely bitter when he realized that Mrs. Daniels looked with favor upon his colleague. As Elbert was away from Washington for long periods, the opportunity was offered. Ribeaux knew the history of Poplarville and its people as related in the traditions of Mount Ariel.

When Elbert received the letter from Agnes, telling him more details of the confession and her decision, he realized that she was determined, and the post-mark on the envelope indicated that she was living in Chicago. He obtained a clew as to where she was residing, and arranged to have one of his friends, unknown to her, secure employment for her, providing protection in his own home. She did not know that the kind stranger had also been a friend of Boss Bart in his palmy days.

Elbert then returned to Washington, feeling that a heavier burden of life's struggles and disappointments must be carried. He had a great problem before him to solve concerning the story of Bart's confession. He had felt from the first that there was some awful mistake, if not a deep-laid plot, involving Agnes and himself. He intuitively felt that Ribeaux's eyes appeared a little more restless than ever as they looked at him across the table in the committee room. Their relations grew more strained at social functions. It was no secret to him, at this time, that the attentions of Ribeaux to Mrs. Daniels were entirely too calculating and businesslike to be considered as mere love-making. There was little impassioned, natural love-making between them, and the uniform cessation of conversation whenever he drew near, made him feel that the woman who had avowed her love for him was proving the truth of the old adage "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." She was now apparently more active than ever in assisting new congressmen to straighten out their little misunderstandings at dinner parties, and even more gracious, if that were possible, to Elbert when they met in public, steadfastly assuring him that he was still the one dearest friend of friends, in spite of the incident that neither could ever forget. One day, at a dinner party given by mutual friends, he found Mrs. Daniels even more gracious than ever. Ribeaux was in the adjoining room, and she began talking to Elbert.

"You know, Mr. Ainsworth," she began, with a coy emphasis on the "Mr.," and an arch look towards the other room where Ribeaux could be seen talking to several guests, his eyes wandering from time to time to her, as if he would divine what turn the conversation was taking, "I have come to realize that there is something, after all, in platonic friendship, and you above all men, have taught me what a true friend in sunshine and shadow means."

He nodded, and looked at her for some time, feeling that now was the opportunity to elicit the real purpose of this brilliant woman. The blow must be struck some time, he thought, why not now, cost what it may.

"Yes," he replied, "I have prized such friendships, not only among women, but men. Ever since my friend Bart Waldie died, I have felt that his friendship will ever remain an inspiring memory."

"So you still retain an affection for the man who tried most of all men to crush you?" It was the way she said it and the inflection of the words, as well as the familiar arching of the brows that impelled him to go further.

"Yes, he was true blue, and while he may have done things not countenanced in our day and generation, he played the game according to the rules."

"That is rather old-fashioned in these days of exposures. Progress can come only from knowing the defects of the past, and the exposures of today are the basis on which we plan the advance of tomorrow."

"If advancement is based upon treachery and perjury, I cannot look for any great advances in the march of prosperity and civilization."

"Yes, but you know Bart was a confessed murderer," and her black eyes snapped as she fairly hissed the words—"and his poor wife, how I pity her."

There was that in her words that did not have the true ring of sympathy, but rather a sinister purpose, and it gave him the opening that he was looking for.

"How do you know so much about that confession?"

"Why, a copy of it was partly published in the papers, and it was the text of our most exciting murder mystery for many days. It was a gruesome tale, and what a fiend he must have been to kill his brother with an ink bottle."

"Yes, there are many men in public life killed with ink bottles."

"Clever as ever," she replied, with the slightest trace of sarcasm in her tones.

"Did you ever see a copy of the confession?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Was an ink bottle mentioned in the confession?"

"I think it was—I am not sure, but I think it was published in the newspapers."

This was an unguarded answer, for Elbert knew that the confession had been burned, and that the newspapers had said nothing about an ink bottle. Now he was convinced that the confession was a forgery and the result of a plot. He recalled what Agnes had told him of the letter being written on a typewriter, and signed in ink. He could scarcely believe his ears as Mrs. Daniels replied so guilelessly to his queries, but the one in which she dropped the remark showing that she was familiar with the confession, and her mention of a fact not included in the public reports, led him to feel that here was a clue to be closely followed up. How were the contents of that confession known to her?

The next morning he found Ribeaux the first arrival at the committee room. There was the usual courteous greeting, as far as outward appearances were concerned, between the rivals. Elbert felt that at least two people knew about the forged confession. He called Ribeaux aside in a careless and indifferent manner, as they stood before the cheery fireplace.

"Ribeaux, Mrs. Daniels told me a wonderfully interesting story last night concerning Bart Waldie's confession. She told me things that did not appear in the newspapers," and he spoke the last words slowly, with emphasis on each one.

"Ah, did she?" said Ribeaux, as he turned carelessly away.

"Yes, she seemed to know the facts about the confession that was discovered in Waldie's home, which I am sure will be news to you. By the way, you know your secretary did not find me at home when he last visited Poplarville. Who was it with him; I don't seem to recall his name."

Ribeaux seemed to grow nervous; there was something in his look akin to the bearing of Mrs. Daniels. He seemed anxious to dismiss the subject, but was shrewd enough to see that it would not do to be too abrupt.

"Yes, it is too bad. Waldie was a good man, and it is a pity that his memory should be so blackened. He certainly was a true friend of yours, Elbert."

"Yes, he was more than a friend, he was a father, and the type of man that some of us would do well to emulate in these times, when one can scarcely know a friend by spoken word, or written declaration."

Just then Ribeaux's secretary appeared, and Elbert greeted him quickly:

"By the way, Bugler, who was it that was with you out at Poplarville when you came to see me a year ago?"

The secretary gave a nervous start that added another link to Elbert's chain of circumstantial evidence, but did not answer.

"Did you find Mrs. Waldie at my home when you called?"

"N-n-n-no."

"Did your friend go there?"

"I—I believe he did."

It was clear to Elbert now that Ribeaux and Bugler had something to do with placing that confession in the desk, but if it was genuine, this would not solve the mystery.

Late one evening after everyone had left the offices in the capitol, Elbert was signing letters when the charwoman came in. She had remembered him because, at Christmas time on several occasions, he had given her as holiday tips, gold coins. He had not seen her very often recently. He looked up and said:

"I have not seen you for some time."

"No, I have been caring for Congressman Ribeaux's office, but was transferred here tonight, I am happy to say, sir."

"Well, I know you will take good care of things."

"Thank you, sir, I will, sir. There was something I have been wanting to talk to you about, Mr. Ainsworth. You know, sir, a long time ago, I found several sheets of paper that were in your office signed with Mr. Waldie's signature—some papers he said he must have signed for you to fill in later."

"Yes," he said, very much interested.

"Well, sir, I kept them for some time, but you were gone, and one day Mr. Bugler asked me for them and said that he wanted them to fill out some papers for you. You know that was long before Mr. Waldie died."

"Did you give them to Bugler?"

"No, sir, Mr. Ribeaux got them from me, because he said he wanted to use them for you in the campaign that you were helping him with."

He thought quickly and said:

"Have you a key to Mr. Ribeaux's room? I would like to go there to find some papers that he promised to have ready for me."

He followed her to the committee room and looked about in blank dismay. It seemed like a hopeless errand, but something impelled him to pick up and turn over a blotter that had been on the desk for some time. The corners were yellow with use and age, but underneath he saw in the handwriting of Ribeaux, a portion of the word "Poplarville," and a date, around the time he remembered that Bugler was there. He felt that there must be some connection, and as the woman stood there waiting, he inquired: "Mrs. Berry, do you remember seeing those papers again that you gave Mr. Ribeaux?"

"N-n-no, sir, except that one night when I came in to clean up, I thought I saw one of them folded up after it had been typewritten, and handed to Mr. Bugler just as he was leaving."

"When was that?"

She could not remember the exact date, but thought she might find out when she had thought it over. She remembered that she was late in cashing her salary check that time, and after leaving the office had gone to the room of the sergeant-at-arms for her money.

He began to feel that there was something in that old Buddhistic philosophy, that if you concentrate thought on one wish long enough, it will gradually come to pass. He neglected everything that had formerly been of interest to him, so absorbed was he in solving this mystery—a mystery that involved not only the good name of his friend, but the one thing that had kept Agnes from his home. He watched for Mrs. Berry, but she did not appear for several days. He feared that Ribeaux had suspected and kept her away, but felt that the time was at hand for the culmination of his quest.

Accordingly he gave a dinner party at the "Willard," to which Mrs. Daniels, Ribeaux, and Bugler were invited, with many other guests, including members of the Cabinet, Senators and fellow-Congressmen and their secretaries. He had planned it carefully. The room was decorated with roses, and exquisite music filled in the intervals of conversation; in fact it was remarked that it was not one of the routine private dinner parties. Many of the guests commented both before and after the dinner on the pale face of Elbert Ainsworth. As he arose at the table as the host of those assembled, he seemed moved by some deep emotion. There was a suggestion of Hamlet's vein in his welcoming address as he told the story of a betrayed friend. He described vividly his early career and that of his friend, Boss Bart, and led up to the picture of a forged confession of murder, written with ink as black as the heart of the hellish fiend who had thus plotted to destroy a rival. The guests were held spellbound with the graphic realism of the tale. The speaker looked steadily at Mrs. Daniels sitting beside Ronald Ribeaux; her cheeks paling beneath the rouge when Ainsworth declared that over that innocent signature was written a forged confession that "put the curse of Cain upon my friend, but that curse carries with it the brand of the black letter that brands tonight a woman's ivory brow."

There was a shriek as Mrs. Daniels fainted. Ribeaux turned pale, and the guests rushed to restore the prostrate woman and unravel the mysterious meaning of the speech. They now began to understand this strange greeting of their host and there was enough in the incident to arouse the curiosity of the reporters. The next morning another mystery story appeared. In her delirium while being removed to the hospital, Mrs. Daniels had incoherently told the story of her love for Elbert, which had inspired her to join in the plot to place a forged confession in the desk of the woman she believed had come between her and the man she loved. By means of the forged confession she hoped to win back Elbert, feeling that her rival would never marry Elbert as long as she believed her husband's confession. The reporters had put together the disjointed sentences and made another murder mosaic.

Ribeaux was with her going to the hospital, and when she began to talk, his efforts to suppress the news from the reporters had the usual effect of making them more keen to supply the missing links in the mystery story. Washington had its sensation when the mystery was solved by Mrs. Daniels' confession.

Elbert Ainsworth left Washington to carry the news to Agnes in person.

Ribeaux left the city on the plea of ill-health, but to his credit be it recorded that he insisted upon a wedding in the hospital, and tenderly cared for the woman whose brilliant career in Washington had ended so tragically in her fight for love.

## Chapter XXXV

WHAT a panorama of life passed before Elbert as he returned home this time. There had been joyous and sad home-comings before, but now it seemed as though all the sombre shadows of life had been swept away. Now he understood why he had received the coveted appointment to a foreign post. It was evident that Mrs. Daniels and her friends had secured this appointment to get him away from the country and prevent him from attempting to learn their secret. He felt that surely Agnes must have seen the exposures of the plot heralded in big black headlines in the newspapers throughout the country; but there was one more plea to make before his case was won.

Arriving at Poplarville late at night, he felt that ghostlike silence and obscurity characteristic of a sleeping village, but in the window of his home he saw a light. He knew at once that something was wrong; that instead of it being a beacon light of welcome home, it was an omen of danger. He found that little Veo was desperately ill, and every cry of the little sufferer seemed to pierce his heart like a knife, as he watched by her bedside. Through many long vigils he sat, hoping that dawn would bring rest and calm for the dear child. How much Agnes had been to both of them was now realized more than ever. Surely she would come if she knew. He felt that a mere letter might not be effective, and a telegram might be too much for her shattered nerves at this time; so he inserted in the Chicago dailies, sending her a marked copy, a notice in the "Want" column, a strange message in the great mass of advertisements. It told a life story in itself, and thousands glancing through the paper for help, stopped and wondered as they read:

TEACHER WANTED—Little V. very low with fever, calls "Mamma Aggie." Come quick or too late. E. will not be there.

He wrote it as a last resort, hoping that this would tell the story in such a way that the next day would bring Agnes to Poplarville. The following day the fever abated, but the child continuously called for "Mamma Aggie" until he was almost crazed. Even his triumph in clearing up the forged confession seemed to pale in significance when he looked into the little face which reflected the lustrous eyes of Veo. He felt as he carried her about how precious to him was his very own flesh and blood, and how little he could fulfill the place of a mother to his own child.

For a few hours of the afternoon he would walk about the familiar fields, when little Veo was sleeping, and wonder when Agnes could come. He had started for a long walk, little hoping to hear any news that day, as all the trains had come in and gone, but during his absence Agnes arrived and rushed to little Veo's bedside. She had driven over from Waldboro, the county seat, not waiting for the branch train. When the little one awakened and recognized Agnes, she gave a feeble cry of joy. Agnes stooped and stroked the curly head and Dr. Buzzer beamed as he took the temperature and felt the pulse. "Simply marvelous how quickly a young body can throw off the fever!"

"I knew you would turn back soon, Mamma Aggie," she said, "I had such a booful dream about you."

"Now, dearie, you must rest quiet," said Agnes, as she sat by the bedside, gently rocking.

When Elbert returned, his mother met him at the door and told him Agnes was there.

"Has she asked for me?" he inquired anxiously.

"No."

"Mother, I promised to remain away. Send for me if anything happens, and when I can come home."

An exile from his own house, he responded to the call of a neighbor's supper-bell for that night. He felt content, and yet the suspense was hard to bear. Word was brought to him from his mother that he should call and see her and Veo while Agnes was taking her walk. He was heavy-hearted as he approached his home, but uttered a prayer of thanksgiving when he saw the smiles on the thin, pale face of little Veo.

"My little girl has been so ill, but she's all right now, isn't she?" said the father, kissing her and gently caressing her curls.

"Yes, papa, what did you bring me?"

"Bless your little heart, your papa forgot and will go and—"

"No, papa, I'll give you something tonight."

"What is it?"

"Oh, somethin' you'll like."

"Can't I guess?"

"No; something I like, too."

"All right, I'll go down to Jasper's and see what I can find for my little darling."

"No, papa, you just play with me hide-and-seek."

"Is little Veo strong enough?"

"I's all right, papa," said Veo.

"All right, you hide."

"No, no, you hide; I'll blind," said the child, clapping her hands in glee.

"But where?" he asked.

"Oh, des anywhere, in the closet, 'hind the door," she exclaimed, mimicking her baby prattle. "One, two, three, four, five, six, get in quick," sing-songed the child, as she hid her eyes on the sofa.

To humor her, he went into the closet. She jumped up, and following him to the door of the closet, she turned the key.

"Veo, Veo, let me out," he cried.

"Just a minute, papa, just a minute."

"But I must be ready to leave soon," he pleaded.

"All right, papa. Hush, hush," she whispered to him in a mysterious way, as she stood guard over her prisoner.

Just then Agnes entered the room.

"Why, my little girl is looking so well," she said, laying off her cloak and kissing the little face tenderly.

"Mamma Aggie, I love you so."

"Yes, I know, dear, and I love you, and I am so happy to see you yourself again. What were you doing, pet?"

"Just playin'," and she cast a furtive glance at the closet door. "Mamma Aggie, won't you play blind man's buff?"

"I'm afraid you're not strong enough, dear."

"Oh, no, I'm all right."

"All right," said Agnes, with a smile, "make me blind."

Veo stood on a chair and carefully tied the kerchief over Agnes' eyes, and then shouted in high glee:

"Now catch me, Mamma Aggie, now catch me."

Agnes, with groping hands, approached Veo, who stood sentinel by the closet door. She had unlocked the door, and as her prisoner stepped out, Agnes, in groping for the child, put her hands upon Elbert, as little Veo darted from the room.

"Elbert," she cried, startled, nervously snatching off the kerchief.

"Blind, but now you see, Agnes," he whispered, taking her in his arms. "The heart chord has sounded with the melody of eternal love."

"Oh, Elbert, I am so happy. Is this a dream?"

"Agnes, my own true heart, Agnes," he cried, as the betrothal vow was sealed.

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# WOMAN

There is one in the world who feels for him who is sad a keener pang than he feels for himself; there is one to whom reflected joy is better than that which comes direct; there is one who rejoices in another's honor more than in any which is one's own; there is one on whom another's transcendent excellence sheds no beam but that of delight; there is one who hides another's infirmities more faithfully than one's own; there is one who loses all sense of self in the sentiment of kindness, tenderness and devotion to another —that one is woman.—*Washington Irving.*

# The Constitutional Convention in New York

### by Edgar T. Brackett

*(Delegate-at-Large)*

TO the student of government, the making of a constitution is always a matter of interest. The infrequency with which it is done, the several and difficult steps that must be taken to secure its proper draft, and the length of time as to which prevision must be exercised, all combine to make such a work impressive and of concern.

The State of New York has had in all but five conventions to propose amendments to her basic law. The first was in the year 1777, and sat in Kingston. The work of this convention was proclaimed by the convention itself, making it thereby operative without submission to the people, although such method never after prevailed. The second convention was in 1821 and met in the city of Albany, as has all its successors. Its work was adopted by the people at the polls. The third was in 1846, and its work also met with favor by the electors.

The fourth was in 1867. Although composed of many of the most eminent men of the State—perhaps no other body ever had so many distinguished members assembled within the State—its work failed of approval by the people, except as to one Article submitted separately.

The last previous body to the one just adjourned met in 1894 and the instrument prepared by it was adopted and has been the organic law of the state for twenty-one years.

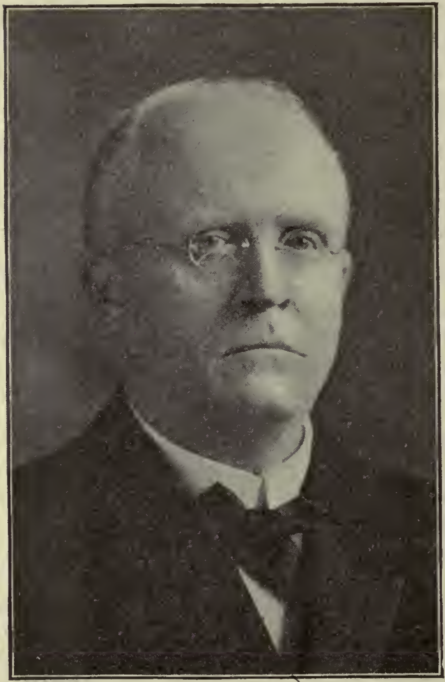
The convention of 1915 was called into life by the passage of an act of the legislature in the year 1913, which submitted to the people, at a special election held in the month of April, 1914, the question whether or not there should be a convention to revise the existing constitution. That question was answered in the affirmative at the special election by a majority of but 1,352 votes, in a total vote of 305,291. Thereupon, at the party conventions in 1914, nominations of delegates were made, fifteen of whom were elected in the state at large, and three from each Senate district, making a total membership of one hundred and sixty-eight.

The convention met in April, 1915, and concluded its labors on the tenth day of September following, holding its sessions in the Assembly Chamber in the Capitol. A proposed constitution was adopted and will be passed upon by the people of the State at the general election to be held in November next.

As the work of the standing committees began to come to the convention in the form of reports, two schools of thought developed in the debates. There was little, if any, of acrimony in the discussions, but they were full of earnestness.

Broadly speaking, although not running at all on political lines, the differences were between those who favored a strong government in the State, a concentration of power in the executive and a consequent weakening of the other branches, particularly the legislative, and those who were for a diffusion of powers and the checks and balances devised by the fathers. It was the old line of cleavage between the school of Hamilton and that of Jefferson. The followers of Hamilton not only won on this division, but won such an instrument as must have really shocked the great Alexander himself, when he came to view the extent to which his doctrine was carried.

The question easily of first importance involving the differences named was that of the short ballot, so called. The strong government advocates, early styled in the convention the Federal crowd, although some irreverent ones insisted on the name Federal gang, from the fact that they were led by men whose entire public service had been in Washington and who had never served in any capacity in Albany, favored and pressed for a provision that would elect at the polls only the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, and would give to the Governor the power of appointment of all the other state officers, now elective, or who would be provided for by the new instrument. Since 1846 there have been elected at the polls seven State officials: Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, Comptroller, Attorney-General, Treasurer and State Engineer and Surveyor.



HON. EDGAR T. BRACKETT
Delegate-at-large to the constitutional convention recently held in New York

It was early in the session seen that this purpose to provide for but two elective officials could not be carried in the convention—enough votes could not be mustered in its favor. There was then reported by the committee on Governor and other state officers an article providing that, in addition to the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, there should be elected the Comptroller and the Attorney-General, but largely stripping the Comptroller, the great fiscal officer of the State, of his present powers and patronage, and conferring them upon the Treasurer, who was to be made an appointive officer, named by the Governor.

Again it was found that the convention would stand for no such scheme, and there was then reported an amended Article, leaving as elective the Comptroller and the Attorney-General with their present powers and prerogatives wholly undiminished.

The remaining provisions of the proposition are that the Governor shall appoint the Secretary of State, the Treasurer, and an official to be called the Superintendent of Public Works, into whose hands are to be placed the powers of the present State Engineer, the present Superintendent of Public Works, who has charge of the operation of the canal system of the state, the present Superintendent of Public Buildings and the vast powers of the present Highway Commissioner, with an army of appointees extending into every township in all the state.

The article thus amended, passed the convention.

Another provision illustrative of the work of the convention, is the article relating to the finances of the state, which prescribes a budget, to be prepared by the Governor and transmitted to the legislature, which latter may not increase the items therein, but may reduce them, and which gives to the Governor the right to appear in the legislature and participate in debate.

The frank argument urged for these provisions, which were regarded as correlated and interdependent, was that the people do not know enough, do not become interested enough, in the subject of who are the candidates in a campaign, other than Governor, to make proper choice; that the Governor should be given plenary power and held responsible; that it would make for efficiency; that this method would make the Governor the leader of his party and would do away with "invisible government," a phrase invented to characterize the reign of the boss system, which it was charged had ruled the state for a full generation.

It was urged against the propositions thus passed by the convention and presented for adoption by the people:

That the cornerstone of self-government is the election of their officers directly by the people;

That the people at the end of a campaign know better the character of all the men they are called upon to vote for than does a Governor when he comes to make appointments;

That a Governor is not, in these later days, usually selected for his wisdom, but rather for his availability and because his views on pending questions are not generally known;

That unchecked power should not be given to any one man, Governor or other;

That the state officials should recognize that their duty is direct to the people, not to the Governor, as would be the case if he appointed them;

That the whole trend of recent thought has been to give the people, more and more, direct power and control, as witness the adoption of a direct primary law and the change by which United States Senators are made elective by the people, instead of by the legislature;

That the provision allowing the Governor to make the financial budget was taking away from the lower house a right that has been there lodged since legislative government has been effective, a right which the Commons in England, the House in Washington and the Assembly in Albany, as indeed, too, the lower house (the most immediate and direct representatives of the people) in every legislative system has held one of its dearest, and has defended to the utmost;

That appointments, not elective places, are the life blood of any boss system, and that these proposals fastened that system upon the State beyond redemption;

That as to "invisible government" in the state for a generation history does not show it; that John A. Dix (from 1872 to 1874) could not truthfully be said to have been "invisibly" governed, nor Samuel J. Tilden, nor Lucius Robinson, who notably fought with the bosses of their times; nor Cornell, whose hostility caused the defeat for re-election of Conkling and Platt; nor certainly Grover Cleveland, nor David B. Hill, nor Frank S. Black, nor Theodore Roosevelt, nor Charles E. Hughes. These men, the majority of our Governors during the last generation, were distinctly "visible government" in their own several persons;

That the chief criticism made of the administration of Governor Odell was that, desiring to do away with invisible government and make it visible, in his own person he took to himself the chairmanship of the Republican State committee while still Governor;

That the plan proposed was that of the great "interests" existing in the state and always seeking its control, and under the workings of such a plan they could maintain themselves in control, in simply looking out that a friendly Governor was nominated, which they can always do by centering their attention solely upon that one office;

That, as to efficiency, an autocratic government is always the most efficient, but that efficiency gained by the surrender of one jot or tittle of self-government is efficiency too dearly bought.

IT had been an integral part of the plan to increase the term of the Governor from, as at present, two years, to four, but it could not be carried out. A decided majority of the convention did not favor it.

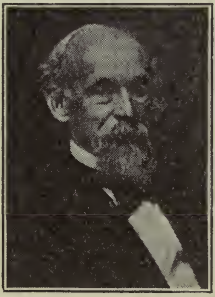
The influences controlling the convention earnestly desired, too, to make the judiciary appointive. Judges in the state have been elected by the people since the constitution of 1846 became effective. It was early recognized that the change to the appointive method could not carry, in fear that it would be rejected by the people and cause the defeat of the whole instrument.

It was, too, very earnestly desired to

establish a system of pensions for retired judges who had served a stated number of years. The scheme was masked under the guise of allowing such retired judges to become official referees, with a salary somewhat less than enjoyed by those on the bench, but with no limitation of time. A section thus providing was reported by the committee on the judiciary, passed through the committee of the whole and also passed third reading. Its final defeat was ludicrous. A member, seeing that the language used was not such as to include a judge named by him, moved a reconsideration of the vote by which the section was adopted, which reconsideration was carried. He then offered an amendment, in language that would include the judge named, but the spectacle of amending a constitution to fit a pension to one case was too much for the convention, and the whole provision was then defeated. Its inclusion in the instrument submitted would, beyond question, have insured the rejection at the polls of the whole. The people of the State have given unmistakable evidence that they are opposed to pensions to members of the best paid profession in the world Several propositions were presented looking to the abolition of useless offices and to the reduction of some swollen salaries. Not one of them was adopted, nor seriously considered.

Will the constitution thus submitted be adopted? The question is one in the lap of the gods. It can only be answered at the polls in November. It may be said of it as Lincoln said about the poem read to him by the author: "I should think anyone who liked that kind of a poem would like that."

To those who believe in strong government, in absolutism, the constitution proposed will appeal and from them will receive support. To those who believe that government is a means, not an end; that it is made for man, not man for government; that the only real purpose of government is to afford protection and to give every man, woman and child equal opportunity in the race of life; that absolute power should never be placed in the hands of any one man—from those thus believing it will not attract much support.



Jno A Brashear.

November 24, 1840 November 24, 1911

SON of the Toiling Many, Brother of All Mankind,
Pilgrim of Starry Trails, far traced to the Last Sun's Bound,
Voyager of Sapphire Seas, Sounder of Depths profound,
Meting the Pregnant Void, reck'ning the Bonds that bind
Planet and Asteroid, with Golden Measures of Mind;
Heart of a Little Child, Thought of a Mage renowned,
Simple of Life and Aim, Humble in Vict'ry, crowned
By Loves that his Heart made warm and Truths that his Soul divined;
Though in these Later Years the Tears and the Toils be done,
Though through the Long Day's Heat he hath journeyed high and far,
Though the Doors of Ten thousand Hearts are open Everyone
And the Heart-fires signal, "Come to the Board where thy Lovers are,"
Still strives the Pilgrim on in the Glow of the Setting Sun,
Joyfully to the Crest where brightens the Evening Star.

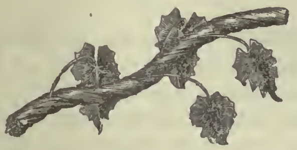
George M. P. Baird

THE ABOVE TRIBUTE WAS PAID TO THAT NESTOR OF SCIENCE, JOHN A. BRASHEAR, BY GEORGE M. P. BAIRD ON THE OCCASION OF HIS SEVENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY FOUR YEARS AGO

# Wonders of Today

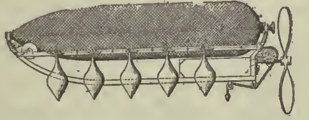
## A Story of New and Notable Inventions

NOT all patents are of the most individual order, although all, of course, are expected to create a larger or smaller workshop or factory interest. Mr. Bernard Gates of Washington has patented an ingenious method of building up an imitation of natural vines, reeds, etc., by winding spirally a pliable non-resilient wire, with many strands of twisted papers of the natural colors and shades which, as the illustration shows, very creditably imitates both the shape and colors and the natural grace and relative position of leaf and stem to the parent plant as has been arranged by Nature.



* * *

SUPPORTING five or more bombs so arranged as to be automatically released at set intervals, an aerial torpedo has been patented by Joseph M. Saladiner of Bryan, Texas. It appears to be intended to be released in a city or district occupied only by the enemy, as there does not appear to be any arrangement which would certainly confine the weapon to any one course after its first flight direction had been followed for a brief period. Evidently it ought to have a wide field of legitimate operation in its use by a hostile army, unless it is to return to plague its inventor, or future operator.



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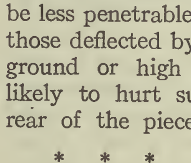
PROTECTION for troops on the field is sought in various ways. A bullet-shield, consisting of two plates connected by a ring encircling the barrel of the cannon, and slanting at an angle of some thirty-five degrees upward and downward to strong supports, also ringed to the cannon, forms another military invention, patented by Frank B. Miezejewski of Adams, Massachusetts. This shield should be less penetrable by light projectiles, and those deflected by it will ricochet into the ground or high overhead, and be less likely to hurt supporting troops in the rear of the piece.



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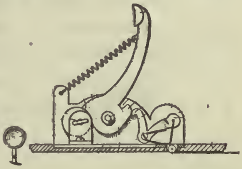
BASEBALL fans will perhaps be interested in the artificial pitcher devised by Parker T. Simmons of Attleboro Falls, Massachusetts, which upon a metallic



base or foot plate bears an upright plate to which an artificial arm having a cup to hold the ball is pivoted and held by a powerful spring extending from above its extreme end to a catch in front. The arm when drawn back engages a catch which is released by a trigger, and the ball is thrown in the same way as a stone was projected by an ancient catapult. Whether "curves," "spit balls," etc., can be imitated by this device, the patent report really doesn't say.

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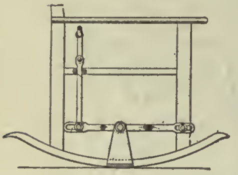

BY connecting the average farm churn with the crank shaft device shown connected with this rocker, great comfort can be promoted for the woman or man who will occupy the chair and spend a few moments in exhilarating exercise of a not especially exhausting nature. It won't work if the occupant of the chair is given to meditative see-sawing, or goes to sleep at frequent intervals. Alexander Szasz of Hinsdale, Illinois, has the honor of thus utilizing human rocking-chair power, which has hitherto largely been wasted, except as an adjunct to bucolical flirtation.

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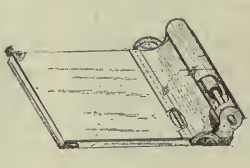
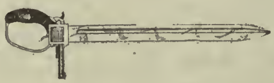


OLD bachelors and hermits who have a horror of bacteria and dishwashing, will welcome a sanitary kneading board whose surface is never used, but is covered with fresh clean paper to be thrown away as soon as the batch is completed. This is the invention of Edward C. Mix, Long Beach, California.

* * *

WITH a short-barreled revolver forming its belt handle and guard, a design for a cut-and-thrust sword is the warlike invention of Frank Donas of Montreal, Canada. It would seem a little better balanced if the pistol butt were more directly under the blade, but this evidently could not be done unless an automatic could be used. Although this combination would undoubtedly appeal to some, it is hardly likely that many such weapons will ever come into use.



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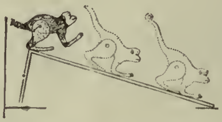
A COMICAL little monkey with pivoted limbs so balanced and designed that when placed on an incline it makes a succession of hops until a level is reached, is the contribution of Joseph T. Breneman of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to the delight and wonder of American childhood, and it is safe to say that a good many "grown-ups" will not be ashamed to test and enjoy its novel progress.



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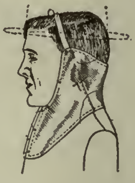
SUITABLE protection of the breast, neck, and ears when riding or walking long distances in cold weather is a very difficult matter, and a device that will protect the back of the neck and ears without chafing the skin in using the head freely is certainly a good thing. The illustration of one invented by Samuel G. Salka of Chicago seems to be just the thing for drivers, skaters, etc., in very severe cold.



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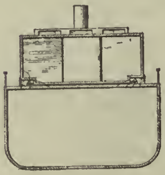
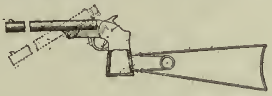
MANY inventors and governments, since the tragedy of the Lusitania, have been inspired with the desire to create a device which should bear hundreds to safety. Enos Thompson of Radnor, West Virginia, has patented a flat-bottomed steamer to be strongly fastened to the uppermost deck of the steamer and used for staterooms or the like until an emergency arises and the life-saver is detached from her moorings and her motors put in operation.



PISTOL butt and skeleton stock combined is an old device, and the new revolver gun stock patented by Frederick Herman High of Fort Worth, Texas, is, of course, chiefly remarkable for its method of attachment and removal. In shape and construction it is a little the best cheap device in its line ever made.



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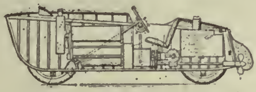
ENJOYMENT and convenience are the ends gained by the inventor of the combined automobile and boat, Ralph C. Robinson, of Chicago, Illinois, who can now motor to a lake, river or harbor entrance and boldly take the water crossing to make a short cut, exploring, or hunting on any body of water which attracts his interest. The plan is a good one, and if suitably constructed must add immensely to the pleasure of the motorist.



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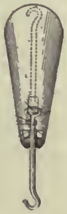
A COMBINATION of a shoeing horn and button hook, in which the horn becomes the handle of the buttoner, both folding together in compact and convenient form for carriage in the pocket or handbag, has been patented by Richard Topham of Washington, D. C.



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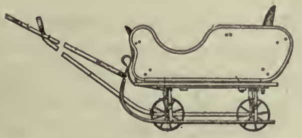
VEHICLES for sleighing furnished with axles and wheels which by a simple device can be brought into use on bare ground would prove very useful in many sections, and especially in prairie countries, where the snow is often blown off for considerable distances. Roland E. Whitman of Sturgis, Michigan, is the patentee.



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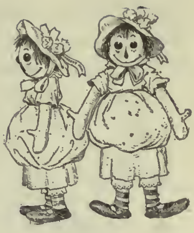
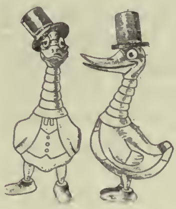
KEWPIES and other odd-looking dolls have added much to the enjoyment of the children and the grown-ups, too, it must be confessed. Especially ingenious in outre designs are the ducks and dolls designed by John B. Gruelle of New York City and lately patented. The dolls are notably "humly" and are quite worthy of a place beside "Billiken" himself.





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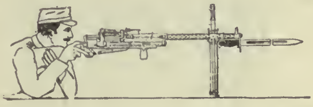
FOR military rifles a muzzle-rest is secured by affixing to the bayonet scabbard a hinged leg and a receptacle in which the muzzle of the rifle fits when leveled. The patentees are Lawrence B. Benet and Henri A. Mercie of Paris, France.



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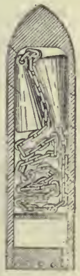
CONSISTING of two cannon balls connected by a chain, the old chain shot was loaded into a smooth-bore cannon and fired generally at short range to cut spars and rigging or kill men. It could not be used at long range because the uneven flight of the two bullets increased with the distance. A modern chain shot is carried in a hollow rifle-shell with a timepiece which releases the chain shot at any given range, and it then goes on its devious way, swinging round in destructive circles. The inventor of this timely article is Andre J. Victory of Broad Brook, Conn.



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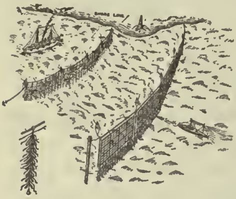
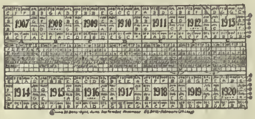
DANGER from hostile underwater craft will be lessened by a guard against submarines and torpedoes, which consists



of a flexible metallic frame, strong enough to stop a submarine, grill work attached thereto sufficiently close to stop a torpedo, and failing in this, entangling the missile in flexible streamers attached thickly to the grill work, the whole to be anchored in a stream or tideway for the protection of ships at anchor. Henry B. Newhall, Jr., of Plainfield, New Jersey, and Ethan N. Hescock of Brooklyn, New York, are the inventors of the contrivance, which is assigned to the Garwood Company of Garwood, New Jersey.

* * *

IT is often necessary to accurately state a date, including the day of the week, and not always easy to ascertain it. Joseph B. Johnstone of Portland, Maine, has patented a calendar covering the years 1907 to 1920 inclusive, which will be found very convenient to writers and compilers.



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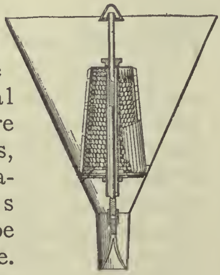
IN the kitchen and factory, where large quantities of material require straining before being placed in cans, bottles or other receptacles, an ingenious strainer funnel should be of great convenience. Alfred P. Warmington a resident of New York City has invented the specialty illustrated herewith.



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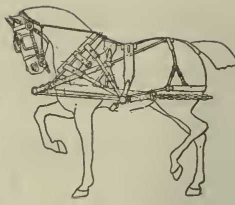
LONG disputes between the advocates of the neck-collar and harness, and the Dutch or breast-collar, as efficient draught harness have never been settled to general satisfaction. As a compromise measure, Luthan Whitten Hammond of Venice, New York, has patented a two-collar harness which draws from both neck and breast collars, and appears to be capable of such nice adaptation to the animal as to avoid galling and use the horse's strength to the best advantage. All lovers of horses will be interested in studying this ingenious new departure in harness making.



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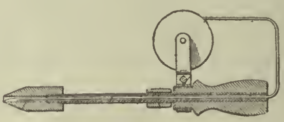
SELF-FEEDING soldering irons, hollow from handle to head, having a reel of soldering wire affixed to the handle which is "fed-up" by a reciprocating feeding device operated by the thumb, has been patented by Harry A. Orme, Washington, D. C.



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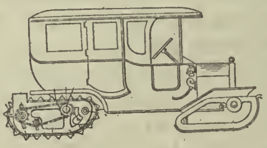
WINTER weather, with snow and ice, is hard on the motorist, so a device to replace the hind wheels of a motor in winter to support and drive the vehicle forward on the forward runners over snow or ice has been invented by Ernest Tange of Edinburg, New York. The endless propelling chain as utilized in this machine is clearly shown in the illustration.



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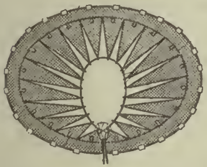
AMONG many warlike devices, an incendiary projectile patented by Louis Nixon of New York consists of the usual metallic shell adapted to the cannon in which it is to be used, but containing a great number of intensely burning balls bound together by a combustible filler, and a bursting charge sufficiently adapted to inflame the combustible mass and scatter it and the fiercely burning spheres in every direction.

* * *

HERE is a new device for taking mackerel, patented by Ruel Dingwell of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts. In using the deep sea seine, the long net supported at the surface by floats and weighed with lead plummets on the bottom is cast around the school, the ends united and the bottom "pursed up" by a line drawn through the affixed rings. The lower part of the ordinary purse seine is a continuous piece of netting, which sinks down and must be hauled vertically through the water, thus involving the expenditure of considerable time and labor. Mr. Dingwell's patent eliminates this, by making the lower part of the seine and series of bridles or sections of netting, each including a rope bridle filled with and supporting the net webbing by forming this part of the seine of triangular net sections, with rings for purse line attached to points; much material is saved, and the net can be worked more easily than the old one. The bridles of netting are folded in clamps along the foot of net, when seine is set around school. The inertia of bridled purse weight, sliding on purse line, closes openings between ends and pulls bridles horizontally across bottom. The illustration presents the bottom and not the top of the net, whose floats form the circumference of the picture.



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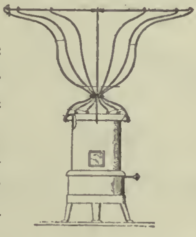
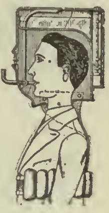
USEFUL indeed is the ingenious clothes-rack for drying "the wash" over the stove, which has been evolved by Marie W. Yela of Kendallville, Indiana. As will be seen, it consists of a great rim of strong wire on which sliding ribs form a graceful, vase-like skeleton, whose base is clamped to a stove whose heat dries the garments.



SAFETY in heavy seas as well as protection from floating wreckage seems to be afforded by an ingenious combination of a life belt and helmet, which gives buoyancy to the head and supplies air unmixed with water, closing tight automatically when submerged and opening to let in fresh air when again above the surface. Julius Schreiber of Lincoln, Illinois, invented this.



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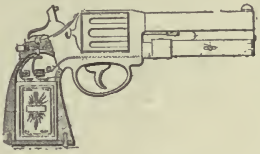
THE searchlight firearm revolver shown herewith is a new application of the dry battery and electric bulb concealed in the pistol butt, and is made to throw its rays through a tube parallel with and under the barrel of the piece, and throwing its little jet of flame upon the person or object aimed at, making it much easier to hit in the darkest night.



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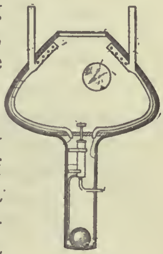
NEPTUNE'S domains are being invaded with all sorts of safety devices. Now we have a pear-shaped receptacle for shipwrecked passengers and mariners, whose stem is a long pipe holding ballast and other needfuls, including a pipe to receive water in case of leakage, and having two periscope tubes to receive and carry off air, when the cover of the float is closed in a heavy sea, which would undoubtedly save life at sea unless the contrivance were crushed by wreckage or driven into shallow water. It is the invention of Bartol Travaglia.



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THERE are plows and plows, and John Plummer of Jonhson, Kansas, has projected a plow which instead of the usual mould board has three standards, one of which is pointed, the other with square cutting edges which together cut and overturn the sods. It is said to arch more effectively than the old model.

# The Man of a Thousand Loves

## by *Edwin Leibfreed, Ph.D.*

I AM the man of a thousand loves.
A thousand loves have I;
And all of my loves are white-winged doves,
That into my soul would fly.

I am the man of a thousand hopes
My happy loves supply;
And all of my hopes are silver ropes
That I climb to heaven by.

I am the man of a thousand dreams
On which my hopes rely;
And all of my dreams have golden gleams
And each has a pretty sky.

I am the man of a thousand hearts
That sob a poet's cry;
And the rhythmical hearts are passionate parts
Of a song that cannot die.

I am the man of a thousand thoughts—
Winged spirits soaring high;
And each of my thoughts a poem lauds,
And ends in a dreamy sigh.

I am the man of a thousand lives
That only sweets espy;
And all of my lives are honeyed hives
That the bees of thought supply.

I am the man of a thousand friends
Of tuneful memory;
And each of them spends the delicate ends
Of a brilliant day with me.

I am the man of a thousand eyes,
The eyes of poesy;
And each of them lies in a paradise
Of exquisite melody.

I am the man of a thousand tears
Of tender sympathy.
And the lingering tears are crimson spheres
In the heart of tragedy.

I am the man of a thousand smiles
Of merry witchery,
And I dip my smiles like sun-kissed isles
In laughter's musical sea.

I am the man of a thousand things
Of joyous fantasy;
And each of them brings on its quivering wings
The gift of prophecy.

And all my gifts are magical words
That sing sweet songs to me;
And the sensitive words are caroling birds
In my garden of imagery.

# *Industrially Handicapped*

*by*

## *Jessie I. Belyea*

( *Concluded* )

### TUBERCULOSIS

THIS is the only class of the handicapped that has received the special attention of one visitor. During the winter of 1908-09, Miss A. P. Tileston of Boston, devoted every day from nine until five searching for work for these unfortunates. When the Tuberculosis Campaign began the relief problem, such "cases" became very heavy and as an aid the Special Employment Bureau was called in to find "light out-of-door work." The patient was told by physicians that he could work provided it was out of doors, attended to his nourishment and did not use his arms very much.

Usually a bookkeeper would arrive fresh from a clinic with such a prescription and seat himself indifferently. For months, perhaps, he had been doctored, fed milk and eggs and had not had to work. Perhaps he had been at a sanitorium and had been institutionalized. Now inertia is a tendency to persist in a state of motion or rest and in these tuberculous cases the rest was certainly persisted in. These clerical men had never done hard muscular work, had usually taken to themselves about forty pounds of fat, and were so soft that any exertion caused perspiration. Any time a suitable job paying eighteen dollars per week came along they would try it, they stated. One chap wanted "light sitting down work in the country," not realizing that the hens had the monopoly of work of this nature.

Our mode of procedure was to make a list of outdoor work and then by visitation ascertain whether or not the employers would consider our men and whether or not the work would be suitable for the man. Every tuberculous man considerately volunteered to be a ticket chopper, but the railroad company would not have any one who did not wish to begin as ticket chopper and work up; beside, there was a retiring and sick pension, and tuberculous men were not wanted by co-workers. Postman and police required civil service; driver and messenger were too heavy, and country work heavy and unsuitable, and so on down the list, for and against, until there was nothing left.

Now when you get an employee afraid to work and employer afraid to have him, the combination is distressing. Two men gave up messenger jobs because for two successive days they could not get nourishment till two o'clock when they should have had it at one.

Inside work, either in office or factory, was tabooed; farm work too hard; chicken farms would not take them because chickens are susceptible to tuberculosis. Just a word here about farm work.

City people think that anyone can do farm work, but if a man does not know a plow from a rake, and a goose from a turkey, and above all, cannot milk a cow, the farmer has no use for him. Usually the farmer has as low an opinion of what a city man can do as the reverse. Unless a city man can do farm work he might as well stay in the city. Occasionally a hue and cry is raised about sending over surplus to the country, but the country man wants as much for as little as anybody I know of, and he is not willing to spoil his cows for any ignorant city man.

Most advertisements for farm help read—"Man on dairy farm, understanding cows and dairy work," and it means just as much and more as "man in a machine shop understanding tool cutting."

If anybody thinks to pawn off any old thing on a farmer he has only to try it a few times.

Well, as things went on the relief problem became greater, and finally the attitude changed somewhat and the pendulum began to swing back until now it seems to be generally accepted that unless a case is apparently cured or arrested, it is no use to try to find work for the patient. Then if a man or woman is cured, why not let him return to office work if he is used to it, instead of putting him to unaccustomed and therefore harder out-of-door work.

Why not make all offices, stores and factories fit for anybody to work in? Why work underground with inadequate ventilation? Most offices I visit, while supplied with plenty of windows, are overheated and stifling with cigar smoke and lack of ventilation. Who opens all the windows and doors after the force has left, and gets in a fresh supply of air to start the next day right? It is usually bottled up safely to await a new day. City people have all their sports within doors. It seems queer that in a severe climate, as in Canada, so many sports are out of doors—ice rinks, toboggan slides, snow-shoeing, skiing, sleigh-driving. Even in little towns a toboggan slide is made, and with smudge lights and gay blanket coat and toque the gaiety goes on with the thermometer somewhere about twenty degrees below zero. But the New Yorker dives into the subway to go to his close office, out for a hurried lunch in a crowded eating place, back into the subway and probably spends the evening at a theatre or opera. Truly there is "too much house."

A man with no home is discharged from a sanitorium; he spends his night on the street and appears at the office tired and hungry. A lodging house is his home and the Bowery his eating place. He loses weight rapidly coming from open air to close lodging house, poor food and worry. Just what was the use of spending so much on his cure for this?

I believe that these single, homeless men, do more harm than is dreamt of. A boarding-house for all men suffering from tuberculosis ought to be at command until they find work, if they can, poor souls. If tuberculosis is a preventable, curable disease, then if "cured" why not work in a well-ventilated office, if that is the accustomed work? It seems better than living on one's family, most always in a little two by six apartment, or sitting on a park bench while wife and children slave to make ends meet. A wife and children supporting a man and depriving themselves of food for years while he looks for just the right thing, are laying the corner stone of poor health and tuberculosis for the children. A doctor once sent a patient to me with a note. It read as follows: "The bearer is an arrested case of tuberculosis. I prescribe any work (preferably clerical) in a well ventilated office." Surely the millennium!

The way of the tuberculous is hard. Furnished-room landladies turn them out and employers are afraid to employ them. It is the leprosy of moderns. If they could only cry "Unclean! Unclean!" and fly to the tombs they would, at least, have an acknowledged home instead of trying to find unaccustomed work and, because unskilled, therefore, poorly paid. It would seem wise to have, as I said, our offices proper places for anybody to work in, or else reserve certain things, such as postmen all though the country as well as city, for arrested or apparently cured tubercular.

### MORE THAN ONE HANDICAP

Two or more of our classified handicaps make up this group.

It has been under consideration whether it would not be better to drop this classification and place the applicant under his most serious or greatest handicap. To make a decision of this kind, however, would take a fine legal mind and even then, after deciding that deafness is more serious than age, some employer would come along and for some reason ask for a deaf man, not quite so old as the applicant. We would then feel that we were wrong in making deafness more of a handicap than age. It is easy to see that age may be coupled with any handicap, as it is apt to bring manifold troubles in its train, as the result of general wear and tear of the years.

As has been said and intimated many times, individuality is a large factor in placing this class of handicapped, as well as all others, and no general rule can be laid down and followed as a guide in placing this class any more than any other.

### NERVOUS DISEASE

Among this class of handicapped we find the Epileptic, both psychic or *petit mal*, and those who cannot "stand machinery," those who feel as if they would "fly" and those who stutter; in fact, anything appertaining to nerves not having gone to the limit of a psychosis.

Of all unfortunates, Epileptics certainly warrant most tender treatment. Their seizures are feared by their own family and their place in the world is difficult to find. For their own, their fellow workers' and employers' sake, the factory or machine shop is not the place for them. Any minute a seizure may result in accident for themselves and involve others. An office is completely demoralized, sometimes for days after such an event. Therefore, as soon as a man has a seizure he can no longer remain at his employment because no risk is taken by any one nowadays. His industrial history is nomadic, here for a few days or weeks, idle for long periods of time. The *petit mal* or psychic Epileptic is equally to be pitied. He is voted "queer," and his seizures are as demoralizing, though less frightful, to witness. As a patient once said, "just a little would make me normal; why can't I be made whole?"

I see nothing but colonies for these poor people, but I do think a different place should be provided for the severe cases. Cottages, where families could go and earn a living at something—horticulture, poultry or farming, seems the only solution. Sitting home and brooding and being a drag on the family or community is not a happy state. We have a colony, but we need more for lesser cases and under wage-earning conditions.

I well remember a farmer who gave employment to one of my applicants suffering from *petit mal*. This man would stand transfixed for ten or fifteen minutes oblivious to his surroundings. After several months elapsed the farmer came to my office and reported that "the man" was doing very well, but said he, with a laugh that drowned the noise of traffic on Fourth Avenue, talk of "brain storms" he has "brain calms."

### MENTALLY DISEASED

With the awakening of the social conscience to the appeal of all suffering humanity, it is not strange that the insane should enjoy the sympathy of thoughtful men and women. In treating the mentally diseased there has been for a century or more an evolutionary process going on, making more and more toward humane treatment. The attitude of the laity toward the insane is a little more enlightened than formerly, although it seems considerably less so than toward any other class. It is a far cry from chain and dungeon, starvation and camisole to no restraint at all, even to the point of disguising the fact that it exists. Good food, diversion, air, exercise and kindness are now the combined methods used to bring the sick insane back, if possible, to a healthy view of life.

Our work at the Special Employment Bureau was to act as intermediary between the patient about to be discharged from the hospital and the employer. Formerly when a man or woman recovered, he or she was discharged in care of some one who had signed the commitment papers. Now, however, the homes into which they are to go are visited, the relatives are talked with and the question asked, "Are the home conditions such that convalescence would result in permanent cure or would worry and overwork and temptation bring about recommitment?" If the patient has no home, work must be found before discharge can take place.

At the time of which I speak the State Charities' Aid employed an agent who visited these patients and obtained as full a history of the case as possible, as well as a history of the industrial career of the patient about to be discharged. A list of these applicants was kept at our office and placements were made when an employer could be found who, after instruction as to the capabilities of the patient and full facts as nearly as we knew them, would still be willing to take the responsibility involved. The work was usually housework in the country where such help is difficult to obtain. The employer accepted the patient from description and upon the report of the physician.

After-care work is humane and should undoubtedly be done; but in a very large percentage of cases "thou shalt not excel" might truly be written across the application.

To do the work well a great deal of supervision is necessary, with a corresponding amount of money. The alcoholic and drug habitue need a vigilance committee or watch and ward society. Possibly one smart person might adequately keep track of one alcoholic, provided the supervisor worked night and day.

Maniac-depressives are hopeful, but when we remember that such cases recur right under the eye of the physician and under the most favorable conditions, it is easy to see that so little is known of the disease that we cannot guarantee immunity from attack when the cares of the world and the responsibilities incident to individuality crowd thick and fast.

The neurasthenic yields the largest harvest of profit, and whether or not, if more attention were given to this class there would be less of the mentally diseased, it is not for the laity to say, and probably the physician might only guess.

### PARTIALLY BLIND

To those who lose their eyesight in adult life, nothing but kindness should be meted out. With habits already formed, thorough dependence upon sight, a trade or business learned that, more than likely, cannot be practiced except with perfect sight—to realize suddenly that sight is failing, that a change in occupation is imperative, to husband what remains either definitely or indefinitely, is indeed to come face to face with a problem that needs fortitude on one side and help from those more fortunate. By this we do not mean to convey the idea that those who have never seen light are not claimants for the sympathy of sighted members of society, but it is so much easier to cope with a handicap at the start of the life race than after habits and responsibilities of life are established. The New York Association for Adult Blind is doing so much to uplift and make brighter the adult blind that too much cannot be said in praise of its work. Sitting at home in the already crowded tenement, eating the bread and butter of dependence, neglected by the overworked members of the family, means a very rapid degeneration along all lines. This school is ideal for the adult blind upon whom no one is dependent or whose family are all self-supporting; nothing is left to desire. But if the blind one happens to have a wife and four or five helpless children who have lived at about a twenty-five dollar per week pace, a drop of about ten dollars per week or more does not make the situation look feasible.

In this class we do not consider the stone blind, but the gradually fading sight, the sight to be conserved, and those deprived and made unsightly by the loss of one eye are applicants. To change the occupation of one, procure a glass eye for another, so as to disguise the defect, is our work. It is surprising how much looks, clothes and an air of being on the sunny side of Easy Street enters unconsciously into the employer's mind when engaging a man or woman.

Each applicant who presents himself is different from the last, has a different temperament, different condition, social and physical, so that here again the man must be fitted to the job and made to see that he is.

### STATISTICS

It must be understood that although the Bureau was in existence from 1906 to 1912, no statistics were kept until 1907, except a lump sum of the number of placements.

It was hoped that after sufficient time had elapsed to be able to draw some conclusions as to what work was easiest or most suitable for each class of the handicapped. It is, however, clear that the knowledge would be applicable to New York City alone. Economic conditions exist there that do not exist in San Francisco, Bangor or New Orleans; each city has its own industrial conditions. It would be most useful if we could have uniform statistics kept in various states and perhaps in time we might discover that there is a demand for certain handicapped persons in different parts of the country. Age, education, hand dexterity must all be considered in each case before generalization can in any way be useful.

The most useful work of the Bureau cannot be measured by rule or figure. Advice that infuses courage and strength is of infinitely more value and more lasting than a mere "placement."

It is also readily seen that a temporary placement sometimes becomes steady and a steady placement sometimes becomes temporary, which proves that figures can lie. Every care is taken to make the statistics given as true a picture of the conditions found in New York City as thought and deliberation can make them.

In the 1906 report made by the Charity Organization Society of New York City, there appeared the first official notification that the Special Employment Bureau had been placed on the list of activities conducted by the organization. It read as follows:

"Important change within the Society has been made in the year under review—the establishment of an employment bureau. This bureau has been placed under the oversight of a new standing committee, of which Dr. Theodore C. Janeway is chairman, and in an experimental period of six months it has succeeded in placing sixty-seven persons in positions of self-support, nearly all of whom would otherwise be dependent upon charitable relief.

"By means of this bureau the society hopes to find suitable employment for persons who by illness, accident, physical or mental infirmity, or previous bad record are unable to re-establish themselves in their former employment, but who, nevertheless, are able to perform some work and are ready to work if something suitable can be found for them. Many of these handicapped persons are now supported either by public or private charity. This Society believes that there are employers who have positions into which these men will fit, and that any interest shown in placing them will prove a benefit to employer and employee alike. By means of a physician's careful examination and as a result of consultation with the applicant's previous employers, effort is constantly made to return the man, not only to remunerative work, but to such work as will improve rather than injure his health. The Bureau does not compete with other employment agencies. Any person whom the regularly established agencies can serve are by that fact ruled out of the handicapped group. It has succeeded in returning to self-support men and women whom infirmity or misfortune had made dependent and whose spirit was being broken thereby. Much of its work has so far been given to the educational side and its agent has given much time to acquainting employers of labor with the Bureau's purposes and possible usefulness."

Listed as XIV in the index, the following concise explanation is given of its use and activities:

"Special Employment Bureau. To reestablish in employment those who are handicapped by accidents, old age, sickness, prison records and blindness. Applicants may be referred by any agency or individual in New York City."

In 1907 the following graphic report makes clear the work of that year.

"To study the abilities of persons handicapped physically, mentally or socially; to find work adapted to their powers which would enable them to be 'wholly or partially self-supporting'; to persuade employers to accept a responsibility toward them," were the tasks which had to be faced in establishing this Employment Bureau. There were no precedents for method, as this was the first attempt of the kind ever made, and the early months were necessarily experimental.

Efforts were made at first to secure publicity, through the daily papers and the trade magazines, and to gain the co-operation of large employers, but gradually it became clear that this was not the most profitable way to work. Attention was then centered on the smaller employers, who have been found more ready to give the time and thought which co-operation requires. Gradually, too, the agencies which refer applicants have learned to distinguish better than they did at first between those who are only handicapped and those who are incapacitated for any kind of remunerative work. The methods which are now being pursued by the Bureau include keeping an accurate record of each applicant's qualifications, frequently with a physician's opinion as to what kinds of work are permissible, and of the Bureau's experience with him; patiently building up a list of employers whose assistance can be counted on; finding among the applicants persons who can fill positions offered, actively seeking positions for the others; providing training for some, and medical assistance for others in order that they may become qualified for new tasks.

During the eighteen months since the Bureau began work 1,137 applicants have been registered and 450 placements made, a ratio of two placements to five applications. This ratio is considerably higher (more than one placement to two applications), for the last eight months, since a larger number of employers have become interested and the applicants have had a higher average of efficiency. Considering the character of the labor offered and the prejudice of most employers against an employee in any capacity who is not able to work at full speed, the results are very encouraging. The 340 placements of the last eight months are only a part of the product of the 896 calls made by the agent on employers, the 219 applicants, the 1,820 interviews at the office with applicants and the 864 with consultatives, and all the ingenuity that could be brought to bear on individual problems. There are other results that will show in next year's figures; the knowledge which is being worked out by experience of the kinds of work possible in connection with certain kinds of disability; and the allies enrolled in the employers who "offered" 263 opportunities during this period.

A descriptive analysis has been made of the 596 new applications and the 314 placements of the seven months ending September 30. The largest group among the new applicants was of those disabled by some crippling disease, generally rheumatics, numbering 125; 120 were convalescents; 94 were handicapped by age; 56 were in an early stage of pulmonary tuberculosis and 17 more were suffering from other forms of tuberculosis; 25 were partially blind, two totally blind; 20 had lost a hand, 17 a foot, and two more than one limb; 17 were mentally diseased and were found mentally defective; 13 were suffering from nervous diseases and 16 from diseases of the circulatory system; nine were inebriates and eight had a criminal record; four were defective in speech or hearing and there were two epileptics; a miscellanous group of eight included corpulency, hay fever, cancer, and loss of a singing voice; four had become unfitted for their previous employment and were not yet re-adjusted; and the remaining 33 had more than one handicap. In 177 of the 596 cases, about thirty per cent, the present disability was traceable in some degree to conditions of employment. Seventy-nine per cent of the applicants had "some degree of training"; their advantage over those who were "wholly untrained" is indicated by the fact that this seventy-nine per cent of the applicants furnished eighty-three per cent of the placements.

Of the 314 placements during this period 63 were in temporary positions. The 251 placements in positions which the applicant, on entering, expected to hold indefinitely, or for a period of more than four weeks, were the following: domestic servants, 58; factory workers, 26; janitors and furnace men, 22; messengers and delivery men, 20; "handy men" and utility women, 20; country laborers, 17; clerks, 14; porters, 14; watchmen, 9; newsdealers, 6; slot machine tenders, 6; drivers, 6; elevator and door men, 5; attendants, 5; job carpenters, 3; manicurists, 3; restaurant helpers, 2; guides, 2; employees in a country hotel, 2; and one berry picker, one bootblack, one day laborer, one needleworker, one orderly, one telegraph operator, one printer, one locksmith, one assistant matron, one cutter, one motorman.

The wages of these positions ranged from two to twenty dollars per week, the average being $8.36.

A large proportion of these persons are at the time of application dependent on charity; others are on the verge of dependence. Those for whom employment can be found by these special efforts are helped to become partially, in many cases wholly, self-supporting; they are also saved from the hard fate of feeling useless. Discharged criminals are given a chance to try again and cured consumptives are enabled to earn a living without returning to the conditions which induced the disease. On the economic side the work cannot but commend itself as the utilization of labor force that otherwise would be idle. It is even more appealing in its possibilities for checking the progress of disease and for restoring unfortunate men and women to independence.

The year 1908 shows the growth of this Bureau and need for its specialized work, even through the period of business depression from which New York and the whole country were suffering.

At the close of the year 2,353 handicapped applicants had been registered in the Special Employment Bureau and 1,161 placements had been made since the establishment of the Bureau in April, 1906; 1,217 of the applicants were registered, and 711 of the placements were made during the last year. The average number of placements per month during the year has been 59.

Diagram 6 shows for each month since the Bureau was organized in its present form, the total number of applications, new and recurrent, and the number of placements in steady and in temporary work. Both applications and placements are on a higher level in the last six months. The influence of the industrial conditions of the winter is seen in the high proportion of temporary positions among the placements from November to April. The degree of success which has been attained in finding work for these aged and crippled and partially blind and convalescent, at a time when there were strong and capable men and women idle, is encouraging. The failure of the placements to keep up with the applications, when they increase rapidly, probably means that the limit of expansion with the present office staff has been reached. When more time is consumed in interviews with applicants in the office there is just so much less time available for finding positions.

There has been an increase in the number of women applicants, probably because these disabled and old women, who in normal times are supported by other members of the family, have been obliged to try to find some employment. Partly as a result of this increase in women applicants domestic service has been conspicuous among the kinds of employment secured. The Committee feels that this is a temporary situation, and does not fear that the Bureau is in any danger of becoming merely an agency for domestic servants. Increasing effort is put forth to make the work of the Bureau constructive and preventive, and to this end systematic cooperation with hospitals and dispensaries is being developed. It is hoped that the Bureau may become a place in which persons suffering from heart disease or from any other illness that may become chronic and result in death or total disability may find occupations suited to their health.

The 1909 report shows the effort made by Miss Amelia Peabody Tileston of Boston to find suitable employment for the tuberculous. Miss Tileston worked early and late, but the difficulties were of such a nature that no one bureau or individual could hope to cope with it.

Miss Eleanor Adler's investigation made in 1907 may be summed up in a few words. Certain trades, such as jewelry, leather, piano action, etc., might be prolific fields for leg and back cripples, but a period of training should first be given in order to get over the errand boy stage and place him in a skilled trade where there is always dearth of "hands."

In 1909 Miss Marshall and Miss Adler then made further investigation in order to find out what trades might be adaptable and whether a shop could not be established on a paying basis, which would make cripples more or less independent.

Here follows report on work by Eleanor Adler and Mrs. Minot Weld:

The report by courtesy of the Survey is given below.

The report of 1909 reads: "Until early

summer, industrial conditions in the city were exceedingly unfavorable to expansion of this Bureau, as they had been through all the preceding year. When able-bodied men were out of work in large numbers it was difficult to find employment for the semi-disabled. Nevertheless 766 placements were made, two-thirds of them in steady work, the maximum number in any month being 87, in April. A total of 1,113 new applicants were registered, which is not quite so many as in 1907-08. On account of the business depression it has not been possible to put to a practical test the result of Miss Adler's investigation into the possibilities of employment for different kinds of handicapped persons in one hundred and forty factory trades.

"Special efforts have been made during the year to solve the problems of occupation for cripples and for arrested cases of tuberculosis.

"Seven hundred and sixty-eight visits were made during four of the winter months, by a special investigator, Miss Amelia Peabody Tileston, who volunteered for this work, for the purpose of finding suitable employment for tuberculous patients able to return to work and for the patients of the day camps. The result was discouraging, not so much because of the industrial conditions, as because the employers' fear of the disease and the patients' fear of work. The irregularity of attendance at the day camps further complicates the situation there, making it impossible to teach anything difficult.

"As part of the special study of the cripple, the agent of the Bureau visited all the hospitals of the city which maintain orthopedic clinics, establishing cordial relations with physicians, nurses, and social workers connected with them. Miss Serena G. Marshall, now Mrs. Minot Weld, honorary fellow of the School of Philanthrophy, made a comprehensive study of the twenty-two schools and institutions for crippled children in and near New York City, which reveals the many types and theories existing among them, and their inadequacy, in spite of their rapid development in the last few years, to provide sufficient training either for trades or for clerical work, or even, in many cases, the rudiments of education. The conclusion of the investigator is that 'Hospitals, Day Schools and Homes are attempting to cover a great field in undertaking the cure and education of crippled children. And yet little is known in any given institution of the work done by its fellows, of the methods adopted and discarded by others, and of the field in its entirety. This limited view hampers the work at every turn. Instead of a body of men and women co-operating toward the discovery of the problem's solution, each appears rather to be engaged in following out his own by-path, and often refrains from looking down that road to its logical conclusion. The outlook for increasing usefulness of the Bureau in dealing with cripples is most hopeful, not only in finding more opportunities for their employment, but in providing facts concerning the industrial opportunities for them which may give direction to their early education.' "

It is a strange thing that employers will make all kinds of promises in regard to employing cripples, but they are not to be blamed wholly when they do not live up to their promises. The employer cannot have his foreman complaining of a disorganized force and blaming "output" upon incapables. His business cannot be made into a "hospital" and unless a cripple can do his full quota of work and do it as well as his strong brother, who is to blame? The employer would rather subscribe $5,000 to a hospital, and drop pennies into a beggar's hat. It is a business man's way of "getting out cheap," as they term it.

Those who give daily all their strength of body, soul and mind to the so-called submerged, or the still more pathetic class, the about to be submerged, cannot fail to shape all effort toward the consummation of a two-fold end, viz:

First to relieve the present situation that is causing distress and, second, to so administer that relief, no matter what its nature, whether food, clothing, work or advice, that the future of the individual or family will be better for that relief and the whole community enriched by the restoration of one of its units to a normal state.

To the average mind "work" does not seem to fall easily within this category.

Is not work, work? Does not a "job" place the family on an economic, independent basis? Not always. Suppose a painter earning four dollars a day becomes a victim of painter's colic, and if on his recovery from one of his attacks, someone, seeing his distress financially, finds him a place at painting, death in time will undoubtedly follow, leaving a widow and small children to be taken care of by society. Is this rehabilitating a family? Is this doing a service to the family and community? Death of the wage earner during the period of life when his children are small leaves a widow and children who will either have to be placed in institutions and supported by the public, or helped by friends already overburdened, while the mother toils daily taking no heed of how the children are spending the days, and too tired to care what happens in the evening. A man, acknowledged stronger than woman, loses his wife and immediately he must have a woman to look after the children. He cannot possibly work and care for them also; but a woman, if bereft of her husband, must care for her children and at least scrub offices from five in the morning until nine, just to show she is willing.

Again, a man in early life develops a cardiac trouble. Suppose his work is too active and if persisted in means death—perhaps suddenly, perhaps after repeated periods of illness which deplete the family purse. Here also change of occupation, even at lower wage, is the physician's prescription to save the family from dependence.

A lame boy must have special education to compete with the normal child; his peculiar aptness and ability carefully studied. It is no easy matter to start a lame boy in the way he should go. It is all wrong to put him at paper selling where his infirmity sells three-quarters of his papers, a fact he soon learns to trade upon and, which, later in life, proves a stepping stone to begging—an easy road if hardened in this school of preparation.

A man toiling early and late and probably having done so since thirteen or even younger, watches anxiously for the day when working papers can be obtained for his children. Not because he is lazy or cruel or disinterested, but from necessity. Rent for small stuffy quarters, food, shoes and clothing make undue demands, while sickness, death and cost of funerals easily deprive the family of any margin, if indeed it is not in debt.

It is necessary for assistance to come from some source, and the wage-earning child is the asset. The boy cannot enter a factory until he is sixteen, and the parent unable to show his ambition for his offspring in any other way, and reasoning that *he* has had to work hard, sees in the office not only an easy berth but what he thinks a step up for his child. He finally finds the boy a place as errand boy, or he is dressed up like a monkey, opening and shutting a door for patrons of some club, store or what not. And what does he learn? He goes errands, copies letters, answers the telephone and draws his $3.50 or $4 per week. Then comes a time when he is too tall for his job, he is unfitted for advancement, or there is no place for him, and with a good recommendation he is turned adrift. He goes here and there answering advertisements suited to his station and usually fails to qualify when the first question asked in all walks of life, "Have you had experience?" is asked. He then picks up odd jobs, doing anything and everything he can get to do, with no end in view except to get a living.

With manhood comes the desire to be a man and he marries as a matter of course and the game goes on. Each generation a little weaker, a little more under-nourished, with a little less ambition as a result. Just here the reader thinks of a boy who rose from thus and so to dazzling heights. So do we all, but there is usually stamina and opportunity. Why does one man in the family become a multi-millionaire and the rest feed upon him? All had equal birth. Most of us are mediocre. Not all become master builders. Jack Binns was made a hero of the hour for doing his duty. Hundreds in his position would and will do the same under like conditions. By the way, did this incident raise the salaries of this class of public benefactors? The cripple with no influence, no training, no pretty clothes, no ability to take up odd jobs and no good looks, sees places he could fill taken by some one else. Chronic discouragement becomes don't care, and in time he becomes a parasite living on friends, stealing or begging if he gets a chance. For this last offence he may be arrested, but have we a right to do so until we can offer him a suitable job, and have we as citizens done our duty? Where were we at the start of his career?

If Shakespeare had been agent of a Special Employment Bureau, he never would have written: "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to be done." It is difficult to know what to do and most difficult to do it. Problems fast become puzzles. A short time ago I heard of clubs of men and women sitting up until two A. M. putting together curiously shaped blocks to form a picture. Why could not such wonderful talent be devoted to finding suitable occupation for their fellow creatures and in providing means to carry out schemes for their betterment. All of which requires minds of high order, money and patience to face discouragement, in addition to intense sympathy with minds warped by countless combinations of circumstances.

We all wonder at the lack of ambition and the philosophic acceptance of fate in our poor, but I wonder they do as well as they do. They never had "an unconquerable soul," or were "masters of their fate," as were their more fortunate brothers.

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# MEMORIES

### *By* BENNETT CHAPPLE

WHEN the fire has burned to embers
And soft the shadows fall,
Then the thoughts of early childhood
Are the welcomest of all.

What a world it seemed to be then
As we did each little task,
And our daddy's little finger—
What a mighty thing to grasp.

Ah! those budding days of Springtime,
Ah! those tender days of youth,
What a hero—in the family—
When we pulled a baby tooth.

And the pennies that we jingled
In our little iron bank,
How we tried our best to open it—
And only got a spank.

And the rag and string we cried for
When we stubbed our many toes,
How dear mother wrapped and soothed us,
As she nursed our little woes.

And the winding road, so dusty
That lay, cool, beneath the boughs,
As we went choo-chooing through it,
Bravely driving home the cows.

And those most unholy sand burs,
That our bare-foot trod upon,
As we searched the river bottoms,
Where the horny cat-fish spawn.

What's the use of being grown-ups,
If the childhood days don't last,
For the heart has lost its haven,
If we can't live in the past.

# BOOKS *of* *the* MONTH

THOSE who have read "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and "Love Insurance," by Earl Derr Biggers, will be sure to welcome his latest novel, based upon his recent play, "Inside the Lines."* The central character, Captain Woodhouse, is in the employ of the British, though he is suspected by the commander of Gibraltar to be a German spy, and strange as it may seem, he is really in the confidence of Wilhelmsstrasse. He is there to frustrate a German plan to blow up the English fleet by their own mines in the harbor at the Rock. Though in grave danger several times, he manages to escape and to accomplish all that he sets out to do—save the British fleet. Romance is supplied by Jane Gerson, buyer for Hildebrand's in New York, whom he has met in France and who stoutly defends him to the General, for which she is suspected of being his accomplice. But at last the suspense is all over and the Saxonia sails for New York, bearing among its passengers Jane and the creations of Paris gowns which she is triumphantly taking back to dazzle America. She carries not only gowns, but also the heart of the doughty captain, who promised to go to America at the end of the year and claim her as his teacher in becoming an American citizen. American citizens abroad are portrayed by Henry Sherman and family of Kewanee, Illinois, who lend the necessary touch of lightness to the story.

CENTURIES hence the explorations, the adventures, the tragedies, the immense discoveries, the enormous fortunes, the titanic crimes and stealings, and the social and political crises and mutations, whose records and traditions make up the history and legends of our recent and over-brief empire building beyond the Mississippi, will continue to furnish inexhaustible material to poet, novelist, painter, sculptor and historian, although the number of works founded thereon number myriads and daily receive accretions.

Such a novel, made doubly welcome by the gift and kindly regard and familiar autograph of Willis George Emerson, author of "Buell Hampton," whose hero is again a majestic figure among many other genial, courageous men, and fair and lovable women, in his interesting and original novel, "The Treasure of Hidden Valley,"* in which Roderick Warfield, a ward of Allen Miller, a stern old financier, come to the parting of ways because the young man having come to grief in Wall Street, refused to be aided on terms which would simply make him a lay figure, whose business career, marriage, and habits must be based on the whim or judgment of a benevolent dictatorship.

With a few hundred dollars and a letter from his dead father, transferred to him by his guardian at their parting, Warfield goes to Wyoming to continue the search for a lost gold placer once visited by his father, but never again re-discovered. He becomes a range rider, broncho-buster, and a general favorite, and through Major Buell Hampton finally becomes wealthy and at last discovers the treasure placer for which his father had sought so long and vainly.

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*"Inside the Lines." By Earl Derr Biggers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, $1.25 net.

*"The Treasure of Hidden Valley." By Willis George Emerson. Chicago: Forbes & Co. Price, $1.25 net.

The sordid feud between sheep-herder and cattlemen, the legalized robberies through corporate manipulation and political graft and corruption, the orgies of saloon and gambling den, and the clean, hearty hospitality of ranch and hunting camp make up a varied setting in which justice is done, friends are reunited, and as is customary and fitting in novels, "love is lord of all."

WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON
A California fiction writer

* * *

THE immortal "Iliad" evidently suggested the modern plot of Maurice Hewlett's "The Little Iliad,"* which comes to the NATIONAL as one of the best and most daintily devised novels of the year.

In this epic the German Baron Eugene von Broderode is a strong, handsome Galician noble, with a record of ability and achievement, but also of a Homeric abandonment to all the animal pleasures, which had at last brought upon him the death in life of locomotor ataxia, and the Baronness de Borderode is the beautiful, accomplished daughter of a noble Polish family, married from a convent at sixteen, and chained by convention and duty to this wreck of a Titan, who with an awful exercise of sheer will power and a cheery energy, insists upon painfully helping himself to every pleasure of the senses that he is still able to compass and enjoy, including the company and attendance of the Baroness, whose only daughter is consigned to a convent, and whose life must be this constant subjection to the claims of an unloved and exacting husband.

There is good old choleric, affectionate Sir Roderick Malleson of Singleton and Inveraron of the Western Highlands, whose six splendid sons never reconcile him to the fact that tradition and experience for once agreed, in that for some generations since a certain family scandal, no daughter had ever lived to grow up and become the pride and belle of the Malleson clan. The heir apparent is the first to meet the baroness, to fall in love with her, and by his sympathy and unspoken devotion to awaken in her a desire to throw off her bonds and learn what mutual love and happiness is capable of conferring. But he attempts nothing unlawful, although his brother Pierpont is less scrupulous, and having invited the Broderodes to spend the shooting season at Inveraron, lays his plans for an elopment from Vienna, which is foiled by Wynyard, another brother, through his knowledge of a former liason and marriage.

But he does succeed in inducing the baroness to leave her husband and become the guest and protégée of Sir Roderick at Inveraron, where all the men and most of the women were in love with the fair fugitive. But Broderode was not to be balked, and in his modern steam yacht sailed into the bay, and having bought the only property not owned by the Malleson family, settled down for a siege, in which popular opinion and especially female society were unmistakably on his side; insomuch that the fair baroness herself capitulated, and went back to her persistent husband, to be released by his death only a few years later. How she came back to Inveraron, and whom she chose for her love and husband, is the greatest surprise and most striking *tour-de-force* of this Iliad. The reader will do well to get the book and find this out for himself.

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*"The Little Iliad." By Maurice Hewlett. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.35 net.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the opening chapters of "God's Man"* are somewhat too involved and prolix to promise an interesting story, the reader who perseveres will find an absorbingly interesting tale unfolding beneath his gaze and he will find it hard to put down the book until he reaches the end. George Bronson-Howard is the author, and he has most realistically shown us the life of the underworld in the great city of New York. The hero is Arnold L'Hommedieu, a young man of noble descent, who has unfortunately been thrown in with a class of New York society much beneath him in manners and training. The real interest of the story lies in its vivid pictures of opium smuggling and of opium smoking. It serves to nauseate one with some of our modern social evils and is well told, showing that the author has made a deep study of his subject.

* * *

THE origin, issues, and conduct of the European war is best studied in the light of the character and personality of the principal actors. It is only in the light of such knowledge, reflected on the tremendous scenes of the world struggle, that one can gain any idea of the mystery which to some extent surrounds the origin of this greatest battle of the ages. A recent volume of the Wayfarers Library† by A. G. Gardiner reproduces certain articles which have appeared in the *Daily News*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and *Pearson's Magazine*, and others supplementing them and discussing the characters of the several leaders of European thought and action at the present time.

An enthusiastic tribute to the heroic king of the Belgians; an analytical study of the many-sided character of the Kaiser; another of H. H. Asquith, the English leader; an appreciation of the strangely quiet, yet forceful General Joffre, commander-in-chief of the French forces; a brief resume of the long and tragical career of Francis Joseph, emperor of Austria-Hungary; and another article which considers in its details the military life of the Grand Duke Nicholas, are followed by an article on General Botha, the now loyal Boer partisan general of the Cape Colony; General Von Hindenburg, who was long opposed to the Grand Duke Nicholas and his policy of the eastern frontier operations; Lord Fisher of England; the Crown Prince of Prussia, now said to be on the verge of nervous prostration from his strenuous experiences; Ferdinand, King of Bulgaria, who has so long played fast and loose with both of the contending factions; General Bernhardi, one of the veterans of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 and later the great exponent of Germanic ideas in connection with the future and policy of Germany; Sir John French, the English leader in the field; and Mr. Venizzelos, the great Grecian prime minister. All of these articles are lively word-pictures of the character and careers of these men and will repay careful study and comparison in connection with the actual events in which they have taken part.

* * *

TWENTY-ONE years in the life of one Philip Carey—from the time he became an orphan until he finally settles down, makes interesting reading. "Of Human Bondage"* is a suggestive title. Philip is neither worse nor better than many of his class, though his lot is made harder to bear by the possession of a club foot, about which he is unduly sensitive. He spends his young years under the strict care of his vicar uncle, but when he comes of age and takes possession of his small fortune, he sets out to carve his own way according to his desires. He is a failure at accountancy, and his experience as an art student in the Latin Quarter of Paris bring him various acquaintances and knowledge of life as it exists in unconventional places.

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*"God's Man." By George Bronson-Howard. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, $1.40 net.

†"The War Lords." By Mr. A. G. Gardiner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, $0.40.

*"Of Human Bondage." By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $1.50 net.

Philip's love affairs occupy too prominent a part in his life. There was the elderly Miss Wilkinson, of whom he soon grew tired, and Fanny Price, who studied art and lived on a meager allowance, and finally hangs herself in desperation.

After Philip gave up the idea of becoming an artist, he decided to study medicine in London. With care, his fortune might have lasted him, but unfortunately he became enamored with a common, illiterate waitress, who could not reciprocate his mad affections, but tolerated him for what she could get from him. We are amazed at his grovelling weakness for her, and it is a little satisfaction to read of the final split between the two. At last, after the tortures he has been through, Philip wins the hand of a dear little girl named Sally and they settle down and live happily ever after we hope, though we are not told so.

The author, W. Somerset Maugham, has written most realistically, going into minute detail in the delineation of his characters. Sometimes we wish the more sordid details and happenings of life could have been toned down, but perhaps that is ultra fastidious. The good of life is intimately interwoven with the bad. Heretofore, we have been allowed to glimpse the good and beautiful, but now we are treated to a new kind of novel. Philip Carey is not a great character, but just an ordinary human being. We neither like nor dislike him.

* * *

THE somewhat striking title of "Peg Along"* the latest essay of Dr. George L. Walton, author of "Why Worry," and other similar books, deals in an easy, conversational, and humorous style with the numerous fancies, superstitions, habits, and antipathies which to a considerable extent interfere with the comfort and enjoyment of life of so many of our people.

He criticises these peculiar fancies for such motives in a mild, yet convincing way, and gives us advice as to how to overcome or to bear them with patience, and the book presents to the thoughtful reader a great many useful as well as entertaining propositions. We can recommend it to the reader as a book of touching personality, self-control, and the evidence of many little things which, if persisted in or acted upon, make the possessor eccentric and very often uncomfortable.

* * *

VERSES by Shaemas O Sheel, which have originally been published in various magazines, have now been collected in one book under the title "The Light Feet of Goats."* The poems cover the range of human experience, and they bring forth a variety of emotions "from grave to gay," though perhaps the dominant strain is one of love. Here is a dainty poem that makes one long for the spring time:

### WHILE APRIL RAIN WENT BY

Under a budding hedge I hid
  While April rain went by,
But little drops came slipping thru,
  Fresh from a laughing sky:

A-many little scurrying drops,
  Laughing the song they sing,
Soon found me where I sought to hide,
  And pelted me with Spring.

And I lay back and let them pelt,
  And dreamt deliciously
Of lusty leaves and lady-blossoms
  And baby buds I'd see—

When April rain had laughed the land
  Out of its wintry way
And coaxed all growing things to greet
  With gracious garb the May.

A few translations from the Hungarian of Joseph Kiss give the reader an opportunity to enjoy Old World literature.

* * *

MARSHALL FIELD explained to his people every order he issued and every plan he adopted. He understood human nature. He recognized that the human factor was vital to the success of orders or plans. There is always friction and lack of co-operation when you don't enlist your people's hearty co-operation in any order or plan. This lack of co-operation means first, waste in getting the plan going and afterwards in keeping it at highest efficiency."

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*"Peg Along." By George L. Walton, M. D. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price. $1.00 net.

*"The Light Feet of Goats." By Shaemas O Sheel. New York; The Franklin Press.

This is one of the apt, true and suggestive things to be found among the many helpful and inspiring sayings in E. St. Elmo Lewis's "Getting the Most Out of Business."* And again: "Of the thousands working in office and factory, some are half educated, blindly groping, without faith; still others are hoping against hope, while others, cynically trusting to luck to hide their ignorance, are prepared to bluff their way into success."

In considering the "human element" the writer takes high ground:

"So in any study of the new business and its efficiency we soon come to the art of handling men. We leave the science of the day's work to work itself out as the evolution of the law inevitably does. As we turn the light inward on man to find of what he is made, so we enter the inner sanctum of the business to find out its individuality."

All the way through, with hundreds of practical hints as to all the many problems of increased efficiency and prosperity, is reiterated this one great truth—that employer, employee and customer, in short, humanity in the mass, must profit if business is to increase and prosper.

* * *

IN his recent publication, "What is Back of the War"?† Ex-Senator Beveridge gives his experience in Holland and the German, French, and English lines during the winter and spring of 1914–1915, together with the utterances of prominent men of those allied or antagonistic races. His experiences in Holland, where he found business good, and great sacrifices made to care for the Belgian refugees and interned soldiery, led him to believe that the Dutch were not greatly in love with their protégés, whom they charge with being unwilling to work, and disposed to exact more than they receive from the charity of the Dutch government and people. Furthermore, Mr. Beveridge claims that the Hollanders are, if anything, more favorable to Germany than to England, although by no means inclined to go to war as the ally of either.

After visits to the German trenches in France, where the efficiency and general intelligence of the Prussian officers greatly impressed him, Mr. Beveridge was given an interview with the Kaiser, and had an extended conversation which he evidently was pledged to have published. This was followed by another with Grand Admiral Von Tirpitz, whom he described as a very tall and powerful man, who threw all the blame for the present war on England, denied that German naval officers desired war with England or drank toasts to "the day" in which they should be able to meet the English warships in battle. He utterly scouted the idea that Germany desires to dominate the world or even Europe; declared that Belgium had agreed with the Allies to allow them to violate her neutrality, and charged America with being practically un-neutral and hostile to Germany, because of the immersion

E. ST. ELMO LEWIS
Author of "Getting the Most Out of Business"

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*"Getting the Most Out of Business." By E. St. Elmo Lewis. New York: The Ronald Press Company. Price, $1.50 net.

†"What is Back of the War." By Albert J. Beveridge. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, $2.00 net.

supplies of war material exported to her enemies. These and other utterances he not only empowered Mr. Beveridge to publish, but stamped each page of the reported interview with the seal of the navy department.

Mr. Beveridge does not decide who will win, or what Europe is to become when the war drums are again silent. He does not believe in the possibility of a great European republic, much less of a world-wide federation, and yet in closing he says pertinently enough: "Still so elemental are the changes which the war is making that even this thought may be realized as the decades roll on."

* * *

FULL of human interest are the poems by Ambrose Leo McGreevy included in "The God of Battles and Other Verses."* The title would suggest war poetry, and indeed the first few are devoted to martial themes, though the praise and desire for peace is paramount. For instance:

We are wearied of the strife, God of Battles!
Wearied of the loss of life, God of Battles!
    Let the old love rule the world,
    Let the battle-flag be furled
    Where the blood-red eddies swirled,
        God of Battles!

Other verses display a variety of thought that shows a deep understanding of the emotions that rule the world. They are uplifting and point the way to better ideals and happier interpretations of the real phases of life.

* * *

TO a lover of the crooked streets and historic spots of the Hub, "Rambles Around Old Boston"† will prove a most entertaining as well as informative volume. Three congenial companions—a visiting Englishman, the artist and the antiquary—set out to "do" Old Boston, for the delectation of the Englishman. Beginning in the section around the Old State House, the spot where the first homes of Boston were erected, the three trace the growth of the city with all the traditions and historical events that have been interwoven with the upbuilding of this one of America's greatest cities. Bostonians indeed live in an atmosphere of historical associations of which they are perhaps too unmindful. How many know that customers in olden days were summoned to the meat market by the cheerful clanging of a bell? The North End, now looked upon as Boston's foreign quarter, was once the center of the life of the colony, and abounds in memories of old colonial times. And so on. At the end of the trip the Englishman felt that his tour among the historic and picturesque spots had given him a new insight into the history of Boston. The volume is beautifully and plentifully illustrated with drawings by Lester G. Hornby.

* * *

AN experience of war by American correspondents in Warsaw is the theme of "The Red Fleece"* a late book by Will Levington Comfort. Peter Mowbray, young and as yet despite his talent for writing, not deeply experienced in realities, becomes attached as correspondent for *The States* to the Russian army. Shortly before going to the front, he meets a woman who stirs in him a desire for friendship. Berthe Solwicz of Wyndham, who lives by sewing, is no common type. Her father, known in the press of Petrograd as "the notorious Red," and among those for whom he labored with tongue and pen as "the peasant's martyr," had bequeathed to his daughter the brave desire to carry on his work. Peter's experiences at the front, the stern realities of war, where individuals count for nothing, hospital life, imprisonment, the meeting with Berthe on the battlefield, his capture by the German forces, and their consequent separation, the wound and the final reunion of the two lovers, are all told in the strong interest-compelling comfort style. As we close the book we are filled with a horror and disgust for war, from having grown familiar with its awfulness, and its effects upon the minds and hearts of those who are forced by one reason and another to engage in it. We are brought face to face through strong word-picturings with man displaying his primitive emotions, which are not unilke those of the beast, but one who comes safely through must be purified as by fire. "Red Fleece" is a strong presentation of life at the front.

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*"The God of Battles and Other Verses." By Ambrose Leo McGreevy. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. Price, $1.00 net.

*"Rambles around Old Boston." By Edwin M. Bacon. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $3.50 net.

*"Red Fleece." By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $1.25 net.

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THE year 1915 marked the fiftieth anniversary of the conference of statesmen which took place in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, and led to the founding of the Dominion of Canada. Although the War of Nations interfered with the intended celebration of this anniversary, the *Charlottetown Guardian* issued a most interesting supplement in July, and even a casual glance through its pages, which are well illustrated, would convince one that Prince Edward Island, otherwise known as "The Garden Province of Canada," is an enterprising and progressive province of the Dominion. The booklet gives one a good chance to become acquainted with a part of Canada that has hitherto received but little attention.

* * *

BORN at Stockholm, Sweden, in 1688, Emanuel Svedberg, better known as Emanuel Swedenborg, was the son of Jasper Svedberg, professor of theology at the ancient University of Upsala—a learned, pious and brave man who, although bishop of Skara, did not fear to express his sincere belief that he was daily in friendly intercourse with angels. The child shared his parent's piety and learning, and his parents often believed that "angels spoke through him." For some years as mining expert and inspector, as student of natural life and psychology and author of the most profound and reliable works of his day, he continued and increased his reputation at home and abroad, but in his later years he became the most remarkable seer, prophet, or enthusiast who has ever arisen in Europe out of the body of the common people with a real and supposed message or revelation of the divine nature, and dealings of God with the world and all its inhabitants. Through his merely scientific studies, as he claimed, he came into the most intimate knowledge of the great secrets of this life and of that which is to come.

Many and tremendous things he treated of, but with such apparent dignity, reverence and sincerity that few attacked him, and many have made his teachings the basis of their church affinities. Certainly no man can read his sayings without a desire to attain more nearly to the communion of which he was the evangelist. "The Path of Life,"* compiled by John C. Ager from the more voluminous works of this great mystic, comes to us from the J. B. Lippincott Company in an elegant volume of two hundred and fifty pages, printed on thin paper and bound in flexible garnet pebbled leather, with gilt tops. It contains in brief the gist of Swedenborg's many and scholarly essays upon these subjects.

* * *

THE lives of American farm girls and women present many pleasant and many unpleasant aspects of human life, labor and future. There is a very large class, and certainly an increasing one, who are indeed well off in property, comfort and educational and social advantages. There is another large class, still handicapped by old habits and prejudices, whose mothers and fathers doom themselves and their children to a needless waste of labor and lack of intelligent provision and method which keeps them poor, and drives the young birds from the safe home nests to the gay and cruel city; but this class, too, is rapidly diminishing in number, and increasing in prosperity. Martha Foote Crow in "The American Country Girl"* sets forth these conditions and points out methods of lessening the burdens and increasing the pleasures of country life and labor.

* * *

CANADA BLACKIE"† the Canadian desperado, who barely escaped the electric chair, received a life sentence, and finally through the efforts of Donald Lowrie, author of "My Life in Prison," and Superintendent Thomas Mott Osborne, reformed and spent his few remaining years in trying to encourage and improve the lot and the character of the state convicts, and of the state officers and institutions. The substitution in New York of rewards instead of punishments, of kindness for sternness and cruelty, of reasonable outdoor recreation and social privileges for the health and mind-destroying methods too long in vogue, were given a new and brilliant illumination by their transformation of this powerful, intelligent, skillful and fearless "yeggman" into a kindly, loving and regenerated man.

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*"The Path of Life." Compiled from Swedenborg. John C. Ager. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.00 net.

*"The American Country Girl." By Martha Foote Crow. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Price, $1.50 net.

†"The Story of Canada Blackie." By Anne P. L. Field. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, $1.00 net.

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TO some two thousand works already published on the printing business, "How to Make Money in the Printing Business"* adds another and somewhat interesting volume which at least appeals to that beautiful virtue which as the poet assures us, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and according to others enables us "To live and learn and fail in business." Furthermore, unlike most of the other two thousand, which are notoriously dry-as-dust composition, this panacea for poor business in a by no means largely lucrative profession, is full of keen suggestion and not unhumorous comment as well as practical, hard-headed business common-sense. The writer realizes that the men to whom he appeals are of two great classes, the printer who gets business by guessing how cheaply he can do it, and generally loses the job; and the sensible business man who won't waste his time and money in putting himself in a hole for the sake of apparent activity. Undoubtedly, the perusal of this work will be a shock to many "live wire" operators, who never adequately consider the influence of interest, depreciations, loss of time on more remunerative jobs, and other Giant Despairs, who ever stand in the way that leads to the printers' paradise. But it will do them good and so will the suggestions on advertising themselves and getting more business which so many men never acquire, and perhaps have no use for.

Also, the fortunate man who does have a good run of business, should appreciate the warnings to systematize to show profits, to remember that printing outfits wear out rapidly, and are seldom salable at fair prices.

But "buy the book" is the best criticism that the writer can offer, and after it is bought, "read, learn, and inwardly digest" the same.

* * *

THE automobilists of the country, a mighty army, will welcome William Winters' new novel, "The Winner,"* as genuinely full of automobile lore and vim, and also as a good story of a man's victory over difficulties and woman's love and helplessness. The struggle between the two lovers, and greed, knavery and ruffianism of the competitors, culminates in a great race in which the hero wins out, making the last lap of his hardly-won victory, his car blazing with ignited gasoline, tenth in place, and one of the prize-winners of the Cosmopolitan sweepstakes.

* * *

"HOW to Estimate on Printing"† by Harry M. Basford, is a natty publication of about one hundred pages, from the press of the Oswald Publishing House, New York City. Besides the many details of advice as to where, when, and how the work should be done, there are many suggestions as to the tools and accessories which should be provided to enable the professional estimator to do his work quickly and effectively. There are also many tables suggesting prices, showing the number of words to the square inch, amount of stock needed, tables of weights, sizes of envelopes, cards, note heads, etc. The book should be owned and studied by everyone who is trying to fit himself for success as a job printer or publisher.

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*"How to Make Money in the Printing Business." By Paul Nathan. New York City: The Oswald Publishing Company. Price, $3.00; postage and packing, 15 cents.

*"The Winner." By William Winter. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, $1.25 net.

†"How to Estimate on Printing." By Harry M. Basford. New York: Oswald Publishing Company. Price, $1.50; postage and packing, 15 cents.

# The New American Army

## by Charles W. Hall

AT last, after years of procrastination, a plan for the increase of our land forces has been evolved and brought before the people. Briefly, it makes no provision for the National Guard, or State Militia, leaving it with its non-combatant departments about where it is today—when recruited to full strength, as the present plan puts it, 129,000 men.

The regular army is to be increased to 140,000 men (20,000 non-combatants), including ten new regiments of infantry, four regiments of field artillery, fifty-two companies of coast artillery, and four squadrons of aeroplanists—a not very impressive addition of 32,320 men. Still this addition will be the most difficult one to recruit and maintain as, even in the Civil War, it was hard to get American citizens into the regular service, and its record of desertions during peace is something most discouraging.

It is proposed to raise 400,000 Continentals, who are to serve with the colors three years, giving two months each year to army life and discipline in peace; and to serve in the second line or reserves for three years more. Thus giving the President command of 520,000 men ready for duty, with the National Guard (129,000), making in all 649,000 men.

It should be remembered today, when regular officers are sedulously depreciating the militia, and easy-going editors, essayists and reporters are following their lead, that Massachusetts alone in her colonial wars sent sixty thousand men to aid the British regulars, not only in Canada, but at Cartagena, Colombia, and Havana, Cuba, and again and again, and in many ways, showed their superiority to the starched, pipe-charged and "highly-disciplined" regulars with whom they co-operated. Further, that in the Revolution the New Englanders at Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill and the Siege of Boston, held their own better than the flower of the British army who opposed them, forced the evacuation of Boston, drove off a powerful fleet from Presidents Roads, and never again in two wars allowed a foreign foe to raid an important seaport or occupy a permanent port in Massachusetts, and with rare exceptions held the long coast-line successfully against the attacks of a large number of British cruisers and privateers.

In the Civil War a large number of the volunteer regiments left in one day's fighting three hundred men or more dead or dying on the field, and some of these had not had their rifles over a few weeks; and yet, if daring greatly, and enduring to the death is any criterion, these despised volunteer regiments lost more men in proportion than the famous "Light Brigade" at Balaklava.

It cannot be possible to secure the same self-respect, sense of duty, intelligence and enterprise in regular troops as can be secured when almost every man in the ranks knows that his neighbors and family expect him to do his duty, and reflect honor on his home and people as well as on himself.

It is to be hoped that the regular army service will be so modified that a private soldier will not forfeit his political or social standing or educational privileges while serving under the flag. There are many reasons, not the least being "the good of the service," why a soldier of the republic should have every incentive to become a scholar and a gentleman, as well as a soldier, and here is just the place where popular interest, pride and respect can be most strongly attracted to our regular army, whose soldiery is too greatly ostracised, and whose officers have too little in common with the people who have educated, supported, and honored them.

At a time when the soldier must find death or victory in every element, and deal with the perfected skill of his century, the machine-soldier, with his months of stereotyped discipline, and his occasional "good times" among the saloons, gambling hells and harlots, is of little value to the service, unless some military bull-dog or reckless scatter-brain wants to carry some impregnable position by a frontal attack, no matter at what cost of material and men. There is no reason why in peace the men of the regular army should not receive the best possible education, for their present service, and also for their civil career while in reserve.

It is not the officer who keeps his men aloof from his awful dignity that is followed to death or victory, "through hell and out again"; nor is it provocative of disrespect for a leader of men to practically recognize their common humanity and even their common need of diversion and entertainment. Self-respect, self-repression and self-interest are all to be inspired and encouraged in the good soldier, who, indeed, too often has none of the incentives to self-sacrifice, of which Macaulay sings in his "Lays of Ancient Rome":

"Then outspake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate;
To every man upon the earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the hearthstones of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?

"And for the gentle mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the loving wife who holds
His baby at her breast;
And for the vestal virgins
Who guard the sacred fane;
To save them from false Sextus
Who wrought the deed of shame?"

Myriads of "gentlemen volunteers" of the great English-speaking race have felt and responded to these lines, and under their impulsion and that of the race-spirit which they really embody, have filled the world with the evidences of their valor, resourcefulness, endurance and enterprise.

No copy of German militarism, or military exclusiveness, can win out in America, for no one ever forgets that only the free gift of the people gives a tiny moiety of our population the education and prestige which a federal commission has always conferred, even in democratic America.

But with the vast changes which the existing war has developed, and the increase of general education and development, new departures abound, even in the over-conservative policies of national war departments. It is to be hoped that the improved and enlarged military arm of our government will give to its rank and file such educational and industrial advantages that no better training can be asked for than is enjoyed by the professional and regular private soldier during his two years with the colors. There is every reason why the study of languages, chemistry, mechanics, engineering, should go side by side with the development of skill in arms, campaign resourcefulness, mutual comradery, field fortification, and all the myriad resources which in actual service may mean safety, victory, honor, if promptly and efficiently used. It ought to be a sure recommendation for social or business preferment that a reservist of the Regular Army of the Republic can show a clean discharge and a good record as a soldier, scholar and true man.

# The Progress of the World's War

(*Continued*)

WEDNESDAY, June 16: The British steamer Turnwell was taken off Pembrokeshire, Wales. Her crew surrendered the vessel, which the Germans looted and then exploded bombs in the hold, but left to destroy the little coasting steamer Trafford, leaving the crew to board the Turnwell, start her pumps, and escape to Milford Haven. An Italian dirigible bombarded the Austrian railway station at Diviaca, inflicting serious damage. The Italian submarine Medusa, after brilliant and dangerous service, was torpedoed by an Austrian submarine, only an officer and four men escaping of all the crew. The French artillery demonstration north of Arras on the 15th and 16th instants, preceded and supported the infantry operations with the discharge of nearly three hundred thousand shells. Eleven divisions of Germans engaged lost very heavily, the infantry collisions having frequently eventuated in the use of the bayonet and hand grenades, which latter have again become an important weapon after many years of almost complete disuse. In Alsace the French captured Altenhof, a suburb of Mitzerai, which latter place the Germans were reported to be giving to the flames. Steinbueck and smaller places along the Fecht River had also been captured, with five hundred prisoners and a number of bomb-throwers, machine guns, field telephones, gas-making apparatus, and a German aeroplane. Artillery duels between the Italian and Austrian forces in the Carnic Alps have continued almost without cessation day and night, searchlights and parachute rockets having been freely used to illuminate the passes. The Italian customs guards and Bersaglieri have surprised and taken positions by traversing smugglers' and shepherds' paths, and thus coming upon the forces from the flank or rear, supposed to be unapproachable. In this way the ranges west and south of Malborgeth are said to have been cleared of the enemy, as well as other heights commanding the Plateau of Garl.

THURSDAY, June 17: An Austrian attack in force on Monte Nero was reported repulsed with heavy losses in killed, wounded, prisoners, and war material. Geneva reported that the Zeppelin works at Friedrichshafen were turning out a completed Zeppelin every twenty days. The complete evacuation of Galicia by the Russian forces and even the abandonment of Warsaw and the greater part of Russian Poland seemed likely to result from the desperate and effective advances of the flower of the Austro-German armies under General Mackensen. It was declared that when this movement was instituted, it was discovered that millions of Russian cartridges were useless, owing to the work of German sympathizers employed in their manufacture, and that as a result many Russian battalions were reduced to an average of eight cartridges per diem. It was declared at Copenhagen that owing to attacks on the Radical government's policy of neutrality, the matter was brought to a vote in the Danish Folkething, or Lower House, and that the vote in favor of absolute neutrality was unanimous. Reginald A. J. Warneford, the Canadian aviator who destroyed a Zeppelin on June 7, was killed in company with Henry Beach Needham, an American war correspondent, while trying a military aeroplane at Buc, France. The Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, Steel Company is reported to have expended over two million dollars in preparations for filling European contracts for shrapnel and other shells. M. Hilaire Belloc estimated the Austro-German losses to date at nearly or quite four millions of men. The Belgian government ordered twenty American locomotives at an average price of $25,000 each.

FRIDAY, June 18: Austro-German troops were reported to have occupied Tarnogorod, Russia. A heavy artillery duel raged along the lines north of Arras, France. In Alsace further gains and captures by the French were reported along the Fecht. Berlin admitted material French successes on the Arras section. The Russian government has taken charge of all munition factories. Austrian vessels bombarded the unfortified ports of Pesaro and Rimini, but inflicted most damage to private houses. Three civilians slightly injured were the only casualties. The Norwegian steamer Svein Jarl was torpedoed. It is claimed that German spies co-operate with the German submarines.

Saturday, June 19: It is declared that Admiral Von Tirpitz considers the attitude of the American government on the Lusitania affair as threatening the utter destruction of his life-work in bringing the submarine to practical efficiency. It is true that the submarine takes some chances in demanding a surrender; so does the herald who faces the enraged garrison with a summons, or the envoy who treats with a bandit or savages for the release of prisoners. But the German motto is "Safety First" at whatever sacrifice of humanity, let alone chivalry, which latter indeed never especially characterized the German knights in any age. Equally unreasonable is the German hatred of the "unfriendly Americans" who make and sell ammunition and weapons when a part of them at least go to the enemy. Of course those purchases made by Germany were all right, and so were the Krupp sales to other warring nations which were then at peace with Germany, but the anti-American feeling is very strong on both these counts. Tolmino in the Trieste section north of Gorizia was being reinforced and strengthened by the Austrians, it being the key to the Isonzo valley. In the Trentino district the Italians destroyed several defensive works in the Valley of Lugano and opened fire on Ringo. Driven back from Folgana by repeated attacks, they finally recaptured their old positions, and then were bombarding Reveredo.

Sunday, June 20: Grodek and Komarna, within a few miles of Lemberg, Galicia, were relinquished by the Russians, who seemed unable to meet the Austro-German drive under Mackensen and Prince Ferdinand. The German admiralty gave out a statement on the 18th instant that submarine U-29 had been rammed and sunk by a British merchantman after the vessel had been ordered to stop, and this fact is relied upon to justify the underwater "sneak-boats" in sinking unarmed vessels without the negligible ceremony of warning them. It remains to be seen if all the neutral world has grown so effete and cowardly that it will accept this return to savagery of the lowest type. On the night and morning of June 18–19 an Austrian flotilla opened fire on the ports of Tagliamento River in northern Italy, but were driven off by torpedo destroyers. Several encounters between light cruisers, torpedo destroyers, hydroplanes, etc., at various ports resulted in little damage beyond the loss of the little steamship Marcia Grecia. An Associated Press correspondent, after being allowed by General Weber Pacha to visit the Turkish defences, declared that the Allies had thus far gained very little by their attempt to force the Dardanelles Straits. Copenhagen reported that the Kaiser himself had taken supreme command of the Galician campaign, and is sparing nothing to crush the Russian offensive, and leave his victorious armies free to act against the Allies. The Russian shortage of ammunition is said to be almost paralyzing at certain points, a factor always possible when breech-loading arms and continuous fire enable the infantry to waste ineffective cartridges by thousands.

Monday, June 21: Venice had been warned to prepare for aerial raids. The Emperor Francis Joseph was reported as terribly surprised by the Italian successes, and blamed General Von Conrad, chief of the army staff, and Admiral Chiari, chief of the naval staff, for their remissness in not securing the safety of the Austro-Italian frontier when they had so long known that hostilities were likely to arise. The aged emperor relieved Generals Kanki and Rohr of their commands and is said to have told Admiral Chiari that if his fleet was not actively engaged, he would send for German officers to command it. As a result, an Austrian cruiser and eight torpedo boats were sent out to bombard Italian ports, but met with prompt resistance and accomplished nothing. It appears that the Austrian frontiers were defended by very costly and impregnable works commanding the mountain highways, which were even deprived of their parapets, but that the Italian mountaineers did not follow these roads, but rude mountain paths by which they gained the rear of these works and surprised, slew, or captured their guards. The Turks are reported to have repaired their heavy losses in the Caucasus, and to be concentrating their forces before Erzeroum. The troops reinforced had lost very heavily by battle and disease, and the Kurdish leaders who aided them and massacred the Armenians in Van and vicinity, had surrendered to the Russians, and with their followers were taken in to localities where they will be guarded and "surrounded by Christian influences" in the way of neighbors and garrisons. Professor Ballod of the University of Berlin in a recent address declared that the supply of food had fallen off only twelve and one-half per cent, and that the attempt to starve out Germany had failed. Bread and potatoes would not be lacking, but the meat supply would fall short, and with that of beer must be economized, pointing to a vexatious deprivation of unlimited sausages and lager. Anti-German riots in Moscow June 9–10 resulted in the looting and wreckage of over five hundred stores and factories and some two hundred dwellings before the authorities could control the drunken and excited mob. The damage resulting is estimated at twenty million dollars, falling chiefly on German residents and non-resident owners. Petrograd claims repulses of the Austro-German advance at various points in Galicia, but Vienna claimed a Russian defeat near Olti, fifty-eight miles west of Kars, in which over two hundred Muscovites were killed, and some guns and other material taken. The Italians had crossed the Isonzo, replacing bridges destroyed by the Austrians, and carried entrenchments protected by barbed wire entanglements, strengthened by iron T-bars, and defended by heavy guns of position, including some of twelve-inch calibre. These successfully carried, the Italians finally occupied the lofty plateau of Planza, which they strengthened by additional batteries.

Tuesday, June 22: French troops captured Sondernach in Alsace, and the Germans claim some successes near La Fontenelles. Heavy snowstorms are reported to have delayed the Italian advances in the higher Alps. In the lower foothills and ranges good progress is reported. The war feeling in Holland was excited by German intimations that Holland would be needed to round out and perfect German autonomy. Nine hundred thousand men are said to be ready to act at short notice.

Wednesday, June 23: The city of Lemberg Galicia, captured by the Russians September 4, 1914, and held by them nine and one-half months, was retaken by the Austro-Germans June 23, 1915.

Thursday, June 24: The fall of Lemberg was preceded by the orderly withdrawal of most of the removable artillery and other supplies, and was, in fact, an evacuation and not a surrender. The Russian rear-guard, forty thousand strong, retired in good order, destroying everything that could benefit or aid the advance of the Germans. The Italian armies are said to hold a battle line in Austria five hundred miles in length, and to have taken many supposedly impregnable batteries and defenses. Of eight Victoria crosses given June 23 for valor in the field, three went to Canadian gentlemen volunteers, and some seventy minor awards went to the same territorial force, which has again demonstrated its equal courage and effectiveness in competition and struggles with the best regular troops in the world. On June 23 Robert Muller, found guilty June 4 of being a German spy, was shot to death in the historic tower of London.

Friday, June 25: During the week, a Krupp sixteen-inch gun threw thirty to forty tons of explosive shells at Dunkirk from a distance of fourteen miles or more, killing and wounding a number of civilians, and damaging considerable private property, but without accomplishing any military success. Constant and heavy fighting with the Russian rear guard is reported from Vienna.. German Socialists sent forth an appeal for peace, and their opposition to any forcible annexation of alien territory as a measure insuring future weakness and dissensions in United Germany. The Austrian artillery position in some mountain defenses were found to be connected by tunnels through which the guns could be easily removed after action (as if apparently silenced), only to break out afresh from another position.

Saturday, June 26: Dr. Anton Meyer Gebhard, sent by Ambassador Bernstorff at Washington to enlighten Germany as to popular sentiment in the United States, reported at Berlin that until the sinking of the Lusitania, public sentiment in favor of the strictest neutrality was strong and increasing in the United States, but that since that horrible event the American people would not be satisfied with any diplomatic subterfuge or evasion of the issue. In the East, the German advance on the line of the Dneister had been checked, and both sides had lost heavily.

Sunday, June 27: The Trades Unionists of England, having been appealed to in the name of the government to keep up the work of supplying the army and navy without seeking by strikes and demands to cripple the contractors at work on munitions, etc., decided to act loyally and to aid the government in its herculean task.

Monday, June 28: General Sir Ian Hamilton reports that after a severe bombardment and an advance on the left flank of about half a mile, a new front facing due east was formed. In doing this three lines of trenches were carried, and all the ground gained held against counter-attacks. The Dominion liner Armenian was torpedoed, bombarded and sunk by the German submarine U-38 off Cornwall, England, with considerable loss of life, including some twenty American citizens.

Tuesday, June 29: No adequate reason has been given why the Armenian, loaded with mules and horses (in fact, a floating stable), was sunk without giving her crew and horse-keepers a chance of escape. Coming so soon after the Lusitania incident, it embittered Americans still more against the allied Teutons, and made it especially difficult for the German representatives to continue their peace propaganda in America.

Wednesday, June 30: It leaked out that the War Department at Washington had received information that the German naval authorities were contemplating the establishment of supply stations on the coast of Maine, among the multitudinous, uninhabited islands which line that savage coast. In some of these, supplies of water, provisions, gasoline, etc., could be easily concealed and as easily taken on board a submarine under cover of night, as had already been done among the Mediterranean islands. Germany ordered fifteen thousand motor sledges for winter campaigning.

Thursday, July 1: July witnessed a continuation of the tremendous Austro-German drive against the invading Russians in Galicia. In the United States the evidences of German acts of destruction, labor intrigue, press control, book publication, and secret communication with the German government and submarines, were very significant, and impelled the American government to great activity in its secret service department. It was asserted that the Sayville wireless station was practically controlled in the interests of Germany, and that the destruction of powder mills, factories, etc., and the malicious spoliation of ordinance supplies were all carried out effectively as a result of the Austro-German secret-service propaganda which has honeycombed city society with spies and operators of every sex and station in society. The Italian ship Sardonesia torpedoed without warning near Castle Bemhaven, Ireland, lost nine drowned and two killed by shell fire: two wounded and seven others saved themselves in the boats. It is reported that four hundred persons were killed and property valued at over $1,000,000 was destroyed in the cities of Howe and Hull England, during the last German Zeppelin raid. The deputy from Senegal (French West Africa) demanded that his people be allowed to raise troops and send them to aid the mother country. His bill passed the first reading..

Friday, July 2: An economic union between Austro-Hungary and Germany had been for some time generally considered and will probably be consummated. The French minister denies that the French artillery has ever used any shells made in the United States. The Russians were reported to have received a large number of high explosive shells, and to have re-opened hostilities with great vigor. The fighting along the western line shows on the whole a dogged defense of the French-English lines, occasional and severe artillery duels followed by a brief infantry charge and the occupation of some German trench gaining a few hundred feet. A naval battle in the Baltic between German and Russian cruisers and destroyers resulted in the loss of a German mine-layer and damage to two German cruisers or battleships, the Mittlesbach and another of the Kaiser class. Four more steamers and sailing vessels were destroyed by German submarines off Scilly on the south coast of Ireland.

Saturday, July 3: Out of sixteen men driven into their boats from the torpedoed steamer Scottish Monarch, only one survived the exposure and rising sea which washed all the rest out of the boat. The French carried and held six lines of Turkish trenches at the Dardanelles. A Turkish transport laden with troops was sunk in the Sea of Marmora.

Sunday, July 4: The sailing of ten American-designed, Canadian-built British submarines from Quebec on Saturday was announced. Each was in commission, with four officers and eighteen marines. Many people were reported as leaving Warsaw, as its fall or evacuation was deemed almost certain. Three accomplices of Lieutenant-Colonel Myasoydeoff, who was hung as a spy, have also been tried and executed. The defeats of the Tenth Russian Army at the Mazurian Lakes and that of General Rennenkampf some months earlier were attributed to the disclosures of these men. In the West there were conflicting accounts of small successes and repulses on both sides.

Monday, July 5: The British steamer Anglo-Californian escaped from a German submarine after a long chase in which Captain Parslow and eight others were killed, nine wounded, and the steamer's upper works riddled with shot and shell. Captain Parslow's son took command after his father's death and prevented the submarine from using her torpedoes effectively. Rome reported repulse of counter-attacks on the Carso plateau, but most of the fighting at all points except in Western Russia are chiefly artillery duels. Sir Ian Hamilton, after describing the desperate charges of the Turks, sets their losses between June 28 and July 2 at 5,150 killed and fifteen thousand wounded. A large number of these fell to machine-gun and rifle fire and the bayonet. The Ghurkas, recruited from an Indian hill tribe, angered by the wounding of a favorite officer, flung their bombs at the enemy and charged with their kukris, their ancestral halfmoon-bladed knife, and cut the enemy down in a way that inspired the utmost terror. The Turkish commander issued orders that all commanders who surrendered their trenches before the last man is killed will suffer death for cowardice. They are also warned that any officer who does not shoot down with his revolver any private who tries to escape will be held responsible. The mountain passes traversed by the forces in the Austro-Italian campaign are often contested by troops who roll down big boulders on their enemies.

Tuesday, July 6: The Eastern theater is still set for a Russian retreat to more defensible lines. The Sayville radio-station on Long Island has long been held to be practically a German center of communication and information and will probably be taken over by the United States government at an early date. In the Kara Dagh range in the Caucasus, a Russian detachment attacked a body of infantry with two batteries of artillery and as many of cavalry and defeated them. Turkey is unwilling to allow Italy to join her fortunes with the Allies, but it is practically certain that she will eventually do so.

WEDNESDAY, July 7: It is declared that Russia has ordered $60,000,000 worth of powder and high explosives of the Du Pont Powder Company of Wilmington, Delaware. It is also reported that a lack of rifles to arm the new reserves greatly hinders the Russian offensive. Austria claims defeats of the Italian advance. The losses on both sides were heavy, as most of the fighting was outside of any defenses.

THURSDAY, July 8: Montenegrin reservists en route to Seattle were arrested and delayed some three hours or more, but were finally allowed to join their colors. French casualties to date from the beginning of the war included four hundred thousand killed, seven hundred thousand wounded, and three hundred thousand taken prisoners, in all 1,400,000 men.

FRIDAY, July 9: The Minnehaha, of the Atlantic Transport line, which left New York Sunday, July 4, when 570 miles southeast of Halifax, was obliged to put back to Halifax, owing to a fire caused by the explosion of an infernal machine made by Frank Holt, alias Muenter, who tried to kill J. P. Morgan and later committed suicide. He appears to have been mentally unbalanced and desirous of ending the war by stopping the shipment of American munitions. The destruction of the German ironclad Deutschland in the Baltic by a British submarine which passed unseen through the Cattegat Straits is a new feature of German naval experiences. A debate in the French legislature over the employment of Senegalese soldiers, who often have more than one wife, raised the question of how pensions were to be awarded and distributed in such cases. It would appear that the Chamber decided that one pension would have to be divided in polygamous families. Lord Cecil has decided, and rightly, that merchant vessels carrying a gun for self-defense do not thereby become vessels of war, unless letters of marque and reprisal give them the other privileges of regular war vessels. Italy had placed the whole Adriatic Sea in a state of blockade. Berlin admitted that the French had at one point taken the outer line of trenches for some nine hundred feet. The United States government, being satisfied that the management of the Sayville, Long Island, radio station was completely in German hands, has taken charge of the plant and discharged the German operators. A very large Italian air fleet operated against the Austrian fortress of Goritz and other works near Trieste. The Russian Black Sea fleet sank nine Turkish colliers bound for Constantinople and destroyed or drove off a submarine.

SATURDAY, July 10: The fire on the steamship Minnehaha occurred in Number 2 hold, through an explosion of terrific force at 4.18 P. M. of July 7th, but failed to explode any ammunition, although followed by a fierce blaze which for forty-eight hours defied the efforts of her crew, who brought her safely into Halifax harbor. Kitchener demands more men, money, and munitions, and gets them. The fifth company of Italian reservists, over one hundred strong, left the South Station, Boston, for New York en voyage for Italy. Rumors that the great Hamburg-American steamship Company had failed are denied, although it is said that the daily losses of the company exceed $200,000. All the German forces in German Southwest Africa surrendered to General Botha July 8. Several Austrian submarines have been captured or destroyed in Adriatic and Danubian waters.

SUNDAY, July 11: The capture and occupation of the summit of Hilgenfurst, three thousand feet high, in the Langeld Kof region, was one of the most dramatic *coups des mains* of a war abounding in astonishing tragedies and feats of arms. A single company of French Turcos seized the opportunity and drove out the Germans on the entrenched summit, but was promptly isolated by a furious German counter attack. A German official report stated that up to June 22 at least 136 air craft were destroyed, including fifty-seven French, forty-seven English, and twenty-four Russian aeroplanes. Alpine riflemen of the Italian army on Friday, July 9, took by storm the Dolomite peak of Mount Tofano by ascending in single file goat paths, where men groped and clung in single file, to a point above the Austrian guards, and slowly forming a single battle line, surprised the helpless Austrians, who fled, leaving nearly all their arms and many prisoners, thus securing control of the highway and the mountain.

MONDAY, July 12: The French claim to have so broken the German defenses that they now command to a great extent and constantly threaten the great plain of Flanders and the cities of Lille, Cambrai and Douai. Sir John French, in reviewing the German use of deadly gases, which destroy life, and often ruin the lungs of those who recover temporarily, declared:

"I much regret that during the period under report the fighting has been characterized on the enemy's side by cynical and barbarous disregard of the well-known usages of civilized war and by flagrant disregard of The Hague convention.

"All the scientific resources of Germany apparently have been brought into play to produce a gas of so virulent and poisonous a nature that any human being brought in contact with it is first paralyzed and then meets with a lingering and agonizing death.

"The brain power and thought which evidently have been at work before this unworthy method of making war reached the pitch of efficiency which has been demonstrated in its practice shows that the Germans must have harbored these designs for a long time. "As a soldier, I cannot help expressing the deepest regret, and some surprise, that an army which has hitherto claimed to be the chief exponent of chivalry should have stooped to employ such devices against brave and gallant foes."

Tuesday, July 13: The long-continued debates over the Lusitania matter continued, and it was generally understood that no undue feeling of resentment over the hecatomb of American lives so mercilessly destroyed would be allowed to disturb the superb judicial aplomb and courtesy of the President and his new Secretary of State. That in any event no warlike demonstrations are considered possible is generally conceded from the fact that no meeting of Congress before the regular date will be allowed to complicate the masterly and masterful control of our foreign policy by the President. The destruction of the German protected cruiser Koenigsberg (13,348 tons) in her jungle-surrounded anchorage on the Rufiji River, German East Africa, where she had been interning since last autumn, was completed on the eleventh instant. The monitors Severn and Mersey did the infighting, while the guns at the mouth of the river were raked by H. M. S. Weymouth and the Australian cruiser Pioneer. The British casualites were chiefly confined to the Mersey, which lost four killed and six wounded. Ninety thousand British workmen volunteered to make shells, thus eliminating the possibility of strikes and lockouts in this vital branch of manufactures.

Ex-Attorney-General Charles J. Bonaparte says of the Lusitania incident:

"We must show our teeth. Some persons seem aggrieved because the Germans offer no redress for destroying the Lusitania without notice and thus killing on the high seas more than a hundred inoffensive American citizens, and because they make no promise that they will not do the same thing, under like circumstances, in the future—but why would they offer any such redress or make any such promise? They (and the whole world with them) have been told that we are too proud to fight. Why, then, should we expect them to pay any attention to our words or to our wishes? History shows beyond all doubt or cavil that when a nation's enmity is not feared, its friendship is not prized, and other nations treat it very much as Champ's dog was treated in the campaign song. If we do not wish to be kicked around by anybody and everybody, even by mere Mexican bandits, we must show our teeth and make those who molest us believe that we can and will use them to some purpose.

"We are now just where we were the day after the Lusitania was sunk, and there is not in my humble judgment the slightest reason to suppose we shall get anywhere until those steps are taken which I thought then, and think now, should have been taken two months ago; that is to say, until Congress should be called and appropriations obtained to put the country in a state of thorough defence and an authoritative announcement made as to what invasions of our rights we will treat as a *casus belli.*

"If that were done, I think the belligerents would sit up and take notice, but I expect to see no voluntary change in our policy before March 5, 1917."

Wednesday, July 14: The following announcement of the attitude of the President in the Lusitania unpleasantness was given July 13 in a telegram from the President's summer resort at Cornish, New Hampshire. It quietly disposes of all fear that anything will prevent an amicable settlement of the somewhat grave matters at issue:

"Please say that from the moment of the arrival of the German note I have given the matter the closest attention, keeping constantly in touch with the Secretary of State and with every source that would throw light on the situation; that so soon as the Secretary of State and I have both maturely considered the situation I shall go to Washington to get into personal conference with him and with the Cabinet, and that there will be as prompt announcement as possible of the purposes of the Government."

According to the *Times*, the German emperor is understood to have declared that the war would end in October in a speech to a deputation of bankers, who are alleged to have declared that even if the war was brought to an end immediately, and an indemnity obtained, Germany's position would be difficult, but that if the war was prolonged, the German empire would become utterly bankrupt. At this date the Russian advance into Galicia had alarmed the Austrian generals, and it was becoming more and more evident that the German forces in the West must be deprived of their choicest troops and armament to save Austria from utter ruin. The effect of the German intrigue in the matter of the Bridgeport labor troubles is generally recognized, and the general attitude of the labor unions toward any movement to improve the militia or army service of the United States is practically hostile, and largely due to the influence of Teutonic agitation. The constant recruiting of belligerent armies, through calls upon the reservists of European nations, has largely deprived certain localities of trained workmen and untrained labor, and practically made America a preserve for the upkeep of European fighting men, whose services are enforced in spite of American citizenship. Millions of dollars yearly go to the relations of these reservists who compete with American laborers, pay no taxes, and are in no sense a benefit to the country in any financial or foreign complication; and worst of all, there is not the slightest hesitation in using arson, agitation, financial pressure or any other secret or open method of injuring an enemy or benefiting their own land, at whatever cost to the American interests, which have benefited them.

THURSDAY, July 15: The Baldwin locomotive works of Philadelphia are reported to have closed a contract for the manufacture of shells to the value of eight millions of dollars. Paris reports the successful use of quick-firing guns from aeroplanes between Douai and Lille. In Wales, the South Wales Miner's Union decided to walk out against the advice of the National Union and the certainty of decided action on the part of the government. Bridgeport, Connecticut labor troubles of the 14th resulted in several casualties among the strikers, whose attack on three foremen seemed inexplicable except as a result of alien intrigues to prevent the manufacture of ammunitions and war supplies. The Austro-Hungarian protests against this right of America as a neutral nation to ship large quantities of war materials to the enemies of the Teutonic confederation, was not favorably received. Przasnysz, fifty miles north of Warsaw, was occupied by the Germans, who are flanking the Russians in Russian Poland. A gain of two lines of Turkish Dardanelles defences was reported. Gunpowder plots, due to Teutonic agencies, were claimed to be responsible for the destruction of the United Safety Powder Company's plant at Jeffersontown, Kentucky, in which three men were blown to pieces, and of a mill of the Du Pont concern at Carney's Point, New Jersey, in which one operative perished.

FRIDAY, July 16: At Los Angeles, California, in an address to the Advertising Clubs there, William Jennings Bryan thus justified his resignation as Secretary of State:

"I do not know to what degree I can speak the views of the President, but I do know I can say what he as President could not with propriety: 'I am not in favor of going into this war under any condition or under any provocation. Let us wait till it is over with, then present our claims.

"If we cannot protect our citizens on shipboard, we will keep them at home. The names of Wilson and Bryan will be linked for a thousand years in history in the thirty treaties of arbitration signed in this administration."

The Bridgeport machinists, in spite of the disapproval of the American Federation of Labor and eight other labor bodies, voted to strike until an eight-hour day and a minimum wage were granted them. Such a strike threw thirty thousand people out of work at this season, and unsupported by the United Labor or public sentiment, argued a hard winter for the poor in Bridgeport.

SATURDAY, July 17: The Austrian-German battle-front in the East practically extended from near Riga on the Baltic to the Roumanian frontier. Mr. Harold Cox, a prominent English banker, declared that England must borrow ten billions of dollars before the culmination of the war.

SUNDAY, July 18: A correspondent of the London *Morning Post* writes from Buda-Pesth:

"It is stated that the Austrian government contemplates the mobilization of the American Austrians and Hungarians, of whom there are some six million in the United States, so as to interfere with the manufacture of war material if the American government will not meet the demands of the central empires. One of the members of Count Tisza's club said:

" 'It is a great mistake on the part of America to believe that we are utterly powerless, for, if the worst comes to the worst, we have more than fifteen million men, mostly in the eastern states—Germans, Austrians and Hungarians—who are ready to menace the business of the munition manufacturers.'

"Count Tisza, in giving his followers some idea of his policy, is reported to have said something to this effect: 'We have been at war almost a year now and have tried to behave modestly, as every great military power should behave. We have worked hard and shed our blood and spent our money until we have achieved a position in the war which justifies our taking into consideration the unfriendly attitude and pretentions of certain neutrals, who interpret neutrality entirely in defiance of the spirit of the word and in accordance with their own interests and sentiments. We think the time has arrived when we should take a stand, and in the name of right and justice raise a protest against the menacing and disloyal attitude of certain neutral states.'

"These general phrases are said to relate partly to Roumania and partly to America, but the premier did not give any indication as to the precise steps he would take."

A delay of two days in calling the Bridgeport strike was decided upon. Rome reports gains of the Italians in the Isonzo district, and thus far no decided Austrian successes have been secured. The Austrian defences opposing the Italians include three lines of cemented trenches united by underground galleries and extending over one hundred miles of front, covering Trieste, Bozen, Brixen, Bruneck, and Toblach. The evacuation of Warsaw by the Russians had been going on systematically for some time, in order to straighten out and render more efficient a battle line of nine hundred miles, more or less strongly held by some six million men.

TUESDAY, July 20: That the Austro-German government have seriously considered sending an ultimatum to Roumania demanding transportation for war material to Constantinople, is almost certain, but thus far milder diplomatic overtures have prevailed, including, it is said, an offer to give Roumania the Russian province of Bessarabia. At a joint meeting of the Asiatic Institute and American Historical Society of San Francisco, California, it was proposed to hold a convention in 1916 to make the Pacific Ocean all that its name implies, utterly shut in from warlike operations.

WEDNESDAY, July 21: By the grant of an eight-hour day and one dollar a day increase of minimum wage, the Bridgeport strike was averted. The capture of Radowa, fifty-seven miles south of Warsaw, July 20, was believed to insure the fall of Warsaw, within a few days, as the German center was not over twenty miles from the Vistula front of the Polish capital. Japanese steamships are rushing big cargoes of rails, munitions, etc., from Seattle to Vladivostock, Siberia. Four German Taube aeroplanes raiding off the Thames were chased by British aeroplanes, and three of them destroyed. The fate of the fourth is unknown.

THURSDAY, July 22: General Cadorna, the Italian commander-in-chief, after a four-days' battle on the line of the Isonzo, developed the wonderful efficiency of his artillery arm in crushing the fire and defences of the enemy, and with his infantry carried and held the first and most formidable line, piercing the whole line at Tolmino, St. Lucas, and St. Avis. Some small successes by the French and one capture of a trench by the Germans covered the western operations for a day.

FRIDAY, July 23: The Russians fought strenuously to hold their old lines west of Warsaw, but the evacuation of this line and the city seemed imminent. Slow but steady progress was reported at the Dardanelles, and constant and fierce artillery duels in the Vosges and Alsace. John Wanamaker, as chairman of the Philadelphia Branch of the National Security League, seriously proposed to ransom Belgium by paying one hundred billion dollars if necessary and handing it over to her own people. He based it somewhat on the undeniable truth that we failed in our national duty when we did not even protest against Germany's insolent wrongdoing.

SATURDAY, July 24: The Russians were still slowly retiring before the big Austro-German armies, laying the country waste and removing their people, as they fight, in retreat. Severe fighting continues in the Argonne and the Vosges, but with no spectacular results.

SUNDAY, July 25: Six vessels, chiefly trawlers, and small steamers were destroyed by German torpedoes and mines. Four men on the steamer Firth for Aberdeen and ten on the Grimsby trawler Perseus were killed by the explosions.

MONDAY, July 26: American ship Leelanaw from Russia for Belfast, Ireland, with a cargo of flax, was destroyed by a German submarine in defiance of her treaty with the United States in 1825. All the Russian officials responsible for the failure in providing ammunition have been swept from office. The Germans still pressed on Warsaw from the north, but that city and Ivangorod still held out.

TUESDAY, July 27: The Russians suddenly halted the Teutonic army and forced it back across the Nareu river. The Italians have converged tremendous artillery attacks on the Goritza defences. An Austrian aeroplane dropped a few bombs into Verona, sixty-two miles west of Venice.

WEDNESDAY, July 28: The French report continued successes against the Germans in the Kamarun districts of equatorial Africa, where a native insurrection also added to the danger and difficulties of the German colonists. Berlin admitted a French capture of the trenches at Lingen Kof in Alsace.

THURSDAY, July 29: The Russians had foiled the Teutonic attacks at all points. Enver Pasha intimated that a great German effort to break through into Turkey would be made soon.

FRIDAY, July 30: The Germans were said to have cut the line of railway south of Warsaw. The French continued to batter the German trenches and occasionally to occupy them.

SATURDAY, July 31: The exodus of three hundred and fifty thousand souls from Warsaw and the thorough stripping of the city of anything worth carrying away, was conceived and carried out with a thoroughness worthy of the Kaiser himself. Even the copper telegraph wires were stripped from the poles, as were all copper, bronze, lead, zinc, and iron that could be of use to anyone. Mines were laid and batteries made ready to destroy the splendid bridges and the leading invading brigades.

# AMONG *the* THEATRES

EVER since the days he flitted about the stage, up sides and down center, and began to interweave syncopations of national airs in his popular songs, George M. Cohan has recruited, all over the country, thousands of admirers. There is much in common between an actor and a man in public life, for an actor, like a Congressman, has to appear at stated periods for re-election, and has to stand or fall by the vote of his audience every time a new play is produced. There does not seem to be a phase of American life, a side light thereon, or an emotion common to the people today with which George Cohan is not familiar. He is evidently not only a keen observer, but a philosopher. No sooner does the public mind become obsessed with an idea than Mr. Cohan brings out a play that treats of the subject, and fits it just like a skull cap. No sooner had an international movement in the interest of advertising been initiated than he staged the play "It Pays to Advertise," which has proven a whirlwind success. His latest and most pronounced triumph has been in a play dealing not only with the career of Rev. William Sunday, but also with the all-absorbing subject of prohibition, and the way in which he has illuminated both of these delicate questions has shown George M. Cohan to be not only a popular playwright, but a genius in forecasting current thought.

In "Hit-the-Trail Holliday" Cohan has created a role that fits Fred Niblo. The play opens with a scene in the barber shop of a hotel. It has a subdued New England atmosphere—the characters include the chief of police, two barbers, the meek and amiable stenographer, the daughter of the minister, the brewer and his sporting son. The proprietor would not permit a bar in the old hotel, and the whole question of prohibition is at issue.

Billy Holliday, represented as the extra barkeeper, just from New York, takes up the causes of "votes for women" and prohibition, and makes a speech that at once makes him the hero of the hour. The New York papers are filled with it, everybody is talking about it, the moving-picture man pursues him, and among the distinctions that he proudly announces is that he has received an order from the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for an article at five dollars a word. Of course we cannot let this appreciation pass without comment, but imagine the editor's surprise as the play progresses, to find in the second act (when Holliday wanted some money to buy a bottling works), the boy brings in a basket full of mail, and among it a well known and familiar envelope, which he opens in a nonchalant manner, and announces then and there to a Broadway audience that it contains a check for five thousand dollars from the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for his article. He passes over the check forthwith to the friend whom he is backing in the bottling works, and the "Nearly Beer" is secured. Do you wonder that the editor was naturally interested when he heard these fabulous figures announced with erect nonchalant abandon. It surely will set a terrific pace for the New York magazines to hear of a Boston publication with such a contributor's rate.

The portrayal of the character throughout, in Niblo's hands, is delicate, gentle, and the hero is just strenuous enough to interpret his role and yet spare the most sensitive in his characterization of Billy Sunday. Even ardent friends could take no offense except just at the close of one act, after the excitement has subsided, he pulls open a drawer of his desk and takes out a flask, then and there belying the sentiment which he had been so ardently advocating. Throughout the play there is a movement that is distinctively Cohanesque. There is no lagging, and plenty of humor that elicits peals of laughter, proving that New York audiences actually can laugh when the ticklebone is touched.

*Photo by White, New York*

FRED NIBLO AND KATHERINE LaSALLE IN "HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY".

ONE of the cleverest and most interest-compelling plays of the early fall season in Boston is "Back Home" at the Plymouth Theatre. The author of the comedy, which is founded on Irvin Cobb's famous "Judge Priest" stories, is Bayard Veiller. For vivid dramatic excellence and the genuine humor furnished by that master of mirth, Willis P. Sweatnam, and by the tolerant, easy-going, fun-loving judge, so well interpreted by John W. Cope, the play itself and its presentation is hard to equal. It is enjoyable from beginning to end, and there is many a good laugh to be had throughout the performance.

All the artists in the cast deserve high praise for their skill in delineating the characters they impersonate. Take Cassius Nash, for instance, played by Richards Hale. At first he evokes the interest which an ambitious and rising young man usually excites in the onlooker. But gradually his lack of principle and paramount ambition turn sympathy away from him, and the court scene in the last act is tense for fear that he will win his case. Of course the judge must retain the judgeship, and Robert Carter, the hero, who is accused of the murder of Mink Satterfield, the ruffianly overseer who knocked down little Buddy, permanently injuring him, and is in turn struck down by Carter, must go free. Jeff, the old-time Southern negro, with his penchant for trading, and his desire for handsome neckties, northern shoes, the judge's white waistcoat and extra juleps, is inimitable, and keeps his audience, both by actions and lines, in gales of laughter. Phoebe Foster is delightful as brave, loving Sally Priest, who stands by the man to whom she owes her life, and helps him to safety when the mob threatens violence; she almost collapses when the truth is forced from her that she saw the knife in Carter's hands, while the defence denies that he had it. Miriam Doyle, as Florence Hardin plays the coquette charmingly, and is as much entranced by the Northerner as by Cassius, to whom she is engaged.

The ironical, sneering Cassius is sure of winning his case, but he has not reckoned on the trump card held by the defence, when Judge Priest takes the stand. At first he surprises the court by recalling that Mink Satterfield was never good at paying his debts, for he never returned the clasp knife which the Judge had loaned him about a week before his death; then he quietly rambles about old times to the jury of picked Confederate veterans, incidentally recalling to their minds the death of Jim Disbrow at the bridge, and finally introducing young Carter to them as old Jim's grandson.

Stirred by the strains of "Dixie" played by Jeff outside, they unhesitatingly, even eagerly pronounce a verdict of "Not guilty." Thus the case is won, the convention uproariously elects Priest to the judgeship, while the judge sits in the deserted court room with Jeff, who declares that he never before sat in the presence of a white man. The Judge is well pleased with Jeff. He gives him that white waistcoat he wanted, and Jeff, unabashed, nonchalantly opens his coat and shows that he has already appropriated it. The judge reflects a spirit of tolerance and forgiveness, which shows that the North and South are growing closer together year by year.

"Back Home" is produced by Selwyn & Co., who are also responsible for the mirth-provoking farce now playing over the country entitled "Twin Beds."

HAVING walked around the corner from burlesque to the "legitimate," and become famous in a night for his impersonation of the "producing manager" in James Forbes' comedy hit, "The Show Shop," George Sidney says that "the great change in his life" about which his friends and the public make such constant comment is largely imaginary; that making people laugh in one theatre is the same as making them laugh in another; and that when all other common ties fail them, the great majority of people of all known assortments will still laugh at the same things.

"It has been said before, I know," he

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PHOEBE FOSTER AS SALLY PRIEST IN "BACK HOME" said the other night in his dressing room, "that humor is universal. But you'd think that the people who talk to me had never heard it before. They think that to go from burlesque to the legitimate is to remake yourself from your head to your heels. It's true now and it's true all the time, and everywhere that comedy is the real brotherhood of man.

"The basis of all comedy is truth. No man will laugh at what he doesn't believe, I don't care how many antics you perform to tickle him. But if you go out on a stage and show up a man's little weaknesses, his vanities, his cowardice, his greediness, his inconsistency, and if you do those things so that the fellow on the other side of the footlights says, 'By Golly, I know a dozen like him,' or 'a hundred like him,' you've made a comedy hit!

"I know the theatrical manager inside out and backwards—I've been one. There isn't any little weakness that I don't know. How many times do you suppose I've had to tell some man that I was going to get rid of that 'this theatrical business had to make us all good gamblers'? And how many times do you suppose I've tried to cover up my tracks so as not to hurt his feelings or show myself up? Why—I couldn't count the times! The result is that when I have to play that manager, I have the air of a sheep-killing dog, just like I knew myself to be in real life. And the audience thinks I'm funny. I'm being truthful, that's all.

"And take my word for it, if I had that self-same scene to play in a burlesque house, I'd do it just that same way. If I did it any differently, they'd sense the fact that I wasn't being truthful—that I was trying to be funny, which is always deadly.

"One of the things that I learned in the burlesque houses is that burlesque isn't funny! No, I'm not trying to be smart —I mean just that. In fact, I never was very certain why they called it 'burlesque.' If you think back to the old Weber and Field days, you'll remember that that pair of wonder-workers didn't do anything but impersonate truthfully. If the audiences at the old Music Hall hadn't seen scores and hundreds of German-Americans struggling to make themselves understood in a strange language, and stuttering and sputtering and getting choked to death with it, they never would have seen anything funny in Weber and Fields. Of course

*Photo by White, New York*

A TENSE MOMENT

Harry C. Browne, Mary Ryan, Frank M. Thomas and Frederick Burt in "The House of Glass" now, I'm speaking just of the acting—not of the situation. But the situation is up to the playwright.

"Marie Dressler was funny in those 'burlesques,' not because she was really burlesquing anything, but because she was playing true to type, a fat, awkward, noisy woman. The incongruity of having a fat and awkward and noisy woman in a moon-lighted love scene was funny. Incongruity is the very essence of fun. But Marie Dressler was funny in her acting simply and solely because she was making a truthful characterization.

"When I played 'Bizzy Izzy,' I wrote my own pieces, as much as they were ever written. Strictly speaking, I invented the scenes, and then we strung them along, haphazard, through the course of the evening. And the one thing I always insisted on was that we shouldn't overdo it. We could lose an audience in five minutes by 'letting go,' and plastering it on too thick.

"The only change I made when I left burlesque for the legitimate was to take off my beard and learn my lines in their proper order.

"I never wore the beard in burlesque because I thought it was particularly funny, and it wasn't. I wore it because I had got used to it. And as for learning my lines in their right places, that would have helped a lot in burlesque if I hadn't been too lazy to do it. Now, you take it from me, that's all there is to this 'great change in my life'—that, and the pride of being in the legitimate, and the prosperity of it!"

TO be a member of a feature film and stock company requires versatility of a high order. All the qualities necessary for the many and varied parts are possessed by Miss Florence Johns, who is one of the most promising of the young actresses that have come before the public in the past few years. Barely out of her teens, she has appeared in many of the more pretentious spectacles, her last engagement in Boston being with the "Garden of Allah" company when that spectacle appeared at the Boston Theatre. She is a Colorado girl who passed her childhood days on a ranch in Arizona, where she could engage in all the outdoor sports and unconsciously fitted herself to take part in moving pictures, being cast for many parts that require

FLORENCE JOHNS
Leading ingenue with Charles Emerson Cook's stock company

swimming, diving, shooting and riding. One who has witnessed these scenes on the film will realize what it means to be a leading actress in one of those plays. At the present time Miss Johns is a leading member of Charles Emerson Cook's players at Waterbury, Connecticut, where she has already appeared in musical comedy roles, in a highly emotional part, and is cast for farce and society drama, in which she has become a great success. The stock company at Waterbury is under the guidance of Mr. Cook, whose long association as general representative for David Belasco has given him the power and ability to organize a stock company as creditable as any that can be found in other large cities of the country. Not only is Miss Johns a versatile and pleasing actress, but she is wonderfully gifted in many ways. In music she is equally at home with the piano, guitar and mandolin, and she is also a fluent linguist, being able to converse in French, Spanish and German.

THE Poli theatres have revived many plays with great success. The "Liars," "Cinderella," and "Charlie's Aunt," to say nothing of "Diplomacy," indicated that the people remember and appreciate the old plays as they do the old poems and old bits of prose. In fact, the revival of the old plays last year included the operas of "Pinafore," the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, which suggests that there are times when people become weary of things that are so entirely new and they look with favor upon the things that their fathers and mothers enjoyed. A study of the qualities that has made these plays endure is fruitful of results in the productions of successful new plays. Many plays went expeditiously to the storage warehouse last year as usual, but from the dark recesses of warehouses have come the scenery and settings of many plays that were felt had been cast into oblivion to bulk in the production of a success. We like to look upon old plays as we do old books and mementoes of the past. There is a glow and glamour in reminiscence that ever animates, which surpasses even the exhilaration of the moment, in a play or a book heralded as absolutely the newest new.

HE was a cynic—that was indicated in his face by the drooping corners of the mouth, as well as the general aspect of the man, as he sat upon the park bench. As a big, red touring car raced past, bearing its human freight of laughing, happy young folks, the man clenched his fists and muttered a curse as he looked after the car with glowering eyes.

"It is the automobiles with their growling Klaxon sirens that are making Socialists out of the American people. It is all right for those riding in an automobile, when the other fellow has to scuttle across the street like a fugitive from justice to prevent being run down. The sons of the rich man, as they dash by in their high-powered cars, every growl from their Klaxons seeming to say: 'Give me the road, you worm of the earth.'"

This little prelude introduces the Harvard Prize Play, "Common Clay," produced by John Craig, which suggests the old Cinderella fairy tale and a terrible secret of the unknown child. In the first acts certain lines fairly gleam and sparkle with the spirit of Socialistic thought, and the situations are such as will evoke popular applause. That John Craig staged it as he produces everything, to the best possible advantage, goes without saying, for he has long been recognized as one of the most artistic and successful promoters of histrionic art in the country. He has done much to stimulate interest in play-writing, and many of our well-known successes have first been presented at the Castle Square.

# An Oriental Explorer and Internationalist

## by Myrle Wright

THE organ of the Philippine Society, the *Philippine Magazine* of New York, in April, 1915, said: "No man has done more than Mr. Thomson to draw closer together the two republics of China and America." He is a voluminous contributor to the magazines and press of the United States, the Far East, Europe, and in fact, the whole world. He has lectured at Clark University and elsewhere on Oriental subjects, and his writings have been translated into Japanese, Chinese, Russian, French and German.

Mr. Thomson was educated at Presbyterian College and McGill University, Montreal, the latter famous for its classical department. Although he resides at present in Jersey City, New Jersey, he is better known as a citizen at various times of Montreal, Hong Kong, New York, London and Paris.

His father, Francis Stuart Douglas Thomson, was a fellow-townsman of Mr. Andrew Carnegie at Dunfermline, Scotland, where the family lived for centuries. His cousins (the Bald family of Dunfermline) ran the first sailing packet line between Edinburgh's port (Leith) and Halifax, N. S., Canada.

When only a youth in his twenties he was manager at New York of the Canada, Atlantic and Plant steamship lines, running to Cuba, Canada, etc. For years he was Oriental manager (with headquarters at Hong Kong, China) of the Pacific Mail & Toyo Kisen Kaisha trans-Pacific steamship lines. He has traveled in every country of the Orient, around the world, in Latin America and in Europe.

While he is a most active American expansionist (so far as defending America's permanent retention of the Philippines), he is popular with the native statesmen of the Far East, because he advocates "taking the natives into the economic partnership with the white suzerain," and a Parliamentary Commissioner for India has written Mr. Thomson that his books have influenced the former, to favor the present movement to give India a greater degree of self-government. President Yuan Shih Kai, in his organ, the Peking *News* of September 18, 1914, gave his editorial page to the reproduction of Mr. Thomson's views on Chinese-American approximation.

As long ago as April 15, 1911, *La Nouvelle Revue* of Paris pointed out in a long review, that while Mr. Thomson's writings are vigorous, they are notable also for literary style. Having been stationed for years in the Far East, where the regular regiments of Britain and France and the naval officers, rotate in service, Mr. Thomson intimately knew a very large number of officers who have been killed in the last fifteen months at the battle front. He has visited nearly the entire line of battle, from German China, Singapore, Arabia, Egypt, to France and Belgium.

Mr. Thomson is popular with children, his junior books of travel, "Bud and Bamboo" and "Fil and Filippa" (published by Appleton and the Macmillan

Company) being widely known. Ever since youth he has also had a discriminating audience among poetry lovers. He writes lyrics regularly for *Windsor Magazine* of London, *Pall Mall*, *Chamber's Journal* of Edinburgh, etc.

The *Metropolitan Magazine* of New York advertised Mr. Thomson's short stories of the Orient as follows: "Reminds one of Kipling at his best, without in any sense being a copy." Quite generally the magazines, in reviewing his short stories, have called him "the Kipling of China and the Philippines." The Associated Sunday Magazines of New York wrote: "His stories are suggestive of Kipling in his best days," and the *World's Work* spoke of "the extraordinary color and character which his tales exhibit." When Mr. Thomson some day publishes his stories, apparently something of rich Oriental color and striking character may be expected.

JOHN STUART THOMSON
Author of "China Revolutionized," "The Chinese," and other books. He received the "thanks of China," expressed by the statesmen of both Chinese parties, the Chinese press and universities, for his propaganda of the official "recognition of the Chinese republic," medical missions, anti-opium, "integrity of China," and other movements He has been equally active in "partnership of the English-speaking nations," retention of the Philippines, restoration of Belgium, "admission of more colonials to the strategy and diplomacy of the great war" movements

While Mr. Thomson is an American citizen, he spent his youth in Montreal, where he was well known as an athlete, and acted as treasurer of the Gordon Amateur Athletic Association, which introduced the first baseball games into Canada. He held records as a short distance runner, jumper, etc., both at school and college. He won a silver medal for a race on snowshoes over the arduous mountain course of Mount Royal, Montreal, and participated in the long-distance snowshoe steeplechase races to Lachine (nine miles) and St. John's (twenty-five miles). He founded what is now the largest Christian Endeavor Society in Canada, that at St. Matthews Presbyterian Church, Montreal. At college he won prizes as a speaker, as well as an author. One of his unique experiences at that time was to address the Deaf and Dumb Institute, while a teacher at his side "worked like a semaphore" in interpreting the address. He never repeated the experience, but refused to say whether because he appreciated pathos or humor!

Mr. Thomson's travel campaigns over the whole belt of the world, have been replete with many adventures and hardships, successfully endured. Among the "dangers he has passed" was a rescue from drowning in the swift currents of the St. Lawrence River, under the Victoria bridge, Montreal, made by his boyhood "chum," Colonel C. A. Smart, who is now leading the Fifth Mounted Canadian Rifle Brigade, in Flanders. Another time Mr. Thomson was rescued from drowning in a tidal pocket in Junk Bay, Kwangtung province, South China, by a Chinese launch crew, who jumped overboard feet first, in Chinese fashion of diving. He passed through the famous bubonic plague epidemics of 1901–2 in South China, which attacked more white men than any plague epidemic in centuries. He has suffered the various tropical fevers, dengue, malaria, etc., and has gone, armed and unarmed, among the famous or rather infamous pirates of Heung Shan delta, South China. Once, when he cheated the Great Reaper in an attack of fever, which he brought from Indo-China's red, malarious deltas to the terrifically torrid Red Sea, his French companions, with éclat and good-natured humor, and with considerable burlesque, organized a funeral ceremony on deck and consigned, in his stead, his steamer chair to the sharks of the Red Sea, to whom they had already given several of their number, who had succumbed. He has been chased by "Malays amok," and has had to fight for his life on more than one occasion in the tropics; but he avers, from his general world-experience, that he would rather trust his life any time to adventure among the villains of any country and any color than among the villains of the white race in our congested cities, and Mr. Thomson knows something of the Apaches of Paris and New York's gunmen.

He had the unique experience, in Oriental waters in 1904, of being invited on board the auxiliary cruiser "Nippon" on her trial trip over the admiralty course just before the Russo-Japanese war, when he was given the secret that the great war was about to break out. In recognition of his services in the Toyo Kisen Kaisha Company, to encourage American trade with the Orient, he has had some rare bronzes presented to him by Japan's steamship magnates, who now control the Pacific steamship lanes.

He believes in studying psychology as well as realism in preparing his literary work. He is now busy on several books, one of them a novel, designed to show how an American leader and the American nation may rise to world-leadership in economics, politics and teaching influence.

His books and propaganda have received the published endorsement of the journals of the Philippine Society; the Royal Geographical Societies of London, Scotland and Belgium; the National Chambers of Commerce of Annam, Indo-China, Siam and Portland, Oregon; ex-United States Secretary of State, John W. Foster; Governor-General Wingate of the Sudan; Sun Yat Sen, founder of Chinese republic; Governor-General Sarraut of Indo-China; Governor-General Idenburg of Java; Lord Kintore, K.C.M.G., Governor of South Australia and chairman of various Anglo-American committees; the late Lord Roberts; Privy Councillor Dr. Jacob Riesser of the German empire; the organ of the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States, and many of America's financiers, university presidents and governors of states.

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# WAR

### *By* ANNA SPENCER TWITCHELL

I AM that which ye nourished. Now my hand
Is at the throat of wife and babe; their wail
Of death goes up along my bloody trail,
While pale-eyed Famine follows through the land.
With flame and scourge and pestilence I brand;
Passions unleashed and lust and hate prevail,
Horrors so black the stoutest heart must quail,
Yet has Time brought me forth at your demand.
I claim the flower of all your hope and pride,
Your rugged men, the stalwart sons ye bred.
Breed ye a new stock from the varletry
And unclean rabble that I cast aside. . . .
Red-eyed, hot-breathed, o'er windrows of the dead
On! On! War! War! What are your dead to me?

# LET'S TALK IT OVER

THE old philosopher on the park bench was reflecting that night, as the tide of traffic swept before him. There was all the mournfulness of autumn in the atmosphere, but when he looked up, there was a gleam on his face that radiated kindness and gentleness. He saw a man whipping and cursing a horse, and he said, "It takes more breath to criticize and curse than to say kind words and coax, and many people actually injure their health by permitting themselves to become angry. Every flash of anger detracts from the efficiency of the organism which a kind Creator furnished us."

At his side was a copy of "Emerson's Essays," and I thought if the average individual could realize what an influence this simple book would have on his everyday life, there would be more people carrying Emersons than sex-smutted magazines. The average individual does not seek or know what it would mean to have more information about what is going on around him. The office boy is bright and intelligent—he know's "what's what" when you ask him a question about anything that is going on, he can answer you—this boy is good material from which the future manager is made; for what is a manager, after all, but the man who knows and can decide. Even the elevator boy who runs up and down in his machine day after day does not know where this or that customer is—he never goes out of the elevator. Just the daily habit of acquiring knowledge of those things around you, so that you learn every day some one little thing that some other people would like to know, is a sure and important method of educating one's self for future usefulness.

* * *

THERE is a weird fascination about a foreign postage stamp in these war times that it did not possess two years ago, for we realize that it comes from lands over seas where the greatest tragedy of the world's history is being enacted. Postage stamps which carried happy and careless greetings of tourist, commercial traveler and foreign friends now seem to carry the message aptly represented by the Roman gladiator's greeting to the emperor, "Those about to die salute thee," for few indeed in this great conflict can claim safety from the ravages of a war which threatens death by and through land and sea and heaven itself. The one uppermost subject in the minds of the people of the world at this time is the war; we say we will not talk about it, and pretend to go on about our business, but the feeling like that of witnessing a funeral procession comes over us—we may not know even who has passed away, we may not know the story of suffering and sorrow, but instinctively we stop, bare our heads, and wait in silence while the cortege moves by. Today the greatest funeral cortege in all history is passing—over one million men have laid down their lives within the months that have passed.

On the editor's desk are letters every

day, from everywhere, but those bearing a foreign postage stamp are picked up reverently, knowing that they are from lands under the war cloud. Letters are received from subscribers in all parts of Europe, but there was one letter which especially interested me, written by an old reader of the NATIONAL, an Englishman of Englishmen, who has never been in America but who makes an analysis of the situation that is truly startling in its frankness and candor. In commenting upon the article of Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim in the June number of the NATIONAL, he says:

"I must say the fact of your publishing E. P. Oppenheim's letter in the pages of your magazine shows a very magnanimous and broad spirit. I don't entirely agree with him—we are too insular and a bit blown up and hypocritical—I think you did quite right in publishing Mr. Burgess's letter—the truth, the whole truth—will ultimately tell! Mr. Oppenheim may vaunt he prophesied this war for six years, but had he known Germany as Mr. Burgess does (and for the matter of that, as I do), he would have given credit to Germany for having staved off war for forty years and all the time having to be prepared against big foes—to the east Russia, and the west France. Germany has been going *her own* way, leading *her own* life, since 1870, for PEACE, if you like, but for her own development and progress; and all this quite apart from England or what England might think of her. We business people all know how jealous Great Britain has been of Germany's commercial success and rivalry—and would to God that rivalry had continued without this terrible war and slaughter. We are getting our lesson, and we shall have plenty to do without continually "running down" Germany and boosting up ourselves. The loss of Germany's friendship we must all (or all who know Germany apart from the Junker element) deplore. No, no, the PEOPLE will ultimately have to reign! If, for instance, Germany *should* be crushed, then sixty-five (with Austria, a hundred) millions will be *coerced*, right in the very centre of Europe, with Great Britain, in addition to France and Russia, menacing them with "full" armies, etc. It can't be! The German democracy may crush the Kaiser and militarism, but *not* the Allies. The future will have to be 'Live and let live' to ALL. If Campbell Bannerman and the Liberal government had not given free government to South Africa, Botha would not have been on our side today. And how is it to be in India *in the future?* This war, and their soldiers' help will force us to do the right thing in India and give them *self-government* to a very great extent.

"I admire Robert J. Thompson, late United States Consul at Aachen, and have read his book with interest. Its a grand example of moral courage and fair play—principle before position! A day of reckoning will assuredly come; we, as a nation, are a flock of sheep, gone astray, too much imbued with our own self-importance; but this terrible war is taking the starch out of our collars!

"I often think England *with* the United States of America, working TOGETHER, could have prevented, and in future will be able to prevent any war."

* * *

HOW the character of an individual is often expressed in his surroundings at the office was impressed upon me more emphatically than ever not long ago. A prominent business man, frequently seen at Washington, was noted because of a curious trait of character. He just liked to do things in a crooked way. Not dishonestly crooked, but he just seemed determined to twist things about in a manner different from that of anyone else. He also had some reputation as being selfish, but not consciously, for he tried heroically to overcome entirely these tendencies.

On visiting his office, friends found on his desk a collection of boars' heads, with crooked tusks, and extremely crooked rams' horns adorned the walls. A pair of smooth, straight Texan horns would not do—they must be crooked, and a nice little paper weight of a dainty Psyche or something suggestive of Grecian art was not sufficient—he preferred the saber-tusked wild boar. He insisted that the favorite books in all his collection were the nature books, in which were animals of crooked horns—dealing with the attributes of the despised and selfish swine. He was frank, at least.

IT was fifty years ago the sixteenth of October that George Pomeroy Goodale entered the service of the Detroit *Free Press*, which newspaper he has served continuously in that capacity for a half century. Mr. Goodale is probably the oldest dramatic critic in the world. Certainly he has no rivals in point of uninterrupted connection with one newspaper, in the elevating of which to a point where it is world famous he has played an important part.

GEORGE POMEROY GOODALE
Dramatic critic for the Detroit *Free Pree*

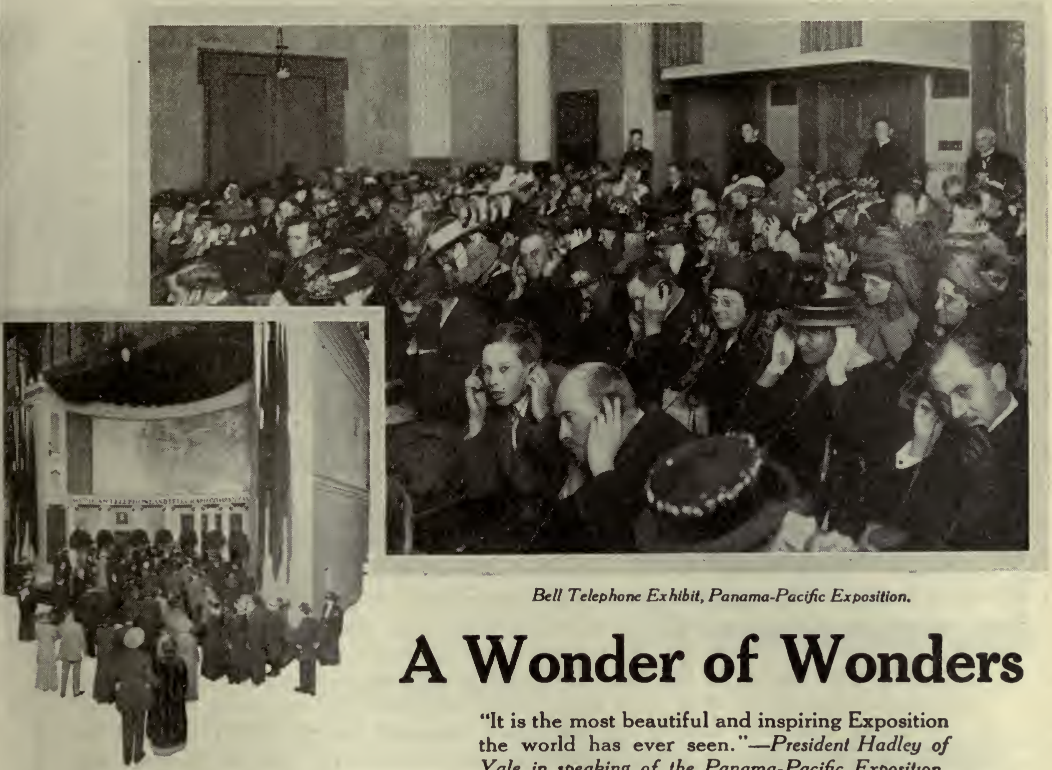
Mr. Goodale's long service in the capacity of dramatic critic has given him an intimate knowledge of the theatre and its people that probably no other writer of the present time possesses. His opinion is held in the highest regard alike by author and producer and actor, for he writes authoritatively as well as entertainingly. His reviews reveal a kindliness, a search for the best in honest endeavor, a willingness to commend where commendation can consistently be bestowed, that has cheered the heart of many an inconspicuous thespian, and spurred them on to greater endeavor, just as his scathing denunciation of unworthy offerings has made him to be feared by those offenders against the better things of life with which the stage, like every other avenue of human activity, is afflicted. But always there has been an undercurrent of cheerful philosophy, a keen insight, penetrative power and analytical ability that has caused his judgment to be accepted alike by players and public. His facility with the English language, of which he has complete mastery; the dignified manner in which he treats of the stage and its people; the chatty style he employs in recounting their doings, and his seemingly inexhaustible fund of reminiscences gathered during a half century of labor in his chosen field, have won for him a tremendous following.

His literary work has not been confined to dramatic reviewing. For many years he disseminated philosophical reflections under the *nom de plume* of "Signor Max" at a time when the Detroit *Free Press* numbered among its staff some of the most brilliant writers in the world, men whose names were household words the country over. His "Kaleidoscope," in which he each week looks out on the world through the columns of the Detroit *Free Press*, is widely quoted, and is read with interest by countless admirers of the man and his trenchant writings.

Mr. Goodale was born in Orleans, New York, August 12, 1843. He learned the printer's trade, and while employed on the New York *World* enlisted in the 141st New York Infantry. After being mustered out in 1865 he removed to Detroit, where he associated himself with the Detroit *Free Press*, with which he has since been connected.

* * *

THE passing of Sir William Van Horne, the great Canadian railroad builder, closes the life of one of the most notable of the remarkable constructive promoters of his time. His life was a romance. To simply state in one sentence that he began work as a laborer at the railroad yards,



Bell Telephone Exhibit, Panama-Pacific Exposition.

# A Wonder of Wonders

"It is the most beautiful and inspiring Exposition the world has ever seen."—*President Hadley of Yale, in speaking of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.*

EVERY American should feel it a duty as well as a privilege to visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition and view its never-equaled exhibits of achievements in Art, Science and Industry.

In all this assemblage of wonders, combining the highest accomplishments of creative genius and mechanical skill, there is none more wonderful than the exhibit of the Bell Telephone System.

Here, in a theatre de luxe, the welcome visitors sit at ease while the marvel of speech transmission is pictorially revealed and told in story. They listen to talk in New York, three thousand miles away; they hear the roar of the surf on the far-off Atlantic Coast; they witness a demonstration of Transcontinental telephony which has been awarded the Grand Prize of Electrical Methods of Communication.

This Transcontinental Line has taken the thought, labor and ingenuity of some of the greatest minds in the scientific world. Yet it is but a small part of the more wonderful universal service of the Bell System, which makes possible instant communication between all the people of the country.

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became the builder of transcontinental lines and president of the Canadian Pacific, and won knighthood in the British empire, even though of American birth, would seem enough. But incidental to this statement was a life of three score and ten that more than kept pace and stride with the intense activities of the age in which he lived. When knighthood was conferred upon him by Queen Victoria in 1894, in recognition of his work as a railroad builder and his services to the Dominion of Canada, it was one of the first recognitions of American constructive genius by the crown of Great Britain. When he was knighted, men recalled memories of his boyhood at Joliet, Illinois, where, after his father died, at the age of fourteen, he found a job in the railroad yards near his mother's humble home. Through the inspiration of that mother he became a telegraph operator for the Illinois Central, and seemed to advance steadily, step by step, and because of his constructive genius, gradually forging to the top.

He went to Canada in 1882, after serving on many railroads, became general manager of the Canadian Pacific, and pushed the construction of the transcontinental line against almost universal predictions that the road "will never pay for its axle grease." In 1888 he became president; in 1899, chairman of the Board of Directors, having been succeeded as president by another young American whom he had brought to Canada, Sir Thomas Shaughnessey.

In traveling over the Canadian Pacific one feels everywhere the influence of the Van Horne genius, but more especially was I impressed when I went over the line he constructed in Cuba, from east to west. He did for Cuba what he did for Canada, united the island provinces with bands of steel, and did more to develop that country than any other individual.

To speak of him as having been merely a railroad genius does not tell the story. I have been with him in art galleries, and I have seen his eyes sparkle with the real soul of an artist, as he looked at this or that picture. If he had not been a king of transportation, he certainly would have won fame as an artist, for he loved to make sketches and was even accounted an expert with the brush in color tone and technique. Years ago the boy in the railroad yard would make rough sketches on the fences and freight cars, and one would have prophesied for him the career of a James McNeill Whistler. Many of his friends throughout the country possess canvases which have borne a loving reminder of friendship from a man whose great artistic genius was expressed in the pictures he painted among mountains, rocks and beautiful valleys from the northern barrens of the Dominion to the Pearl of the Antilles. He was a great lover of Japanese art, and possessed a notable collection of valuable and exquisite masterpieces in painting, carving, keramics and metallic ware.

He was regent of the McGill University and of the Royal Victoria Hospital, within whose walls he passed away.

The story of such a life will remain an inspiration to the American boy, the English boy, and the boys of every land, and will assure them that the opportunities in life are still as wide open as they ever were, and that success is only limited and measured by the ability to meet the emergencies as they come, and to make and create opportunities, instead of waiting to be sought by them. The tributes to Sir William Van Horne, from all over the world, show what an American boy can do when he begins life bravely and cheerily, recognizing that progress can come only by honest and earnest toil.

* * *

FOR centuries past historical interest has been concentrated in the location of the Resurrection tomb "in the Garden." It was the one great object of the Crusaders, and recently historical investigators have become interested in this again. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh A. Crawford, during a visit to Palestine in 1910, spent ten days in the land of Holy Writ and visited the kodaked tomb that year, securing a picture of the tomb which is of intense interest to Bible students. Mr. Crawford says the skull has nearly the resemblance of a huge face. It is about one hundred and fifty yards northeast of the Damascus gate. The tomb in the Garden is about ninety yards northwest of the skull. The references, and present appearance of a skull

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nearby the Garden, which is all outside the city walls of Jerusalem, would indicate that it is the real resurrection tomb. It was not the place chosen by Helena, the mother of Constantine, on her visit to the Holy Land in the early Christian era. The site chosen for the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and now occupied by it is believed by the faithful to be the place of the burial of Jesus, but it is within the walls of Jerusalem near the central portion of the city. This supposed true location, which is enclosed with a substantial wall, was purchased for $10,000, raised by subscriptions. The man in charge of this work is Rev. Evan H. Hopkins, Vicar of St. Luke's, Redcliffe Square, South Kensington, and he is chairman of the management in preserving the location. There is ample historical proof that this is the true location of the real tomb, and it is indicated in the references of Holy Writ, in the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew, the twenty-third to the fifty-third verse.

THE TRUE RESURRECTION TOMB "IN THE GARDEN"
"At the Place of a Skull"

* * *

OF all our exchanges, none are more individually original, interesting, artistic and patriotic than the *Japan Magazine*, published by the Japan Magazine Company, Tokyo, Japan. Printed on one side only of very thin paper, but folded so that the pages follow each other in the usual way, and liberally illustrated with Japanese scenes both new and old, its literary merit and wide range of treatment of men and matters Japanese should give it a place in the library of everyone who really wishes to understand the most enterprising and compactly powerful nation of the Orient. Its August issue, under the head of "Current Japanese Thought," records the fact that the regular levy of conscripts for 1915, being just twenty years after the close of the war with China, would not only show a great decrease in number, but that only thirteen per cent of them would come up to the highest standard of physique, against the usual percentage which should average about forty-two. This statement, founded on the annual registration of Japan, has a tremendous significance to the warring nations of Europe, who may well consider the closing sentence of the article:

"The effect of the war was therefore not only to decrease the number born, but to cause a preponderance of children of physically inferior parentage."

# COLOR TONES

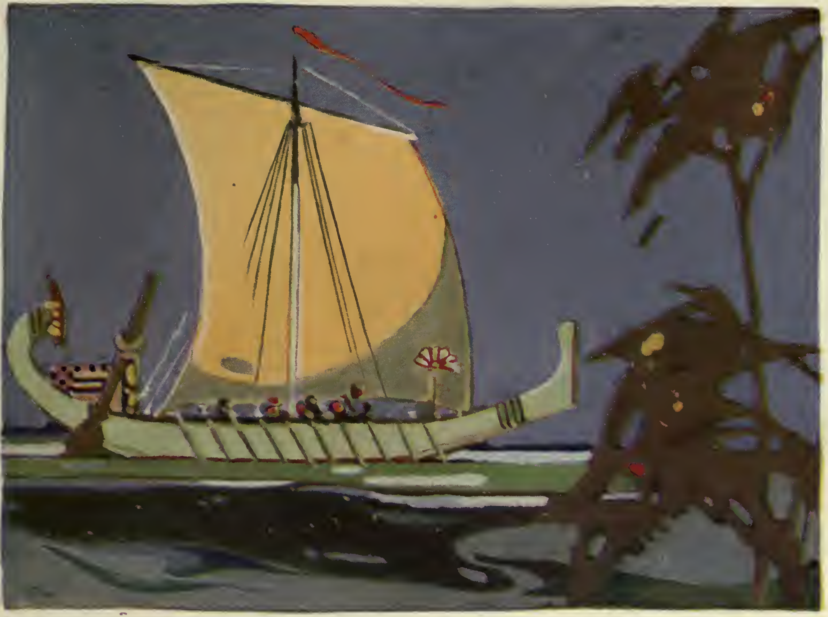
*of*

# HISTORY

*by*

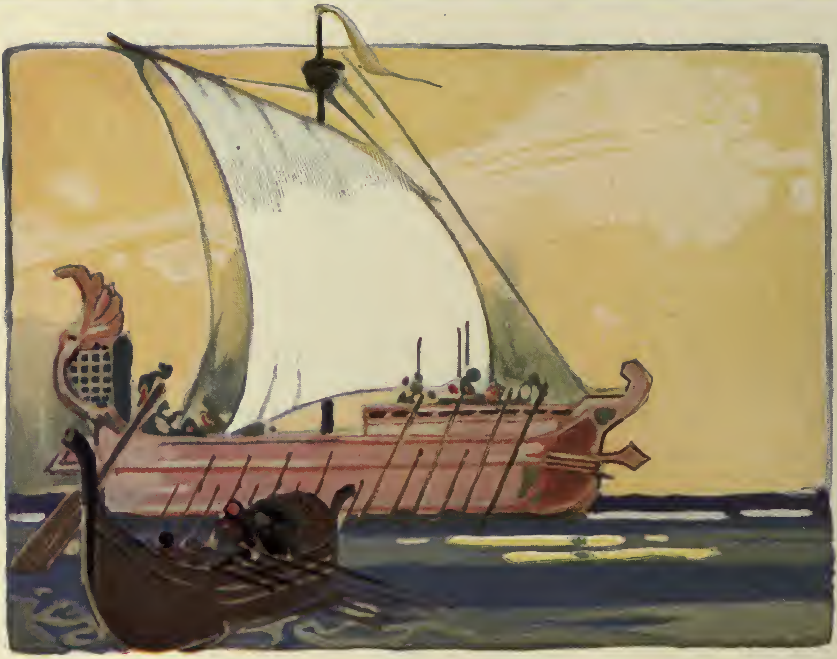
BENNETT CHAPPLE

| | |
|---|---|
| EGYPTIAN DAYS | The Purple Age |
| ROMAN DAYS | The Golden Age |
| VIKING DAYS | The Red Age |
| DISCOVERY | The Rainbow Age |
| AMERICA | Blue Freedom's Age |
| TOMORROW | The White Dawn of Peace |



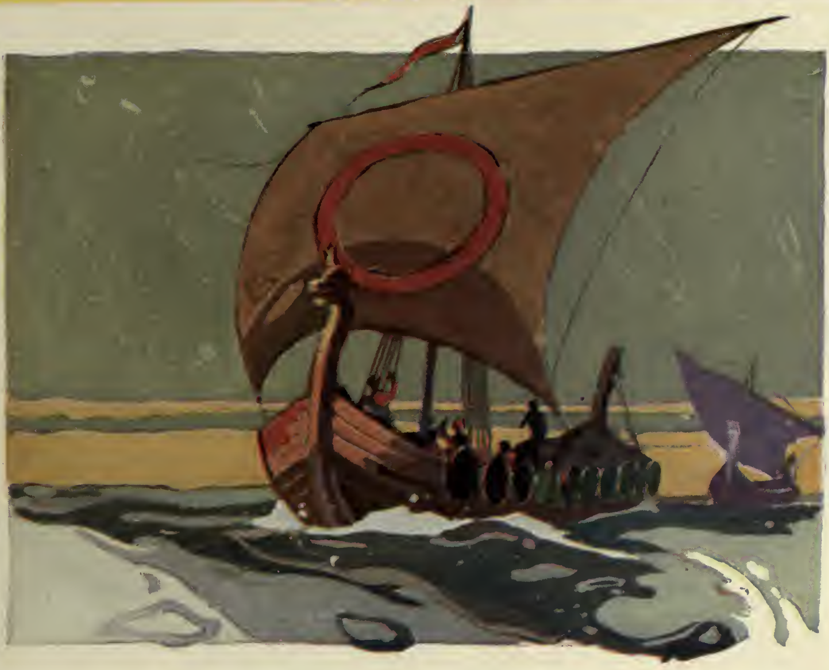
EGYPTIAN DAYS—*The Purple Age*

AFAR in history's purple haze
Lie mystic, old Egyptian days,
When mighty kings, in pomp and style,
Sailed grandly down the muddy Nile—
Where tombs and pyramids remain
To mark their purple age and reign.



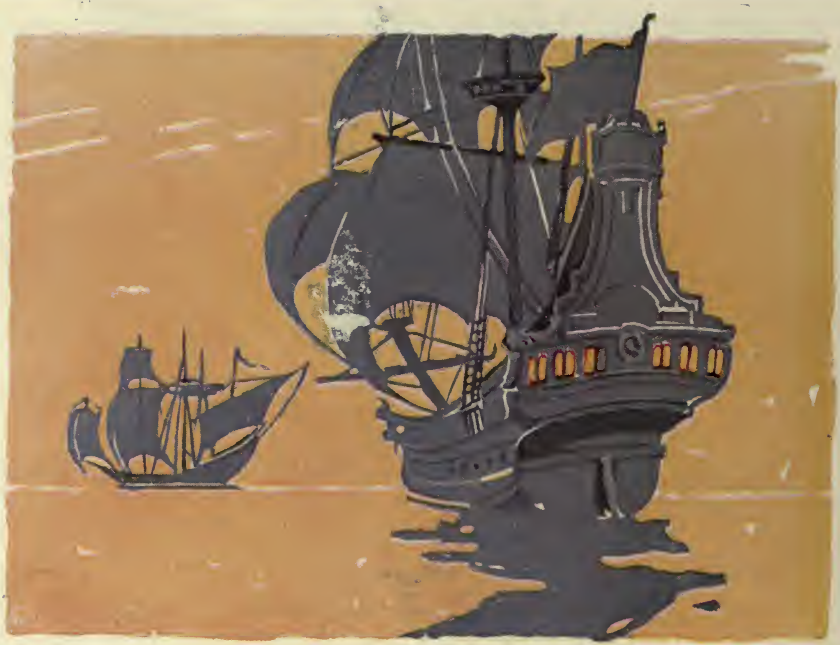
ROMAN DAYS—*The Golden Age*

THEN came the Roman conquerors bold,
Who burnished history with their gold,
And gave the world its glorious dawn
When Caesar crossed the Rubicon—
A golden day, with wealth its pride,
To rise and fall as with the tide.



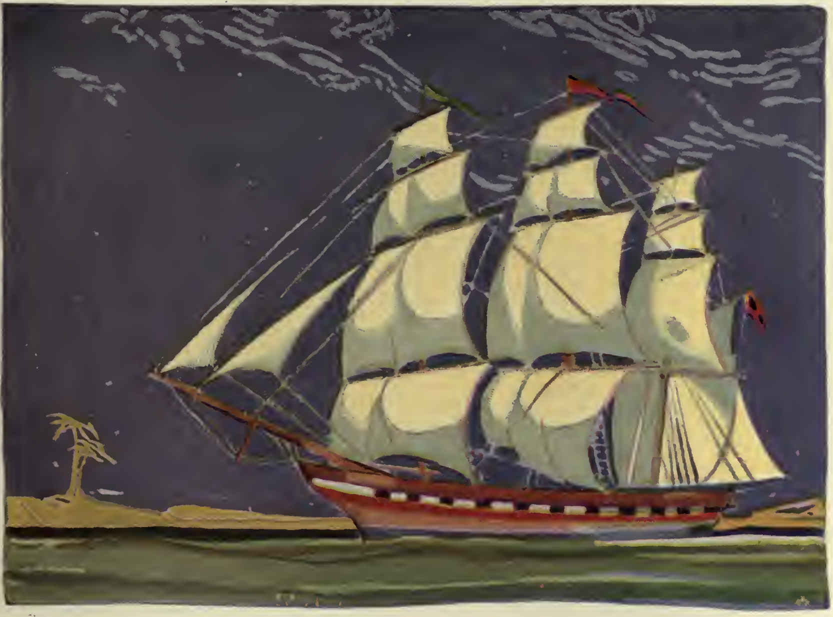
VIKING DAYS—*The Red Age*

THEN while the world took slothful ease,
The pirate Vikings sailed the seas;
And Goths, from the barbaric North,
Unloosed their bonds and sallied forth
To conquer, 'neath a vandal's tread
The mighty Rome, and bathed it red.



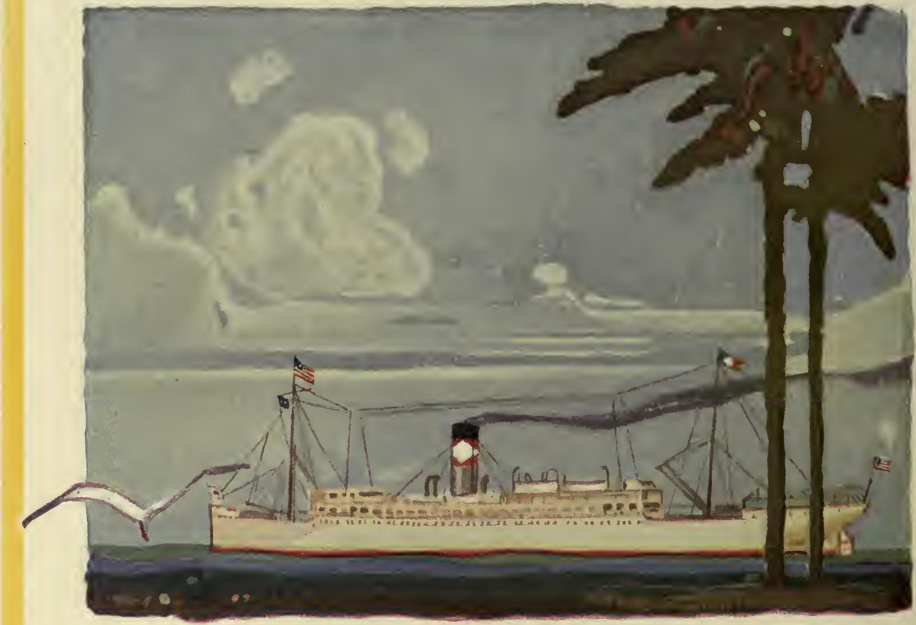
DISCOVERY—*The Rainbow Age*

ONWARD pressed the restless world,
With courage bold and sails unfurled.
Discovery was in the air—
Men sailed the seas to everywhere.
On, on, they swept to seek or die,
While rainbow hopes lit up the sky.



AMERICA—*Blue Freedom's Age*

ON history's page, last child of Time,
America arose sublime;
Here hearts grew brave and hopes waxed fair,
Here every man at last had share
Of Liberty; here, sheltering worth,
Blue Freedom's sky o'erarched the earth.

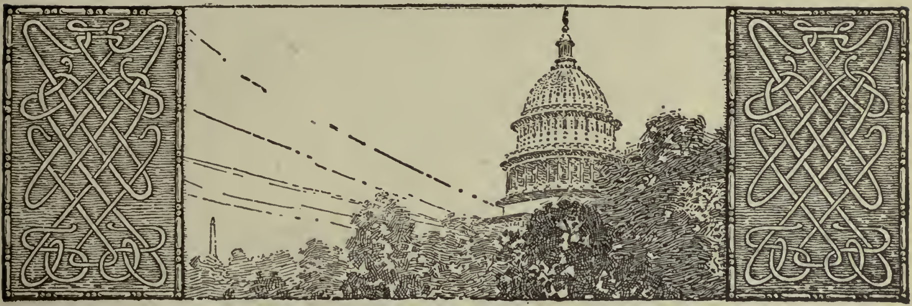


TOMORROW—*The White Dawn of Peace*

TOMORROW'S day comes on apace,
Though grim war mock the human race.
A new-born power—a conscience free—
A world of war-strained purity—
Comes to the fore, in history's trend,
Behold! white peace shall mark the end.

*Illustrations courtesy of United Fruit Company*

NATIONAL
MAGAZINE



# AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

### BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WITH the message from the President of the United States read in person at the opening of the Sixty-fourth Congress, confined mainly to one subject, another executive precedent was established. Whether or not the issue involved in this message is the dominant, all-absorbing subject of the American people, is a question. There are those who believe in the regular routine of everyday affairs, that the people are not so absorbed in the question of preparedness as in the proposition of maintaining peace, and pursuing the even channel of a neutral. There is no question that the President naturally has made a close survey of the situation. He gives his words most careful consideration, and the very fact that peace has been maintained indicates that his purpose, at least, is not to be questioned.

The program for the coming Congress involves not only preparedness, but a larger budget and expenditure of money than has ever confronted a Congress in the history of the nation. Even in the glow of peace, our Congress is now concerned with a war tax, with a scope almost as wide as that in force during the Civil War. The millions must be raised, and without a custom revenue direct tax is necessary. The President must have come to see some of the sad mistakes that were made in trying to rush through a tariff bill on a purely partisan basis, for now it is "right about face." Even some of his own party friends insist that something must be done to stem the tide of foreign products, and protect and prepare the American people against not only the bullets and carnage of warfare, but also protect the wages contained in that little payroll envelope inviolate, which, after all, means so much for all the people. A preparedness looking to the welfare of all the people in maintaining prosperity, is ever the paramount issue. If workingmen are able to earn money, it will be easier to weather a period of depression, which has pulled hard upon the savings and earnings of the people.

VIRTUALLY the first of December marks the opening of the year at Washington, and the typewriters in the various departments seem to go a little faster. There is swifter dispatch of the letters on the desks, for when the lights glow at night in the capitol, it is an indication, after all, that the real source of power in a democracy lies with those who represent the people there, as well as at the other end where the President sits as the executive and directive power. At no time in recent years have the people felt keener interest in having Congress act with its full powers, as a jury of peers passing upon questions of paramount importance, and yet understandingly delegating the enormous expenditures that will be involved, to the hands of experts, tried and true, and not depending upon the smattering of knowledge this or that Congressman on the committee might have, but get at it in the same way an individual would build a house, or build a business—call together those who "know how" to do what is required, because they are trained for the work.

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LIBERTY BELL FAREWELL DAY

The bell is at the right of the picture, completely covered by flowers, which were sent as a tribute by the foreign exposition commissioners

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MOMENTOUS in the history of the west was the journey of the Liberty Bell to San Francisco. It reached the city of the Golden Gate on the evening of July 15, and on the following morning was transferred to the Exposition grounds. It is estimated that more than 350,000 persons, among whom were thousands who had come from remote districts in the west to see the Bell, gathered to witness the triumphal advent of the precious American relic.

During its ten-thousand-mile journey to San Francisco it seemed that twice the normal population of every hamlet passed through was gathered along the right of way to view the passage of the Liberty Bell Special.

The nations of the world, republics and monarchies alike, through their official representatives at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, for the first time in history paid joint homage, on November 10, to the Liberty Bell, America's precious relic symbolizing independence and government by the people. Foreign Exposition commissioners paid their tribute in flower wreaths to the relic. As the names of the countries were called, they stepped forward and placed their flowers on the Bell. The occasion was the farewell ceremony to the Liberty Bell at the Exposition. It was started on November 11 on its long journey across the continent to Philadelphia under the escort of a delegation headed by Senator Boies Penrose.

SOCIAL prophets have insisted that there will be an unusually small number of debutantes this season, but most of these interesting misses are already well provided with friends, and the season which opened with a diplomatic reception and frequent wedding bells for autumn and Christmas brides, will lack nothing in gaiety. Foremost among the social events discussed is naturally the marriage of the President, which, as one society writer declares, "will give the White House a chatelaine who is now as quietly as possible, but with close attention to every detail, preparing for her important part in its far-reaching social life."

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MRS. NORMAN B. GALT

Who by her marriage to President Wilson on December 18 becomes the first lady of the land

IN his splendid address at the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, Secretary Garrison impressed the country with the fact that the War Department was in strong hands. As one meets him in his office, a gentle-spoken man, it is indeed hard to conceive that he is a successor to Secretary Edwin M. Stanton, and is the real war lord of the United States of America. During the late Mexican war flurry, the recommendations of Secretary Garrison have been fraught with crystallized common sense. The plan that has been evolved of a standing army of four hundred thousand men, to be recruited in three years, announced in the President's program, represents many months of study by trained men under direction of Secretary Garrison. He has always recognized the supreme importance of a reserve force, and looks upon the militia as an important factor in national defence; but the more the question is investigated by him, the more he realizes that there must be an adequate and real army made up of men who can give continuous and concentrated attention to the work.

There is much more to the training of a soldier than parade and tactics, and after a tour among all the army posts, Secretary Garrison found great dissatisfaction concerning the enlistment contract. He has always insisted that some method must be advanced for building up a reserve, but the trouble has been that Congress has not offered any inducement to the man who enlists so as to pass into the reserve, as it does to the man who does not so enlist, particularly during the first six years of his service.

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LANDING OF THE ALLIED TROOPS AT SALONIKI

The first regiment to disembark at the Greek port marched through crowded streets to their quarters

The Secretary has kept in close touch with the work of the general staff and the Army War College, and scarcely an hour of the day passes that he is not in communication with the situation on the border or in the insular possessions. He has insisted that West Point appointments should be open to the widest competition, so that any boy may take the examination in the event that the candidates chosen by the Congressman should not qualify. He is able to point out at this time the serious disadvantage which his department has suffered in the heavy reductions made in the appropriations for the army last year, and as he remarked, with a grim twinkle of humor, "I am in a position of either not asking for what the army actually needs, because of a fear that Congress will turn me down, and pacifying the peace propagandists, or of being a militarist if I do submit the facts that are so all-important at this time. Consequently, I have decided to stand squarely for what the War Department needs, as that is my task, and I am not going to shirk it."

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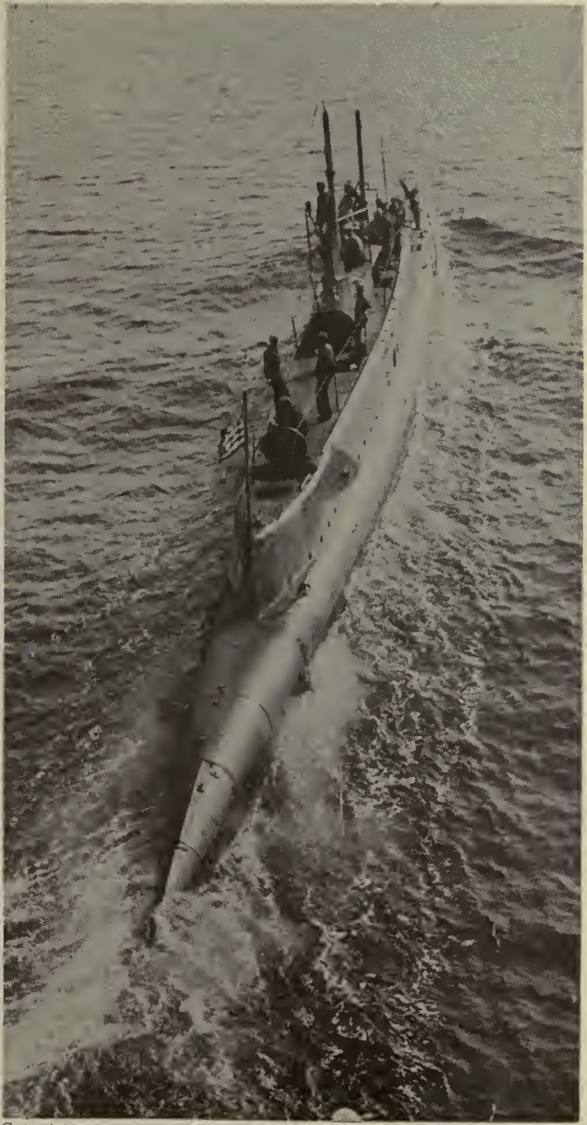
WIDESPREAD comment followed the appearance in the Washington papers of a little "for rent" notice, announcing that the house which former Secretary Bryan had leased for four years wanted a tenant. Another line in the paper to the effect that a telegram had been received from Mr. Bryan that he would be in the city for a few hours also held the interest of the people. Mr. Bryan has an outlet in his *Commoner*, which now proceeds to interview him on the question of the one-term plank in the Baltimore platform, as to whether it shall be held against Mr. Wilson. In his usual diplomatic way he says:

"I do not care to discuss the President's connection with the next campaign until after the President has himself announced his intentions."

It is recalled with some glee by the Democrats that President Wilson entirely ignored the subject in his letter of acceptance. It was evident later that he had concluded to let the matter drift, and now the trend of events indicates conclusively that he is an avowed candidate for the renomination. His speech at the Manhattan Club was a notable effort. It revealed the President in his best literary style, It is pointed out that in the early days of the administration, in the flush of



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THE UNITED STATES SUBMARINE G-1

The picture was taken during the maneuvers of the submarines at New London. The boat is seen here under full speed victory, Mr. Bryan was not over-solicitous about President Wilson keeping his eye singly on the platform pledges, and assisted him in violating the pledges in reference to the Panama Canal tolls, and some other incidental matters. The question arises among thoughtful men as to how far a platform written in the heat of convention times should be held sacred and inviolate, because in these days conditions change with rapidity, and the old saying that politics makes peculiar alliances is just as true today as when Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton maneuvered to help locate the national capital at Washington. There is, however, a deep undercurrent of belief that election pledges, like European treaties of neutrality, are something more than mere "scraps of paper."

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IN A GERMAN TRENCH
Sandbags are used liberally by the Germans as a means of defence. Recently these bags have been made of silk and velvet, as there has been a dearth of other material

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IT seemed like good old times to see the Congressmen gather in groups at the street corners, talking over matters. There is a feeling that during the adjournment of Congress the government is practically centered at the White House, but now Congress begins to feel its power, and lights will blaze in the committee rooms far into the night, with the work that is already started. Among the committees that were early on the scene was the Budget committee, which was appointed by the Democratic caucus of the House at the late session, with Representative Sherley of Kentucky as chairman. They are feeling out the suggestion of the President relative to a more systematic method of handling the annual money and revenue bills.

The Ways and Means Committee are studying the changes that are necessary in the tariff and other revenues to provide funds for the military and naval program. It was early announced that the administration would favor a retention of the sugar duty, which would otherwise be reduced in the spring, under the Underwood bill. It is also hoped that the President will come to realize that what applies to sugar will also apply to wool, and it is certain that he will recommend legislation for the exploitation of foreign trade.

At the same time, the Department of Justice is recommending the enactment of more stringent laws to prevent violation of American neutrality, for it is conceded that neutrality that does not recognize overt acts other than that of fitting out filibustering expeditions, or sending munitions of war, does not fit the situation such as is required to properly prosecute conspiracies among foreigners who conduct their warfare on neutral soil. It is emphatically declared by the American people that the United States is not ready to be Belgiumized.

HARRIS & EWING
WASHINGTON D.C.

MISS ALICE WILSON

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wilson of Baltimore. She is to be one of the season's debutantes in Washington this winter, and will probably make her debut from the White House. With her father and mother, she has often been a visitor at the Executive Mansion and is already quite well known at the Capital

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As I saw the stately nine Justices of the United States Supreme Court walking across the corridor at the Capitol, it flashed upon me that there have been only nine chief justices of the Supreme Court since it was first established, and the portraits of these nine men form an interesting gallery of judicial portraiture. John Jay presided at the first meeting of the Supreme Court in 1789 for six years. In the ten years following, Chief Justice John Rutledge rounded out his career. In the third period, Oliver Ellsworth presided for eight years, and John Marshall, fourth Chief Justice, enjoyed the distinction of having served the longest period of time—thirty-four years. Roger Taney spent twenty-eight years on the bench. It was Abraham Lincoln who appointed Salmon P. Chase, who for eleven years presided over the highest judicial court of the nation. Morrison R. Waite was the first Justice to wear a beard, and his period of office was fourteen years. Probably the most poetic and handsome man on the bench was Melville W. Fuller, appointed by President Cleveland in 1888. For over twenty-two years this little man, with long gray hair and gray mustache, was a picturesque figure in national life.

The present Chief Justice—Edward Douglass White—is of large power and was a former Confederate soldier. He is the first Chief Justice ever appointed who had previously served on the Supreme bench. This tribute was paid to him by President Taft, which only emphasized the non-partisan and broad spirit of the appointive power which creates the Supreme tribunal of the United States.

A rule provides that dark clothing shall be worn in the court room, and when the young attorney arrives from the West in gay colors, checked suit and white spats, he feels that he is not properly costumed until arrayed in the sombre hues of the judicial robes. During the present term, the Supreme Court has heard many important cases. Each Justice has what is termed his "lock book," and apparently works as if he were personally hearing the case, instead of being a unit of the judicial body. There is a gentle companionship among the Justices that is refreshing, for they continue the tradition of the Court in addressing each other as "brother."

One of the cases recently argued was that regarding the validity of the trading stamp legislation of various states. It was stated that last year $125,000,000 were given away in premiums, and that the life of business was at issue. It was also argued that the laws in some states worked discrimination against one form of advertising, contrary to the spirit of justice upon which constitutional law was supposed to be based. As I sat there I began to wonder whether the wives of the distinguished justices have ever known the pleasure of collecting trading stamps and coupons and having a Christmas present for father that was not revealed in the living allowance.

*Copyright, Harris & Ewing*

JULIUS I. PEYSER

Washington lawyer-banker, who has identified himself with and has been elected treasurer of the National Progressive Republican Union, at Washington

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ECHOES of the consecration ceremonies of Japan's new Emperor were heard at the Japanese Legation on K Street. It was the first time in the history of Kioto, the ancient capital of Japan, that this ceremony had ever been witnessed by Americans. Almost with the setting of the sun the news was flashed across the world that the gloom of early morning in Japan had been dispelled by the rising sun just at the moment that Yoshihito bowed down upon the altar of the ancestral sun god. When the great oriflamme burst over the mountain the clouds were dissipated, a coincidence regarded by the people of Japan as an auspicious omen.

Kioto is the ancient capital of the Shoguns—these capitals of the new Japan and of the old are really the same word, with a simple rearrangement of the syllables—Tokio for the new and Kioto for the old régime. In the one the "to" is a prefix, and in the other an affix.

To hear the story of the consecration told by a young Japanese whom I met in the park nearby was a treat indeed. He used the "pigeon English" as interpreted by Will Irwin in his letters of a Japanese schoolboy. He told me how Kioto was thronged with prominent personages from all parts of the empire and all foreign lands, and that the foreign women who attended the coronation were compelled to sit in the cold in decollete gowns, solving the problem by carrying with them miniature charcoal heaters. The tribute paid by the young Japanese to Premier Okuma, old and infirm, indicates the quiet but effective cohesiveness of the people in the land of the cherry blossom. One thing that interested Americans was that the Emperor awarded posthumous honors to Lafcadio Hearn, the native-born American author who had married a Japanese woman, designating him, even though he has been dead many years, as a fourth class junior in court rank.

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YOSHIHITO, EMPEROR OF JAPAN

Who was consecrated emperor at Kioto, the ancient capital of the Shoguns. The city was thronged with prominent personages from all parts of the empire and all foreign lands, many Americans being present

After such an incident it is difficult to conjure up the Japanese bogy man in war circles, in spite of those who have so persistently and continually predicted trouble with Japan that they begin to believe themselves.

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IF you want to really know a doctor, talk with him some time when he is entirely free from his professional self. A young surgeon of the Middle West gave me in the course of one hour on a railroad train more information than I had ever acquired in a lifetime of visits from medical men. He discussed disease along lines of prevention, and was keen on every point marking the advancement of his profession. Some men whose heads are full of the knowledge of their profession fail as practitioners, and even the long-time hospital service is inimical to success because they do not seem to know what it is to meet and mingle with people in wooing their favor and affection, as every man must in a competitive effort. And that mere knowledge of storage facts is not all that is required in the practice of medicine.

His story of the mystery of the great "silent area" in the brain interested me intensely. Through a design he marked on an envelope he indicated a human brain, marking out the fissure wherein are located certain sensibilities now definitely placed, but the large area of the frontal brain—the very "high brow" itself—was known as the "silent area," and its functions still remains unknown. He felt that something might be disclosed in the study of the psychic, defining latent powers existing but not understood or discussed in anatomical research, concerning the human brain.

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THE ALLIED TROOPS IN SALONIKI

French soldiers enjoying a well-earned rest on their way to the place where their camp was to be made

The Greeks believed that the soul was located somewhere in the body, but where? Scientists have been powerless to analyze that something in the human brain or the person which has defied physical definition of its location and functions. The practitioner of experience realizes the truth of the old saying that "one man's food is another man's poison," that each individual is a law unto himself or herself, and that there can be no rigid set rules concerning all individuals. My medical friend suggested that each person should in a way diagnose himself, study cause and effect, for in that way some general laws might be revealed that would lift the hitherto impenetrable veil that has ever obscured the vision of the scientist when he touches the border land between mind and matter.

WITH contests pending for senatorial togas, representing one-third of the membership of the Senate of the United States, a review of the senatorial election expenses in 1914 when popular elections for Senators were first held, is a problem in the high cost of procuring political honors. The expense of the senatorial election that year was nearly $500,000. This was the first election for Senators held under the constitutional amendment in the history of the government, and the reports are closely scanned. According to sworn statement of the various Senators, total honors are appraised at $500,000. Of this amount the candidates themselves spent over $200,000, and it is a question of interest in contemplating the forthcoming campaign. The average per capita for electing Democrats was higher than that of the Republicans. The most expensive Senators, according to this record, were from the state of Georgia, where the two Senators spent $41,493.63. William Henley, defeated Progressive candidate of Oregon, was the only one to go beyond the $10,000 limit fixed by law, disbursing a total of $10,326.94. The lowest expenditure of any candidate was the Socialist candidate of Ohio, who frankly admitted having spent eight cents for postage stamps—but he lost. Altogether the record is reassuring, especially as it involves the election of men traditionally reputed as belonging to Uncle Sam's millionaire club.

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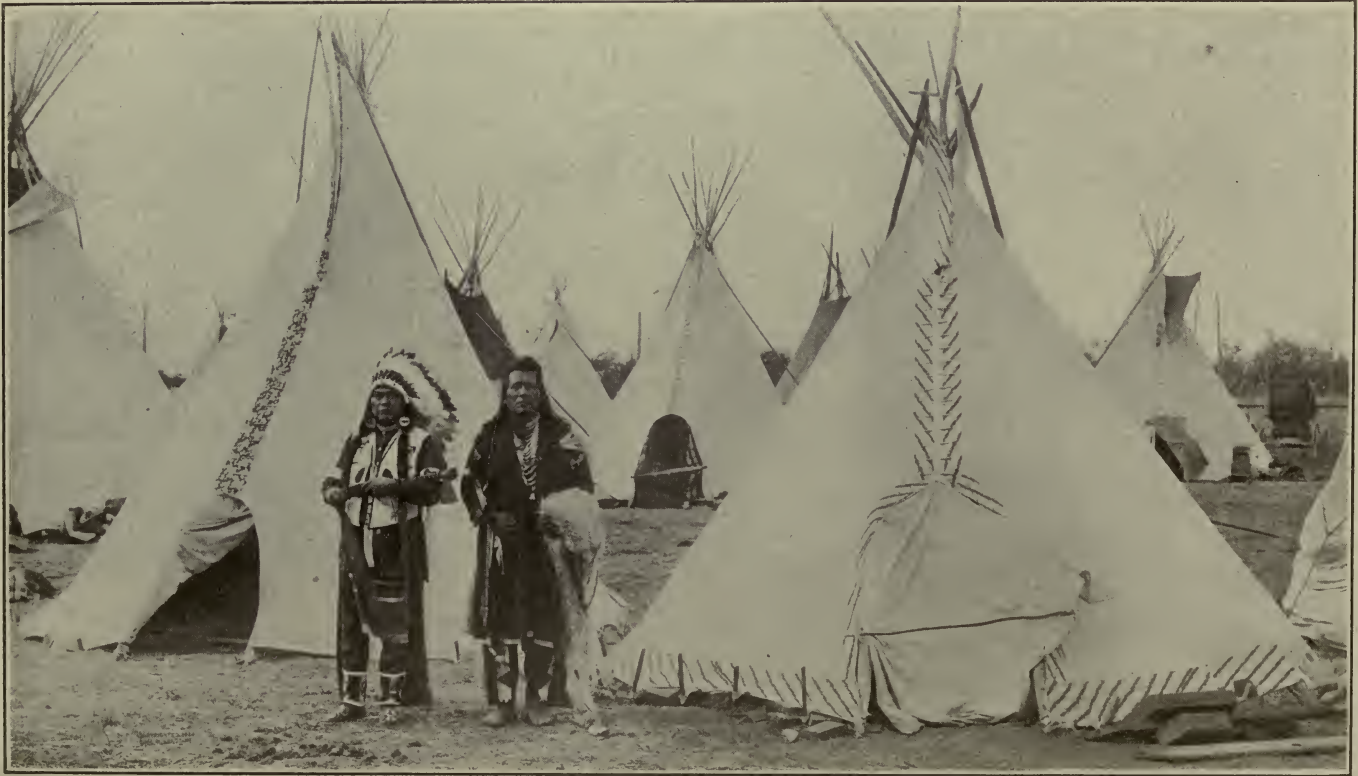
ITALY now has her Lusitania incident. When the Ancona was torpedoed, it indicated that no nation, whether at war or otherwise, can feel perfectly immune from the insidious and deadly weasels of the sea. The details of the tragedy were simply a repetition of the news with which the cables have been laden since the war began. The incident did not disturb the American State Department, for

REN HIRAO

A senior in the economic department of Stanford University, who won the prize of fifty dollars offered by John Barrett, director of the Pan-American Union, for the best oration on the subject of Pan-American relations



Courtesy Carlisle Indian Press

A NEZ PERCE INDIAN CAMP

it presented no new angles of torpedo tactics, and simply added to the black record of the civilized warfare of today. The name of the country was simply changed, and the forms of the letters involved in the international correspondence will hold good as long as torpedo tactics continue in the same merciless manner. The old stories of Captain Kidd make placid reading in comparison with the gruesome details of the destruction of women and children at sea which continue to be a feature of Teutonic chivalry and American forbearance.

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GAUDILY bedecked Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians who came to pay their respects to the "Heap Great White Father," and to shake his hand attracted a crowd of young boys to the outer room at the executive office. Every small boy has his ideals of Indian life, and when these descendants of the original peoples of America walked across the floor, one little fellow shouted, "Oh, see the beautiful slippers!" "Little White Father" Tumulty received the delegation in the Secretary's room, with appropriate solemnity. One Indian, called "Goat Chief," wore appropriate whiskers to match his name. There was also "The Lion," whose meek and lamblike appearance belied his name. "Rabbit Run" and "Brain-Pretty-Good" wore store clothes.

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MUNITIONS OF WAR

Loading seventy-five millimeter shells from the ammunition trains to wagons at a depot in the Champagne district

Although the President has written a history of the United States, and of the centuries of dealings with the Indian and Indian questions, he had never before seen such an array of Indians in native costume. The gaily-colored eagle feathers, shawls, and pendant earrings were in strong contrast to the conventional garb in which the average caller appears. When the "Great White Father" entered, the red men crossed their hands over their hearts as an indication of "good feeling" to everybody in general, and to President Wilson in particular.

The ever-present moving picture man was there to take the Indians in their full head-gear, which they afterwards removed and put in suit cases, to be supplanted with grey sombreros for the walk down the avenue.

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COMBINING practical business methods with the rapt enthusiasm of a crusader, Mr. Henry Ford has been in Washington the past month making preparations for his European peace expedition. There were complications and delays arising out of passport regulations, but nothing seemed to dampen the enthusiasm of Mr. Ford, and when the steamer Oscar II sailed from New York there were one hundred and forty-nine people in the Ford party. Former Secretary of State, William J. Bryan, came to the dock to bid them "God-speed," and the peace pilgrims cheered, shouted and sang, while three thousand devotees on the docks joined in a jollification which begun at noon and did not cease until the ship cast off her anchor and was headed for Europe, while Bryan lifted his hat again and again to the pilgrims, who shouted and waved their farewells.

Thomas A. Edison, as an old friend of Mr. Ford, and now chairman of the Naval advisory committee recently appointed by Secretary Daniels, also came to see him off. The bands played "I Did Not Raise My Boy to be a Soldier," and the response of the bands on the pier was a new piece, "Tell the Boys it is Time to Come Home." The keen gray eyes of Mr. Ford glistened as he made his way through the crowd on the dock and on board the Oscar II, where Edsel Ford, his son, who is to manage the business during his absence, bade his father "good-bye" as the crowd shouted, "Three cheers for Henry Ford." The smile on his face indicated that he appreciated the tribute and the ovation, which would be remembered, even if he was unable to "get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas time." His secretaries, one of French and another of German extraction, gave out two statements, the last before the ship sailed. They are, in part, as follows:

HENRY FORD
Who left America, December 4, on the Oscar II on an "Out of the trenches by Christmas" peace mission

> I am sailing with the firm belief that great good will come of this mission.

The delegates to the peace conference have indicated that there is in them the spirit that appreciates the uselessness and waste of war as well as the horror and unnecessary killing.

My heart is in this work for peace, and it is for this reason that I have stood behind the ship and helped the people reach a common meeting place to discuss the possibilities of peace with the representatives of other neutral countries.

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THERE is a touch of international interest in the appearance of Mademoiselle Anna Pavlowa and so many Russians of the Imperial Ballet in this country, because many of the members of her company—and some of the Polish members especially—have lost either father, mother, or some near relative in the war. And yet, in the face of such deep sorrow, night after night they are appearing before the footlights entertaining the American

GIOVANNI ZENATELLO

One of the great dramatic tenors to the day, and

MLLE. ANNA PAVLOWA

The world's imcomparable prima ballerina assoluta, associated together in the Boston Grand Opera Company

HARRIS & EWING
WASHINGTON, D.C.

FRANK B. MILBURN
Washington's well-known architect

people, their hearts always heavy with the fear of what may be received in the news from home.

The establishment of a permanent grand opera company and an American home in the city of Boston for the most distinguished of all the world's dancers, Mademoiselle Pavlowa, seems about to be assured by the distinguished success which has met the efforts of the recently reorganized Boston Grand Opera Company, in conjunction with the Pavlowa Imperial Ballet Russe.

A year's interim between operatic seasons, caused by the war, apparently increased the zest of Bostonians for a renewal of life within its most beautiful opera house, one of the finest in the world, provided by a local patron of the arts. With characteristic Boston reserve, however, the new company, which includes all of the physical equipment, the chorus, the orchestra and most of the principal stars of the former Boston Opera Company, had to demonstrate its merit and capabilities under Director Max Rabinoff before being fully accepted as worthy of place among Boston's notable institutions.

A short preliminary season in which a number of large cities in the east were visited demonstrated the powers and possibilities of the Boston Grand Opera Company in combination with the Pavlowa Imperial Russian Ballet. The climax of the season in Boston has demonstrated beyond all peradventure that never before have operatic performances of such superlative quality been seen in the modern Athens.

The future of the Boston Grand Opera Company, in conjunction with the Pavlowa Imperial Ballet Russe, may be said to rest in the hands of Boston's wealthy and devoted patrons of art and music. A rising tide of approval and admiration seems to indicate that Director Rabinoff will be urged to become a fixture at the Boston Opera House which is a fitting temple to enshrine such an incomparable artiste as Mademoiselle Pavlowa and to be the home of operatic stars of the calibre of the great dramatic tenor, Giovanni Zenatello, of Riccardo Martin, Maria Gay, Maggie Teyte, Tamaki Miura, Felice Lyne, Elvira Leveroni, George Baklanoff, Thomas Chalmers, Jose Mardones and Conductors Moranzoni and Jacchia, who form the nucleus of what may prove to be one of the great grand opera organizations of the world redounding to the lasting fame of Boston as an artistic center.

NATURALLY a popular interest is taken in the daughter of a President, but Miss Margaret Wilson is popular not only because she is the President's daughter, but because of her intelligence and accomplishments. The concerts which have been given under her direction in Cleveland were enthusiastically appreciated, and her educational work indicates that she is thoroughly imbued with the idea of "doing things."

At a teachers' convention in Wisconsin, she made an address that was widely quoted, in which she insisted that the majority of men give as little thought to voting as they do to buying themselves a suit of clothes. She suggested as a remedy using school buildings for public gatherings and voting booths, and she thought the employment of school principals as election clerks desirable.

"Let us make the vote mean something—all of us, men and women," said Miss Wilson. "It is disgraceful the way the majority of voters vote. I am told that when a man gets a suit he gets what the tailor tells him to wear. That is what most voters do in the primaries. They vote for the man who 'they say' is the man—'they' being in this case the political bosses. We know this, but have done little so far except talk about it."

MISS MARGARET WOODROW WILSON
Who is popular, not only because she is the President's daughter, but because of her great intelligence and many accomplishments

Miss Wilson closed her address with a peroration that was not unworthy of her distinguished father's classic Princeton addresses.

A STRAY paragraph in the Washington department last month concerning John Randolph of Roanoke awakened the interest of a reader, who called attention to the fact that John Randolph of Roanoke was a descendant of Pocahontas. This led to re-reading the history of early colonial times, in which the Indian princess becomes an impressive figure in the early annals of Virginia. Her name and fame are sung in song and story, but more than that, her descendants are numbered by the hundreds. This would seem to disprove the rumor now and then that Pocahontas was a myth, and now it transpires that Mrs. Galt, the President's betrothed, is a descendant of Pocahontas and John Rolfe, her English husband.

Historians agree that the marriage of the Indian princess and Rolfe was a happy one. After the honeymoon at Varina, near Jamestown, the couple went to Heacham Hall in England, and Rolfe's family gave his Indian wife a loving welcome, but Pocahontas only a few years later passed away at Gravesend, England.

Many of the old families in Maryland and Virginia are linked with the blood of Powhatan through Pocahontas, who was born in the Indian village Werowocomoco, a few miles from Jamestown, whose site I visited during the Jamestown Exposition year. John Rolfe, the young cavalier who won the hand of the Indian princess, was the second Recorder-General of the Virginia colony, and was one of the first to establish the tobacco business on a commercial basis in England. At St. George's Church, Gravesend, England, two windows in memory of Pocahontas, who rests in that English church, were presented by the Colonial Dames of Virginia, and were unveiled by the ambassador to the Court of St. James, about a year ago. In the parish register can be found, in quaint old English script: "1616. March 21, Rebecca Wrolfe, wife of John Wrolfe, gentleman, a Virginia lady borne, was buried in the chauncel."

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ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

French gun placed so that it covers an important road in a valley of the Champagne district

ONLY the outraged sentiments and fiery denunciations of a delegation of indignant artists, who had called because they had heard that the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor was to have a new dress of gold leaf, caused an exciting time at the War Department, almost equal to the announcement of a new outbreak of hostilities in some quarter or other. The opposition was headed by Gutzon Borglum the famous sculptor, who insisted that the statue was the finest example of heroic sculpture in the country, and would be absolutely ruined if covered with gold leaf, as the green-bronze, time-stained hue of the statue was entirely in keeping with its size and majesty. It seems that the idea occurred to a resident of Pittsburgh, how after seeing the sights of New York had suggested that he would like to pay the bills for a new dress for Miss Liberty, and have her gilded up in real Pittsburgh style. But it was found, after investigation, that the story arose from the fact that some fresh paint had been ordered to fix up the stairway and elevator, and freshen up the interior of the statue.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE
Formerly Ambassador to England, who has declared that he would be ashamed of his party associates if they took political advantage of the President in his campaign for preparedness and defence

OLD–TIME patriotism rang out in the statement by the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, former Ambassador at the Court of St. James, that he would be ashamed of his party associates if they took political advantage of the President in his campaign for preparedness and defence. There was no stinging rebuke in his words—there never is in anything that Joseph Choate says,—but it carried weight. He might be called the "grand old man" in America today, for in spite of his fourscore years, he goes to his office every day at 60 Wall Street and keeps in very close touch with affairs. He meets men with the same jovial, joyous spirit, and had he not been a lawyer located on Wall Street, thereby rousing the prejudice of the people, he would have been President. No great occasion, and especially a banquet, seems quite complete without Joseph Choate as toastmaster. His twinkling, dark eyes and his droll manner have all the winsomeness of a Beau Brummel, and yet when he closes his eyes, his words come forth with all the chiseled perfection, all the well-bred deliberation of judicial utterance. If there is a good story nowadays, and no other claimant, it is just handed over to Joseph Choate, as stories were credited to Lincoln in former days. He is the one public man who has not suffered in his potential strength or influence because he will insist upon seeing the humor as well as the common sense of a situation.

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LIKE a sunbeam out of a rift in the clouds of worldwide antagonism and war flashed the report from San Francisco announcing the close of the Exposition and its phenomenal success. Thousands of toasts were read that night, among them that of the President, which is as follows:

THE PANAMA–PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

Which in its conception and successful accomplishment gave striking evidence of the practical genius and artistic taste of America;

Which in its interesting and unusual exhibits afforded impressive illustration of the development of the arts of peace; and

Which in its motive and object was eloquent of the new spirit which is to unite East and West and make all the world partners in the common enterprises of progress and humanity.

A salute of twenty-one guns at sunrise opened the carnival that closed at midnight, when over the famous Tower of Jewels came a voice singing

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AT THE RECENT HARVARD–YALE FOOTBALL GAME

General view of the Harvard Stadium, showing Mahan, the hero of the day, making a run around Yale's left end for a touchdown

"Farewell to Thee," and taps were sounded by the army buglers; President Moore pressed the button that extinguished all lights, lowered the countless flags, and was the signal for a salvo of rockets from the Marina. Aviator Smith, in illumined flight, wrote upon the midnight skies the word "farewell." President Moore, in his address, declared that the conclusion of the Exposition marked "an opening of a period of new vigor and prosperity for San Francisco, California and the United States."

In the Exposition, thirty-nine foreign nations and nearly every state in the Union were represented, and more than eighteen million people attended the Exposition, which cost fifty million dollars, with exhibits valued at three hundred and fifty million.

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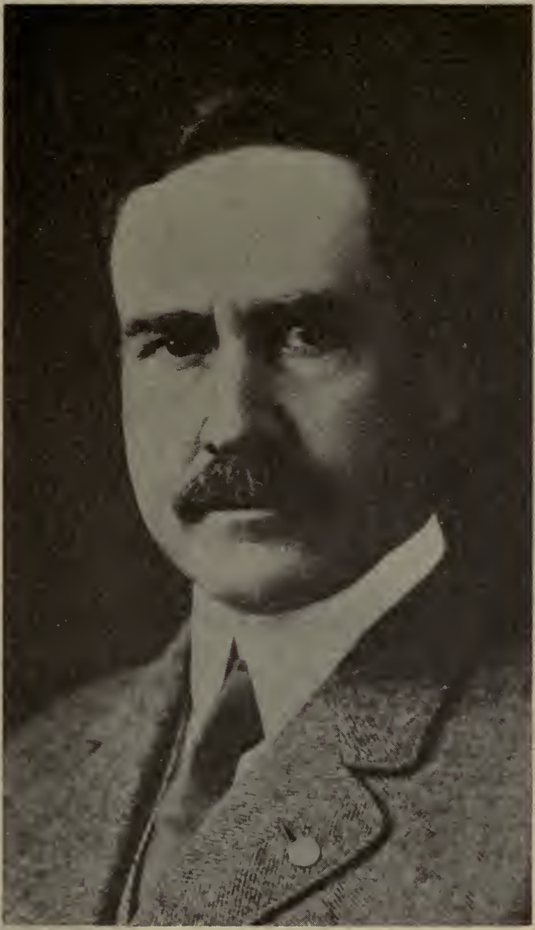
NEW ideas that promise well are welcomed at the Navy Department since plans are now being evolved for an increased navy. When the white fleet was first launched, such a thing as an oil-burning boiler was unknown, but now the new super-dreadnaught, Nevada, has made a test with oil burners that could generate speed in excess of twenty-one knots, and could use oil well within contract demands. The oil consumed was ten per cent below the stipulated quantity, which represented a distinct saving over coal. Some have called this the steel age, but it looks as if it were changing to the oil age, and that Mr. John D. Rockefeller will have another inning if things keep on coming his way. If oil is to be used in automobiles, motor boats, locomotives, steamers, and almost every kind of power equipment, it may give a touch of humor to the remark of one Congressman that this movement of using oil-burning boilers in the Navy looks very much like "pouring oil on the waters," as the oil-burner tanks supply the dreadnaughts. This was supposed to be a joke, and it was suggested that it will be utilized by one of the artists for the funny page in the Sunday papers, to tell of the adventures of Looney Lon or Sissy Sue or Butt and Biff.

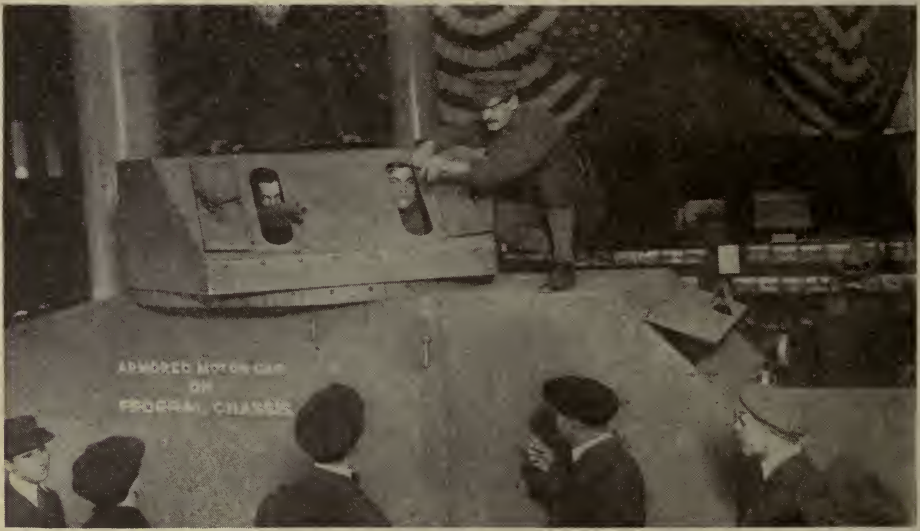


CHARLES C. MOORE
President of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, which closed its gates on the fourth of December

THE presidential situation for 1916 remains a riddle that absorbs the attention of political prophets. Where the lines are to be drawn is difficult to determine, but one thing seems certain, and that is that a titanic struggle between two great parties, with their allies and coalitions, ententes and triple alliances, will be the feature of even political maneuvers, as indicated by coming events that cast their shadows before them. The features of Mr. Bryan will be as familiar in 1916 as in 1896, whether as a leader in the forefront or upon a flank movement.

PROSPECTS of success for cloture legislation is far from auspicious judging by the stream of conversation that buzzes in and around the Capitol, as Congressmen, Senators and new members are getting acquainted. The chief aspect of no cloture in the Senate has not been emphasized. The House sends measures there in a raw, unmatured state, and sometimes they are so very bad that they defy all treatment. If no cloture prevailed in the House, the members might be more careful about legislation.

It is felt that already the power of the executive has been too apparent in legislation, and if it were possible for him to order cloture, there would be little difference between his decision and the will of an absolute monarch. This was what Washington had in mind when he devised one branch of legislation that was free to debate in a purely deliberative capacity, and furthering that dream that is always associated with republics and democracies, of free and untrammeled speech. There has never been a measure passed in the Senate, bad as some of them may have been, that has not been improved by debate, and the five months devoted by the Senate to the Underwood bill saved this country from a panic that was impending when the war broke out.



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MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

# *Financial Conditions*

## *Which Counsel Protection of Federal Reserve Law**

### *by*

### *Charles G. Dawes*

BEFORE discussing the subject which I have selected, I am going to say a few words upon a subject of national interest, in the discussion of which, in this community, I have little competition at this time, the Anglo-French loan.

I do not think I need speak to the members of the Association of Commerce, American business men, of what is involved in this loan from a business standpoint in the United States, with $2,700,000,000 of exports for the fiscal year ending June 30, and with prospects, according to the departments of commerce, of upwards of $3,700,000,000 exports for the ensuing year, if our international exchanges are not broken down.

I need not make any argument to business men of the necessity of the preservation of the international system of exchanges which depended absolutely upon the making of that loan. The proceeds are to stay in this country. If the balance of trade for the ensuing year is a billion dollars, one-half of it, or six months continuance of trade, was assured by that loan. And I am glad to see here with me one of the pioneers in Chicago in standing up ahead of me for what he believed to be American interests and American rights—I was lagging—and whose example helped inspire me to the action taken, Mr. Charles H. Schweppe of Lee, Higginson & Co.

But I am not going to speak here of material advantages. I want to say something from the moral standpoint about this loan. I have paid no attention to the abusive letters which I have received. To the threatening letters I have said to myself, "Interesting, if true." But I have received another class of letters. I received a letter from an old lady, a widow of a gallant soldier in the Civil War, a woman who had felt the stress and the strain and bereavement and the agony of war, and who is a friend whom I greatly respect and admire, now in her seventy-sixth year. When she wrote me in the sorrow of her heart protesting against the action which our institution had taken, I did devote myself to an answer, which I want to read; and I do this, too, in behalf of over six thousand Americans of German descent who did not withdraw their deposits from the Central Trust Company of Illinois because of our action taken in the interests of this country.

#### AS A MORAL POLICY

I have your letter which, I need not say, I have read with much concern, lest, to one whose good opinion I treasure so much, I might not be able to make myself clearly understood. Could the question have resolved itself in my own mind, as it has in yours, into simply one of assisting, or not assisting in the prolongation of the war, the decision would have been easy, and I should not have subscribed for any of the Anglo-French loan. I will give you as best I can here some of the considerations from a moral standpoint which impelled my action.

In the first place, the real question involved is as to the rightfulness, as a moral policy, of a national embargo against the shipment of materials to belligerent nations. In other words—

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*From a speech before a large audience in Hotel LaSalle, Chicago, on October 20.

(Think over this, you who are in the export business and have been expressing yourselves on this matter.)

In other words, if it was right for you and your friends to ship food to be sold in England and France, you would not consider it wrong for me to loan the purchaser the money with which to pay for it. You will agree with me, I think, that nothing would be more revolting to the principles of humanity than the refusal of a neutral nation to ship food and other non-warlike supplies into a warring nation which, however many of its people were carrying on the war, has an overwhelming majority of helpless non-combatants at home. Upon the question of the rightfulness of an embargo upon the supplying of materials for warfare to foreign nations, I do not criticise your condemnation of the practice, but the President of the United States has fully outlined the national reasons why that is impossible. One should not pronounce himself upon this question until he has carefully read the President's message.

### FOREIGN EXCHANGE MARKET

This, then, is the situation. The proceeds of the Anglo-French loan are all to be left in the United States to be used in paying for United States materials. Should I have declined to participate in this loan because, to the extent of 15 to 20 per cent next year (it was less last year) war materials were mingled with the shipment of food and other necessary supplies, my action, in my judgment, would be censurable from a moral ground alone, because, upon the maintenance of our foreign exchange market depends the continuance of our ability to make considerable shipments of any description, and the maintenance of our foreign exchange market depends upon this loan.

### MUNITIONS NOT SO GREAT AN ITEM

During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1915, out of our exports of $2,700,000,000 from the United States, only about $283,000,000 were what would be called war materials, whereas the exports of breadstuffs alone were $573,823,675. Of the amount expended for war materials, less than $60,000,000 were for firearms and explosives. During the present fiscal year, the latter item will, of course, be much larger, but in my judgment, it will not amount to more than ten per cent of our total exports, and the entire war materials to not over twenty per cent.

You will note that I do not refer to any of the advantages, from an American standpoint, that may accrue from the making of the loan. It may be regrettable that it is impossible to separate in these general transactions the question relating to the smaller amount of war munitions from the larger one relating to general supplies, but it is unavoidable.

### FOLLOWED THE RIGHT AS HE KNEW IT

Every banker who loans to the manufacturers of war material; every exporter of food or supplies; everyone interested in the export business, cannot, if he is conscientious and clear-minded, fail to take upon himself a decision as to the moral right or wrong involved in this loan, for he, himself, is to receive benefit from it.

My affection for you and respect for your judgment are such that it was with sorrow that I read your letter. What I do hope and know is that you will understand whether I may be mistaken or not, that my effort was to do that which I believed to be right.

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# THEIR GAME

NO funeral cortège for our thousands dead.
Nay. On the swift, white, cleansing wings of flame,
Comrades, send back the souls from whence they came,
Or heap the bodies, crushed and torn and red,
In deep-dug trenches with a quick prayer said.
Theirs but to die, *sans* glory and *sans* fame,
And to the dead it must be quite the same,
The path of fire or the crowded bed.
Tonight are food and warmth and comradery,
Respite from whining shot and screaming shell,
And we who thrill with love of life today,
Tomorrow's setting sun may never see.
They who a-far direct this shrieking hell,
It is their game, but ah, we pay . . . we pay!

—*Anna Spencer Twitchell.*

# Boston Plans for 1916

By

## Myrle Wright

WHEN Louis K. Liggett was elected president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, it was felt that the splendid work of the largest commercial organization of the world would go forward at even an accelerated pace. He has given a great deal of thought and time to the work the past year, serving as chairman on a committee created by his predecessor, Mr. E. J. Bliss, to outline future plans, and for this reason it was felt that Mr. Liggett was the man of the hour to effect the consummation of the initiative purposes indicated by Mr. Bliss when he created the Blue Book of the Chamber of Commerce activities.

Eighteen years ago Mr. Liggett came to Boston from Michigan, and what he has done since in building up the United Drug Company and the chain of Liggett stores, with headquarters in Boston, is a proof of his faith in the city. He has made a business record unrivaled and known the world over. As he modestly put it, he came to Boston "to take advantage of an opportunity," and reversed Horace Greeley's advice to "go west"—he came east. Now it is one of his purposes to make the same opportunity known to the world that he has enjoyed, for he has now become an enthusiastic Bostonian, with a home on Chestnut Hill, and realizes that he is living in the "city worth while," with advantages unrivaled by any other city in America. His first comment after being elected was characteristic of the man. "I take this position," said he, "with a mind entirely open as to the very serious questions which during my incumbency are to come before the Chamber for study and consideration." Few men think straighter and are more alert observers than Louis K. Liggett. He does not claim special expert ability in city building, except so far as it becomes the duty and privilege of a business man to do things for his home city. Those who know him best realize that he thoroughly understands the basic principles of business building. Like many westerners coming east, he made the little, narrow, crooked streets a matter of satirical comment, but like others before him, he has come to realize that the narrow streets and crowded sections are a good thing. For in these streets, people find it convenient to trade, for it is easy to pass from side to side. In western cities, where the streets are wide, it is noted that values vary perceptibly, especially in land, on one side and the other. In an interview, Mr. Liggett stated that in his judgment, it is not so much wider streets that are necessary, but intelligent use of the streets as they now exist. He suggested that heavy traffic and street cars be diverted off the principal business streets, Washington, Winter, Summer and Boylston, so that all the retail streets would find themselves able to handle the business without danger of blockade and over-crowding.

Mr. Liggett has traveled widely, and called attention to the situation in Havana where O'Reilly and Obispo streets seem to be so well adapted for shopping, that they are the delight of American women visiting in the Cuban capital. He feels that something could be done in reference to the arrangement of traffic. Cars on Washington Street, from Boylston to Summer, seldom carry more than three to eight passengers, and yet the transportation of these few people is impeding the progress of thousands. His idea is simply to get every possible use out of the streets as they are now situated. Following up the plans adopted in his own business, two of the most astute traffic experts of the country have already been engaged to study street conditions. One will be retained by the Chamber of Commerce and the other by the city of Boston, and it is thought that the Police Department will add a third member.

He expressed a most optimistic opinion as to the present business outlook, forecasting that about all of the business that could be handled advantageously was on its way, but, as in the question of the streets, he insisted that we must face existing conditions and prepare to meet them.

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In commenting on foreign trade, he has felt that it is necessary to make up our minds to do business on different lines before we can take advantage of the opportunities afforded. In the investigation pursued by his company, a representative of the firm was kept in South America two years studying conditions, before even the suggestion of a plan was outlined. "If we want to do business with South America," he said, "we must be prepared to look into the matter of adjusting credits, of packing goods and merchandise according to their notions, and becoming more familiar with the language and customs of the people." He was very emphatic in stating that the necessity for learning the Spanish language is of first importance, and has urged his son, now a sophomore at Harvard, to realize that proficiency in Spanish is more desirable at this time than either French or German.

His tribute to Boston as a "city worth while," was an appreciation that appropriately adorned a plain business talk. "There were two attractions," he said, "one was that I considered Boston the city above all others where one's family can have educational advantages in every phase of intellectual activity. The other reason arose when I realized the commercial importance of New England. I wonder whether it is generally known that forty per cent of the manufacturing industries of the United States is located in New England, between Portland, Maine, and Bridgeport, Connecticut?" He makes every man he meets and talks with, feel that New England is the place to do business. He was given an opportunity to go to New York, but is now glad he decided to locate in Boston. He considers New York quite a wonderful city, and—as he very aptly puts it—"I like it because it is so close to Boston."

The Boston Chamber of Commerce, with 4,700 members, does not work for the City of Boston alone; it works for all the manufacturing centers hereabouts, and Mr. Liggett favors "greater Boston" with enthusiasm—not only as a name or slogan, but as a fact to be realized. The officials of the city of Boston, and the Chamber of Commerce are working in accord, and he quoted the statement of the Committee on Municipal and Metropolitan Affairs, as clearly explaining the situation. "The Chamber, through its Committee on Municipal and Metropolitan Affairs, takes a constructive interest in the larger municipal problems of Boston. By this it should not be inferred that the committee pretends to be a second City Council or is an interfering busy-body, constantly putting its finger in the municipal pie. It does not attempt to give unsought and unwelcome advice to city officials whose business it is to run the municipality or to annoy them with constant complaints and petty reforms. But the committee does try to take an intelligent interest, based upon the viewpoint of the average, well-informed and alert business man, in the big important things in the administration of the city. By the expression of a business-like and common sense opinion it tries to put these things right, when they seem to be going wrong. Through this committee over 4,000 business men in the chamber's membership can make their influence as interested and intelligent taxpayers active in seeing that municipal

LOUIS K. LIGGETT
President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce

matters affecting them are directed in proper channels and administered in a business-like way."

Mr. Liggett also called attention, in a casual way, that Boston is remarkable for the character of her citizenship. Few people realize that there are more trustees in Boston for estates and money, than in any other city in the United States. They are naturally very conservative, do not believe in change, and look coldly on anything that has an element of hazard, not realizing that everything that pertains to progress must have a beginning, and that there must be new business enterprises in order to sustain those already established. The trustee is usually the man who wants things to remain as they are, without innovation that means extra work or disturbance, but this trusteeism blight is being overcome. The people at home have begun to realize that Boston has grown two hundred thousand within the last ten years, and is, in fact, one of the most rapidly growing cities in the country.

When Mr. Liggett narrows his eyes and makes a business survey, it is the expression of an opinion that is valued as sound business prophecy and philosophy. "We are going to have the biggest business in the United States until after the war," he insisted, "and even after that it will continue with steady increase, because we have the business organization, and we will have the money. There was never before such a large amount of business loans as there is in the United States today, and all this without an advance in the rate of interest."

Mr. Liggett is at the head of one chain of 156 stores, which extend from Bangor, Maine, to Washington, D. C., and is also president of the United Drug Company, the famous "Rexall" Company, which he created, and which represents 7,000 stores throughout the country. He has been spending two days a week in New York and four days a week in Boston, looking not only after the executive work, but the large manufacturing interests as well. With all this upon his shoulders, he has planned to be at the office of the Chamber of Commerce the four days a week he is in Boston, and make it a part of his routine work.

* * *

The story of Mr. Liggett's career is a romantic revelation of what opportunity means if grasped and organized with ability and enthusiasm. Born April 4, 1875, he is still a young man. At the age of sixteen, he was a traveling salesman for the Wanamaker firm. At nineteen, he was in business for himself and has wrestled with buying and selling problems ever since. He plays golf, tennis, and enjoys horseback riding, and in everything he undertakes, there is the characteristic enthusiasm that has coalesced organizations that do things. There is nothing that seems to escape him in the analysis of a proposition. He predicts for Massachusetts the possibility of being the busiest hive in the country. "But," said he, "keep your eye on the State tax. In fifteen years the State tax has grown from sixty-two cents per thousand to $2.67. Here is a live issue for the Chamber of Commerce."

The officers of that organization for the year 1916 are: President, Louis K. Liggett; First Vice-President, Henry S. Dennison; Second Vice-President, Henry I. Harriman; Treasurer, John Mason Little; Secretary, James A. McKibben. Directors: Gordon Abbott, Louis Baer, A. Farwell Bemis, William C. Brewer, Henry S. Dennison, William H. Fahey, Walter C. Fish, Paul E. Fitzpatrick, Edward K. Hall, Herbert K. Hallet, Henry I. Harriman, Charles J. Hubbard, John S. Lawrence, Louis K. Liggett, Frank J. Ludwig, William B. Munro, Andrew W. Preston, Fred B. Rice, Forrest S. Smith, Frederic S. Snyder, Leslie C. Wead, Charles F. Weed, Sydney R. Wrightington.

The Boston Chamber of Commerce is keeping the forward leaps and bounds of development in New England on a sound and enduring basis, which comprehends the welfare of all the people, all the time.

# After the War

## The United States of the World

A Christmas Vision *by*

Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHILE the greatest funeral cortege of all the ages is passing, and five millions of men have been martyred in a little over one year of war, it is not strange that the dominant thought of the world should be, "After the war, what?" Years ago as I visited the very places now reeking with human blood, little did I dream of the ghastly tragedy that was to be enacted on the stage formed by those beautiful, peaceful pastoral scenes of valley and mountain peak, which entranced the vision of the traveler. In the tragic afterglow of the grim reports of death in battle, I look over souvenir post cards sent home, and search the diary of travel amid these scenes in vain for some indication or presentiment of the impending storm. Year by year, in my journeys through Germany, I had been a witness of the wonderful and marvelous development of the "super-nation," until like many Americans, I had come to feel ashamed of the shiftless, careless profligacy of my own native land. I could not understand why the wonderful unity and concentration of purpose in Germany, ever looking toward industrial development and public welfare, could not be transplanted to our own United States.

Although my tours through England, France, Serbia and Austria failed to give me the light of prophecy on future events, an incident of 1898 in our own country gives me a vision of what might come—after the war. During this year of 1898 when our own country felt the tremors of foreign war, it was my privilege to meet a tall, angular, stoop-shouldered, blue-eyed young man then visiting in Washington. They said he was a prince seeking to study the activities of America through observations incidental to newspaper work. We looked at him with curious eyes, to see how he would act under the circumstance of meeting and knowing American life as no other prince had ever before seen it. Although it was thought at the time that he was far removed from the throne or the prospect of wearing a crown, the fact that he was a "really, truly prince of the royal blood," who wanted to work with them, was enough to intensely interest his newspaper *confreres*. We went to Mount Vernon, and there, according to tradition and usage, he placed a wreath upon the tomb of George Washington. His expression at that time impressed me when, in his dreamy, soft voice and broken accents, he exclaimed, "What a great thing to be the father of his country!" Returning to Washington, he, as a reporter, met President William McKinley. Even after he had been presented officially by the minister of his legation, he still wanted to meet our nation's Chief Executive as a worker and as an observer to feel the impulse of democracy through the ruler of a great republic.

Never can I forget the picture as I left him with the President, seated at the head of the old cabinet table, after he had been greeted as only William McKinley could greet men and strangers. They talked together long and earnestly. After tiptoeing down the stairs, I waited fully an hour for my prince to return, and his face told the story. Later I went with him in his search of material, and with the facetious spirit of a newspaper man, thought it was clever to refer to him captiously in a paragraph as "His Royal Nibs," because he used a stub pen in taking notes. The prince made his tour through the country after coming in contact with his own people and other nationalities in the democratic pursuit of his newspaper quest. In the course of time, as they say in stories, he passed out of mind. I scarcely remembered his name. The chief thing I recall was that I had at one time associated, talked, and visited with a real prince of royal blood. The long list of titles associated with his name were as Greek to me, and the incident remained a memory, put away with the convention badges.

WHEN the murderous siege guns belched forth at Liege and the proclamation of a king was flashed across the Atlantic, the salutation was not written in the time-honored phraseology of a royal mandate, as "my people." Three words—"my fellow-citizens"—used by a king addressing his people, vividly brought back the picture of the tall, blue-eyed young man who sat with William McKinley through that day long ago and felt the kindly sympathetic grasp of hand and personal contact with a great exponent of democracy. Now I knew that my tall, blue-eyed, stoop-shouldered prince whom I met seventeen years before, was none other than—King Albert of Belgium.

All during the dark days when the Belgian king made his heroic stand, and even now as he stands in the trenches on the banks of the River Yser, blood-splashed and mud-spattered, holding together the pitifully small remnant of his fearless, devoted army, this incident flashes in vivid memory as the artillery continues its grim work of death. On that little strip of land covering the sand dunes of the North Sea, ten miles in area—all that is left free of deserted Belgium—I see my prince now crowned with the laurels of a world hero. Is Albert the figure seen by Tolstoi in his vision of the "blue-eyed prince that shall come out of the north," and become a great central figure in the last war in the contest of civilizations? The tragic commercial world-war was prophesied almost unerringly by Tolstoi, and its fulfillment brings the world-query—"After the war—what?" On the banks of the River Yser stands the tall, blue-eyed prince today, near the identical spot where Caesar halted his horse in his campaign of conquest, but Caesar never crossed the River Yser. It was on the banks of this river that Napoleon stood and looked longingly across, after he had re-made the map of Europe, after he had crossed the Alps, after he had swept through Russia, but he never crossed the River Yser. No conqueror has ever crossed this historic stream. Perhaps the River Yser is to be the modern Rubicon across which no conqueror shall ever pass, marking the boundary line between the new civilization and the old world war dispensation, represented by the conquests of Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon. The new civilization crystallized in the new world by our own United States of America furnished an inspiration to this tall, blue-eyed prince. In 1898, when he was on American soil, he saw, from between the folds of our own starry flag, burst forth free and independent the Republic of Cuba, the Pearl of the Antilles. That one nation could fight to liberate and present freedom to a new nation remains unparalleled in all history as a triumph of heartsome humanity.

WHEN the dawn of peace comes, no matter who may be the victor, the world will demand that the integrity of Belgium must be restored. When King Albert returns to his native land and looks upon the scenes of devastation, the ruins that mark the site of cities that were, peopled now only by broken-hearted subjects, who rally about him in an endeavor to re-create their country, Belgium and its king will receive full glory for being offered on the grim altar as a supreme sacrifice in the contest of civilizations. I seem to see a vision of this tall, blue-eyed, stoop-shouldered prince from the north, returning as rightful king by deed as well as blood, reiterating the utterances he made at Mount Vernon. Following his salutation to his people, "My fellow-citizens," he will hand back the sceptre of kingly power to his people and say, "Let me be the father of my country." With Belgium bursting forth full-flowered, a republic out of this chaotic contest; with Russia on the verge of responsible government; with the integrity of Poland restored, even though through the prowess of German arms; with Portugal already a republic; Spain on the path towards fulfilling the ideals associated with the discovery of a new world; fair Italia with its citizenship already imbued with the ideals of democracy reflected in returning immigration; Germany herself, masterful, confident Germany, will realize that after all, to her own advantage, even though it cost her much, the dawn of the new civilization means "The United States of Europe," bringing about the federation of small principalities and those who have dreamed dreams of liberty and legislative independence for their little countries, so that all nations will become a part of the great parliament of man.

ALREADY the spirit of federation prevails in Africa, where the various colonies, orphaned by the war, now become the "United States of Africa," reflecting the sturdy Boer spirit and the modern dreams in the land of the ancient Pharaohs.

In the light of the flash of Dewey's guns at Manila during the very year that the tall, blue-eyed prince was on American soil, the republic of China was created almost overnight, after ten centuries of effete empire. Japan already is inoculated with the impulses of democracy. All these conditions, including India, almost in the throes of revolt, plainly points out the vision of the United States of Asia.

During this last of all wars, the war upon wars, the countries of South America have been drawn closer together, and but few steps further are necessary for the "United States of South America."

With the spirit of the new civilization dominant, putting a ban forever on all purposes of conquest, the United States of America, with its star-emblazoned banner, the first country in all the world to use the emblem of the birth of the Christ-child, is inviting the whole world to join in an emancipation of all the human race that Abraham Lincoln foreshadowed after a bloody, fratricidal conflict in our own America.

After the war—what? It may take years for the dominant thought and sentiment of the hour to crystallize, but just as surely as the sun continues on its westward course, the spirit of democracy and federation, interpreted in its broadest sense, is to govern the world. With this new civilization comes an era of greater tolerance, the spirit of the glorious Gift of Galilee; the dawning hope that has come to the world of a realization of an enduring civilization based upon the promise given to all men by the angel choir in the blue dawn of Bethlehem two thousand years ago. It will be a tolerance that will broaden Christianity itself, that will embrace all religions of the earth, all races, all creeds, and out of this will grow the strength and the power of the new civilization that will restore the boundary lines of the nations of the world with pathways of peace. In the vision of this new civilization the barbaric war spirit forever will be crushed, along with memories of piracy and brigandage. With it will come a realization that the welfare of the humblest and weakest is indissolubly interwoven with the welfare of the strongest; that the progress and happiness of the people of this glorious old earth must not be measured by massive walls, deep moats and fortified mountain passes. The frowning ramparts will be covered with vines and flowers, and the trenched fortresses a relic of the historic past, where children will play and the people gather for pastime and pleasure.

Out of this mighty evolution comes "the United States of the World," to divert the resistless energy that has heretofore promoted conquest and destruction, to the upbuilding of the world. Happiness, the one great ideal of the race since the first human heart-beat, can never be secured by coercion or warfare, but must come with the new civilization, as its promise appeared in the new gospel when Christ walked the earth; when Buddha blessed his followers; when Mohammed made his prophecies. Some of the ideals that we have been worshipping as a fetich must be abandoned and some things that we have called pagan welcomed back.

THE shedding of great rivers of blood and the bleaching of the bones of millions offered in sacrifice, even as our own offering of a million lives to bring about a united country and the triumph of a righteous ideal, now counted worth all that it cost, future generations will realize the wisdom of the All-Seeing, in bringing about complete redemption of the world and the ideals symbolized in the life of the lowly Man of Nazareth.

When the hatred and venom of the barbarous instincts of primeval man can be subdued as certainly as those of the ancient Visigoths, the dread battle-blades of war will fall blunt and powerless in the light of the dawning of a new civilization. All honor and reverence to every man who has felt within him the love of his own country and his own flag, and the advancement of his ideals, whether his country is victor or victim in the fortunes of war. The spirit of peace and good will is gloriously exemplified in the attitude of the American people, insisting upon "millions for defence, but not one cent for conquest."

The ideals of tolerance, of understanding each other, of justice and of mercy, of the beatitudes under which every nation shall have faith in one another, will make the vision spring eternal in the breast of every man and every nation that exists. This is a vision worth while; and may we not glimpse in the grim, awful picture overseas the ultimate visualization of "The United States of the World," and the triumph and perfection of the new civilization, making light the dark places, and a millennium of sunny years enduring?

# The Perkins' Christmas Dinner And What Came of It

## by Eben E. Rexford

ONE afternoon, about ten days before Christmas, Mrs. Perkins "dropped in" on her neighbor, Mrs. Dent.

"We ain't a goin' to have a reg'lar Chris'mas dinner this year," said Mrs. Dent. "We reckoned on one, as usual, but Seth's folks, they think they ought to go to M'randy's father's this year, 'n I dunno but they're right about it, seein's her folks have as much claim on *her* as his folks have on *him*. But 't won't seem right somehow, to let Chris'mas go by 't hout havin' comp'ny. Cookin' Chris'mas dinners 'n eatin' 'em with jest your own fam'ly don't seem to fill the bill, so to speak."

"Now that's jest what I run in to see about," said Mrs. Perkins. "M'randy told me they was a goin' to her pa's Chris'mas, an' says I to Perkins, 'What's to hender *our* gettin' up a Chris'mas dinner an' invitin' some o' the old neighbors in to help eat it?' You know we ain't lucky enough to have any relations livin' handy, as most o' the folks 'round here have, that we can keep Chris'mas with. Perkins was tickled 'most to death with the idea, an' when M'randy told me they wan't goin' to be here, I told him I was goin' right over 'n ast you, so't you wouldn't be makin' other calcilations. You can come, can't you, Mis' Dent? I sh'd feel real put out if you've gone an' made arrangements so't you can't."

"I dunno's there's anything to hender," answered Mrs. Dent. "I'm sure the Deacon 'll be real glad to go, he's so fond o' comp'ny. 'Twould be dretful dull fer him to set 'round all day with nobody but me to talk to. He'd a good 'eal sooner work than stay cooped up in the house, an' of course he wouldn't work Chris'mas any more'n he would Sunday."

"There's one thing I want to talk with you about," said Mrs. Perkins. "Perkins—he's bound to ask Squire Ho'co'mb, an' I said that never 'd do, fer if he an' Deacon Dent get together that old difficulty 'd come up, sure's the world. But he's real set, you know, an' he says, 'O pshaw! What's the sense o' lettin' somethin' that happened years an' years ago stick an' hang in their crops that way?' He said we'd ask 'em both, an' they might come or stay away, jest as they see fit. He don't propose to let their bein' at sword's p'ints with each other hender his bein' neighborly."

Mrs. Dent's face clouded.

"I do jest think it's a burnin' shame that two sh'd let such a dead-an-'gone things as that old difficulty keep 'em from bein' friends an' neighbors, an' actin' as Christian persons should," she said, with a sigh. "I've said so to the Deacon, time an' ag'in, but he's so set in his way that he won't give in that he wan't right, 'n the Squire's jest as set as he is, an' there 'tis. I *should* think they'd be glad to drop it, but they won't! Let 'em get together an' the first thing you know they'll be head over heels in argymunt, an' when they get to goin' there's no more use tryin' to stop 'em than there is in tryin' to part two bull-dogs after they've clenched, an' you know how it turns out—they keep gettin' madder 'n madder. It's ridic'l'us, 'n I tell the Deacon he o't to be ashamed of it, but he says he was right, an' the Squire knows it, an' he o't to be man enough to own up to it, but he ain't, 'n if I hint that prob'ly the Squire's jest as certain, most likely, as *he* is, that *he's* right, he'll fly all to pieces, an' get mad at me, so I've got so I don't mention it any more if I can help it."

"It's real pity they couldn't be got to drop it," said Mrs. Perkins. "But, bein' Chris'mas, when folks is s'posed to be at peace with ev'rybody, mebby they'll be willin' to get along 'thout saying anything about it."

"Don't think that fer a minnit," said Mrs. Dent. "They'd argy Chris'mas same's any other day. They wouldn't lose the chance fer anything. Ef the Deacon don't say somethin', Squire Ho'co'mb will, 'n 'fore you know it they'll be goin' it hammer an' tongs. We'll come, Mis' Perkins, but I shan't feel easy a minnit, fer I sh'll know what's comin' sooner or later. It'll be a kind o' relief to have 'em get at it, so't to not be a dreadin' it."

* * *

"That old difficulty" was something well known to every man, woman, and child in the community. It had grown out of a dispute between Deacon Dent and Squire Holcomb about the location of a new church when the time came for building one. One wanted it in one place, and the other in another. The neighborhood would have been satisfied with either site, but these two men had had so much to say about the matter that the men of the community had become thoroughly disgusted and had given up all idea of building. "Let 'em fight it out" had been the decision of the neighborhood. "'Taint worth while to make such a fuss over a new meetin'-house 's'long's the old one 'll do. If we can't have one 'thout quarrellin' we'll go without. We'll have to wait till one or the other of 'em dies" was the opinion generally expressed whenever the question of a new house of worship came up, as it would occasionally among the neighbors, when the defects of the old church came home to them forcibly. "If they'd give up their pullin' an' haulin' an' let *us* choose a site, there'd be no trouble about having a new church right away, but they won't do that. No-sir-ee, neither of 'em 'll give a red cent tor'ds it if it ain't put right where they want it. An' we can't get along 'thout help from both of 'em, an' they know it, so they've got the whip-row of *us* if they hain't of each other."

It really did seem strange that two men who occupied important positions in the community, were members of the same church, and worshipped together every Sunday should let such a matter keep them apart, but it did. When they met on the street, or at church, they "passed the time o' day" with each other, and that was all. If they happened to be thrown together where it was impossible to get along without something to say to each other, they conversed in a stiffly ceremonious fashion until something was said by one that the other took to be a covert reference to the matter of old dispute, and then there was an explosion. The neighbors had become so accustomed to these outbreaks that they did not mind them much. They were expected at any time. "That old difficulty" had become a standard phrase in the community, and men and women laughed whenever reference was made to it, but when they thought about it seriously, they could not help feeling that it was a disgrace to the whole neighborhood. But—what could be done about it? When two men are as obstinate as these two were, it isn't safe for a third party to interfere. And yet, in spite of this failing on their part, they were men who had the respect of all their neighbors. They were kind and generous. They were always ready to do a favor, and it is very likely that either of them would have been glad to do the other a good turn at any time if pride had permitted a request for it.

"Good neighbors—good neighbors as ever was, but so dretful set" was the opinion of their friends, and this opinion stated the case exactly in the fewest possible words.

* * *

That evening Mrs. Dent spoke to her husband about Mrs. Perkins' invitation.

"Who's goin' to be there besides us?" asked the Deacon.

"I don't jest know who all," answered his wife. "I did hear her mention Squire Ho'co'mb, fer one, though."

Deacon Dent gave a sniff indicative of his opinion of the Squire, but said nothing. His wife could not help feeling, however, that he was secretly chuckling over the opportunity to have another "set-to" with his old-time antagonist.

"Now, Lem'wel, I *do* hope you'll try to get along, fer once 'thout gettin' into an argymunt with that man," said Mrs. Dent. "See if you can't get through Chris'mas 'thout havin' a quarrel, spechly as it's at a neighbor's."

"I'll let *him* alone if he'll let *me* alone," said the Deacon. "I al'ays do, but he won't. An' if he goes to twittin' an' throwin' out things, w'y I ain't a goin' to hump up an' stan' it 'thout havin' *somethin'* to say fer myself."

"I dunno's he's any more likely to twit 'n throw out than you be," said Mrs. Dent. "Seems to me it's about which an' 'tother. I don't see no call to rake up that old difficulty ev'ry time you two get a chance to, sence it was settled years ago, so fer's the neighborhood goes."

"I tell you 'taint *me* that raked it up," said the Deacon, beginning to get red in the face. "You're al'ays a layin' it to me, 's ef nobody else c'd be to blame. I don't care—say jest what you've a mind to—I won't let that man blow an' twit, an' fling, 'thout standin' up fer myself."

"I wouldn't pay no attention to him if I was you if he's al'ays the one to begin it," counselled Mrs. Dent. "Let him talk, if it does him any good. He couldn't quarrel if you wouldn't quarrel with him, that's sure."

"There 'tis again," declared the Deacon to some invisible audience. "You ever-lastin'ly harp on the idee that I'm quarrelsome, an' all that, but I *ain't*. When have I ever had any trouble with the rest o' the neighbors, I'd like to know? Hain't I an' ev'rybody but Ho'co'm got along peaceable? Say!" and the Deacon fairly glared at his wife over his spectacles.

"Of course you have," responded Mrs. Dent, "an' so's he, hain't he? I never heard of his havin' a quarrel 'ceptin' with you."

"Oh, he's a lam', a reg'lar lam'," said the Deacon with most withering sarcasm. "*Anybody* c'd get along with *him*, he's so gentle—peaceful as the evenin' breeze, so to speak—but it's different with *me*! I'm al'ays a bearin' down on folks, an' jest achin' to pick quarrels, an' get into a fuss, *I* be! I don't s'pose there's a meaner man anywhere 'round these parts than *I* be!"

"Now, Lem'wel, I never said nor thought such a thing, an' you know it, an' you needn't go to insiniwatin' that I tried to carry such an idee," said Mrs. Dent, with some show of spirit. "But what I *do* say is—that if you'd keep still when Squire Ho'co'm begins, he'd soon get sick o' tryin' an' shet up. I couldn't quarrel with you if you wouldn't say nothin' back, could I?"

"Oh, go on, go on!" snorted the Deacon. "Keep right at it all day if you feel like it, an' it does you any good. I know how 'tis—I've knowed it all along—you side in with Lish Ho'co'mb agin me, an' you'd like to get up a quarrel with me about it. That's the long an' short of it, an' you know it jest as well as I do."

"Now, Deacon Dent, you know better'n that," said Mrs Dent, with a snap in her eye that denoted wrath. "I never took sides, no way. I'd like a new meetin'-house, but I don't care where they put it. I don't see's it makes much diff'rence, any how. I *have* said, an' I say *now*, an' I mean ev'ry word of it, that it's a down-right, burnin' shame that two men that pertend to be Christians sh'd let such a triflin' matter as where a meetin'-house sh'll stan' make so much hard feelin's. I al'ays s'posed meetin'-houses was made to help folks get to heaven, but, to be plain-spoken, such a meetin'-house as you an' the Squire 'd be likely to b'ild 'ud be more likely to keep 'em from tryin' to get there, jedgin' from the trouble it's made. That old difficulty's be'n a stumblin'-block in the way, an' I wouldn't wonder if it had hendered the work o' grace in this place more'n once. I do jest hope an' pray that you an' the Squire 'd let the matter drop an' never speak of it ag'in as long's you both live."

"When he says he's ready an' willin' to do it I'll agree to it," said the Deacon. "But he never will. He likes to quarrel too well. He's the contrairiest, stubbornest man I ever see, an' he's too much of a le'pard to change his spots."

"Sposen you said to him that you was willin' to drop the matter," suggested Mrs. Dent.

"*Me?*" The Deacon pronounced the pronoun with a force that sounded like the explosion of a cannon-cracker. "You jest wait, Hannah Dent, till I say such a thing to Lish Ho'co'm, an' I reckon you'll be a sight grayer'n you be now."

Mrs. Dent sighed, but said nothing more. The Deacon retired behind his paper, but for some reason he couldn't get what his wife had said out of his mind.

Because he knew there was truth in it.

* * *

Christmas came, clear and cold and beautiful, with sunshine glinting brilliantly across fields of newly fallen snow. There was not enough to make good sleighing, but it somehow seemed as if it had been intended that people should go to church on runners, and everybody at the Corners got out their sleighs and cutters, and put bells on their horses, and the keen, frosty air was full of tinkling music long before the bell in the steeple rang out its call for worship.

"Now, Lem'wel, you won't get into an argymunt with Squire Ho'co'm today, will you?" pleaded Mrs. Dent, as she gave his collar an extra hitch and straightened out his cravat before starting for church.

"Talk to *him*," answered the Deacon, evidently determined not to commit himself by making rash promises that might not be kept. "If he keeps his mouth shet, I shan't open mine. If he begins on me, I'll tell him what I think. That's all there is about it. I won't be run on by nobody. Spechly by such a mulish, obstinit person as he is."

What was mulishness and obstinacy in Squire Ho'co'm's case was simply firmness so far as Deacon Dent was concerned, you see.

* * *

Elder Griffin preached what more than one of his audience pronounced a "rousin' good sermon." He touched on the blessings of the past year, and spoke of what he hoped might be accomplished in the year to come. He urged his hearers to "diligence in all good words and works." "The Lord is graciously pouring out His spirit all round us," he said, "and He will pour it out here if we are willing to put ourselves in a proper condition to receive it. He has promised that, and He never fails to keep His promises. Shall we not set ourselves right, and claim the fulfillment of His promise right here in this neighborhood?"

Squire Holcomb and his little six-year-old orphan grandchild Letty were standing in the church porch when Deacon Dent and his wife came out. The Deacon nodded stiffly and the Squire responded with a very formal bow. But the kind, motherly soul of Mrs. Dent went out to the motherless child, who was as the apple of his eye to her grandfather, and she bent down and gave her a hug and kiss that went straight to the Squire's heart.

"Hannah Dent was al'ays a good-hearted woman," he said to himself. "It's a pity her husban' wa'nt more like her."

"You're a goin' to the Perkins's to help eat Chris'mas dinner, I s'pose," said Mrs. Dent, as she shook hands with the Squire. "Let the little girl ride over with us. There's plenty o' room in our cutter for such a midget as she is."

"Do you want to go, Letty?" asked the Squire.

"Yith ma'am," answered Letty, putting her hand in Mrs. Dent's, in the way peculiar to children, who unhesitatingly give their friendship and confidence to those who are kind to them.

"Well, I've no objections if Mis' Dent don't think you'll be too much trouble," said the Squire.

"Oh, no trouble at all," assured Mrs. Dent. So Letty was tucked into the cutter between the Deacon and his wife, and they drove off.

"What a sight that man does think of this poor little thing," said Mrs. Dent. "I see him a watchin' her in meetin', as if his whole heart was jest set on her. I dunno's it's to be wondered at, seein's how her mother was all the child he had. He'd feel dretful if he was to lose her."

"She looks tolerble healthy," said the Deacon. "I reckon he won't lose her right away."

"But suthin' sudden might happen, any time, you know," said Mrs. Dent. "I was readin' the other day 'bout a child that got throw'd out of a waggin—"

"What's the sense o' worryin' over what hain't happened?" said the Deacon. "Better be thinkin' o' what you've got to be thankful for, an' quit borrowin' trouble."

"Yes, I know that," responded his wife. "But I couldn't help thinkin' how the poor man 'd feel if anything *should* happen to the child. She's all the relation he's got, you know, an' I s'pose he thinks all the more of her on that account."

The Squire and the Deacon, and two other neighbors who had been invited to share the hospitality of the Perkinses, sat down in the "front room" in that stiff and solemn way characteristic of men who can't rid themselves of the consciousness of "being company," while the women hovered about the kitchen and the dining-room, helping Mrs. Perkins with the dinner and visiting at the same time in a way that no man can ever understand.

"I'm jest on nettles the whole endurin' time," whispered Mrs. Dent to Mrs. Perkins. "I feel jest as if there was a kag o' gunpowder settin' round, with the head out of it, ready to be touched off any minnit. I jest fairly *begged* the Deacon not to get to argyin', but suthin's a'most sure to be said that he'll think is hintin' at the old difficulty, an' it'll be like shakin' a red rag at a bull. I shall be real dis'appointed if they *don't* have a set-to."

* * *

The dinner passed off pleasantly enough to satisfy anybody. The Deacon sat at one end of the table, and the Squire at the other, with four or five persons between them, so separated that "argyin" 'would have been rather awkward if either had been inclined that way. Neither of them, however, seemed in a combative mood. But Mrs. Dent knew that the calm was a deceitful one, and her gunpowder impression was as strong as ever. The explosive material was there. All that was lacking was a match, and some one to scratch it. And she felt sure that the match was in readiness for use at any moment.

After dinner the men went out to look over Mr. Perkins' barn and stables in that solemn manner peculiar to men of religious training who can't help feeling that anything akin to enthusiasm or interest regarding secular matters is wrong on Sundays and other days invested with sacred associations.

"They'll be at it purty soon," Mrs. Dent told herself, apprehensively. "I hope, if it's got to come, they'll have it out between 'em while they're at the barn."

But nothing happened to bring on the expected explosion during the barn visit. The men came back presently, and sat down in the "front room" again, where the women had congregated, after the dinner dishes had been "done up," and the dining room had been put in order.

Little Letty had wanted to go out and walk in the snow. Mrs. Perkins had told her to wait till her grandfather came in, and find out whether he was willing. As soon as he came into the room the little girl went to him and asked if she "might go out a walkin'."

"Yes, if you'll bundle up warm," said the Squire.

"I'll fix her," said Mrs. Dent, as she gave the little girl a motherly hug. "We know how to fix up little girls so they'll be as warm as toast, don't we, dearie?"

Accordingly Letty was "fixed up," and sent out to take a walk, all by herself, greatly to her delight.

"I hear there's some talk o' b'ildin' a new town hall," said Mr. Pasco, by and by. "Heard anything about it, Deacon?"

The Deacon answered that he had heard nothing about the project.

"Where do they talk o' b'ildin' it?" asked Mr. Perkins.

"I heard that most of 'em favor the site the Squire wanted 'em to build a church on," answered Mr. Pasco.

Mrs. Dent looked at Mrs. Perkins with a sickly smile on her face. "It's a comin'," she whispered. "I knew it would."

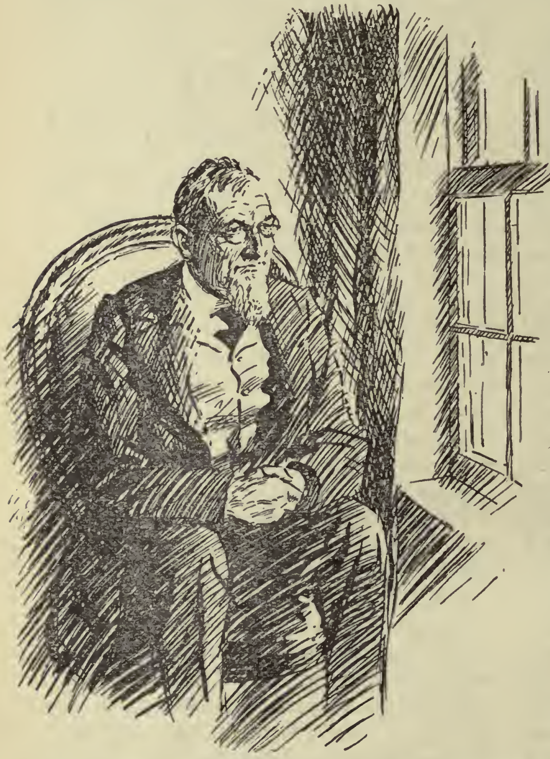
"Good location," said the Squire, with a glance out of the tail of his eye in the direction of Deacon Dent. "A *very* good location. One o' the best an' most desirable in the whole neighborhood. If folks hadn't be'n blind to their own interests, they'd have agreed with me about it years ago. Sing'lar, ain't it, how blind folks can be when they set out to?"

"Folks 'ud *have* to be blind to see much in that site," said the Deacon, with one or two preliminary sniffs that gave Mrs

Dent to understand that he was warming up for more vigorous work.

"It's an unfort'nit thing that there's al'ays folks in 'most ev'ry neighborhood that won't see anything they don't want to," said the Squire, in a loud, hard tone that had a sound of challenge in it.

His remarks were apparently addressed to Mr. Perkins and Mr. Pasco, but Deacon Dent knew they were meant for him, and he began to straighten and brace himself for combat. The Squire saw this without appearing to, and went on with his remarks as if entirely oblivious of the Deacon's existence, bearing down a little more heavily with each additional sentence. Poor Mrs. Dent told Mrs. Perkins afterward that she "felt as she wanted to crawl off somemers, an' hide." Evidently there was to be a battle royal.



*He was sitting directly in front of the window that looked up the hill road, and he saw what no one else could*

But Deacon Dent never delivered himself of the sharp and cutting things that he intended to say as soon as his antagonist had paused for breath. He was sitting directly in front of the window that looked up the hillroad, and he saw what no one else could. Out in the roadside, close to the track, stood little Letty, looking down toward the valley. Coming down the hill was a sleigh drawn by two horses that were rearing and plunging in a desperate effort to break away from their driver's control. As yet they had not succeeded in doing that, but it was quite evident that he was unable to manage them.

The Deacon saw the child's terrible danger, and forgot everything else in the impulse that came to him to save her if possible. He dashed through the door and down the path, and cleared the garden wall at a bound, utterly unmindful of his years and his rheumatism, and reached the child just as the frightened horses were about to trample her down. He had no time to seize her and get back out of the road—only time enough to give her a toss across the track—and when that was done there was no time left in which he could get out of the way himself. He fell under the feet of the horses, and was trampled by them, and the sleigh went over him. It all happened so suddenly that he hardly realized what was taking place before he became unconscious.

When he came to his senses he found himself lying on a strange bed, and his wife was crying over him, and men and women whom he hardly recognized at first, so dazed and bewildered was he, were around, and the room was full of a suppressed excitement that charged the air as if with electricity.

"Where be I? What's happened?" he asked feebly. "Oh, I remember—I got hurt, didn't I?"

"Hurt?" exclaimed Squire Holcomb, in a voice that shook, but not with anger. "I sh'd say you did! W'y, Deacon, I don't b'leeve there's a whole bone left in your body. It's a wonder an' a mercy you're alive."

"The—the little girl," whispered the Deacon.

"She's all right. She's here in my lap,

this minnit, with not a scratch on her," said Squire Holcomb, with a break in his voice. "Oh, Deacon, I want to thank ye, but I can't, fer I don't know what to say."

Then he reached out and took hold of the Deacon's hand, and held it fast. And the bewildered Deacon wondered if he was dead, or dreaming, for he saw that the Squire was crying, actually crying!

"Oh, that's—all—right," he said, between sharp twitches of pain that convinced him he was still alive. "I—I was 'fraid—I couldn't—git there in time."

"You hadn't better talk any more now, Lem'wel," said Mrs. Dent, soothingly, "but just keep as quiet as you can till the doctor comes. I guess we'd better keep puttin' wet cloths on his head, Mis' Perkins."

"That's a good idee, Mis' Dent," said the Squire. "Let me help you. I used to be a master hand to take care o' sick folk. Jump down, Letty, an' let gran'pa see if he can't do somethn' fer the man that saved your life," and the Squire's voice shook again.

When the doctor came he said that no bones were broken, but it would be some time, probably, before the Deacon was able to be about.

"He'll need good nursing, and a good deal of it," he said. "He isn't going to get over such a shaking-up as he's had as easily as a young man would, you know. I'd get some handy, trusty person to help take care of him, if I were you, Mrs. Dent. You'll have to have some one. You can't do it all alone."

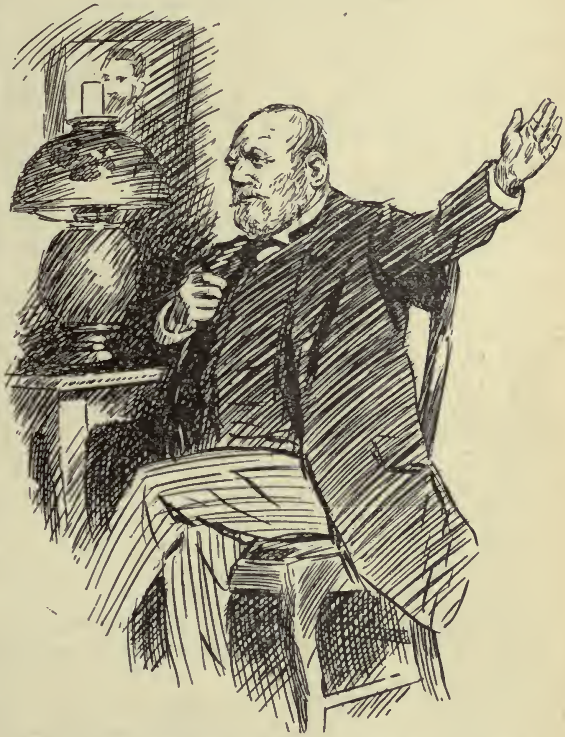
"I'll come," said the Squire promptly. "I can lift him, an' help wait on him, an' I'll be glad to. It's no more'n my duty to."

"I'm sure I'd be real glad to have you," answered Mrs. Dent, gratefully. "But—mebby 't wouldn't be jest agreeable, all 'round," with a sudden recollection of "the old difficulty."

"Mis' Dent, I know what you're thinkin' of," said the Squire. "I know jest as well's ef you told me. I've had my last quarrel over that old matter. Do ye s'pose I c'd quarrel with the man that saved my little girl? I couldn't if I wanted to ever so bad. You needn't worry about that any more, Mis' Dent."

* * *

So it came about that the Squire was installed as assistant nurse at Deacon Dent's bedside, and no woman could have been kinder, or gentler, or more thoughtful of the sufferer's wants and needs.



*The Squire went on with his remarks as if entirely oblivious of the Deacon's existence, bearing down a little more heavily with each additional sentence*

"He's a sight handier 'n I be," Mrs. Dent said to Mrs. Perkins. "I dunno how I'd a' got along if 't hadn't be'n fer him. An' would you b'leeve it, Mis' Perkins, the Deacon seems to kind o' depend on him, someway, an' they get along as peaceable as kittens. I begin to think 'twas all the Lord's doin's that it happened, fer it looks now as if we wan't goin' to hear any more about the old difficulty. I hope to goodness we ain't, fer if I ever got sick an' tired of anything, it was that."

This happened five or six years ago.

There is a new church at Gridely's Corners now, built on the site favored by Deacon Dent, while the Squire's favorite site is occupied by the new town hall, and both men are perfectly satisfied with the way in which matters have been disposed of.

"They pull together now," Mrs. Perkins told me, the other day. "An' like's not they never would if it hadn't be'n fer my Chris'mas dinner. It's blessed good thing it turned out as it did, not only fer them, but fer the neighborhood. The church's took a new start sense they got to be on good terms ag'in, an' it does seem dretful good, all 'round, to think we've got red of that old difficulty at last."

# EL DORADO

### *By* EDWARD WILBUR MASON

TRIUMPH! Triumph! 'Tis in the singing rills
And stir of cattle on a thousand hills.
Beside the pasture bars
Where daisies spring like stars,
And in the heavens where the systems throng,
And on the grassy sod
The regiments of God
Are moving to the rhythm of its song!

Labor is power and toil is fire divine.
Behold the desert yielding oil and wine;
The chopper is a king,
And service is a wing;
The hewer of wood is a conquerer;
And he who splits the stone
May rule as on a throne;
The lowly slave rise up an emperor.

Gold! Gold! Such wealth as surely puts to shame
The ores of Ophir and the gems of flame:
Courage that comes of faith,
The hope that laughs at death,
And wisdom and knowledge and fortitude;
And greatest of these
The charity that sees
The Christ in man, the human brotherhood.

Hail land of the new and lordlier world!
Thy slogan to the four great winds is hurled:
Democracy and love
The largest from above,
Blessed freedom for the heart and soul and mind;
And more than grain or fleece,
The gracious gift of peace,
And solace for the burdened of mankind.

# A Picture and a Voice

by

## William Lightfoot Visscher

FOR the life of me I cannot tell how I came into possession of that photograph. It was a picture of a strikingly beautiful woman who was about twenty-five years of age, I supposed.

Anyhow, I had it properly framed and for years it was a prized decoration of my den, and it was sentimentally adored, for I was a sentimental man, notwithstanding that I had been rubbed against the hard side of the world for nigh on to forty years.

But that picture had always been a mystery to me and I had made it more of a mystery to all my visitors. When anyone of them asked me who it was I tried to look wise and mysterious and always relegated the question with a "never mind" and a look that denoted a hidden grief and a pathetic romance.

Do you know that it is a common thing for a highly imaginative man to indulge himself in a personal fiction until he comes to believe it true? In a way that came to me concerning this photograph.

The mere hints at a hidden romance, that I had given to my friends concerning the picture, had been rounded out in my own mind and then kept as a delightful secret, and yet the story was not distinctly definite to myself. It was simply a beautiful haze; just compact enough for me to fondle within my soul and cherish.

Then I took to dreaming of that face. It came to me at my pillow and in day dreams. In the web of charming fancies it was the scheme of every fabric. Waking or sleeping it filled the niche of my ideal.

I knew that the subject must be real. A camera cannot picture an "airy nothing." I yearned that to this I might give "a local habitation and a name"—my name. For in my dreams this pictured woman was all that could be dear, and true, and worthy, and desirable.

The idea completely possessed me. On the street, in the theatre, at church, amid receptions of the *beau monde* and along the ghetto; wherever it might be possible to see a face and form that was winning, I looked for the original of that portrait, the radiant star of my everpresent tableau.

Nothing in life exists that does not come from the evolvement of environment, from the color of your eyes to an attribute of character—but that is another story.

I have written hundreds of romances, long and short. Not one of which was without a violin, or a canoe, or a song, or a picture. Sometimes all of these figures together. This because these things have been part of my life since childhood.

My father's house stood on the banks of a beautiful river. At the foot of a series of steps from a terrace below the garden, lay on the water my dearly loved canoe, still against the bushes or jostling a little from the ripples caused by the breeze.

The canoe had been carved out of the trunk of a clean poplar tree and it was as graceful as the neck of a swan. With my pocket knife I cut the name of the craft, away forward on the bow. It was "Zillah." That was also the name of a little mountain maiden whose home was on the hillside a mile up the river. Zillah was my only playmate in those days and I loved her and the canoe alike. Thus we three were always together when reasonably we might be.

Zillah was many years younger than I, but little more than half my age then, for when I was fifteen she was only nine, and I cared for her as if she were my little sister. But I was mathematician enough to know that when I should be twenty-five she would yet be only six years younger and my father was ten years older than my mother. They seemed made for each other.

The time came when, much as I loved Zillah the child and Zillah the canoe, we must all three part.

The call of the sea, that must have been atavistic, was stronger than I could withstand. One day the canoe was lashed alongside a passing floatboat that was bound for New Orleans, and a runaway boy went to sea to sail many oceans and to return to his native land, but not to his old home, after a few years, with a gain of gold that was strange, for the boy had never cared for money.

Father and mother had gone to the great beyond and I was in deep sorrow, for my love of them had been unmeasured. I had stayed away from them much longer than had been intended and I had hoped to bring them happiness and rest with the dutiful service of my manhood and my money, for now I had both, yet I was little more than a boy, and have never been able to relegate the instincts of boyhood.

I had learned enough to know that a better scholastic education was my greatest need and my gold was good for that. Thus for four years I devoted myself to acquiring something of academic learning, under the tutelage of one who was eminently capable.

This, with the experiences that had come to me, and those that have followed in my calling as a general writer, which has sent me to many lands and among many conditions of people, have sufficed, with constant reading, to give me some solace as a student.

There had ever been with me a sweet and tender memory of those dear boyhood days with Zillah and the canoe. Often I had dwelt in fond recollection upon our excursions, in fancy, to far distant lands, miles down the river where the country opened out in glorious bluegrass farms; miles up the river, among the mountains, and where sometimes exalted cliffs arose until we were gliding along a mighty chasm and we could only see the sky by looking straight up. That sky, in the very noon of day, was spangled with stars.

I gathered flowers, berries and shells for Zillah, along the banks, and with my pocket knife carved white rings from shells, or black ones from cannel-coal, and beads, hearts and crosses from both, until she had a necklace that she treasured as would a grand dame the costliest strand of pearls that ever came from "Oman's green water."

* * *

In the years after when in memory and dreams the spirit of sweet Zillah was still guiding the graceful craft over the beautiful river, I wrote a song of Zillah and the canoe.

There was truth in the story told by the song and it had a tinting of fancy. It was written to please myself, primarily, but with the hope that it might please others. And it did. The lines attracted the attention of one who was an accomplished composer of music and who set them to a sweet and plaintive melody.

My constant tutor of the four years, and who is yet my "guide, philosopher and friend," was a man of ripe age and quiet mien. He loved music but had no attainments in that line. This was his excuse for possessing a phonograph. But it was the best that money could buy. I had seen to that, and I confess that self-defense was the plea in the case, for I was often a visitor at his quarters.

David used a considerable part of his slender income in the purchase of new "records" for that machine, but the time came when I grew deeply grateful to him for that, and finally "adopted" him utterly, in token of that gratitude, and because I was fond of him.

One evening when the mist and fog and drear that hung over the city were saddening, David came to me with something of an air of mystery and begged that I should go home with him, as he had something that he wished particularly to show me. Doubtless, if he had told me that it was a new record, I should have pleaded another engagement, or an indisposition, or some other excuse that he would have failed to overcome.

Together we walked the short distance to his curious cave and—that was what it was—a new record. I was almost angry until the machine began to work.

Some one was singing my song of the canoe.

I had never heard the melody, and while it was exceedingly tuneful and tender, it was not that which entranced me. The lines were as humble to me as they possibly could have been to the severest critic, or to my most devoted enemy, but both melody and lines, as borne upon the accents of that voice, made the sweetest song I had ever heard, and I have heard the nightingale sing in orange groves beneath the Southern Cross.

"Where did you get it, David?" I cried.

He was transported with happiness, for he saw that I was delighted.

"At the usual place," David replied.

"Who is it that sings?"

"Bless you! How should I know? But the record tells at the beginning, does it not?"

"I think it mumbled something of the sort. But I did not observe. Run it again."

This was done and the record started in with: "Miss Lola Lancaz, of the All Star Concert Company, in Dixon's song, 'The Canoe.' "

Both of us sat charmed and silent while the song was being machined again.

"But it is your song," said David.

"Yes, but the writer of the verses is never the composer of a song, David, unless he does both."

"I see! I see!" muttered David. "But that does not seem precisely fair."

"Never mind. I shall find that voice."

Thereupon I started a new voyage of discovery. I took to the perusal of dramatic publications and finally found that the "All Star Concert Company" was dated for San Francisco for a week, beginning ten days later.

Those were the longest ten days that ever occurred in the calendar of my existence, notwithstanding that three of them, with their accompanying nights were passed on a continental train, westward through the grandeurs of plain, mountain and stream.

Purposely, I had made the date of my arrival at the Golden Gate city contemporaneous with the date of the "All Star Company Concert," because I did not wish to pass what would have been otherwise a trying wait of intervening time among strangers, "alone in a city."

* * *

On the evening of my arrival, as quickly as the needful preliminaries could be completed, I was in a box seat at the Alcazar.

But the printed program did not include the name of Lola Lancaz. I hoped that there might be a mistake in the name and I wished to detect the voice. It was not there. The manager of the company, after the performance, informed me that Miss Lancaz, much to his regret—yet he was gratified over her advancement—had been engaged to sing with another company that was able to offer her a much larger salary and far better opportunities in her art.

"But where and what is this company?"

"It is the Cosmopolitan, and it is doing an eastern circuit out of New York."

In a few minutes I had cultivated that manager to a cordial standing and he invited me into his office where he said he would endeavor to trace the Cosmopolitan Company. There, incidentally, he exhibited to me photographs of his "people," past and present, and among these was one of Lola Lancaz.

Somehow it did not astonish me that this was a duplicate of the picture in my den, the mysterious portrait that I adored. But the fact added zest to my intent—which it did not need.

The manager found the itinerary of the Cosmopolitan, and in another week I reached New York. In a few hours more I sat in an audience at Portland of the Pine Tree State where the Cosmopolitan was performing to a great and much pleased assemblage. To me the printed program had nothing in it except the name of Lola Lancaz.

The minutes that seemed hours, during

the numbers that preceded that of Lola Lancaz, who was to sing:

(*a*) Serenade from Don Pasquale,

(*b*) Canoe Song—Dixon,

were painful, despite the pleasurable anticipations that possessed me. I resented, jealously and impatiently, the recalls of those who came before Lola Lancaz. They probably deserved the applause that they inspired and under ordinary circumstances I would have, doubtless, been as enthusiastic as any. As it was, I was not; on the contrary, quite the reverse.

The last number before that of Lola Lancaz had dragged its weary length through my soul and someone else came on with a substituted song.

It seemed an age before that performance had been completed and I had sat through it—hoping. Then I found myself moving with the audience toward the foyer, stunned by disappointment.

Application to the management gave me the information that the lady had cancelled her engagement because of an acute bronchial affliction that threatened her voice, and at the command of her physician, had gone back to her home, somewhere in the South. No one connected with the company knew exactly what state she was from, but her accent was clearly that of one to the southern manner born, and of course "Lola Lancaz" was but a stage name. The real name was unobtainable.

Some dreary months went by and away. Sometimes I went with them to Cuba or Vancouver's Island.

One crisp winter evening I came from a long journey to my club in Chicago. A function was progressing. It was "Ladies' Night." The organization was one of men whose calling demands the highest order of intellectuality. A brilliant audience had gathered and out of the wide anywhere of the city, chaperoned by a dear lady who was my friend, whom I had not seen since I had heard the name of Lola Lancaz, came this young woman, and she sang my "Song of the Canoe." It was natural that I should meet her. When she heard my name a strangely startled look came to her eyes, but she made no remark associated with it until we were comparatively alone, which I took measures to bring about with as much celerity as circumstances would allow.

"When I was a wee bit of a girl," she said, "I had a boy friend of your name and he was so good to me that I loved him very much—in a child's way," she added, tentatively.

"Where were you then?"

"Far away up the beautiful Kentucky River."

"And were you Lola Lancaz then?"

"No, I was Zillah Lancaster."

"Do you remember my canoe that was named Zillah?"

"Do I? It is the dearest, sweetest memory of my life. That is why the 'Song of the Canoe' is so much my favorite. I was heart-broken when you took it away, and—"

"Never mind, Zillah; we will have another."

"I have another. Your old home and my old home are all my own. I have been singing a long time, you know."

* * *

Zillah Lancaster—"Lola Lancaz"—does not sing for the public any more. She has given me "a local habitation" and I have given her another name—mine.

There is a glorious house and home on the hillside, half way between our two old homes. Hundreds of acres of lowland and highland are ours.

Sure, there is another canoe, a perfect model of the other one. The name she had given it was my Christian name, "Frank," and I have persuaded her to let me prefix her own and now it is "Zillah and Frank."

We have an auto-car, Kentucky horses, a trap, a Stanhope, carriages and all that, but our principal joy, in becoming weather, is the "Zillah and Frank," though added to that, and more of a joy than all, is another wee bit of a Zillah who is just learning to sing the "Song of the Canoe."

# Padre Bernardo's Necessary Ruse

### by Harold de Polo

TRULY and without a doubt, the gentle Padre Bernardo told himself, it most certainly appeared as if there would never be entire peace in this glorious little village of La Cruz Blanca. Ah, no! So much so that he sighed a long, doleful sigh. Why, today, indeed, should have been one of the happiest he had ever known in his serene and beautiful life. Did not the sun shine brightly? Could he not see his church sparkling pure and white on the green-topped hill? Had he not quite sufficient to eat and thoroughly warm clothes upon his back? And has he not, only a week or so ago, just completed his purchases for the poorest of his children with the generous purse of gold that the young Don Francisco Ramirez had given him? Of course, of course! And what more, pray, could any mortal ask—what more? . . .

But then—ah, dear me!—then, once more, a disturbing element had thrust itself upon his quiet, peaceful community—an element that threatened to disrupt the village far more than had the memorable feud between the butcher and the grocer! Yes, far more; for it seemed as if *everyone*, this time, had taken the matter seriously to heart! He had really come to believe—may the good *Dios* pardon his saying it—that he was truly an extremely un—unfortunate person. Indeed, indeed he did! Yes, it was a hard, hard thing to say, but surely it seemed as if something were the matter when trouble should come upon him just when he should have been at his happiest. . . . And so the good Padre Bernardo walked through the little street of La Cruz Blanca, his silvered head bowed in thought, his hands clasped behind his back, his step slow and dragging, occasionally failing to hear the cordial cry of greeting from one of his dear children.

It was just a trifle over two weeks now since Adelina Torreon had come to the simple little hamlet to live with her aunt, Lupe Torreon. And Adelina, be it known, was the disturbing element that bid fair to do so much harm to the kind Padre's beloved village. She had come up from the gorgeous City of Mexico—that city of all cities—after the wealthy American señora for whom she had worked had gone back to her own country. And how the Padre wished that the American señora, whoever she was, had never gone back—how he wished! That, alas, was the whole trouble! For, when she had left, she had given Adelina, in right generous fashion, a wardrobe that was truly fit for an heiress—silks and satins, and hats and ribbons, and slippers—oh, *everything*. For she was a most wealthy person and feared that these priceless garments might not be in style when she returned to her own home. Ah, yes, truly Adelina had a most dazzling and expensive wardrobe. And, that, alas, was the trouble.

Being young and pretty, and quite flirtatious, it is needless to say that she wore the clothes. Now the girls of La Cruz Blanca—the good Padre's poverty-stricken children—had never in their lives seen such glory, much less ever worn it or dared hope to wear it. While the young men of La Cruz Blanca—ha, fickle rascals that they were—had likewise never seen such glory; but they, alas, not caring whether or not they wore it, of course, became exceedingly interested in she who dressed in such gorgeous finery. Ah, yes, indeed the village was in a terrible state, for every single young man in it was flocking after the trailing of Adelina's silks and satins—almost every mother's son of them! They had, for the moment, apparently quite forgotten the sweethearts they had formerly considered it an honor to pay homage to.

Now all this, it can well be imagined, caused great strife in the little village in many ways. Not a girl there, in fact, was on speaking terms with any of the young men; also, a great many of them seemed to be unfriendly among themselves. The young men, of course, would have nothing to do with one another, for all looked upon their fellows as dangerous rivals and people who could not be trusted. The fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts and cousins and god-parents of the young men and women all deemed it necessary to take sides with their respective relations. Ah, but that Fernando was a fickle creature, they had always said so; *caramba*, but that young Carmen was a terrible vixen, and had driven poor Fernando away from her! And so it went on, the one side fiercely condemning the other. While the aunt of Adelina, indeed, found scarcely a person in the village who would even deign to pass the time of day with her. Yes, indeed, truly there was strife in the usually peaceful community!

The good Padre Bernardo hung his head lower. Ah, dear *Dios* above, but how all these things pained him—how horrible they were. Why, to see such anger among his dear children tore cruelly at his heart—tore so cruelly that he felt as if it would sometimes break in two—indeed, indeed he did! And he feared, alas, that nothing could be done to relieve the situation. When the first trouble had cropped out and become quite apparent, the generous Padre had dutifully paid a visit to Adelina's house. He had talked with her, calmly and gentle and soothingly, his kind, wrinkled eyes big and soft as he put the facts before her. He had told her that it was a delicate mission upon which he had come. She knew well, of course, that his dear people of La Cruz Blanca were not used to such wonderful clothes; and she knew, indeed, that her attracting the young men was causing a grievous disturbance in the pretty village. Look, all the other dear girls were at odds with their *novios* so that scarcely any were on speaking terms. Now, he knew that Adelina was a good girl, a sweet girl, a pretty girl—necessary flattery—and that in her heart she must be very sorry to think that she and her clothes were the cause of all this trouble. Would she not, like the dear, good, sweet girl that she was, refrain from wearing her finery while in La Cruz Blanca? Bah, was it not out of place in this simple village? Was it really necessary for such a pretty and clever girl to wear it? . . . Eh, and he had said much more, had the dear Padre, begging her not to sport her finery before the inhabitants of his beloved hamlet.

But his kind words and gentle diplomacy had failed dismally. Adelina, after he had finished, had tossed her dark head and flashed her black eyes, saying with a smile that really these girls must have no confidence in their beauty or their talk were they afraid of any newcomer who entered the field with a few silks and satins, and so forth. And as for herself, indeed, surely she would be quite idiotic were she to stop wearing the clothes that she had been used to wearing—this with another toss of the head—simply to satisfy the mere whims of a few of her own sex. Indeed, no; and she gave a fond little pat to the purple silk gown which looked so out of place in the bare little *adobe* hut. Of course, though, the nice Padre Bernardo would please not think that she meant to offend *him!* Dear *Dios*, no; but surely he understood that she could not put aside all her lovely clothes. . . . And that, try as he might, was all the satisfaction Padre Bernardo had been able to obtain.

And all this trouble—as in the case of that other feud—had made great havoc with the attendance at his little church high up on the green velvet hill; only, indeed, far, far more so. His Sunday morning congregation, to tell the truth, had dropped off fully one-half. Carmen would not go because Fernando went; Matilda would not go because Adelina went; Tomaso would not go because Encarnacion, who accused him of running after Adelina, went; old Maria Arguya would not go because the second cousin of Juan Saltillo, who was smitten with the new arrival, sat in the same pew with her. And so it all was. Everyone, indeed, seemed to have some excuse for keeping away, and all the excuses, *Dios* help him, centered around the frivolous, gorgeously-clothed person of Adelina Torreon. . . .

Ah, me, by the kind Master who reigned over all, why did such a fearful state of affairs have to be in this otherwise glorious world? Truly it was by far the worst thing in the whole universe to see those who had always been friends turn on one another so that they would not even speak; ah, yes, it was even worse than poverty, and the hunger and raggedness born of poverty, to see any of his dear children such frightful enemies! What should he do—what should he do? . . . He had prayed, long and fervently, begging the ever-patient *Dios* above him to do something to mend this horrible strife. What should he do—what should he do? . . . And the good Padre, walking along the little street on the way home to his church, slowly and sadly shook his head as he puzzled his brain for some way of putting an end to this fearful feud that had been brought on by—by the vanity of woman and by the foolishness of man, nothing less! . . . What should he do—what should he do? . . . Eh, dear me, the best thing he could do, indeed, was not to think of it—no! Heavens, had he not bothered his poor head about it enough, and all without avail? . . .

The gentle Padre's thoughts were interrupted by the friendly salutation of one of his children. "*Buenas dias*, Padre Bernardo. And could I speak with you just a moment, if you please, kind Padre?"

Padre Bernardo looked up with a start and saw Francisca Iturbide standing in the doorway of her little hut, a more or less worried frown upon her brow. He walked forward quickly, his benevolent face wreathed in smiles. "Eh, *buenas dias*, Francisca. Surely thou may talk with me—surely. And what is it, my dear? Is there anything I may do for thee?"

The Padre noticed, by the raising of her eyebrows and by the shrug of her shoulders, that the news she had to communicate was undoubtedly of a pathetic nature. Ah, well, perhaps he could do something for one of his dear children; perhaps he might make matters well.

"Ah, dear Padre, I hate to speak of it to you—you, who are so kind, so good, so gentle. But—but you are the only one who might do something to help me. You are the only one I could trust, dear Padre Bernardo," and she looked at him with a reverent affection.

The good Padre's heart beat faster. Ah, how nice it was—how *very* nice—to be thought so much of by one's dear children. But—but what could it be about, all this trouble?

"Yes, dear Padre," continued Francisca, "truly you are the only one to whom I could come. Ah, dear Señor Padre, you do not know the sorrow I am having—the heartache, the pain, the— . . . ."

The Padre's eyes grew dim. Poor creature, poor creature! "What—what is it?" he asked.

"Ah, dear Padre, it is that terrible young man, Porfirio Corral, who has broken my poor little Isabela's heart. Ah, yes; the dear, good, sweet child is quite broken-hearted at the frightful way that he has carried on. Ah, Padre, if you could but see her—weeping, weeping, nothing more. It is all she does, poor child—weep, weep, weep. Ah, me, little did I think that I should ever live to see her so shamelessly—so brutally treated!"

Padre Bernardo's face became very grave. Good—good Heavens, what had happened? *What had happened?* . . . It—it was true that Francisca Iturbide was a trifle high-strung and nervous and apt to exaggerate. Nevertheless, for all that, something terrible indeed must have occurred.

"Yes, Padre, dear," she went on, "never in my life did I think that I should live to see my daughter jilted—*jilted* by Porfirio Corral for that shameless girl, Adelina Torreon! Never—never—*never!*"

Padre Bernardo's sympathetic countenance suddenly became quite hopeless.

Dear *Dios* above him, here was still another person complaining of the girl who had, with all her fine clothes and city ways, caused such disturbance in his peaceful community. What should he do—what should he do? . . .

"And—and I wish, dear Padre, that you would please do something about it. Speak to Porfirio—speak to Adelina Torreon—speak to— . . . Oh, dearest Padre, do anything you think best."

The poor Padre's head was quite muddled. What—what answer could he make—what satisfactory answer? . . . He decided that it was better to get out of it as easily as possible. "Yes, yes, Francisca, I will do what I can. I will do my best, I—. But—but thou must excuse me now, for I have to be getting along. I—I have very important work to do—very important. I— . . . *Adios*, Francisca, I will do what I can." And the dear Padre beat a hasty and none too graceful retreat with the woman's words following him: "Yes, kind Padre, I knew that you were the only one to go to. Do—do what you can, please do not forget, kind Padre."

Padre Bernardo walked quietly along the road just outside the village, his head hanging lower than ever, his shoulders more drooping, his step slower and quite disconsolate. Ah, dear me, truly the world—and to him the world meant La Cruz Blanca—was in an exceedingly sad, sad state! What should he do—what *could* he do? . . .

"*Buenas dias*, Padre Bernardo," called out a strong young voice, quite close to him.

The Padre turned, and there, coming toward him, he saw Porfirio Corral, the young man who had just been accused by Francisca Iturbide of jilting her daughter.

"*Buenas dias*, Porfirio," answered the Padre, eyeing the young man with a touch of rebuke in his kindly eyes.

Porfirio came up to his side, and the Padre noticed that his face was red and his eyes averted. Eh, eh, probably the feeling of remorse and guilt that was gripping him. Ah, yes, for he who does wrong in this world will surely, at one time or another, rue it deeply in his own heart. Ah, yes, probably Porfirio, now feeling sorry for his—

Then the young man spoke, raising his head suddenly and looking the Padre straight in the eyes. "Se—Señor Padre, I wish that you would please let me speak to you for a few moments. I—I have something very important—to me—to tell you!"

The Padre instantly became all sympathy. His face broke into smiles, his eyes twinkled affectionately, and he looked at the young man in a most friendly manner. Poor young fellow, he had probably been caught by the glitter of Adelina's clothes and her clever talk, for a mere instant, and was now thoroughly sane and quite repentant. Eh, he was young—and the young, the good *Dios* knew, were strangely susceptible. Poor fellow, probably now he was about to tell the Padre how sorry he was. And—and anyway, maybe—in fact, undoubtedly—Francisca had exaggerated the whole thing. It was not as bad as he had heard; for he had always had a tender spot in his heart for Porfirio, good, hard-working young man that he was.

"Surely, *mi hijo*—surely! Speak to me as long as thou wish, my dear fellow. Surely—surely!"

The young man pulled his straw sombrero from his head and twirled it about in his fingers, plucking nervously at the frayed edge. "Why—why, to tell you the truth, Padre Bernardo, it is about Isabela that I would speak. I—we—we have—I—"

"Yes, yes," gently put in the Padre. Ah, but the poor young fellow seemed so repentant, so—

"Well, dear Padre, I have come to you to beg you to please—*please*—ask Isabela not to be so foolish. She—she— . . . Why, Padre, it was this way: We were both walking through the street the other night, Saturday night, when all was gay, when suddenly who should come along but this Adelina Torreon, about whom there is so much talk. Well, Padre, we were speaking of the color of a mantilla I should give Isabela when we got married; and then, as the Torreon girl passed us, I said that the soft color of the blue silk dress she wore would go beautifully with Isabela's hair and complexion."

The Padre had fallen back in amazement. Then—then there *was* no confession of wrong-doing coming? There was— . . .

Porfirio threw out his arms to the sides of him and shrugged his shoulders hopelessly, his voice rising. "And what do you think, Padre—*what do you think?* . . . The moment the words were out of my lips—just the moment—Isabela tore her arm from mine, looked at me furiously, and showered her anger upon me. Padre, she called me a heartless brute, a flirt, a fickle thing! She said that I was desperately in love with Adelina Torreon and was trying to get rid of *her*. She said that being false was bad enough, but that I should flaunt my love of the other before her very eyes was too, too much! And then, Padre Bernardo, she stamped her foot and walked away, nothing I could do or say bringing her back. . . . Now, Padre dear, tell me the truth. Have you ever heard of such nonsense? Listen, Padre, I promise you, on my dead mother's grave, that it was almost the first time that I had ever seen this girl. I had never, indeed, even *spoken* to her, I— . . . Oh, Padre, dear, what shall I do, what shall I do? Ah, you know how I love Isabela, and she will have nothing whatever to do with me. All she does is vow that I am in love with Adelina Torreon—*when I do not know the girl!* . . . Ah, Padre, *dear* Padre, what shall I do, what shall I do?" And the young man regarded the benevolent old priest with pained eyes, his face pale and drawn and anxious.

The Padre's eyes were round and staring as he gazed at Porfirio. Good heavens, then the talk about the young man jilting the girl had, indeed, been naught but evil scandal. Ah, me; ah, me! What a lot of harm, although this time indirectly, that Adelina Torreon was doing—what a great, great deal of harm. The example of Isabela treating Porfirio so proved what a bad influence the very sight of Adelina and her fine clothes had upon most of the girls. Why—why—to think that simply because the poor fellow had looked at a dress that she was wearing and said that it would be a nice wedding present to have a mantilla of the same color. Why—why—it—it was *preposterous*! . . . But—but what should he do—what *could* he do? . . . The good *Dios* only knew—the good *Dios* only knew!

He sighed heavily and put his hand on Porfirio's shoulder, smiling with all the tenderness and sympathy that was in his huge heart. "Do not worry, *mi hijo*—do not worry so. I—I promise thee that I will do the best I can—I promise thee. *Adios*—dear Porfirio."

"*Gracias—muchas gracias*, Padre Bernardo," sang out the young man, a hopeful smile on his face and a hopeful tone in his voice. "I—I know that you will fix it right if *anyone* can."

And with a still slower step the gentle Padre walked onward, feeling tired and thoroughly worn out as he thanked *Dios* that soon, indeed, he would come to the steep trail that led to his little white church upon the hill. Once there he could rest—rest and think. Think, think, chiefly think; think of some way, once more, whereby he might bring peace to his beloved children of La Cruz Blanca.

Just as he was about to ascend the path that led to his church, he met Faustina Alecon. Here, anyway, was someone who would not speak of that person about whom he had heard nothing else all day. He smiled happily and shook his finger at her.

"Ah, my dear Faustina. And how dost thou feel today, eh?"

The old woman nodded her head speculatively. "Oh, this way and that, this way and that. Not very well, not very bad; not very well, not very bad. So, so; so, so. But thank you, Padre Bernardo, for asking."

The Padre laughed gaily. "Eh, then I am indeed pleased. *Dios mio*, Faustina, when I did not see *thee* at mass last Sunday, truly I thought that some serious illness had taken hold of thee. Indeed, indeed I did."

Into the woman's face came an angry look which the gentle Padre could not fathom. She laughed, and even her laugh was bitter. "Ah, Padre Bernardo, how could I go to church when, just across the aisle from me that vixen sits—that vixen who has stolen the heart of Juan Portuga, who was to be married to Rosa Chardo, the beautiful daughter of my fifth cousin, on my father's mother's side. Ah, no—ah, no! Never could one be expected to sit so close to a person who is an enemy of one of one's nearest, dearest relations. Ah no, good Padre, never will I set foot in any place—even for *you*—where that Torreon girl is! Never, never, *never!*"

Now no one can blame the gentle Padre Bernardo if he had had enough. His kind, genial face became exceedingly worried, and he did his best to put a stop to the matter as soon as possible. He felt so tired—so very tired—of hearing about the trouble that was bringing such strife to his little community.

"Quite—quite so, Faustina. I—I understand thoroughly. I— . . . But I must be getting along, thou knowest, for I have much work to do—much work. *Adios*, Faustina. *Dios la bendiga*," and so, putting his blessing upon her, the poor Padre smiled most affably and made his way hastily up the hill, stopping, before very long, to puff heavily at this unwonted exertion of traveling upwards at so swift a pace.

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Padre Bernardo that afternoon sat before the desk in his room, his head bent and his brow furrowed as he thought what could be done to once more bring quiet and calm into his dear little village that lay huddled below the hill on the crest of which stood his beloved church. For something —*something*, he knew not what—must surely be done to rid the town of the presence of Adelina Torreon. Yes, something must be done, for it was the only way. It was the one persistent refrain that thrummed and thrummed through his weary brain. Something must be done to rid the town of Adelina Torreon—something, something. But what—what? . . . He had been here, now, thinking of it for a good two hours or more!

Suddenly he sat bolt upright with a start. What—eh—why not—certainly! He remembered those words—yes, those last words of Don Francisco Ramirez, the wealthy young *ranchero* who had borrowed his new cassock and who had so generously presented him with a purse of gold for his children. Yes, indeed; well he remembered those last words: "Listen, now, dear Padre Bernardo, if ever I can do anything for you—*anything*, for you know I have plenty of money—simply write me a few lines letting me know of it and your wish will be gratified immediately. Remember, now, Padre, I mean it—every word. Your wish will be gratified *immediately*."

The Padre leaned back in his chair, his arms folded and his brow creased in thought. Should he—should he do it? It—it was for the benefit of his dear children—for the benefit of the good *Dios* above, even. For surely He could not be happy to see such strife here in the little village—surely not. It—yes, he shook his head resolutely—it was but the right thing to do! Anyway, on the slightest chance that there was anything underhanded about it, he would do severe penance so as to be on the safe side! Yes, it was a ruse that had to be enacted—*that had to*—for the ultimate benefit of his dear children! . . . Yes, he would do it! . . .

And so, dipping his pen into the inkwell, he proceeded to write a long, long letter to Don Francisco Ramirez. Then, when it was all finished and sealed, he called his Pancho and told him to hurry with the epistle so that it should leave on the daily mail the next morning. Ah, perhaps now, very soon, matters would once more adjust themselves in the usual way. He prayed so to the good *Dios* above him—to the kind and noble *Dios*.

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Just four days later Padre Bernardo received his anxiously awaited letter. He tore it open and hastily scanned its contents. Then, with a look of great joy upon his face, he put it slowly into his cassock. Ah, dear me, but truly the young *ranchero* was a most loyal friend to have—a noble one, in fact.

Then, very quickly, the Padre somehow found it necessary to make his way into the little town of La Cruz Blanca. But his business there was shortly finished and he was soon returning to his little church; before he got there, though, he paid, as if by the merest chance, a short visit to Lupe Torreon, the aunt of Adelina. He spoke of the weather, of her health, of the village, of—Oh, of many, many things! Then, just as he was leaving, he stroked his chin thoughtfully and admitted that perhaps she could give him some advice upon a certain subject.

"Thou seest, Lupe," he said guilelessly, "I have a young friend of mine—a very wealthy *ranchero*, in the State of Hidalgo, who writes telling me that he is sorely in need of a clever girl to do housework for him. He says that those on his ranch are not the kind he wants. They are not sufficiently neat and tidy about their person, he tells me. Therefore, if thou hearest of anyone, I wish that thou wouldst let me know. I am going to drop in on several others and tell them about it, too. I—"

Lupe Torreon's face had grown very red; her mouth had opened wide, and there was a look of utter joy in her eyes. "I—I know of someone, now, Padre Bernardo. She is just what you want. She is neat, and tidy, and clean, and a good worker. She—"

But the kind Padre, it must be admitted, was quite a diplomat when necessary. He raised his hand and smiled. "I really, my dear Lupe, I have not the time now to make arrangements. I—I must hurry on. I have exceedingly important work to do—*exceedingly*. But—but *Adios*."

And, almost by force, one might say, he went along, murmuring a long, long prayer to his *Dios* to please forgive him for any untruths that he had been obliged to utter. It was all for the ultimate good of his many dear children—for the ultimate good! Yes, surely the thoughtful, far-seeing *Dios* understood that!

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It was not more than an hour later, as the gentle Padre Bernardo stood before his church looking about the vast stretch of country that spread out all around him, that he knew that his ruse had been successful. Coming up the steep path, in all her gorgeous finery, he descried the slim, dainty figure of Adelina Torreon.

In a moment she was by his side. "*Buenas dias*, dear Padre Bernardo," she called out, her voice soft and sweet and very friendly.

"*Buenas dias, mi hija*," returned the Padre, smiling most charmingly and speaking just as softly.

"I—Aunt Lupe said—I— . . . Señor Padre, Aunt Lupe told me that you knew of—of someone who needed a girl for housework, of— . . . I—I thought that perhaps I might do, that— . . . " She paused, as if embarrassed, and smiled shyly at the Padre.

He blinked his eyes and frowned thoughtfully. Then, as if suddenly remembering, he laughed heartily. "Oh, yes; oh, yes! Why, I had almost forgotten, I— . . . But yes, I *do* know of someone who needs a girl for the house. Yes, my young friend, Don Francisco Ramirez, the wealthy *ranchero* of Hidalgo! And—and what wert thou saying, my dear?" enquired the Padre most innocently.

"I—I thought that perhaps I might do, dear, kind Padre, if you would recommend me. I—I would like to work in a nice house like that, I—Aunt Lupe said that the wages were very good, Señor Padre."

"Yes, yes," returned the Padre, absently stooping to straighten one of his rose bushes. "I believe that they are very generous."

For a moment there was silence, during which the Padre still nursed his rose bush. Presently Adelina spoke again. "Do—do you think, kind Señor Padre, that I could get the place—*do you?*"

The Padre straightened up, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "I—I do not know. I—I was thinking, to tell the truth, of Matilda Tarbon, who was asking me about it! (*Dios* pardon him for such a horrible, downright lie!) "I—I do not know. . . . Ah, wouldst thou very much like to go, my child?" he added, his voice soft and kind as he smiled on her.

She took this as a favorable sign. "Oh, oh, dear Señor Padre. I should *love* to! Please—*please!*" and she clapped her hands childishly.

Again he looked thoughtful. Then he shook his head decidedly. "My dear Adelina," he said gravely, "I really believe that perhaps thou will be the best one. Thou art neat and tidy and clean, and—and clever at housework, I hear. Per—perhaps, after all, thou wouldst be better than Matilda Tarbon or—"

Adelina, so anxious was she, at this point broke in. "Oh, *dear* Padre Bernardo! Please, please, *please!*"

Again the Padre pretended to think. Eh, how curious was human nature. Had he gone, outright and honestly, and asked this girl if she would go, she would undoubtedly have indignantly refused. But now, simply because she thought that there were other rivals in the field, she wanted to go above all else in this wide world! Dear me, dear me, how very, very peculiar human nature was! Ah, yes; ah, yes! . . . But—but now was the time for the decisive stroke!

He coughed and lifted his head, eyeing her gravely. "Adelina, it is well. I will send thee to him. Remember though, thou must do thy work well and willingly, for he is a very wealthy man and insists on good service for his generous wages. But—but thou will have to go in the morning, my dear, for Don Francisco needs thee as soon as possible. Remember, though—remember that with thee goes my word that thou art a good, conscientious worker, eh?"

The girl laughed happily and clapped her hands. "Oh, dear Padre, kind Padre, lovely Padre! *Gracias, gracias!* Surely I will work well—surely, surely! Never will you regret your kindness—never! I will start tomorrow morning, dear Padre, on the only train that leaves here, at ten o'clock. Oh, *gracias, gracias!*"

"Do not speak of it, *mi hija,* I am glad that I have done thee, as well as Don Francisco, a service."

Suddenly the girl fell back. "Oh—oh! But—but Padre, I—I have not a single *peso* with which to buy my ticket, I— . . . Oh, what will I do, what will I do?" she wailed.

Padre Bernardo, indeed, had also failed to think of that point. Anyway, it would have been impossible, after asking such a great favor, to have troubled his friend for cash into the bargain. But, thank the good *Dios* above, he had about twelve round *pesos* saved, and ten of these would suffice for the girl's journey. Ah, yes, ten of those *pesos* that were starting his second fund for that famous trip to Mexico City. Ten of them—ten of them! . . . Oh, well for the ultimate good of his dear, dear children. Bah, he must not think of it—he *would* not!

"Do—do not allow that to worry thee, my dear," he said, his eyes just a trifle wet, "I will give thee the money early in the morning, when I will be down to see thee and wish thee Godspeed before thou goest. And now, my dear, good afternoon, for thou must hurry along and prepare for thy trip, I presume. *Adios,* Adelina, I will see thee in the morning."

And Adelina Torreon, with many, many protestations of thanks issuing from her lips, skipped merrily down the hill as if she were a careless little child who had just been given some great and wonderful present.

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So it was that the next day, a little later than ten in the morning, the good Padre Bernardo stood in front of his little church and watched the small train puff slowly away from the little station, knowing that with it was going Adelina Torreon. In order to encompass this it had been necessay for him to call upon the services of his good young friend, Don Francisco Ramirez; also, what was far worse, he had found it absolutely necessary to speak many untruths and to play the role of a subtle diplomat instead of that of the simple, kindly servant of the Lord that he was. But—but he knew that the *good Dios* above would pardon him in knowing that it had all been done for the ultimate good of his dear children; had all been done to bring peace, once more, into the quiet, calm, gentle village of La Cruz Blanca. And the good Padre Bernardo bowed his head, a joyous smile on his weatherbeaten face, and gave forth a prayer of thankfulness as he realized that all would be well among his dear children before very many hours had passed. Yes, sweethearts would be devoted as before; friends would not be split into opposing factions; and all his congregation, without doubt, would be on hand to hear mass on the coming Sunday!

# The Serpent of Bangapool

### by William Edward Ross

WRIGHT gazed again at the little card the fortune teller had handed to him. Translated, it read, as nearly as he could decipher it:

If you would find your rightful treasure,
And mete in full your rightful measure,
Go seek the Serpent of Bangapool,
And wrest from its clutches the Rajah's jewel.

Six days before, Wright had landed in Bangapool tired and disgusted. His physician had ordered that he take a sea voyage in order that he might recover from the nervous shock his father's death had caused him. It was more with a desire to pass away an idle hour that he had strolled into the chambers of the Hindu seer than for any desire to delve into the future. The latter had read his palm, more or less correctly, and afterwards had bade him dip his hand into the magic jar of Karma and bring out the first object with which it came in contact. He did so and produced the card.

"If the sahib will but follow the directions on the card, he will find that Karma is indeed a goddess of fortune," the turbanned Hindu interpolated, noting Wright's enquiring look.

"Instructions given are not very definite," replied Wright. "Where am I supposed to find the mythical serpent?"

"Not mythical, sahib, not mythical," replied the seer protestingly. "But where to find the serpent no one but the goddess herself knows. As she has deigned to favor the sahib with her counsel, she will, if the sahib but believes, show him the way. It is indispensable, however, that the sahib believe, else the goddess may become offended and refrain from giving him her aid."

Without replying, Wright picked up his helmet and left the room.

That evening after dinner Wright sauntered out for a stroll along the esplanade that ran the entire length of the city. Leaving the walk at the outskirts, he continued his stroll along a road that led out into the country. It was a dark night, but he felt no sense of insecurity as he continued on his solitary way.

Beside what seemed to be a large warehouse he paused a moment to light a cigarette. The flare from the match showed him the bare side of a large building without sign of an opening of any kind.

The night was hot and sultry, and he leaned against the building to rest before starting on his long walk back to town. His cigarette had burned to his finger tips and had gone out when he was startled by a light touch on his shoulder. Turning in amazement he was astounded to see directly behind him, where a minute before had been only the blank drab walls of the building ,a soft, yellow light, which seemed to emanate from and enshroud the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

Through the long tresses of her golden hair, which scintillated like polished metal, he could see traces of her firm white flesh. Her lips framed a smile and in her eyes was the alluring, infatuating invitation of the Orient. Wright was about to step toward her when a sharp hiss attracted his attention and the enormous head of the most hideous and repulsive serpent he had ever seen reared itself above the woman's head and rested upon her burnished curls. Wright stared in amazement and horror, which turned to wonder when, in place of fangs, he saw in the serpent's mouth the most perfect ruby he had ever seen. In the pale yellow radiance it glinted and shone like an animated blood corpuscle. Involuntarily he took a step forward when the light vanished and he bumped against the building.

Hurriedly striking match after match, he feverishly scanned the entire side of the building in search of an opening, only to be disappointed. He could not get to the ends and opposite side because of the high barbed wire fence which rose far above his head.

"Bah, nerves!" he finally ejaculated in disgust. "This accursed country is getting on my nerves." But try as he would to banish the vision as a chimera of his fancy, all the tales of the occult mysteries of India that he had ever heard came to him and frustrated logic's attempt to assert itself. Reaching into his pocket for his cigarette case, his fingers encountered the card given him by the fortune teller. Instantly its jingle occurred to him, and he caught himself repeating,

Go seek the Serpent of Bangapool,
And wrest from its clutches the Rajah's jewel.

In disgust Wright rubbed his hands over his eyes, then dropped them in horror. They seemed to be covered with blood. When he uncovered his eyes he saw, however, that it was not blood that had reddened his hands, but the reflection of a light that was again streaming from the building. This time the glow was blood red. As he watched, the light became stronger and stronger, and he saw again the serpent's head; this time seemingly supported on air. As his eyes became more accustomed to the strong glare, he saw its entire body, and that it was standing erect on its tail. The light emanated from the ruby which glistened and sparkled with the strength of the noonday sun. Fascinated, unable to move, Wright was horrified to see the woman's nude body gradually appear below the serpent's head, her alabaster flesh a brilliant red. This time there was no alluring invitation in her eyes, but grim, piteous terror. Muttering an oath, Wright again started forward, when the serpent closed its mouth, and all was darkness as before.

Like a madman Wright ran back and forth, skinning and bruising his knuckles as he hammered upon the building, only to have it echo his blows in hollow mockery. In his desperation and frantic efforts to force an entrance, he ran full tilt into a post and fell stunned to the ground.

How long he lay there he never knew. He was aroused from his tupor by a sensation of being carried, and awoke to find himself being lifted by an enormous black man.

Once again the light glowed in the side of the building, this time a sensuous pink, and as they entered it he could dimly see what appeared to be a stairway of abalone shell leading from the invisible door to a black cavern below. At the foot of the stairs, framed in the blackness, like a white marble statue, was the woman. Her lips were set in lines of command, and with an imperious gesture she beckoned them to approach. As they descended the stairs, the serpent appeared from out of the darkness and entwined about the woman's form. In horror at the sight, Wright again swooned.

When he recovered consciousness he was lying on an immense tiger skin in a dimly lighted room. The walls were hung with other skins and tapestries of wonderful design. At his right a small censor was burning, filling the room with a pungent, though sensuous and delightful aroma.

In wonder Wright raised himself on one arm, when he became conscious of a brilliant light burning in one end of the room. In the centre of the light was a small throne studded with brilliants. Seated upon the throne seat was the woman of the light, clad in a single loose gown of scarlet caught together at the neck with a large diamond. Upon her head sat a crown of gorgeous flowers. Behind the throne, emblazoned in letters of gold, was the quatrain that was written on the card he had taken from the jar of Karma.

Nowhere could he see the serpent, but as he raised himself there was a swish-swish from the corner to the left, and the serpent emerged and coiled itself at the woman's feet. At either side of her stood two enormous blacks leaning on huge swords. Kneeling at the foot of the throne was a white-haired patriarch in priestly garb.

At a word from the woman the priest arose and approaching Wright, beckoned for him to approach the throne. Wright did so, a warning hiss from the serpent telling him when to stop.

Love, hate, admiration, entreaty, fear and loathing alternately expressing themselves in her eyes, the woman sat fixedly regarding him. The serpent's bead-like eyes never left his face.

At last the woman spoke:

"Today through curiosity and a morbid desire to pierce the future, you dipped into the Jar of Karma and sought advice. Listen to me. A desire for knowledge of the unknown can only lead to one of two things, success or death. You have evidenced a desire to pierce the veil of obscurity. Now follow me. In Hera's mouth," playfully tapping the serpent on the head with her sandaled feet, at which it uttered a piercing scream, which caused a shiver to convulse Wright, "is the Rajah's jewel. Its possession bestows upon the possessor enormous wealth, an insight into the occult and eternal life. If you can secure possession of it from Hera, all these gifts are yours. If you cannot, it simply means an early death. By your curiosity you have evinced a desire to enter the combat. Now there is no retreat. Hera!"

At the note of command the serpent slowly uncoiled itself and advanced toward Wright. At the same time the priest thrust a long, shining dagger into his hand. The room gradually darkened, the only light being that extended from the ruby, now a sickly blood color, which finally died out altogether. The only sound disturbing the stillness was the uncanny swish of the serpent as it crawled across the floor and the labored breathing of Wright. Nearer and nearer came the terrifying swish of the reptile. After what seemed an interminable length of time, Wright felt it crawl across his feet. The shock galvanized him into action. With a quick downward movement he thrust at where he supposed the serpent to be. There was a piercing cry, like that of a woman in mortal distress, and the room filled with a dull red light.

At Wright's feet lay the serpent, a long, gaping wound in its side. The ruby, in its half-opened mouth, seemed to drip blood, drop by drop. With a cry of exultation Wright stooped to snatch the ruby, when the serpent quickly sprang at him and coiled about his body. Time after time he thrust the knife into the serpent, only to feel its coils grow tighter and tighter. At last, when it seemed that the last breath was about to leave his body, Wright struck desperately at the serpent's throat and was rewarded by feeling its coils relax and the serpent slip to the floor. Hurriedly he bent over its head and was horrified to see the eyes of the woman gazing at him reproachfully from out of the serpent's head. Stifling his emotion, he aimed at the ruby with his knife, thinking to dislodge it from its bed, when the serpent's head shot rapidly forward and all became blank.

Among the news items in the next morning's Bangapool *Gazette* was the following:

> Members of the native police this morning discovered the dead body of Richard Wright lying beside the old abandoned warehouse on the Rangoon Road. The clothes of the dead man were torn and crumpled, but there were no wounds on the body save a little X scar on the right thumb. In the center of the X was a single congealed drop of blood, which shone in the morning sunlight like a ruby.

A thing, however, the paper failed to state was that the Hundu fortune teller, upon reading the item smiled evilly, and lit a candle, which he set upon the shrine before the image of Karma.

# Judge Koons

by

## Russell Kelso Carter

NOTE.—*Our readers who have followed Dr. Carter's work in short stories and humorous sketches will be glad to see a more pretentious production from this author's versatile pen. The really remarkable series of detective stories in which the Doctor has introduced for the "first time on any stage" the use of animal intelligence, and even the power of psychometry in animals and men has awakened more than a passing interest, and it is gratifying to know that a fine dog, "Sport," assists materially in unraveling the mystery of Robert Hamilton's disappearance in this present book. Dr. Carter's powers of description, for which he has been "classed among the best of novelists" by leading critics of the press, are given full swing in this novel, and his rare dramatic power is freely employed. When you read the chapter on the great tennis game, with its wonderful "love set," you will agree that such powers are not to be found every day. The story moves steadily, with a deepening interest to a most satisfactory conclusion*

### CHAPTER I

LITTLE MILDRED PLAYFAIR sat in her room at boarding school so excited with what was before her that she could not do anything. Tomorrow was commencement day, and she was to graduate. Examinations had been passed triumphantly; her essay was prettily written out and actually committed to memory, and all was in readiness for the tremendous event. She had a letter from her mother telling who would come from Gotes Corners, and her heart gave a singular bound as she read the name of Robert Hamilton.

Mildred had never forgotten the day when she had told Mr. Hamilton not to mind if he were not going to the wedding of Ernest Stirling and Marian Gordon, for when she grew up she would marry him, and they would have a real nice wedding. She had never forgotten how he had kissed her and said, "Very well, darling, I will remember." Hamilton had been serving pastorates in different places for some years, and she had spent four years at school, growing up rapidly into a slender, graceful girl of medium height, a perfect complexion and the loveliest hair in the world—"crimped sunshine," Judge Koons (her mother's uncle) called it. Now Mildred was pondering just one thought—had Mr. Hamilton forgotten?

Of course he had. How was it possible for a grown man like him, twice her age at least, to care for a few words like those, spoken by a child years ago? It was absurd. She had seen him several times since that memorable day, but not at all since she left home for school, and in four years a growing girl changes tremendously. He could have no idea of her present appearance nor of her mental accomplishments. She found herself trying to picture the effect upon him when he grasped the fact that this young lady was the little Mildred he had known. She fished out from her desk an old photograph of a pretty looking child, with a short dress, hair down her back, and a certain expression of trying to look unconscious and failing utterly in the attempt. Then she went to the mirror and minutely compared her present self with the picture. The result could not but be reassuring, and the graceful head nodded several times in approval.

"He will never know me," she murmured. "I wonder if he will remember."

From her father—David Playfair—Mildred had inherited much of that quiet, sturdy character which has been so marked among the Quakers. The child was always quick to perceive the difference between right and wrong, conscientious to a degree and as truthful as the sunlight. From her mother she received the foundations of her beauty—much improved however, for the girl was lovely to look upon—and that rare delicacy of feeling which had always distinguished the elder Mildred. Then there was the Judge. Little Mildred stoutly insisted that she inherited something from her uncle, for she admired him and loved him devotedly. The Judge laughingly declared that she had a goodly share of his "horse sense," a statement which the child received with profound satisfaction.

"Uncle is so wise," she said gravely.

* * *

The difference in ages between Judge Koons and his niece, the elder Mildred, was not great, and between him and his grand-niece stretched not more than thirty-three years, so that the eventful commencement season which found Mildred about nineteen showed a trifle over fifty to the Judge's credit, an amount which that worthy gentleman's peaceful, happy life had apparently kept under a considerable reduction.

Mildred, like all young girls, was a dreamer, and many a colored vision passed slowly before her wondering eyes; visions in which she figured in some way, and in which nearly always the Rev. Robert Hamilton was found also. For the child never forgot her early love for the man, and cherished it in her bosom as her choicest treasure, taking it out often in secret to examine it, turn it over and over, and speculate on its value, like a veritable little miser with a hoard of gold. Robert Hamilton had always been her ideal, her knight, her hero. When she was very young her feelings had been freely expressed with the innocency of childhood; but they were none the less real, none the less true. Some doubt the possibility of a genuine love in a little child, but Mildred knew it was possible; she knew it was real. Her very life centered in and around this pure passion of the heart. She lived for it, planned for it, wondered about it, and prayed over it even when she feared to whisper the words addressed to the Almighty, but merely thought them, so sacred and so secret they were to her.

The last two years she had come really to understand a little of the great trouble through which her hero had passed when he loved and lost Marian Gordon. When it happened the child only dimly grasped the idea that Hamilton was grieved at something, and her whole thought was to make it up to him again. But, as the years went by, and she studied into her small problem of life more deeply, she began to see, little by little, how he must have suffered. She had loved the beautiful Miss Marian dearly, and no thought of anger, much less of jealousy, entered her clear, sweet mind. She only felt sorry that they could not have been happy. Later she grasped the idea that Hamilton had been the real sufferer; that Marian had not really loved him, and that their action at last in relinquishing their promise had been prompted by the highest motives on either side. When she thought of this Mildred smiled with satisfaction.

"Of course he would do what was right," she said with assurance. "And so would Miss Marian."

She was glad Marian was so happy with her husband, very glad. Perhaps there was just a shade of relief in this feeling, but it was not with any conscious thought of herself. Of that she was incapable. She naturally recoiled from any approach to basing her joy upon another's pain.

Still later it occurred to her that, in seeking to "make it up to Hamilton," she was perhaps a little conceited. Why should he care enough for a child like her to be so easily satisfied? This problem worried her a great deal. She shrank from comparing herself with Marian Gordon, and shrank still more from imagining that she could be all things to such a good man as her hero surely was. Yet she wanted to be just that. It was an important and a delicate matter, and she viewed and reviewed it many times.

Mildred had grown rapidly of late and, at nineteen, was far more developed mentally and physically than most girls. She loved to study, not merely to secure an accomplishment, but for the sake of the studies themselves. It was such a keen satisfaction to feel that she really understood and had positively acquired additional knowledge. And then she hoped to be of some use to somebody, some day. To whom? Oh, it was hard to say: to Robert Hamilton, perhaps. That would be very nice, to assist him at his good work among the people.

When she walked out on the stage to read her essay her heart was thumping indecorously in her breast, but she gave no outward sign of embarrassment. Halfway across the platform to her position near the desk, she caught sight of Hamilton in the audience, sitting beside the Judge. She knew him instantly, while he was looking beyond her for the Mildred he had known. It gave her a great throb of satisfaction as she noted this, and another when she saw him flush with sudden surprise and pleasure as the Judge nudged him and whispered where to look. But even his slight bow of salutation did not unsteady her nerves. She was moving as if in a dream, taking only partial cognizance of outward things. Her ideal must be carried out, and there should be no flaw in her behavior. Did she notice the slight buzz of admiration? Possibly, it could hardly be mistaken for anything else, but she went right on with her part, reading in a clear, well modulated voice, and with a positive determination to carry her audience to her own conclusions.

Was the applause a little stronger than for any of her predecessors? She did not ask, but only glanced hastily, as she bowed her farewell, and then her acknowledgments, to where the two men sat. The Judge was clapping vigorously, his broad face lit up with appreciation and honest pride, but Hamilton sat staring fixedly at her and giving no sign. Had she pleased him, or was he disappointed? Her quick intuitions told her he was surprised, but her modesty rather contradicted this and warned her not to be vain. In her heart she whispered, "Oh, if only he was satisfied with me!"

## Chapter II

Judge Koons sat in his office ruminating. His clerk had gone out on an errand, the Judge gazing after him as he disappeared round the corner.

"He's a queer one, is Jimmy," said Koons; "but I like him. Somethin' in the chap. More get-up to him than t'other."

"T'other" meant poor little Jimmy Small, who had died from poison administered by his own hand in a fit of desperation. The worthy magistrate had now secured the services of Jimmy Long, who, like his name, "reached a considerable distance when he stood up," as the Judge expressed it. Jimmy was angular, jagged and somewhat uncouth in his appearance, but there was a certain resoluteness about his large mouth, and a squareness to his chin that gave the Judge hopes for his future.

"He's got the stuff," said Koons, sententiously.

A shadow fell across his table and he looked up.

"Glad to see you, Robert," he exclaimed. "Set right down an' let's have the news. What d'ye think of the little girl? Didn't she do us all proud? I tell you, sir, she made her ole uncle feel kinder stuck up. She did fer a fact."

Robert Hamilton smiled approvingly, as he took the seat proffered with a wave of the Judge's hand.

"Yes, she certainly did well. I confess I was astonished at her. She has developed wonderfully. I really think—"

He stopped with the slightest suggestion of not going too far; but the Judge took him up.

"You mean she was just about the prettiest one in the whole pack, don't you? An' she did well enough for many a preacher who's been at the trade ten years."

Hamilton nodded and smiled, and the Judge went on.

"You know, when that pretty creature walked out there so demure an' so brave before all that crowd I just felt like gaspin' fer fear she'd flunk, or faint, or forget, or some such tomfool thing. But when I see her sailin' right along just as steady as you ever did in your pulpit, an' hear what good straight sense she was a-sayin', I got over my stage fright an' took to wonderin' if all the folks was as conscious as I was what a big thing was goin' on. ' 'Tain't often,' says I to myself; ' 'tain't often you hear better sense than that from older folks.' An' when she got clean through an' was a-bowin' so sweet an' blushin' till she looked like her hair was reflected a bit in her face, I just wanted to jump on the seat an' holler fer all I was worth. Say, Robert, how did you feel about it?"

Hamilton was laughing heartily, but he agreed with the speaker without hesitation as to the general tenor of his opinions.

"Don't it make me mind the old times!" said Koons, rubbing his waistcoat thoughtfully. "My soul! when I stood up to speak a piece at the village school, didn't I feel like a scared hen. I couldn't see anything in front of me fer a spell, but I rushed along somehow. Whew! how it goes all through my weskit again! Hoo! hoo! hoo!"

"Did you ever speak 'My voice is still for war?'" asked Hamilton.

"Did I? You bet I did. An' then there was 'Bingen on the Rhine,' only that was most too sentimental for me. When I was a-goin' in fer a little more style I spouted 'Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.' Once when the school trustees come to hear us, I put in my biggest lick. I got off 'The Baron's Last Banquet.' Do ye mind that? 'O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray.'

"I really believe the pretty teacher was a bit proud of me sure enough that day fer I just spread myself where the old chap dies, you know; an' afterwards, when she came up to me an' thanked me fer doin' the best in my life—that's what she said—an' actually put her arm half over my shoulder an' give me a sort of hug; that was too much fer me, sir; yes it was."

"What did you do, Judge?" laughingly asked Hamilton.

"I'd done a power of thinkin' of what I would do if ever she treated me that way. I'd seen her hug the little boys, an' now an' then give Tommy Jenks a kiss, an' I'd say to myself she'd better not give me half a chance that way. An' now my chance came all to oncet, an' sure's I'm a Koon, I was so conflumuxed that I stammered, an' twisted, an' waited, an'—lost it all. Never did a thing. Hoo! hoo! hoo! Don't do, my boy, to wait when the opportunity knocks at the door. Opportunity is most always in a tremenjus hurry; travels on the limited express an' no stops. Some men seem to be made so by nature that they are all primed for anything sudden that comes along. But I wasn't made up that way, not that time, anyhow."

"Never mind, Judge," said Hamilton, consolingly, "You will get another chance yet."

"Go 'long with you, go 'long," replied Koons, "you know I'm not one of the marryin' kind."

"Oh! you're not too old," returned the other. "There is hope for you yet."

The elder man's eyes snapped.

"Look here, Robert," he exclaimed, "I reckon you're thinkin' of the thing yourself. That's what this means. Can't fool your uncle very easy, you know."

* * *

Hamilton looked a trifle conscious, and this did not escape the keen eye of the Judge, but the other passed it off pleasantly and soon after left the office.

Koons looked long in the direction he had gone, and then said musingly, "Robert's hit somehow. It's been a long time since he was hurt so bad, but he's young yet. Who can it be? Lemme see! Lemme see! G-r-e-a-t s-n-a-k-e-s! I've got it sure. Well, well, I never. Wouldn't that be fine though? Course it would. All right, Robert, I'm on your side, an' hers, too, fer that matter. I'll help it along certain."

That night the Judge called on the widow Hamilton, who was visiting at the Corners, and made her laugh for an hour, and when he left he whistled softly to himself as he walked home in the moonlight.

"That's a most sensible woman," he said, as he reached his door. "She'll help, too, or I'm mistaken. Seems to me I never see her look so handsome as she did tonight." And the Judge positively dreamed of a good looking lady of about forty-five or so—a most unusual proceeding in his practical life.

## Chapter III

Mildred Playfair was a lovely girl, there was no dispute about that, at least in Robert Hamilton's mind. He had met her twice since her graduation, but only when others were present. A shade of restraint in her manner made him feel that the old familiar acquaintance was not to be too lightly resumed, but this very knowledge increased his desire for a more thorough introduction to the young lady. The second time he saw her she had seemed more like her old childish self, as she was when she so openly expressed her devotion to him; and he could not help likening the girl to a deep, pure spring which burst from the ground at the foot of a giant oak, away up on the hillside beyond her father's farm—a spring which fed the little brook from which he had brought water many times during his courtship of Marian Gordon.

Hamilton had borne his great disappointment so bravely that more than half the battle was over in the beginning, and for several years he had been able sincerely to rejoice in the happiness of his friends. His life was serious, and his cares, incident to his pastoral work, were many. With deep sympathies he listened to the numerous tales of woe poured into his ear, and gave his advice with honesty, discernment and wisdom. There was, however, somewhat of a sombre hue upon his life, and he had almost come to feel that it could never be lifted. But when he sat and gazed at "Little Mildred," as she read her essay, something of the brightness and joyousness of her youth pierced the clouds enveloping his senses, and the man breathed deeply, as if he sniffed bracing, mountain air. He could not get the girl out of his mind, and had come to Gotes Corners simply to see her again. Scorning any subterfuge, he went direct to the "big house" and asked for her. David Playfair was at work, and the elder Mildred had gone out. Availing himself of his oldtime welcome at the home, Hamilton strolled out on the side portico, and then into the pretty garden back of the house. An artistic little summer house, new to him, attracted his attention, and he walked slowly down the path. He had heard the servant call Miss Mildred, but there was no response, and as he neared the summer house he was charmed to see the object of his search half reclining on a rustic seat, her arm beneath her head, and a book held lightly in her hand.

Her eyes were closed, and he saw that she was sleeping. Pausing at the entrance he stopped, folded his arms, and leaning against the trellised side, studied the sweet face before him. Long and earnestly he gazed, and then said in an inaudible whisper:

"I can think of nothing but that hill spring."

The girl stirred, and he spoke quietly:

"May I come in— Mildred?"

She opened her eyes, gave a little start, and then rose with a flush of pleasure on her face, holding out both hands—

"I am so glad to see you," she said; "won't you sit down."

* * *

A beautiful, dreamy summer afternoon; a place redolent of sacred and never-to-be-forgotten associations; a lovely girl with a face like an angel from the old missals; and the memory of her words when she said: "Never mind, when I'm big like mamma, I'm going to marry you, and we'll have a wedding as nice as any of them, won't we?" Of what could a man, still under forty, be expected to think? And Robert Hamilton was a number of years under forty.

He sat down in a turn of the summer house, partly opposite to Mildred, picked up her book and glanced at it idly, then looked straight at her and said:

"I wonder if you are half so glad to see me as I to see you?"

"That's very nice of you," she returned demurely, a bewitching smile darting round her dimples upon either side of the rosy mouth.

"I was genuinely proud of you, child," he said abruptly.

She flushed gloriously.

"Oh! you mean at the Commencement? Oh, Rob— Mr. Hamilton, do you really mean it?"

With clasped hands, her breath coming quickly, her eyes gazing straight into his, she was simply herself, and he thought that was perfect.

"Please do not call me 'Mr. Hamilton,' " he said. "You have grown up now, you know; you are big like your mamma, and you always promised to be my particular friend, you remember, when you grew up."

Mildred's eyes showed a trace of fear. His words came so dangerously near her own—her own she had never forgotten. Could it be possible that he remembered them? She breathed flutteringly, and looked down a moment in confusion. But her curiosity was too strong, and her nature too simple for much concealment. With charming simplicity she asked:

"You don't recall my childish prattle, do you?"

"Would it be unpleasant for you if I did recall it?" he queried gravely. But his handsome eyes were smiling, and she felt there was something beyond them. Yet his words put her in an awkward dilemma. She felt its force either way, and slightly resented being so placed.

"That is hardly fair, to corner me like that. You are smarter than I."

"And you, you—" he was going to say, "are sweeter than I"; but he caught himself and smiled at her as before.

"What are you thinking about?" the girl asked bravely? "You look at me as if I were a study in some new science."

"Not exactly a new science," he said slowly, "but a very, very interesting one."

"I am glad if I interest you. I think I used to interest you when I was a child."

* * *

She looked at him archly, and shook her sunny hair.

"Of course you interested me; you were a most attractive child; but you have wonderfully changed."

"How very complimentary! I must be most unattractive now."

"Oh, no. Change may be in degree, not in direction. You have not gone by opposites."

"I wish you would speak more plainly," said the girl, impulsively, "I seem to remind you of something. What is it?"

"Of the old Indian spring on the hillside." A quick intuition flashed in her eyes.

"How am I like that spring?" she asked in a low voice.

"It is so pure; so cool, and clear, and refreshing after the hot toil across the fields."

The tears welled over her full lids, and she said simply:

"Oh, thank you. I don't see how it can be, but it's nice to have you think so."

"Do you know this Fordham Riggs?" asked Hamilton, irrelevantly.

"Yes, I met him a week ago, at a church social."

"You speak as if he did not make a favorable impression," said Hamilton, with an amused smile.

"Oh, I don't like him."

"Why?"

"I hardly know. Perhaps I shouldn't say it, but he's too awfully good looking—"

Hamilton laughed heartily.

"Too good looking! Now Mildred, is that possible?"

"Certainly," she replied, with emphasis. "The girls are all crazy about him; they say he is the handsomest man that ever came to the Corners. But that is not so."

She stopped suddenly, as if she were about to say more.

"That is not so, and yet he is 'too good looking.' How do you reconcile that, Mildred?"

"I don't have to reconcile it," she retorted. "You can, if you wish."

"But I do not have to settle it, either."

"They are all welcome to him," said the girl. "I do not like him at all."

"He is interesting to me," remarked Hamilton. "He makes me think of something; can you guess?"

The girl gazed at him thoughtfully and then returned:

"I think he reminds me of that deep, black pool below the old mill; the one that the boys say has no bottom."

"That must be a clear case of mental telepathy," answered Hamilton, with interest; "I was thinking of that very pool. Many a time I have lost things in it when I was a boy."

"I hope we will not lose anything in this one," replied Mildred.

Robert Hamilton felt a slight chill down his spine.

"I hope not," he said, simply. "Will you walk with me to the Indian spring tomorrow evening, Mildred?"

The girl promised with evident pleasure, and on the following afternoon Hamilton found her dressed in a pretty white waist with elbow sleeves, a blue skirt short enough for easy walking, and only her lovely hair for a head covering.

They walked slowly across the fields, a mile and more to the hillside, where the beautiful spring gushed out beneath the great oak. Sometimes she allowed him to lift her over the fences, and then she declined his aid, and vaulted lightly over in a manner that excited his admiration.

"I am so glad you are not one of these pale, weak inabilities that one sees all about nowadays," he said, as the girl sprang over the low snake fence near the spring.

"I do not see why a girl should not take proper exercise and develop her muscles as regularly as a boy," she replied, with spirit.

"Can you run?" asked Hamilton.

"I won the hundred yard dash, and the high jump at the last field day at college. My time was only a quarter of a second behind the record for girls."

* * *

He glanced up and down her graceful but strong figure approvingly.

"That is delightful," he said. "I wish all the girls would follow your example."

"That is not all," continued Mildred, with animation; "I put up forty pounds with one hand. What do you think of that?"

He looked incredulous.

"You put up forty pounds with that arm?"

"Yes, with that arm. Why not? Just feel my muscle," and she extended the member rigidly. He pressed it a moment; it was firm and strong. When he showed his surprise she said:

"I saw that wonderful young woman from southern California, the one they call 'Jaguarina';* and she roused us all up."

"'Jaguarina?' That means the female jaguar, doesn't it?"

"Yes. They called her so on account of her marvellous quickness. I saw her fence with the champion of Germany, or some European country; I forget which. She beat him every way, on foot and mounted. In fact she knocked him clear off his horse with one blow of the broadsword on his helmet. They say she has defeated every champion but two. One of those she has not had the opportunity to meet, and the other tried to take refuge behind the plea that he did not like to fight with a woman. Wasn't that absurd, in view of all the great fencers she had defeated?"

"Rather absurd, I should fancy," replied Hamilton. He was watching the mobile countenance before him, keenly enjoying her enthusiasm.

"Who is this 'Jaguarina'?" he asked.

"She is a member of a fine old Spanish family in California. When a little girl, she was delicate, but her brother led her to exercise, and after a time she developed some ability with the foils. She became enthusiastic, and improved rapidly, so rapidly that, in a short time, she overcame with ease every amateur she encountered. Then she tried the champions. She defeated the champion of the United States army in San Francisco, I believe, and they say it was a great exhibition of skill and strength. She is a wonderful horsewoman, controlling her horse with marvellous dexterity; and then she is so strong. Why, she weights one hundred and ninety-five, although she is splendidly formed and very fine looking. I wish you could see her. She's great."

Hamilton smiled at her warmth.

"You will do to represent her," he said.

"Oh no, I sha'n't. She is so quick. One of those champions told her he couldn't tell how she did it; he knew he was hit, but he couldn't tell how, it was so like lightning."

"I don't think it is so very new for a young woman to hit a man so he can't tell just how it's done. He knows he is hit; that expresses it finely; but he can't tell how."

"Now you are making fun of me," she exclaimed. "But I am in earnest. I believe in athletics with all my heart. Just wait till you try a game of tennis with me. I'll show you. Do you know I won the championship of our college?"

"Indeed! You will have to let me beat you," he replied lightly.

---

* One of the most remarkable athletes America has ever produced.

But when, two days after, he faced Mildred on the tennis court, her pretty white flannel suit, the bit of blue ribbon in her hair, her round arms flying in all directions as she handled her racket with the skill of a practised player, he found that his boast was vain. The girl simply beat him at every point. He had been a little proud of his swift service, but she returned with ease; and when she sent the ball whizzing just above the net, time and again he failed to pick it up. Considerably chagrined, he put forth his best efforts, but it was no use. She was too much for him, and showed her pleasure at her superiority with all the naivete of a child. Especially was this apparent when the last three games scored as "love" games against him. He never made a single point. Mildred was in ecstasies; she threw her racket in the air, caught it again, and fairly danced in her exultation.

"I told you to look out for me," she cried. "Why that's three 'loves' in succession. Isn't that fine?"

Hamilton had dropped on the grass, under a tree at the end of the court. He was admiring her with all his might, but she did not notice it.

"That is not so wonderful," he said, tantalizingly. "Of course a pretty girl beats a man at a 'love' game."

She came over and sat down, panting, on a rustic seat beside him. Her "crimpled sunshine" was well deserving its name; a healthy color covered her face and neck, and her blue eyes were dancing. She squeezed the racket a moment with her vigorous little hand, and then threw it on the ground, saying laughingly:

"You just make fun of me when I get you in a corner. But I'm just tickled to death to beat you so. You were always my ideal, and seemed so far above me of course. I didn't suppose I could ever reach you in anything. And now you see you will have to learn more about tennis at any rate."

"I will learn willingly if you will consent to be my teacher," said Hamilton, gravely. Yet his eyes smiled.

"Indeed I will teach you all I can," she replied.

"Even how to win 'love' games straight away?" he inquired, still smiling.

She had showed plenty of color from her work, but now she was rosy indeed. Her lips half parted, but she caught the reply, whatever it was. She flamed with color, and showed evident embarrassment, but struggled bravely to hide it.

Suddenly, catching up the tennis ball from the seat beside her, she threw it at him sharply. It struck his uncovered forehead and bounded off into the grass.

"That is 'love' for me," he laughed, rising and approaching her carelessly; "but what is it for you?"

"I don't know what to do with you," she replied half petulantly; "you are always making me feel you are laughing at me; and then you look at me so."

Having turned the attack upon him, she was more at her ease, and looked up at him defiantly.

"Sit down here, and tell me what you mean," she commanded.

He sat down on the other end of the bench, leaned back and gazed at her with half closed eyes.

"Don't do that," she pleaded; "you make me nervous. You seem to be studying me as if I were a compound puzzle."

"I am studying you," he replied; "I am wondering if you remember?"

* * *

She glanced at him with a sudden fright in her eyes. Intuition told her he referred to her long ago words. But now that subject came so near, she dreaded to have him say more. Instinctively she fenced a little.

"I do not remember much before I went to school," she said. "Only that I was very happy at home in the big house."

"Do you not remember some of your sayings?"

He thought he saw her heart beat under her waist; and he was sure she started slightly, but she replied steadily:

"I think I had a habit of saying childish and foolish things."

"Your uncle always declared that you had lots of 'horse sense,'" returned Hamilton.

Suddenly Mildred sprang to her feet, seized her racket and flourished it vigorously. She looked bewitching in her fresh young strength. Raising the racket as if to strike him, she exclaimed:

"You can beat me at smart talk, but I can beat you at tennis; yes, I believe, if I try, I can beat you 'love' every time."

She darted towards the house, throwing a glance back at him over her shoulder.

"Mildred, Mildred!" he called.

She stopped on the porch steps.

"Well, what is it?"

"I want to tell you something of which you remind me. Come back, won't you?"

He held out his hand. But she waved him off, calling:

"Come tomorrow and have your first lesson in tennis. I must go and dress now."

The very picture of throbbing life, she faced her mirror, saying impatiently:

"What is the matter with me? Why did I act so? Oh, how I wish he had told me just what he meant."

And then she wept for five minutes in acute disappointment.

## CHAPTER IV

"I wonder what that chap is after," said the Judge, musingly.

"That chap" was the stranger—Fordham Riggs—who had questioned the worthy magistrate about some deeds to property which had once belonged in the Playfair family.

"Jimmy, get me that box of deeds from the safe."

The clerk obeyed, and the Judge pored over the papers for an hour. Finally he discovered something that caused him to whistle softly to himself.

"Hm! that language seems pretty broad. I don't know, but somehow I suspicion that chap. Reckon I'll look further."

Taking down his hat Koons moved towards the door.

"I'm going over to Rattlesburg, Jimmy," he said briefly.

Rattlesburg was the county town, and the Judge spent some hours examining the records, tracing out successive sales of certain property, and minutely scanning the language of each document. Next day he returned to the scene and spent all the afternoon in like employment, taking notes carefully, and arranging them so that he could find certain records again without trouble. His brow was clouded, and he compressed his lips, as was his wont when deeply thoughtful.

"You ast me, Jimmy," he said on the following day, "if there was anything like trouble after me. You mind, when I was talking last week?"

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk, looking up with interest.

"Well, there's some of it scoutin' round in the woods."

"Anything that can be helped?" asked Jimmy, respectfully.

"That's what I'm cogitatin' on. Has to be a right smart streak that I can't figger out some way to lighten it up a bit. You know when you're after rabbits the critters double so often that a green pup'll start yellin' along the scent in a minute, but he ain't got experience enough to tell him he's trailin' the wrong way. I don't often trail wrong, my boy."

Robert Hamilton dropped in as the Judge concluded his sentence, and caught a few words.

"Good morning, Judge," he said; "What are you settling now? Some weighty point, as usual?"

"Nonsense, Robert," replied the Judge. "I can't settle the earth. But I do want to balk a scoundrel if I get a chance, even if it can't be done with no better tool than my brains. Ever notice what miserable little affairs the hand of Providence uses sometimes? There was Samson. Look at that ass's jaw. Wasn't that a pretty thing to get him out of that scrap with a whole regiment? But it did it, sure. Same time, when a feller gets where nothin'll save him but an ass's jaw it oughter make him think that mebbe he's got out of fix with Providence and things in general. Oh, I know the Lord made a big miracle with it, and saved him; but that showed what the Lord can do, even with asses' jaws."

Hamilton laughed, and stretched himself back in his armchair.

"Go on, Judge," he said; "It's a long time since I heard you discuss Samson, and then you left out that about the jaw. I have often wondered what became of that bone; whether the Israelites put it in the sacred museum or not."

With a droll look on his countenance the Judge said: "Ever notice how, instead of layin' round on the ash-piles where they belong, most all the asses' jaws, from that time to this, has kep' a-waggin' like mad, in season an' out of season? Seems like they can't forget what a big thing that one jaw did when Samson got hold of it. But then they likewise forget the Lord had somethin' to do with that particular job.

"I heard a chap one day, one of them pestiferous jumpers-up that runs round to all religious meetin's where folks is allowed to speak, he said somethin' about his bein' nothin' but a poor weak vessel, but he'd promised the Lord never to let a chance go by to speak a few words of testimony. He knew he couldn't say much, but he remembered the jaw of the ass, an' what the Lord did with it in the hands of Samson. Well, after the meetin' was over, I ran against him in the crowd goin' out, an' I says, says I, 'Look here, brother, there's one thing you oughter remember 'long with all that 'bout the jaw bone.' 'What is that, dear brother?' says he. 'Why,' says I, 'it's the obvious fact that you've had your hair cut most too often to make any show, even with such a weapon as a jaw bone. An' then,' says I—as he was wrigglin' his way through the crowd to get away from me—'that particular jaw bone Samson used, was dead, but unfortunately, the one you're usin' ain't.' You oughter seen him vamoose."

"I wish you would tell that at the meeting in my present charge," said Hamilton. "I have one or two who could profit greatly, I think."

"Well, I started on trouble, an' how the Lord uses mighty small things sometimes to get the best of a scoundrel. Mebbe we can do our part. I'll just whisper a word in your ears; keep it to yourselves, mind. Watch that chap, Fordham Riggs, an' if you see anything you don't like, be sure to let me know. But don't give yourselves away to him."

Hamilton gazed at the Judge with a queer feeling in his breast. It was seldom that the worthy magistrate spoke in this manner. But it was evident that he was thoroughly in earnest. When Jimmy went out to lunch he said quietly, "Do you know, Judge, I have had a strange sense of distrust about this Riggs; and I know one other person who has felt the same."

"All right," replied Koons. "Watch him. I can't say anythin' more. But he'll bear watchin'."

(*To be continued*)

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# PAHTNAHS

### *By* AGNES MARY BROWNELL

HYAH da, Mis' Fiddle, li'le wa'm brown fiddle—
  Huccum y' choose sech a spindlin' bow?
When us brack chillun reel down de middle,
  Y' mine me o' fat Sis Flory sho!

Slim Jim steps up en he meks his bow to e'—
  Sis Flo rise up en she teck 'is ahm;
Don' say y' knows what dancin' is fo' suah
  Twell y' sees dem two when dey bofe gets wa'm!

Adown de flo' en up tho de middle,
  Slim Jim a-swingin' his honey Flo—
En a slim li'le bow en a wa'm brown fiddle,
  Dey plays de chunes o' de long ago.

# The George Washington Memorial

by

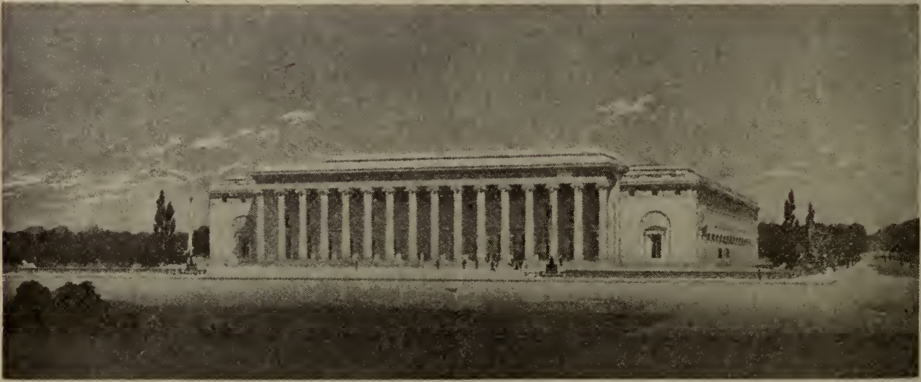
## Flynn Wayne

WHEN the responsibility is presented for providing permanent memorials of this country, such as the Washington Monument, Bunker Hill Monument, and other memorials that are to command the patriotic admiration of the generations that follow, it is the women of America who finally complete the work. The organization in charge of the George Washington Memorial have inaugurated a campaign for a building in the city of Washington, in commemoration of George Washington and his interest in higher education that will be as notable and be even more utilitarian than any previous project.

As we re-read the life of Washington, his chief thought in his later days, after all his activities for the country were over, was for education of the people, literature, science and art, and in his first message occurs the oft-quoted and memorable words, "knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public business." One of the most sightly locations in the Capital has been secured on the Mall near Sixth Street, not far from the Smithsonian Institute, and on a line with the new National Museum Building.

The Association, under the executive management of Mrs. Henry F. Dimock, already has the work under way. An act of Congress, passed last year, appropriating the land for the building, to be under the administration of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institute, and in accordance with plans, under the Commission of Fine Arts.

The building is to be of granite, costing two million dollars, with an auditorium seating not less than six thousand people,



GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL BUILDING

(something that has long been needed in Washington), with smaller halls, reception room and other offices as required. The auditorium will be a fitting memorial to the first Continental Congress and signers of the Declaration of Independence. Naturally the Memorial will become the rendezvous of the large number of conventions coming to Washington which are increasing every year. The women of the Association have shouldered the task of providing the one million dollars that is required to be subscribed and paid into the treasury of the Association before the building is commenced, which must occur within two years from the time the bill was passed.

The project has enlisted the enthusiastic interest of the members of the Confederate Veterans and Grand Army of the Republic and Dr. James Ford Rhodes, the celebrated historian, has written that "no one can read European history or travel in Europe without feeling one of our best assets is the memory of George Washington. No other country has such a worthy. In reverencing him both the South and North can unite with enthusiasm. What can be better than to add to the impressive monument this serviceable memorial?" This splendid endorsement, coming as it does from a man whose life has been immersed in historical research, is a significant tribute to the work undertaken by the women. The contributions from organizations range from $100 to $100,000 with many smaller amounts, and individuals are sending in their mites from all over the country.

One section of the building is to be the children's tribute to Washington. Over fifty thousand school children have already shown their interest in this wing of the building, and thousands of pins have been called for and sold by the children in nearly every state in the Union. Each of these pins represents a contribution of ten cents, and provides a brick in the building, marked "A Brick in the George Washington Memorial Building." This plan indicated determination to have this building identified with special work already inaugurated for the welfare of American children in the Child Bureau, and it is believed that there will not be a boy or girl in America that will not possess and wear a pin, representing his personal contribution in the building. The Memorial Association also provides for a membership fee of $5.00 and $2.00 each year, with life membership at $100. The project has already enlisted the hearty interest of English people who have purchased Sulgrave Manor, the old home of the Washingtons, to celebrate the one hundred years of peace among English-speaking people.

Each contribution sent to the president of the Association, Mrs. Henry F. Dimock, 1301 Sixteenth Street, Washington, receives a receipt handsomely engraved, a fitting souvenir of the undertaking. The building will be of classic design with inspiring pillars, altogether a superb adornment to the City Beautiful. The front of pillared marble, and on Armory Square, will make it one of the most ornate structures in Washington. The decoration of the interior will be especially appropriate to the ideals of Washington as expressed when he planned the city.

*Photo by Aime Dupont, New York*

MRS. HENRY F. DIMOCK
President of George Washington Memorial Association

In every city, town and hamlet throughout the country there are people who should take an active interest in helping to raise the amount necessary to complete the building fund. This will be one of the few public buildings in the city of Washington constructed by voluntary subscriptions of the people, and the very fact that having the people themselves contribute directly will make every visitor to Washington feel a closer personal interest in the George Washington Memorial than almost any other building. The little child lisping the name of George Washington and indeed every citizen of the country should avail themselves of the opportunity to just do something of their own volition, representing at least some little sacrifice for their country's sake; and how could this service be more appropriately rendered than help build this practical and beautiful memorial to the Father of His Country.

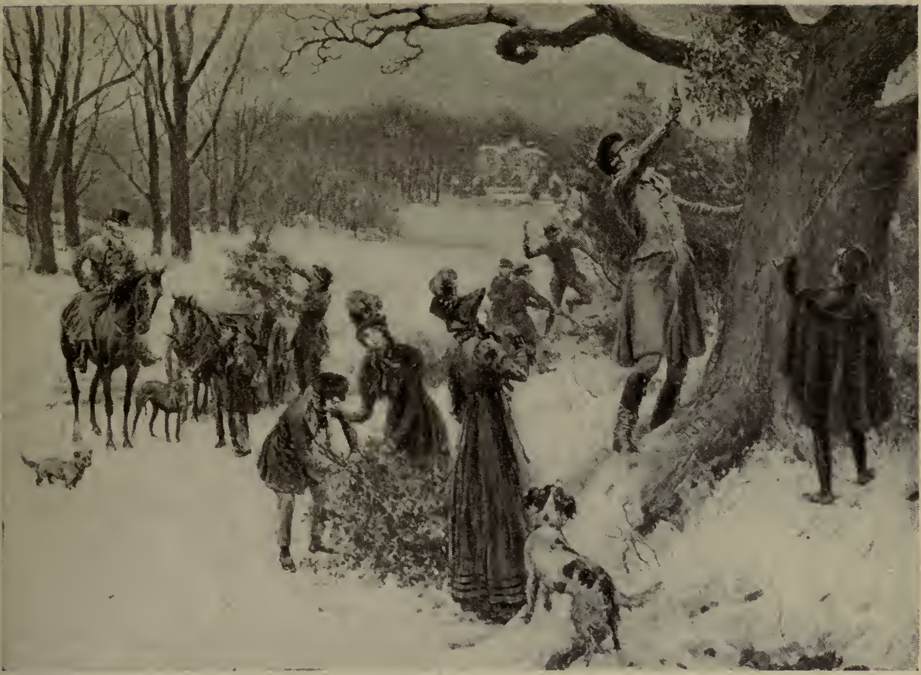
The project reflects the practical spirit of the times, making it a useful as well as imposing reminder of the first president, and fulfilling his dreams of wide-spread education throughout the Republic which his leadership made possible. There was a time, when a picture of Washington hung in almost every American home, which represented a little personal sacrifice to revere and immortalize the name of Washington. After meeting Mrs. Dimock and many of the other ladies interested in the project, I feel that the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot make too strong an appeal to every reader to do a little something for this patriotic project; and when your children hereafter come to Washington, they will feel that in this handsome memorial they enjoy a personal heritage, due to the fact that they helped in forwarding a movement and building a memorial that will be as lasting and enduring as the tall shaft on the Mall which millions of people have visited, impressed with noble thoughts and ideals of George Washington. The present generation will carry out in this way a remembrance such as Washington would have wished the Memorial to be—one that will tell of the Father of his Country to all nations for all time. The Memorial received the hearty private and official endorsement of former President Taft and President Wilson, and the impression is that it will help not only our own people, but all over the world will realize that while the war clouds may gather in other lands, the American people, united and enthusiastic, continue to pay their tribute to peace and prosperity and the triumphant purposes of Washington and the fathers of the republic, in constructing a memorial building that will serve as a fitting reminder day by day of the rare heritage which a hundred million people possess through the name and memory of George Washington.

# SORROW

I COME to all; I touch to tears the eyes
Of the young bride; and on the foreheads white
Of babes new-born my wrinkled name I write;
The simple know me, and the passing wise
Bow down to me their heads with mournful sighs.
The fairest flower the soonest feels my blight;
The lowly hut and palace on the height
I enter ruthlessly, midst wails and cries.

Yet is there healing in my kiss of pain;
Blest guerdons do I give for human loss:
The weakling at my touch grows pure and strong.
I am the spirit of immortal gain—
The lonely Virgin at the conquering cross,
The sightless Homer with his light of song!

*—Edward Wilbur Mason.*



*Copyright, Thomas Barratt*

# At Yuletide

O THE glories and the pleasures of ye old-time Christmastide,
When the squire called in his relatives from all the country-side;
When all men joined in praising God and had their share of cheer—
The holiest, tenderest, jolliest week of all the English year.

When the curate joined his people as they gathered branch and spray,
With holly, pine and mistletoe along the forest way;
And the forester grinned broadly as his axe's trenchant stroke
Shore the Yule-log's crooked branches from the gnarled and knotted oak.

How the great plow-horses garlanded, tossed high each glossy head
As they drew the leaf-hung Yule-log's wain with slow and stately tread;
How the strong men laughed and jested as they bore the monarch in
And laid him on his funeral pyre, the ancient hearth within.

And when on Christmas Eve within festivities begun,
Hosannas to the tiny Babe of Bethlehem were sung,
And then the Christmas waits began to go from hall to hall,
Singing the ancient carols with a feast and fee for all;

When from the ancient steeple the midnight hour outrang
The lusty ringers waited but to hear the final clang.
At first their bells rang softly, their notes low, slow and sweet,
Stole o'er the river's tranquil flow and up the crowded street;

Then in hilarious rhythmic glee the eddying joy-notes rang,
Telling their message of good will with loud, sonorous clang;
And all who heard it ceased awhile from feasting, song and play
In memory of the Christ who came to men on Christmas Day.

—*Charles Winslow Hall.*

# The Eternal Magdalene

### by Elizabeth Peabody

"ISN'T that just like Julia Arthur?" The speaker was a man who delights in first nights at the theatre. He had just witnessed the premier performance of "The Eternal Magdalene," the daring play by Robert McLaughlin, in which Julia Arthur was making her reappearance on the stage after years of retirement.

"She was never satisfied unless she was doing the unusual," went on the man. "I saw her practically in every play in which she appeared during the years when she was at the height of her career, and you could depend on it at some point in the play she would utterly and completely startle you.

"And that is exactly what she has done in this play. It is so different, so unusual, so daring, that it fairly startles you."

It was that very element in the play that first decided Julia Arthur to select it from among scores and scores of plays that had been submitted to her. Decidedly it was out of the ordinary; admittedly its subject was big and the author had gone straight at it without fear or favor.

The idea of returning to the stage had been present in the mind of Julia Arthur for some years before she finally made up her mind definitely to do so. When she had retired to become the wife of Benjamin P. Cheney, Jr., a member of a prominent Boston family, it was quite as much to meet the objections to the stage raised by her husband as any one thing that led her to forsake the theatre.

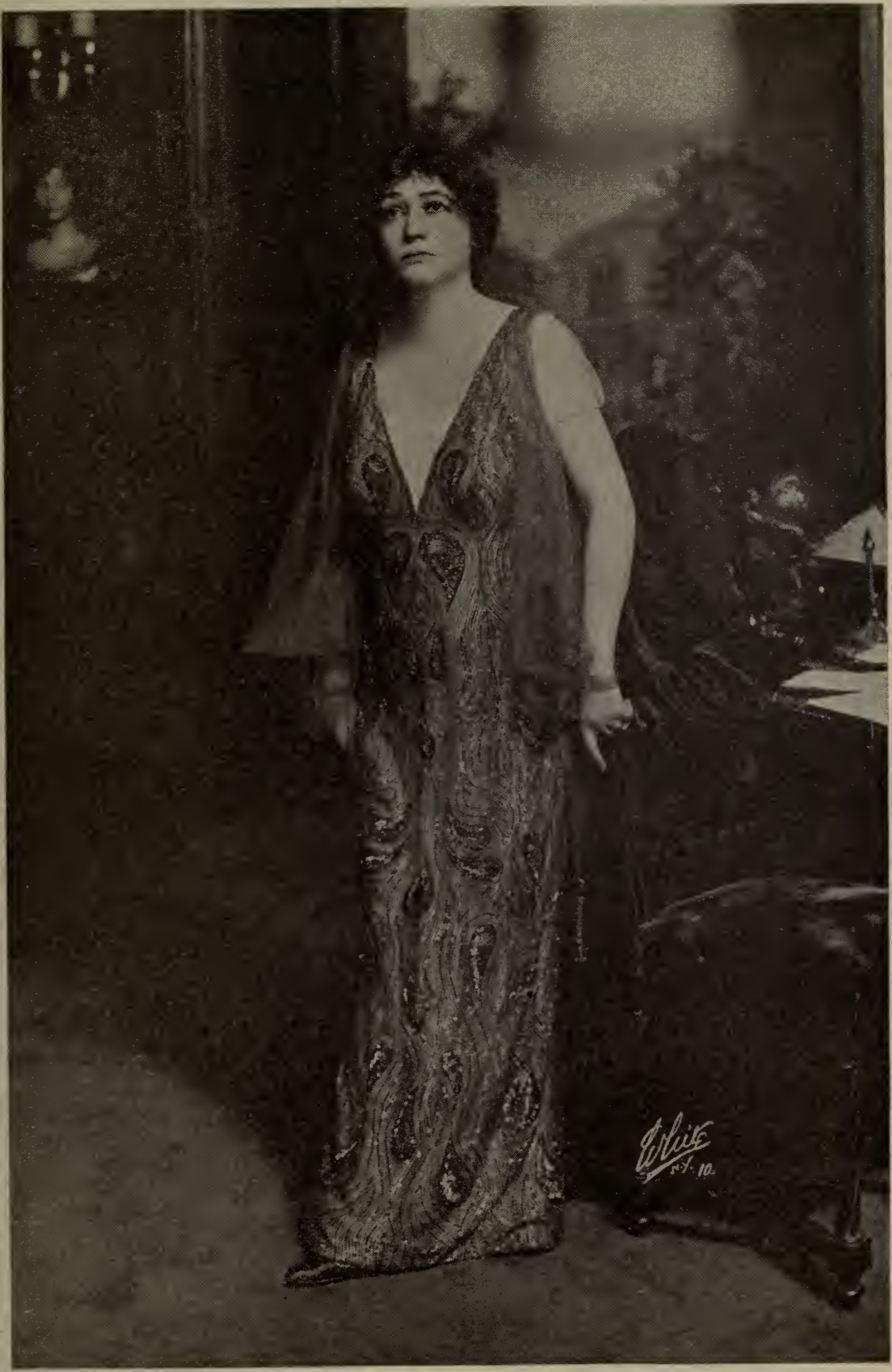
As time passed, Mr. Cheney was finally induced to withdraw his objections. He made only one stipulation, however. Before his wife again appeared before the footlights, he wanted her to wait until she was certain she had found a play so big, so serious and so compelling that it would insure her at least the respectful attention of theatre-goers. And that condition Julia Arthur felt was fully met by "The Eternal Magdalene."

Briefly summarized, the play tells of a fair-sized American city in which there is a segregated vice district. The citizens finally decide to wipe out the district. The leading business man of the city finances the campaign and brings a noted evangelist to lead the work.

The campaign succeeds, and at midnight the doors of all the houses in the district are to be closed; the inmates driven out into the streets to fare as best they may. There is where the play opens.

The leading citizen, Elijah Bradshaw, is in his study preparing a statement for the papers. It is a strong statement in which he sets forth the fact as he sees it. The unfortunate women who make up the population of the segregated district are as so many lepers, of whom the law does not ask, "Why are you lepers?" but merely says, "You are unclean and you must get out."

As he writes, a woman enters his house. The doors have been locked; the lights, all but a single desk lamp, extinguished. Suddenly she stands before him.



JULIA ARTHUR IN "THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE"

The man at first orders the woman from his house, but suddenly he seems to recognize her as someone he has known. Eventually he recognizes her as a daughter by a clandestine love affair of his own boyhood days, and the woman is taken into his house, not, however, as a member of his family, but as a servant.

Frankly, the woman tells the man she has come into his home to rouse him into a sense of his own unfitness to pass judgment on his fellows, and to show him that the misfortunes of people are not always of their own making. Then follows a series of incidents in which the conscience of the man is fully aroused so that when a mob of citizens come to his house at night to demand that he turn the woman into the street, he confronts them, and quoting from the Scripture demands that whosoever among them is without sin, let him cast the first stone.

As the man in all humility thus defies the mob, the woman discloses herself as "The Eternal Magdalene" who, having been cleansed by the Lord two thousand years ago, has come on down through the ages, bearing his message "that he who is without sin, let him be the first to cast a stone." The return of the man's family discloses the fact that the tragic events through which he has passed as well as the coming of the woman into his home have all transpired in a dream. But the lesson she taught has not been lost.

The reporter, who has come back for the statement which the man has promised the papers, is surprised to see the man deliberately tear the statement into bits and instead quote simply from the Bible "that he who is without sin, let him cast the first stone."

Julia Arthur plays the role of the woman. She endows it with sympathy and sentiment. She handles it with delicacy and acts with such lofty feeling that no thought of anything but a pure woman enters the mind of the audience.

As daring as the play, as much so is the return of Julia Arthur to scenes of her former triumphs after years of retirement. Yet she has come back as beautiful, as charming, as full of fire as ever. Reviewers without exception have paused in their criticisms of the play, to pass comment on the wonder of Julia Arthur.

"The Eternal Magdalene" was a fortunate selection for Miss Arthur, and Julia Arthur was a fortunate selection for "The Eternal Magdalene."

# CHRISTMAS, 1915

THE bells ring out across the quiet snow,
And quiver sadly through the morning's haze,
Telling, with voices querulous, of praise
To God, and perfect peace to men below.
And in the early dawn a few men go,
Well-bundled, up the long and icy ways
To early masses, on this day of days,
Wondering where is peace, for all men know
That many a weary soldier lies this morn
On foreign fields, and hears through all his dreams
The chiming bells of home, and sees again
The little village hut where he was born,
And tall white steeple, where the sun's first beams
Seem to presage this unfound peace to men.

—*Patrick F. Kirby.*

# Molding a Midshipman

## By

## Mrs. George F. Richards

TORPEDOES ahead!" came the warning cry.

"D——n the torpedoes — go ahead, Captain, at *full speed!*" shouted back Farragut. And skimming over the line of torpedoes, right under the guns of Fort Morgan, the Admiral's flagship sped on defying danger—and the battle of Mobile Bay was won!

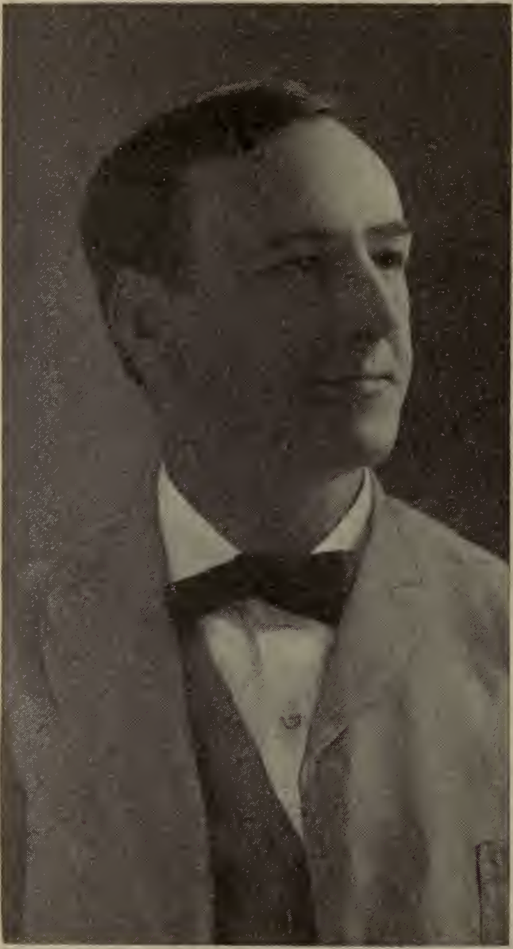
And it is to such deeds of bravery that the midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy are trained. Farragut's flagship, the Hartford, was afterwards used as a training ship at Annapolis, with that famous order painted on one of the gun-deck beams, but if a midshipman is heard to use such emergency language on an ordinary occasion, he will find a demerit of fifteen points against his name.

In these days of European war and Mexican uncertainty, with terror and strife rampant on land and sea, the question of the preparedness of the United States to defend itself against the insults or invasion of foreign countries is uppermost in the public mind, and the great naval and military training schools of the government are brought into unusual prominence.

While every man in the service—from an admiral down to the plain sailor-man—has an important and individual part to perform in upholding the honor of his country, yet under the system of implicit obedience that governs the Navy, it is the officer in command who is directly responsible in time of war. And the Naval Academy at Annapolis was organized for the purpose of giving the future officers of the Navy specific training for their profession.

It is a strenuous course of study and training that is laid down for the men who enter. Not only are they taught the theory of naval warfare, and a long list of text-book knowledge in all branches pertaining to navigation and seamanship, but they must put that knowledge to the test by constant practice. Eight months of each year is devoted to instruction at Annapolis, and the other four months are spent at sea, putting in practice the knowledge acquired during the school year. Turret ships, torpedo boats, destroyers, launches, and other naval craft are kept at the Academy as practice boats, and in addition, each summer the midshipmen are detailed for a regular cruise, that they may become familiar with all branches of the service. For it is a midshipman of today who in after years becomes the highest officer in the United States Navy.

Life at Annapolis is not typical of what an ancient hymn termed "a flowery bed of ease." At six-thirty in the morning, gun and reveille call the men from sleep, and until taps sound at ten at night, it is a steady round of drill, exercise and study —with certain prescribed hours for recreation. With military precision all must march to and from recitations, to mess, muster drills, water drills, infantry and artillery drills, for military discipline governs every move. Even as the men walk through the grounds when off duty, the regular tramp, tramp, tramp of their military tread is impressive to the layman. Military bearing is enforced at all times, and woe to the midshipman who smiles on parade or fails in any way to conform to the long list of regulations that fill many pages of the Blue Book.


SECRETARY OF THE NAVY JOSEPHUS DANIELS

Deference to superiors in rank is exacted at all times; the midshipmen salute the colors; rise, and stand at attention whenever the national air is played; at morning and evening colors salute the flag as it reaches the peak in hoisting or the ground in lowering. It is the flag, first, last and always, and no wonder men thus trained stand ready to live or die for it. To the man in the street, the flag is a flag, and though he may love and respect it, he passes it by without salutation. But to the trained naval or military man, the flag is his *colors*—and he salutes it as such!

Discipline, dignity and formality rule the Yard. When a midshipman is serving as cadet or petty officer, the same deference and obedience must be accorded him as is given a naval officer. The men are thus trained to both obey and to command; to render and to demand implicit and loyal obedience. According to Annapolis etiquette, no such thing as a boy exists there. The moment a fellow of sixteen is enrolled on the list, he technically becomes a man, and is treated as such. The midshipmen must dress at all times in conformity with the regulations, and not even keep civilian clothes in their rooms.

Classes are distinguished by the number of gold lace stripes. Hazing is punished by dismissal, not only because it is the violation of a rule, but it is also an attempted usurpation of authority. All conform to the same regulations. The one thousand midshipmen all get up together at six-thirty; they all go to bed at ten; they live in one great building with rooms exactly alike; they dress alike; if a man wears an overcoat, rubbers or gloves, it is by official orders, and every one of the one thousand midshipmen must do the same. The new man gets some pretty hard knocks in this unaccustomed and inflexible routine, but before his term of service is half over, he is proud of its severity.

Such a system of training soon sifts out the chaff and molds the midshipmen who remain into shape for the highest service in the Navy. And it is the aim of the Academy to fit a midshipman for whatever post he may later be appointed to assume—no matter how high.

The men are trained in seamanship, discipline, naval construction, marine engineering, mechanics, mathematics, physics,

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY

chemistry, electrical engineering, hygiene, radio-telegraphy and modern languages. There is a fixed system of merits and demerits, and the man who falls below the standard must leave and give place to one who can keep pace with the requirements. Discipline, efficiency and implicit obedience to orders is the keynote. The outcome of future wars may depend on the efficiency of the Navy, so its officers must learn while young the necessity of naval knowledge, bravery and reverence for the flag. And they must be well grounded in the handling of torpedoes, mines, target practice, pilotage, and practical seamanship. The aim of the Academy is to make effective fighting machines of the officers and to teach them that their professional honor, their country and their flag come before all else. Once in a while a black sheep is found within the fold, but the average midshipman is a splendid example of young American manhood. But it is by no means all work, for the social life

THE OFFICERS' MESS

at Annapolis is delightful; the inspiring music of the band, the bugle calls, the salute of the colors, and the thousand and one formalities unknown to the layman are an agreeable and constant inspiration of patriotism to the men.

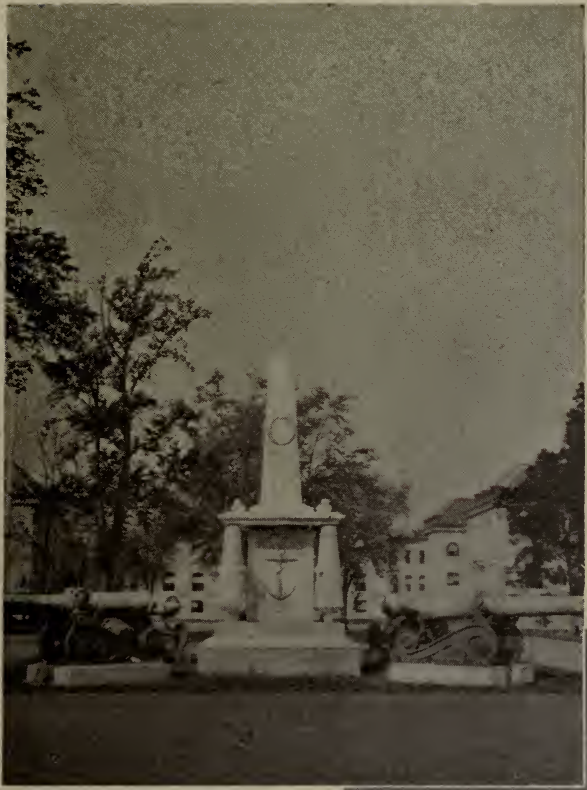
Candidates must pass a rigid examination—physical, moral and mental; and are nominated by the President, the Secretary of the Navy, Senators and members of Congress, according to limitations by law. They must agree to serve eight years, and if needed—should they return to civil life—can be summoned for duty. There are now approximately one thousand midshipmen at the Academy, but those most familiar with the need of preparedness against war, are urging an increase, and it will be brought before Congress for consideration.

THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL
The body of John Paul Jones lies in the crypt

Secretary Daniels, who is striving to bring the entire Navy to a high standard, is especially devoted to the interests of the Naval Academy. At the forthcoming session of Congress he will recommend an increase of two hundred and fifty in the number of midshipmen annually admitted. The Secretary believes that the fundamental principles of efficiency as accomplished by the training at Annapolis are of inestimable value. In a personal interview a few days ago Secretary Daniels said to me: "The time for molding and fitting men for the responsibilities of naval service is when they are young, pliable and in a plastic state. The training and discipline they get at the Naval Academy is invaluable."

The Naval Academy has a friend at court in Senator John Wingate Weeks of Massachusetts, who was graduated from it in the class of '81, and who was in active service during the Spanish-American war. The Senator is known and honored throughout New England by his title of Captain, and though he returned to civilian life, has kept in close touch with the military and naval needs of the country. In the Senate last year Captain Weeks pointed out clearly and with force the urgent need of a sufficient number of trained officers and men for the army and navy. He is a staunch believer in the training and discipline of the Naval Academy and of its value in preparing officers for service. In a strong speech in the Senate last winter he said in part: "The effectiveness of the Navy will depend on the quality of the personnel and the spirit which it displays. . . . . A man can only be an efficient soldier by subjecting himself to that training which will make him one, . . . I believe that among the best elements that go to make up our active life are regularity, good health and discipline, all of which are developed and increased by good military training, always assuming that this resigned his commission. The Academy is under the Navy Department. The administrative head of the Academy is the superintendent, who must be an officer of a rank not lower than a commander; next in rank is the commandant. The present academic staff includes Captain Edward W. Eberle, superintendent; Commander L. N. Nulton, commandant; and a large corps of officers, professors and instructors.

The grounds are on the banks of the Severn River, just where it flows into the broad waters of Chesapeake Bay. The grounds comprise two hundred and twenty-five acres, on which there are fifty

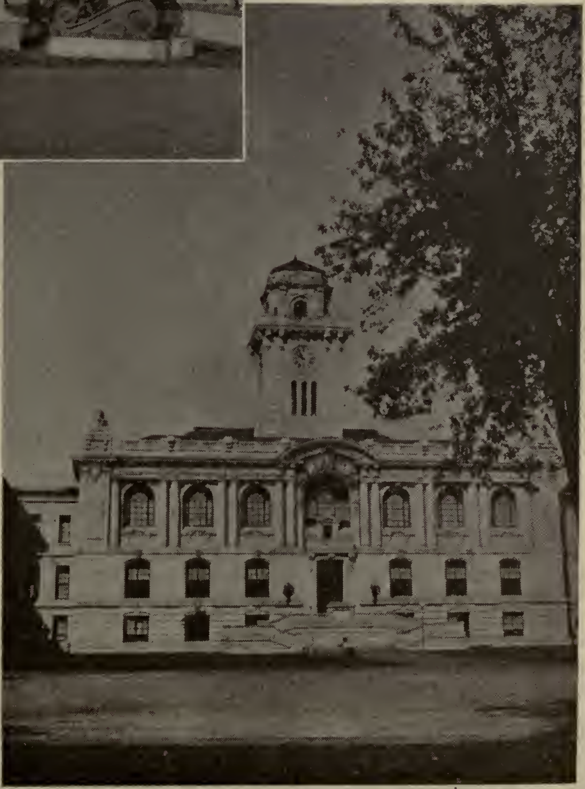


THE MIDSHIPMEN'S MONUMENT

experience is obtained under the direction of competent officers."

The Naval Academy is located at Annapolis, which as far back as 1694 was the capital of Maryland. Its fine old colonial houses and winding, narrow, rough-paved streets have lost none of their quaintness nor their colonial names, for the wall of the Academy is on King George Street, with the Duke of Gloucester Street not far away.

Old St. Ann's parish, with ivy-covered church surrounded by colonial graves, was established in 1697; in the state house the Continental Congress held sessions, and here, too, Washington



THE LIBRARY WHICH FORMS THE CENTRAL SECTION OF THE ACADEMIC GROUP

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buildings, a parade ground and athletic field. Within the enclosure are beautiful lawns, elm-shaded walks, the officers' quarters, the midshipmen's quarters, with the two handsome houses of the superintendent and commandant well in the foreground. The value of the Academy property is approximately $15,000,000. Of the fifty buildings, many are of great value and splendid design. Memorial Hall is a magnificent structure, in the crypt of which is the great marble sarcophagus in which lies the body of John Paul Jones.

Bancroft Hall contains the Department of Discipline, and the quarters of the midshipmen. It is an enormous structure of fine proportions, 773 feet long and 458 wide, built around courts and flanked by trophy guns. The building is named in honor of Hon. George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy in 1845, through whose efforts the Naval Academy was that year established. The Academic Group is an imposing structure, the middle section of which is known as Mahan Hall, and contains the library of fifty-five thousand volumes—which is the most complete and valuable collection of works of naval history in the country. Although on its shelves are many very valuable books, it is not the policy of Professor Arthur N. Brown, the librarian, to make it a collection of rare volumes, as he believes the needs of the midshipmen are better served by a comprehensive and complete working library especially adapted to their immediate use.

In the great reading room hang portraits of officers of note, who have served as superintendents of the Academy. That of Commander Franklin Buchanan heads the list. Buchanan went south in 1861 and became commanding officer of the Merrimac. Almost side by side with the Buchanan portrait is that of Commodore Worden, who commanded the Monitor in the famous battle between the Monitor and Merrimac, and who was superintendent a few years later. There were many tragic parting of the ways when the Civil War began in 1861, and midshipmen from seceding states withdrew from the Academy ranks. And dramatic incidents are told today of men who had studied naval warfare side by side, waging bitter and relentless war against one another from hostile ships.

ENTRANCE TO MAHAN HALL

The two wings of the Academic Group are named in honor of Maury and Sampson, and are devoted to recitation purposes. In the auditorium of the Library section is the collection of trophy flags captured by the United States Navy and treasured as an inspiration to patriotism. The entire ceiling is covered with these fallen colors of other nations. The walls are filled with cases containing flags taken in battle—

many so torn and worn that they are mere fragments, but they stand for past victories. In the center of the ceiling is the British Royal Standard captured at Toronto in 1813. The Perry flag holds a place of honor—its blue is faded and its edges frayed, but the immortal words, "Don't Give up the Ship" stand boldly out in big white letters. There are trophy flags of England, China, France and other nations, and a great number of Confederate flags captured in the naval battles of the Civil War—and over all wave the Stars and Stripes!

* * *

On the great bronze doors of Memorial Chapel is an inscription that tells the whole purpose of Naval Academy training. It reads "*Non sibi sed patriae*" (not for self but for fatherland), for it is here they teach men to love and reverence the flag in life—and to die for it, if need be.

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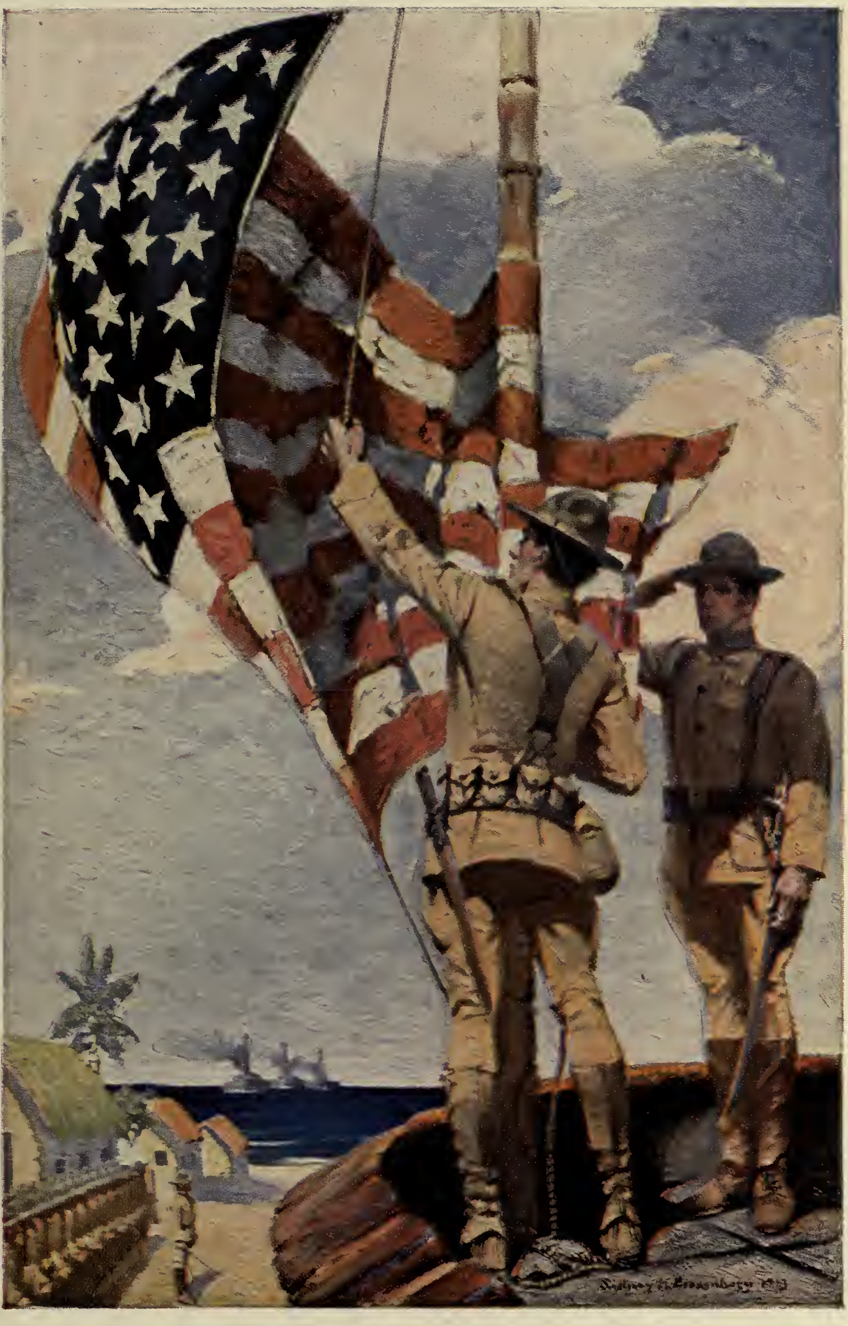
# TO-MORROW

TO-MORROW Oh, To-morrow;
  The day that I like best;
For though my sunset's clouded
  It's golden farther west.
Observe the little sparrow
  Throughout the dark To-day,
She sings of her To-morrow
  And th' egg she's going to lay.

I hear a sad soul sighing
  To leave this "vale of tears"
But make no doubt he's lying
  About a hundred years
And feel no twinge of sorrow
  When his ship puts to sea,
The ship that sails To-morrow
  Sails soon enough for me.

For tho' my sun's declining
  Behind yon hoary hill,
I know that it is shining
  Beyond the summit still;
And howsoe'er I sorrow,
  I know 'twill pass away.
God gives a glad To-morrow
  For every dull To-day.

—*Cy Warman, in "Songs of Cy Warman."*



"THE MARINES HAVE LANDED AND HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND"

*How few really understand the significance of these words! Yet for more than a century the United States Marine Corps has ably assisted in fighting America's battles in every corner of the globe; its members are the first men on the ground in case of trouble with a foreign power, and the first men into battle in the event of hostilities*

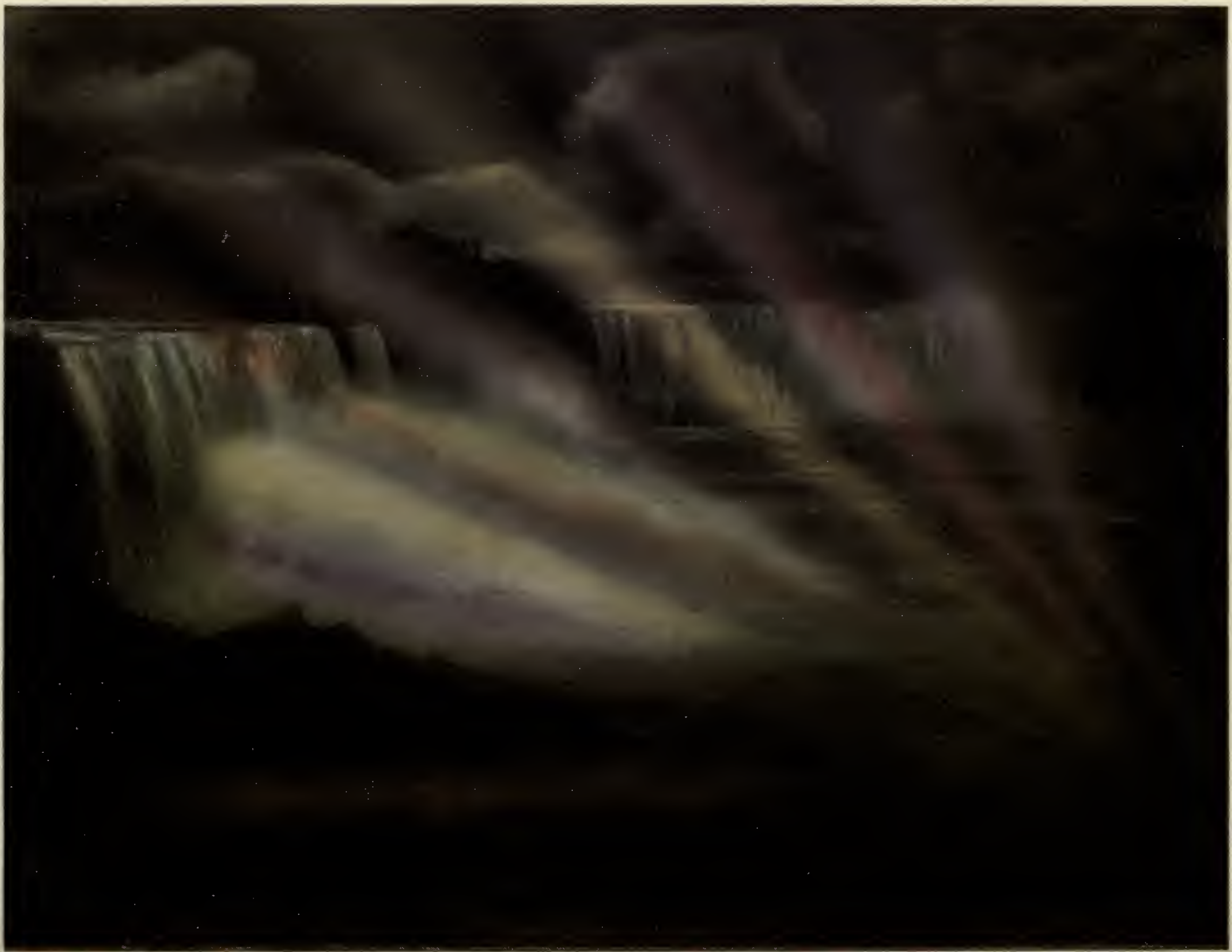


*Photo by Landreth*

THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE NIGHT ILLUMINATION AT NIAGARA FALLS

# Niagara to Illuminate Itself

By

## Edward T. Williams

*City Industrial Agent, Niagara Falls, New York*

NIAGARA! Magic name! Most sublime spectacle on earth.

The contemplation of the handiwork of nature is a matter of comparison. We conjure up in our minds a picture of some famous spectacle, and then when we actually see it, we may be disappointed. Imagination and reality do not always harmonize. For instance, Norway is in the Arctic Circle, and the conclusion would naturally be that the climate is like that of Greenland, but, as a matter of fact, Norway is one of the most wonderful countries on the globe, not only because of its magnificent scenery, but because nature saves it as a habitation for the race by sending thither the mysterious Gulf Stream which crosses the Atlantic Ocean for five thousand miles and fulfills its mission, transforming by its still, warm breath, an otherwise barren region.

Throughout the world there are marvelous creations of nature that inspire admiration and awe. The Grand Canyon of the Colorado; the marvelous Yellowstone Park; the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; the Palisades of the Hudson; the thirty-three thousand islands of the Georgian Bay; the Thousand Islands and the Laurentian Hills of the St. Lawrence River that carries the waters of our five unsalted seas; the classic Mediterranean and Ægean seas; the headlands of the Plains of ancient Troy; the land of the Alhambra; the sands of the Desert of Sahara; the sacred coast of Palestine; the Grecian Islands, consecrated by Homeric legend; the Bosporus, most attractive harbor in the world, uniting the Orient and the Occident; the grand canal of Venice; the Cedars of Lebanon; the Mount of Olives; the Dead Sea; the Wilderness of Judea; Egypt, the oldest born of time; the sacred mountain of Japan, Fuja-Yama; the glorious harbor of Hong Kong; Greenland's icy mountains; India's coral strand; the Ganges, which surpasses all other rivers in sanctity; the Mississippi, "Father of Waters"; the Himalayas, "Halls of Snow," loftiest range of mountains on the globe; Mount Everest, highest single peak in the world; the castle-bordered Rhine; the Black Forest of Germany; the awe-inspiring grandeur of the stupendous Norway gorges; the Jordalsnut, a gigantic, silvery feldspar thimble-shaped mountain in Norway; the imposing Romsdalhorn; the Jungfrau, queen of Alpine heights; Mount Blanc, monarch of mountains; the frowning Matterhorn; the Alpine waterfall, Geissbach; and monstrous glaciers creeping out from their icy lairs.

The procession of Nature's marvels throughout the universe which charm, mystify, and inspire the almost inexpressible admiration of mankind, is almost limitless. When all have been seen and described, the traveler, the writer and the lover of nature pause in contemplation of the greatest, the most beautiful and the most famous of all, the Cataracts of the Niagara, and their companion wonders, the Rapids and the stupendous Gorge. To this shrine of nature have come pilgrims

*Copyright by B. H. Norris*

THE "SPIRIT OF NIAGARA" REVEALED IN THE MIGHTY SEARCHLIGHTS

from every civilized country on the globe, and their number from the time that the primeval forest, inhabited only by wild beasts, the fowls of the air and the red man surrounded this spectacle until the twentieth century, when man has harnessed some of the almost limitless power that has gone down to the sea unused, is countless millions.

Enthroned in might Jehovah spake
And bade creation's morn awake;
Sprang forth the light with quickening ray,
And brooding darkness fled away.
And thus Niagara's race began
Without the voice or aid of man!
Its flowing waters crowned with spray,
Have never faltered on their way.
Mysterious stream, thy countless years
Are only marked by rolling spheres;
Thine age all parallel forbids,
More ancient than the pyramids,
In forest wild thy voice was heard
By only wondering beast and bird;
And vapors rising on the air
Crowned thee with rainbow halos there.
From year to year the proud of birth,
From farthest corners of the earth,
In wondering awe thy glories view,
With high emotion grand and new,
Thy crested waves and jeweled bow
Thy mighty impulse of the flow;
The fearful plunge and awful roar,
That thrill the spirit's inmost core;
Majestic calm when strife is done,
Like some great hero-victory won.

This is the age of efficiency. The stupendous advance in electrical science in the past quarter of a century has been paced by the harnessing of the Niagara River, which has already resulted in the development of nearly half a million horsepower. The scenic grandeur of the Falls of Niagara has thus far been largely a daylight spectacle. To be scenically efficient, the cataracts should be visible also at night. If by the current that they themselves produce, the Falls can be brilliantly illuminated during the night hours, the ideal is reached and perfection attained. And it can be done. It has been done. What is now planned is to install a permanent illumination. Just as the cataracts, as a daylight spectacle, have no counterpart in the world, so there would be a matchless riot of electricity here when the shadows have fallen on the earth. The Aurora Borealis, as we can see it, is a feeble gleam beside the sea of light that flashes out of the pitchiness of the night when the beams of billion candle-power projectors are turned upon the flood that pours over the Niagara Cataracts. These projectors produce great billows of mist, giant waves of hurtling ferocity, and with the use of color screens, foam-crested waves of water run crimson and leap into violet, gold and green. The dark curtain of night is swung aside and Niagara, illuminating itself, revealed.

Such an illumination took place in the autumn of 1907 for a few weeks. It was a success. It showed the possibilities. It was temporary only. Now it is proposed to make it permanent, and upon a larger, grander scale. Then electricity representing 1,115,000,000 candle power was turned upon the cataracts. The imagination can hardly grasp the meaning of one billion candle power. One million candle power is some light. In discussing electricity, we talk about volts, amperes, watts and kilowatts. The volt is the unit of electrical pressure. The ampere is the unit of electrical current. A volt multiplied by an ampere equals a watt. The watt is the unit of electrical power. One thousand watts equal a kilowatt, which is about one and one-third horse-power, inasmuch as 746 watts equal a horse-power. When we speak of electricity in terms of candle power, our grandmothers who used tallow dips for light would have a little better conception of what is meant than when we are talking in terms of volts, amperes and watts.

* * *

What is now contemplated is to continue Nature's great show after night, and by its own momentum directed by the skill of man. The cataracts ordinarily wrapped in the shroud of night, stand out dazzlingly distinct against the blackness of the grim rock cliffs. Then twenty-one fifteen-inch and fifteen thirty-inch projectors were used. Now it is possible to utilize forty-eight thirty-six-inch projectors.

In Service's ballad of the Northern Lights is found an eloquent description of the Aurora Borealis, from which the following excerpt is made:

And the skies of night were alive with light, with a throbbing, thrilling flame,
Amber and rose and violet, opal and gold it came.
It swept the sky like a giant scythe, it quivered back to a wedge;
Argently bright, it cleft the night, with a wavy golden edge.
Pennants of silver waved and streamed, lazy banners unfurled;
Sudden splendors of sabres gleamed, lightning javelins were hurled.

Service finally likens the spectacle in the sky to "the all-combining searchlights of the navies of the world." Niagara with forty-eight thirty-six-inch projectors pouring their flood of light upon it at night will be inimitable. The tongue halts at comparison.

Out at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco were forty-eight great thirty-six-inch projectors throwing their flood of light, but with no Niagara for a background. Now that the exposition is over, there is only one place in the world where these projectors should be taken. There is only one background that can make their work complete. There is only one Niagara.

In an article in the June number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE I said on this subject, and it was the first nation-wide reference to the question, that:

"If the forty-eight great electric projectors, that are one of the chief attractions of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco could, after the exposition is over, be brought to Niagara Falls and installed permanently, it would be the most appropriate disposition that could be made of them. The great cataracts would not only then be the greatest daylight spectacle upon the globe, but also a magnificent night spectacle that would thrill thousands of people, and illustrate, most effectively, the stupendous significance of conservation."

Since then an organization has been formed, the plan has assumed concrete shape, and prospects are bright for the permanent illumination of Niagara Falls next year. The temporary and experimental illumination of the Falls, produced in 1907 under the direction of W. D'Arcy Ryan, the General Electric Company lighting expert, who was also in charge of

*Copyright by A. H. Landreth*

NIAGARA IN ALL ITS MAJESTY

the illumination at San Francisco, not only demonstrated the practicability of the project, but the illuminated Falls surpassed all expectations in grandeur.

Lying between the State of New York and the Canadian Province of Ontario, on the boundary line dividing the two nations, to which this great natural wonder belongs, the project has a distinct international aspect. It has also a distinct world interest. In 1912, State Senator Robert H. Gittins, of Niagara Falls, afterward representative in Congress, passed through the New York State Legislature a bill providing that the State should appropriate fifty thousand dollars for the permanent illumination of Niagara Falls, contingent upon the Province of Ontario appropriating a similar amount. The bill did not become a law because of the failure of the Ontario authorities to cooperate. Now it is proposed to carry out the project through appropriations made by the cities of Niagara Falls, New York, and Niagara Falls, Ontario, and by private subscriptions.

This would involve the purchase of the equipment at San Francisco, which would include forty-eight thirty-six-inch projectors, etc. Apparatus to transform alternating current to direct current is necessary. The projectors operate at 110–125 volts direct current and take 110 amperes each. The total power required for the installation is about six hundred kilowatts, or eight hundred horse-power. The Falls could be illuminated from one point, but the best results are secured from two stations, and hence a gorge battery and a hill battery will be erected, and houses for each will be built. The other apparatus includes two rotary converters with transformers, switchboard equipment necessary to transform the current from twelve thousand volts alternating current to 250–125 volts direct current. The cost of the entire installation may run from seventy-five thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars, and the annual cost of operation and maintenance will be in the neighborhood of seven thousand dollars.

When this is done, the spectacle will surpass what Service said of the Northern Lights:

They rippled green with a wondrous sheen,
  They fluttered out like a fan;
They spread with a blaze of rose-pink rays
  Never yet seen of man.

# The Genus Directoire

## By

## John B. Gorgan

THE meteoric appearance and popularity of the photoplay as the universal medium of amusement in American life, has developed new professions, new viewpoints, and a veritable new vernacular in connection with their production. Radically a departure from the traditional methods of literary effort, it has stormed the citadels of every form of literature—from ancient records, written on papyrus, to the latest penny dreadful—for scenarios. And where is there a person who does not feel that he can write better scenarios than many which are foisted upon a helpless and unsuspecting audience, in the darkness of the picture playhouse?

Eminent and trained literary writers, not familiar with the routine of producing photoplays, find themselves at sea without the requisite technique, so the work of registering scenes and manipulating "cut-outs," and "fade-outs," has largely been left to the discretion of the director. Stage rules still in vogue since Shakespeare's time, were at first invoked, but found useless.

The great difference between moving picture actors and the stars of the stage, consists chiefly in the "make-up." Even the hoary, time-worn and accepted customs were thrust aside by the mighty director who insisted upon a mimic impersonation from an entirely different grease-glow. The lens of the human eye varies greatly from that of the moving picture machine, and some of the ghastly dark lips, heavily penciled eyebrows and stiffly stuck beards and mustachios, flashed in a moving picture, would be laughed off the audible stage with the traditional over-ripe eggs and tomatoes.

Moving picture-making is so new that the mysterious directing genius has been able to command implicit obedience, and in a little halo of temperament, rules his world. Just why the "extras" and high-salaried picture actors sit about all day bedaubed with paint, waiting for a few minutes' flash before the camera, is difficult to explain except for lack of ordinary efficient management, or perhaps it is the fact that the actors love to go about arrayed in the insignia of their art, and become the envy of admiring visitors or disappointed rivals. The flitting pages of a moving picture scenario or script, as it is called, the story itself must remain a mystery to all except to the director. Aha, he has the clue, you know—the cryptic scrap of paper! The various scenes are registered "for continuity" with an occasional flashback which is "flipped out," to use a newly-coined professional term. But always the master director holds the "scriptural" key to the situation, and slashes the classics of the ages with ruthless sword—Homer and Aristotle, a Damoclean posture or a dream of Dante must be manipulated into latter-day thrillers. It would seem as if the directors evolve creations after the stage is set. Details and camera effects are watched as if guarding a lightning flash. Situations are called inspirations, and no mundane measurement can compass the mighty thunder of directorate command. No matter what is wanted to complete or perfect the picture, it must be secured, and secured at once at any cost. The property room of a photo-play studio is a veritable museum, covering nearly everything that might be included in a mail-order catalog. "The world is mine," saith the director as he invades homes, palatial or humble, exotic tropical gardens or garbage dumps—he must have "atmosphere," no matter about the actors, the author or the cost.

As many of the pictures are made in California, the same shadow and light are used whether it represents a scene in the north, south, east or west. Critics among the audiences are now beginning to discern the difference, and many of the faking processes that prevailed in the early days are being eliminated, as the public tires of continuous deception, even in the beloved "movies."

* * *

The mighty director, stripped to his shirt and belted trousers, with horn-rimmed glasses bridging his nose, holds in his hand the mysterious script. With an impressive touch of the forehead now and then, indicative of tremendous thought, and a wrinkled and frowning brow, he stands in mighty state, directing, without question of his rights as potentate, every movement of the actors. This gives the effect of a puppet-show to the acting, that is fast growing wearisome. It represents the thought of one man instead of a cast or ensemble. He builds up a scene, makes an enormous outlay for properties, and keeps his company standing or leisurely lounging about, while this or that is being determined. Night comes on, and no picture. The scene is "struck," and builded all over again because the director insists that he could not have the spot of light on the little innocent statue that adorns the staircase, to furnish a gleam necessary to illumine the mobile features of the heroine. The acting of this lady is an incidental matter—a few of the seven studied grimaces thought to denote all the various human emotions, are marked out like the location of a chair or other inanimate object.

The contrast between the acting on the stage and in the pictures is rather difficult to analyze. The same old stagey lifting of the eyebrows, heaving of the chest and gestures of despair, joy or of exaltation, are used in the development of an inaudible stage, and we wonder whether the human voice will be atrophied, or its use become a lost art if the moving picture continues to represent only directors, and not the creative brain of literature.

A scene on the beach where the heroine must do daring acts, that will bring a thrill, is apparently the dominant purpose of the director, but a picture is sometimes retaken to brush the sand off the fish.

* * *

It has been suggested by many discerning "movie" fans that directorship needs the censor more than any other feature of the photoplay. I have seen an actor warming his fingers at an apparently fireless hearth; I have seen a copy of a modern conception of the Madonna adorning the walls of a cottage in Ireland in a play that dealt with happenings at the time of Brian Boru—in fact, there is no end to the incongruous things one is likely to see at a moving-picture show, and yet I wonder if we are not more keenly interested, because everybody can be a moving picture critic.

Authors are beginning to realize that much fault lies with themselves. If they would adapt themselves to description of action in their work, instead of word-painting, they would not have reason to complain when the directors slaughter and strangle their pet descriptive sketches, and plunge the docile and fat comedian into a "get-up-and-fall-down" race, and win applause for the scene by use of subtle "swift kicks" and impulsive accelerated pantomime. The vogue is changing rapidly. Creative literary and dramatic genius must step from its pedestal and link with the "directoire." Business methods and systems will temper the profligacy of pioneer days of photo-play. Meanwhile, we all go to the "movies" more regularly than anywhere else.

# Song of the Republic

I HAVE listened to the sighing of the burdened and the bound,
I have heard it change to crying, with a menace in the sound;
I have seen the money-getters pass unheeding on the way,
As they went to forge new fetters for the people day by day.

Then the voice of Labor thundered forth its purpose and its need,
And I marveled, and I wondered, at the cold dull ear of greed;
For as chimes, in some great steeple, tell the passing of the hour,
So the voices of the people tell the death of purchased power.

All the gathered dust of ages, God is brushing from His book;
He is opening up its pages, and He bids His children look;
And in shock and conflagration, and in pestilence and strife,
He is speaking to the nations, of the brevity of life.

Mother earth herself is shaken by our sorrows and our crimes;
And she bids her sons awaken to the portent of the times;
With her travail pains upon her, she is hurling from their place
All the minions of dishonor, to admit the Coming Race.

By the voice of Justice bidden, she has torn the mask from might.
All the shameful secrets hidden, she is dragging into light;
And whoever wrongs his neighbor must be brought to judgment now,
Though he wear the badge of Labor, or a crown upon his brow.

There is growth in Revolution, if the word is understood;
It is one with Evolution, up from self, to brotherhood;
He who utters it unheeding, bent on self, or selfish gain,
His own day of doom is speeding, though he toil or though he reign.

God is calling to the masses, to the peasant and the peer;
He is calling to all classes, that the crucial hour is near;
For each rotting throne must tremble, and fall broken in the dust,
With the leaders who dissemble, and betray a people's trust.

Still the voice of God is calling; and above the wreck I see,
And beyond the gloom appalling, the great Government-to-Be.
From the ruins it has risen, and my soul is overjoyed,
For the School supplants the prison, and there are no "unemployed."

And there are no children's faces at the spindle or the loom;
They are out in sunny places, where the other sweet things bloom;
God has purified the alleys, He has set the white slaves free,
And they own the hills and valleys in this Government-to-Be.

*—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in "Poems of Power."*

# The European War and the American Tariffs

## The New Order of Economics and Politics
## Federal Trade Commission as Tariff Court

### by Senator James Hamilton Lewis

IT may strike the average American as strange and unexpected that the European war has completely overthrown the present system of tariffs which have heretofore prevailed in America. The countries at war in Europe exceed in number of countries and area of territory any conflict recorded in history—certainly since the discovery of America. It far exceeds those of the Napoleonic wars, leaving nothing of the past to be presented as guides or examples for the future. As indications are now, Europe will be left at the close of the war, as compared to us, as we were left at the close of our Civil war.

The old tariff known as the Clay tariff, beginning with the eight per cent average duties, with sixteen per cent, were subsequently superseded by the Morrill tariff—taking its name after the Senator from Vermont, chairman then of the Finance Committee; this became the new system supplanting the old. This was because of the broken conditions of America and the need to build up within ourselves our industries. However, we had much open and unoccupied land which could serve both as revenue and an outlet to our citizenship. Europe has no such parallel. Heretofore one party in America had as the doctrine of the tariff, tariffs just high enough, distributed over certain goods and products, as would pay the revenues—to wit, expenses of conducting the government. The other party demanded that the tariff should be so high that they should serve as a "protection" against competition with American enterprise and American manufacturers.

It will now be seen that the Democratic party need not rely longer upon tariffs as the one source of revenue. The constitutional amendment permitting income taxes gives to the United States a new system of revenue and renders unnecessary the same proportion of revenues to be drawn from tariff taxes as previously. On the other hand, the extreme protection tariff of the Republicans is rendered unnecessary because we have proven our capacities through our science and engineering not only to supply our home market as against competitors, but to undersell our foreign competitors in their own markets. These latter developments indicate that the old systems have become obsolete. The conditions have changed under which they were operated.

*However, there are two new conditions confronting America. One is if Europe shall at the close of the war, converting her soldiers to mechanics and workmen, turn their effort to the single object of obtaining money to rebuild her broken places, then the natural course would be to sell anything she can produce at any price whatever to obtain money. This money will be needed not only to build up their country, but to pay off the debts due our country and other countries, as evidenced now by bonds and notes. For this country to allow a deluge of European goods to flood this nation merely because it can come to be sold at any price, in order to raise* *money, would be an unfair thing to our workmen, to our manufacturer, to our enterprise. The democracy could not endorse this doctrine, nor could America give it its approval. On the other hand, a protective tariff in the form of a bar against anything from Europe would prevent the raw products of woods and minerals and other things from Europe coming into this country to be converted into the manufactured article and then resold to Europe at a profitable price, which we could do and thus supply the needs of Europe, to the great increase of our already enlarged foreign trade.*

It will be seen from these two latter suggestions that the system of the tariff must be reformed all anew. This must be done by recognizing the tariff as a mere schedule of prices, to be adjusted to the conditions and to the subject matter. This adjustment must be from time to time and upon different bases, as the best welfare of America and of her people will suggest. There can be no inflexible rule prescribed at each political election to continue through to the next political election. The tariff must be removed as a party platform issue and now made an economic business adjustment. This adjustment should be upon the same basis as water rates and railroad rates and other rates of public agencies and adjusted in the same manner. *Instead of creating a tariff board that would owe no responsibility to the people and increase the salaries and taxes upon the people and develop to be a board of favoritism, I will suggest that the time has come when the Federal Trade Commission should be empowered with all the privileges and power of a tariff court, before whom all persons interested could appear to point out wherein this commodity or that should for the reasons existing have such change made as would best assure the welfare of America. This board then, in conjuncion with its duties of avoiding monopoly and affording competition in business, could adjust the tariff along the line of the objects of the Board and the purpose of its creation. In this way we have a court before whom any person interested may go to have his affairs touching the tariffs regulated in so far as it affects commerce. This board may then suspend a tariff or increase one, subject to the approval of the President and subject to the future actions of Congress.* However, losses can be defended against by having this board act immediately upon the emergencies, trusting to the wisdom and patriotism of the public representatives to give such approval when justified by facts. The day has passed when the tariff can be a distinct political issue, such as high tariff for one party and low tariff for another. *Tariff can neither be high nor low for* PARTIES. *It hereafter must be just in amount on* THINGS. *It must be adjusted to commerce rather than adjusted to political opportunities.*

For these reasons America finds herself where a new system of economics must now be devised in order to give her opportunity to serve Europe to the best advantage of America, but to prevent Europe from serving its private uses to the destruction or disadvantage of American commerce.

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# THE ENDING

THEY sent me weighted down with power
Upon a long and weary quest
But alas! I—in a vagrant hour
Did forget myself and rest.
The spot I choose was near a passion-flower
That bloomed too near thy breast.

—*Marie Richardson.*

# From Karlsbad to New York in Forty Days

## by Alexander H. Revell

*(Continued)*

We then cleaned up a little, and went in to luncheon. I found the officer who had taken our automobiles, and another young officer, were being given a feast, at midday, by Prince Castell, a Prince of Bavaria, from a neighboring province, or district. In some way we began speaking with the officers. They spoke fair English. I had a chance to tell some of my experiences. We all laughed over them and they said that it was very dangerous; that it would be dangerous for us to go back to Nurnberg in the automobiles. I remarked that inasmuch as we did not have automobiles, I did not think we would go back that way.

This turn in the conversation rather pleased them, and it was interpreted to the Prince, a fine looking man in full regimental uniform.

The feast was something for us to wonder at in the middle of the day, for there were at least ten courses, with four or five different kinds of wines.

Of course we soon learned that the two officers were going to join their regiment that night in our automobiles, and their regiment would be marching on toward the French frontier the next day.

The officer said the Prince would like very much to help us, but as he came from an adjoining district, it would be impossible for him to make a request in that burg. We thanked him very much for the kindly thought.

About three o'clock we went to our rooms, thinking we would get a little sleep. Shortly thereafter, the officer came to our room and said that the Prince would deem it an honor if we would be his guests and go with him to see the departing of the German regiments and cavalry at the station; that it would be a scene of very great enthusiasm and probably we would like to view it. We at once accepted, wondering what this change in our fortunes could mean.

At five o'clock, therefore, the square being filled with people, it being a beautiful afternoon, we descended to enter the Prince's beautiful automobile. I was down on the street slightly ahead of the others, and my courier courteously remarked: "Let the Prince enter the automobile first," so we promptly stepped to one side and motioned to the Prince to take his place first, but with better grace and dignity, he indicated that we were to go first. When I stepped in, I had a chance to look at Fritz, our courier. He looked as though he would drop dead.

We saw the departing regiments and it was a scene worth going hundreds of miles to view. Accompanied by the Prince, we walked by many trains of cars, seemingly hundreds,—filled with horses and men. There was great enthusiasm.

We returned at about six-thirty o'clock. The two principal men of the place were standing near the hotel when we alighted and the square was filled with people. As soon as we had made our thanks and entered the hotel, these two officers waited on me and said they had had a conference and had decided we were all to be sent the next day, on a military train, to Nurnberg. This would include the two chauffeurs, the courier and also the luggage, which we began to fear we would soon see the last of. So the mystery was explained. The Prince, without any explanation to us of the "why and wherefore" had thought of a way to help indirectly, if he could not do so directly. In other words, if the Prince could accept us as guests, the others must see that we were safely cared for and transferred. Altogether it was, with all our trouble, a pleasant experience and memory. We were delighted with this information, as much as we regretted the chagrin of the chauffeurs at their not being able to take their automobiles back to Nurnberg.

I ought to say right here that on alighting from the automobile, the first one we saw was Fritz, our courier. As soon as I could, I went to him and saw that he had been drinking,—not much,—but I could easily detect it. In fact, in all our experiences in Germany, we never saw a man or woman under the influence of liquor, or beer, which latter of course is the principal beverage. I asked Fritz what was the matter. His answer was:

"Mr. Revell, you will excuse me; I took a few glasses of beer more than I ought but I am all right; I know everything; I am doing as well as if I had no beer. But, I could not help it. I went to the Rathhouse and must have had about fifteen glasses."

He continued: "You have been arrested twice in this twenty-four hours; you have been held up twenty times; your ladies have been searched; your luggage examined many times and in every way; you have had guns aimed at you very close, and in the evening of the same twenty-four hours you are invited to be the guest of a Bavarian Prince and go in his automobile to see the German regiments go away to war. I was courier once to a young American woman when she was in Nurnberg. She used to say 'I give it up.' Now, I say 'I give it up.' It is the most wonderful experience I ever saw, and when they made me tell it for every new man who came in, we had one more beer." The Prince's courtesy was a greater honor and more appreciated by him than by us.

I invited the Prince and the two officers to have dinner with us that evening, but they declined in a perfectly pleasant way. I saw that it was impossible.

AT RUDENHEIMER, CENTER OF THE WINE DISTRICT
Here an American flag about thirty-five feet long was hung out of the window of the depot and gave the appearance of an ovation

I made friends with the *kelner* (waiter). He informed me that he had a daughter in Chicago. I took the daughter's name and address and promised I would speak with her and her husband on my return to Chicago. I state this merely to show that we were making friends whenever and wherever we could. Having made many good friends with all there, one of whom was the officer who took our automobiles in the interest of the military, he asked me if I would be kind enough to take a letter to a young lady in America. I promised to do so and I was his friend for life. Before he started for Kitzengen that night he handed me a sealed letter, addressed to the young lady referred to. I laughingly remarked I had no doubt but she was very nice looking. He smiled and said that she was charming. He said if any one discovers this letter on you, tell them it may be opened; there should be no trouble made for us because of the letter.

Later in the evening, but before dark, I saw the two officers start off in our automobiles. They were to be returned to Neustadt the next morning for other uses. On the way these two officers stopped for the mayor of Kitzengen, by arrangement, for the purpose of taking the mayor to his own city. When they were three miles out of Kitzengen, an order was made by peasants, or others, with guns, for the automobiles to stop, but not stopping quite as quickly as was expected, a shot was fired into the automobile, within eight inches of where the mayor of Kitzengen sat. The two officers being Germans and in uniform, and the mayor also in uniform, it showed us plainly that the road was no place for foreign men or women in ordinary clothing, who did not care to take their lives in their hands.

We had arranged our rooms so that the maid had the front room, facing on the square, while our rooms were at the back and more quiet. M. and the maid spent a good deal of time watching the town crier, who advanced into the middle of the square, ringing a bell and making announcements regarding the war, recruiting, etc.

One order we remember was that all boys seventeen and over were called for camp duty and preparation.

We had a very pleasant night, not sleeping all the time but doing very well, in the knowledge that the evening of the next day would see us returned in safety to Nurnberg. We learned to take things philosophically; that worrying would do no one of us any good. But our nights might be termed restless.

THURSDAY, August 5.

We spent the day as best we could. That evening about six o'clock, a guard came for us and we were taken to the train. All we can say for it, we were safe. They did the best they could. Every compartment was filled with soldiers and others. The little compartment on a third class car we were squeezed into, which, under ordinary conditions was probably made for eight or ten, contained not less than twenty-five persons. Some of the men who had seats had gotten out at the station, and in these seats, we immediately put M. and the maid. When the others returned no one ordered them out. At least this was something. All the men of our party took a standing seat.

We arrived at the depot in Nurnberg at about nine o'clock, without much excitement, except that at every station there were great crowds of people, including soldiers, as the trains passed through. We arrived at the hotel a few minutes after our arrival at the station. Many Americans in the hotel had heard of our troubles and were on hand to see us come, as they knew about the time we would arrive. We had quite a reception. Many wondered that after our three days' experiences we ever got back alive. We were fortunate in securing the same rooms that we had before.

We ate a real dinner—walked up and down in front of the hotel—told some of our experiences and then retired.

### NURNBERG, THE SECOND TIME

FRIDAY, August 7.

Our night was full of sleep as we had had little rest since Sunday night. We awakened at ten o'clock A.M. and our first and only caller was Fritz and his little daughter, all dressed in her best, and bearing two bouquets for M. and the maid.

We now felt safe once more, for the American Consul was near and military authority at hand. I at once wrote and telegraphed to American Ambassador Gerard.

In times of peace I have admired the German people. I therefore made allowances for our many troubles, and found it easier to get out of troubles than others might. It is not ordinary times,—it is war,—and war is—very bad. We have enjoyed their friendship in Germany in times of peace. We have had splendid trips travelling through their beautiful cities and villages and by their clean roadsides.

Now in Nurnberg, in this tragic moment of their history, I cannot sufficiently express the admiration I feel for their spirit. We would admire it in any nation. I am not discussing the merits of the war, or its possible outcome. In fact I know nothing about it, nor do I intend to show a Pro-German, a Pro-English, or a Pro-French spirit, I am an American. When I say they are people of great fortitude; how great, few of us realize, and even in the end, no matter where the victories lie (for in war, victories and defeats are both fearful losses) it is my belief they will be strong.

I never knew they had such intense enthusiasm. I don't think any other nation has it, not even Americans to such an extent. Perhaps the French have. Everywhere great concourses were filled with people to see the soldiers off to the front. The trains were covered with branches from the trees and flowers tacked to the cars.

In Nurnberg, the people are quiet. They speak in low calm tones. There are no fights, or mobs, or riots. I have not seen even two boys fighting since I have been in Germany. Everywhere, when stopped by military, we were treated with every courtesy possible considering a war was on. Far too many Americans expected the same consideration received in ordinary times. This, no one had time to extend.

The ladies were treated with consideration although, as I have stated, they were searched. All this was done mostly by women and as delicately as possible, although none the less thorough.

In every case when the search of ourselves and baggage was finished, they apologized for the trouble caused us. But I think they can be very strong and drastic on enemies, or those whom they consider suspicious or unfair. I am telling in this simple way what I saw and how we felt about it.

Thompson has telegraphed the Grand Hotel that he will be liable for indebtedness we may contract. This was very thoughtful but proved unnecessary.

Our automobile trip is generally known among the Americans here. Altogether, the people think we are all right, so Mr. Lotz, the proprietor of the hotel, has assured me that we may stay here without money, until Christmas or Easter,—we can have everything he has.

He was as good as his word for when, later in the day, I asked him for a loan of five hundred marks, he gave it, although he asked me to be as reasonable as possible. He is certainly all right, and I commend his establishment to every American visiting here in the future. I also asked him if I should, in a week or a month, or any time, want to go to some other city, if he would feel that we should settle our account before leaving. He said it would do him no good to hold us or our trunks, for he could get no money on either, unless everything changed for the better, so we would be welcome to go or stay as we wished, and he would trust us. Some faith in human nature there,—say—what? Yet, it is common sense and good business as well, and fair, and better still,—it is generous.

We have just learned that Mr. Archer Huntington's English valet has been arrested, and also two young Englishmen stopping at the hotel.

I arranged for Fritz to take charge of us as our courier, etc., during our stay in Nurnberg, but as there is little couriering to do, the real reason is to be in touch with some one who is a native and who can speak English. As Fritz was born in Nurnberg, he knows every one.

After Fritz left to take his child home, I went out to attend to several matters. My first was a visit to the American Consul, so taking a street car and arriving at the proper street, I alighted, to be immediately confronted with an officer, who demanded my papers. A crowd immediately gathered. I showed the papers and he very courteously directed me to the Consulate.

Instead of going there, however, I took

a car for the hotel and decided it was hardly wise to go out without Fritz. At three o'clock Fritz came. We met the automobile men and made a settlement of our contract. I was very sorry for the man who owned the machines and therefore agreed to give him a larger sum than he was entitled to, one-half to be paid down, if I could get the money on my Letter of Credit.

The written arrangement he made with me was a bad one for him as he agreed to land us in Aachen, or if returned to Nurnberg, accept two marks per kilometer. Although absent three days we had gone but fifty miles.

On his own suggestion, a part of the money was to be sent to him on my return to America. He asked no written agreement, leaving it entirely to me to do it.

Then we went to the Dresdener bank. The bank let me have 190 marks ($48), all they would give any one. This I gave to the auto man.

Afterwards we called on Mr. Winans, the American Consul, who told us good-naturedly that if we attempted to leave again without his consent, he would have us arrested. Then M. and Fritz and myself went to the Stadt Park and had coffee, and walked back to the hotel through old Nurnberg, stopping at the oldest and quaintest beer hall in the world; also stopped at another "hole in the wall" where we had sauerkraut and sausage. We have lost interest in art, churches, etc.

We are always hoping that a telegram will come from home, or some friend. We think we are registered at the Embassy at Berlin, but we have had no confirmation of our telegrams. We have sent many cables and telegrams—but we get no answers, so hereafter we shall save our money. We cannot imagine what we are up against as to the future. M. is a brick, not quite as hard, but she is brave and helpful, rather than annoying as some of the women I have seen in this emergency. Mary, the English maid, also has a good head on her small body, and together we do our best to cheer each other.

There are, as in Austria, all kinds of stories and rumors,—some true—many false. Comparatively, we have had an easy day, and are retiring at ten o'clock.

Saturday, August 8.

Slept until ten o'clock because of the great let-down from the excitement of the days and nights since Sunday. Waited until eleven o'clock for Fritz but no Fritz came. Then, after a long conference between ourselves, and speaking to other guests who have gone about the city alone, M. consented to go out with me. We went to several stores and did a little business, such as getting my watch fixed, a prescription filled, etc. Nothing whatever of an exciting nature occurred, and we returned to the hotel at one o'clock.

We ate no luncheon, so at three o'clock, no Fritz yet having shown up, and emboldened by our success in the morning, determined to show Fritz that we could get along without him, I got an address of a doctor who gave exercises and massage and we started to find him, walking. It was a long walk through quaint streets, but we found the place and I shall try the exercise Monday at ten o'clock. Then we walked back, and noticing a large crowd of people, of course we had to join. A dead man had just been found under a bush against the walls of old Nurnberg and the wagon and officer had arrived to take the body away. We know nothing more of the incident, as we found no one who could speak English, and we did not wish to be heard speaking English unless Fritz were along.

We engaged a "one-horse taxicab" and rode about the city for an hour. Things seem to have quieted down a great deal. Returning to the hotel we found that Fritz had not yet come.

As stated, I had telegraphed to Gerard, American Ambassador at Berlin, and to Thompson, American Consul. The first responded that he could not send a private telegram to the United States, notifying my family that I was in Nurnberg and all well. Thompson telegraphed that he would do everything he could to help us. But all the American officials over here are overworked. I cannot be too strong in my praise of their work. Thompson has authorized the American Consul here to give me two hundred dollars, but we have not been able to get it. Money is scarce and small change has seemingly disappeared. I spoke to several about having a meeting of some members of the colony, but received no encouragement.

A heavy veil was pulled off a woman's face in the street today. The word is "no veils go."

SUNDAY, August 9.

Uneventful. Fritz showed up about ten o'clock and said he was sorry but he was called to the barracks where he was until eleven o'clock at night and even his wife could not find him.

At two o'clock I went to the Police Station and registered M. and myself and the maid, as large bills have been posted all over the city, and in hotels, that all foreigners must register, or they will be imprisoned.

MR. REVELL AT RUDENHEIMER

Afterwards we walked to Forest Park for exercise. We had the American Consul and his son for dinner at the hotel, and then retired, as we have not enjoyed our walks out at night. In the dark we are always imagining things. We find the hotel a good place to stick by at all times.

MONDAY, August 10.

Visited the exercise doctor, but if the mind is not on one's work, there is not much benefit; hence, no more professional exercises in Nurnberg.

I went out with Fritz to do some shopping—eye glasses, Indian clubs, dumb bells, etc., also the the Dresdener bank for money. Could not obtain any,—perhaps a little later in the week.

M. has not tried to get any money anywhere on her Letter of Credit, so she went with Fritz to another bank (The Duetsche bank) to see if she could get five pounds. Both of our letters are made on London, which is not a very good plan. If there are two letters of credit in one family, it is well to have them on two countries, especially one in England and one on the continent. The bank officials would not let her have even that small amount, but at our expense they are telegraphing to Berlin, as their main institution does business with the First National of Chicago, and perhaps the draft can be drawn directly on that bank.

At 2:30, Fritz came with wife and children. His wife's brother had just been called to the war, and all the family must go to Furth, about fifteen miles away, to see him off for the front. So M. and I started for the bank alone. M. always feels nervous without Fritz, who seems to know each one of the 500,000 population.

I tried to sell some of my Swiss and American money that I bought at Karlsbad when I could get nothing else. The man in this department would buy nothing but gold. So we went over to the Bayricher bank, where I sold my Austrian money on the first day of our arrival in Nurnberg. They wanted gold but would give me German money and buy $20 in United States bills at par, and also buy 100 francs of Swiss at a discount of 20 per cent. I sold both.

As I left the bank, I said to M. "I am quite happy. It would have galled me to discount American money except for mere cost of exchange." We then walked a few miles to a fine coffee garden, that we saw while out driving the day before, and succeeded in finding it. Had a fine cup of coffee with some cake purchased on the way, and then walked home, wondering if Fritz would be called to the war. With the exception of one payment to Fritz, he is trusting me as money is short. I told Fritz today that if he could find some odd jobs for real money to take them, but to let me know, so that I could keep track of him. Retired at ten o'clock.

Tuesday, August 11.

After breakfast, which we always take in our rooms, I went down stairs determined to do something. I am getting restless. There was a group of Americans sitting together. I joined them and immediately said that I thought we could have a meeting of ten or fifteen men and see if anything would come of it. This was opposed by some as useless.

They said the American Consul knew of our plight, the Ambassador also knew, and the United States was undoubtedly doing all it could. But I said: "What harm would a meeting do, such as I proposed, provided we invited the American Consul and Mr. Lotz (the hotel proprietor). We might save the American Consul, the American Ambassador and others a lot of trouble that is now wasted." They acted as though afraid they would offend the authorities. However, it was finally admitted there could be no harm, so I arranged for the meeting in a quiet room at three o'clock, and all who were asked (about twenty) including the Consul and Mr. Lotz, were present.

It looked like a large board of directors, all seated about a long table, that had been arranged for us. Judge Newberger of the Supreme Court of New York, a fellow judge with Ambassador Gerard (before the latter was sent to Berlin), Archer Huntington and others. The Judge was made chairman.

The meeting was a success; each one learned something he did not know before—matters relating to telegrams; the mail; the banks; the probable activity of the United States; agreements as to a united understanding of several questions that were heretofore understood only in a casual way,—such as the impossibility of leaving Germany at the moment, even if we were at the frontier; the duration of time it was taking trains to go a certain distance, money relief for those in distress, etc.

Mr. Lotz reported that a resident of Nurnberg arrived from the Swiss frontier yesterday, having taken eight days to do an eight-hour trip. It requires three days and nights for Berlin, etc.

The meeting, on my motion, tendered thanks to the American Ambassador and American Consul, for all they were doing, and appointed a committee of three to help him in any way they request, also the same committee to act for all, as well as receive from the American Consul twice or three times a day any information the American Consul has and see that all the others have it. This will stop more than a hundred men, women and children acting for themselves, from visiting the Consul every other day, anxiously seeking information and taking time that might be more profitably employed.

With a general discussion,—not a complaint of any kind was heard,—and a vote of thanks to Mr. Lotz, who considers us a part of his family, with no hope of money return until we arrive home, we adjourned, all agreeing that the meeting was a wise move.

Judge Newberger, Mr. Steindler and myself, were appointed a committee to attend to all particulars for the entire colony. We started in at once by wiring

Gerard to get a special train, and start us for a neutral country.

Another thing reported at the meeting was that the gunboat Tennessee left America August 7th, with considerable money and twenty-five naval officers, to take charge of the Americans stranded in Europe.

### WEDNESDAY, August 12.

Well, I have made work for myself in getting the meeting together yesterday. This morning before I had breakfast, the American Consul and son came with a bundle of papers of various kinds, for me to see, and have the Americans fill out; also news to be posted on a blackboard for Americans. This we placed in the office.

I have been to the Consulate twice today and the Consul is delighted, as the new arrangement leaves him plenty of time to attend to necessary work and to think as to the best way to act.

A telegram came to the hotel today from Aachen, addressed to a man named "Friedman" from a man signing himself "Lazard Kahn." It was opened by mistake and it stated to "give Revell all the money he wanted." I never saw or heard of "Friedman" or "Kahn" before or after.

All theatres are closed, as well as bath houses, sporting grounds, etc. The latter are used by the military. The ladies wear sombre colors on the streets, and the real upper ten of Nurnberg, for one must remember Nurnberg has 500,000 people, have put away their jewels and showy clothes. They do not look with favor on anything indicative of a jovial spirit or a failure to recognize that a tragedy is being enacted. When it is remembered that not a family is spared in contributing one or more members to the ranks, this can be better understood.

There are many very nervous American families here, anxious to get on anywhere else. An example is a very nice family by the name of Brown of Buffalo, consisting of father, mother, brother, and sister. The boy Harold is in my son's class at Yale in the Shef. School. He is crazy to get back for the opening of the school. The cooler heads favor staying here and moving only by request of our government. This is recommended also by the American Consul and by the Ambassador in Berlin.

M. is ill and nervous today and has stayed in. It was just as well as she will not go out alone, and I have been busy all day.

The American Consul, Mr. Winans, says I am an Assistant American Consul. I have bought some Sandow dumb bells and take regular exercise in our rooms. This, with the walking, will help pull me through so far as exercise is concerned. Working today and feeling that I am doing some good, has helped my spirits considerably. I have been depressed but will not show it. Doing some good at some personal sacrifice is the keynote of all real health and happiness. There are old ladies here travelling alone, and women with children. All require help and kindness, consideration and much patience, as their questions, that no one can answer, would fill a book.

But today, with our organization, they feel easier, and the situation is more readily controlled.

It is really remarkable how helpless some people are, both men and women, and I wonder that some ever leave their own firesides. Unnecessary worry, anxiety and lack of self-control make for greater trouble at such a time.

Had M. and Mary, the maid, been like some of the women I have seen, and even like some of the men, I don't know what would have happened to us. It would certainly upset me. As it is, they have taken everything as a matter of course, have smiled when their hearts were wringing with terror and their heads aching with excitement.

I have observed that men who smoke, like myself, have doubled or trebled the number of cigars they ordinarily smoke in a day. Those who drink do the same in taking liquor or beer. This shows me that when people are under a strain, they are liable to do the opposite of what is good for them, injuring and reducing vitality they should conserve.

Fritz has not shown up all day and we are beginning to think we cannot depend on him. We don't blame him very much as every one in and around Nurnberg in these days of mobilization is "up in the air." This, however, will undoubtedly change very fast. We really do not need him, but it would be interesting to go about new and old Nurnberg with some one who has lived here always. Fritz adds to our worries somewhat but strange to say, we are clinging to that worry as long as we may.

### THURSDAY, August 13.

Rumors come of great victories for the Germans. Sometimes they stand as good and sometimes they are denied, or modified, showing the Germans want to give their people the near facts as they go along. One night the crowds in the square in front yelled until morning on the news of a great victory. About eight o'clock A.M. news came that the battle was not yet finished.

We receive nothing whatever from any other country. This includes our own country, the United States. All telegrams and letters must be written in German and letters posted open. A cable was sent today by the American Consul, giving all the names of the Americans here. It was sent to Secretary Bryan, that is, if it went. No one here, not even the American Consul, receives an answer to cables, although the American Consul has received cables from the State Department about matters the State Department wished information on.

M. had a surprise today. Before coming away from the United States, we always have two Letters of Credit. She had not drawn anything on hers. As I had been refused, after drawing some money at one bank, she tried the other one on her Letter. They telegraphed Berlin, as I stated before. The answer was favorable. Instead of fifty dollars, she got one hundred dollars. This helps us out very much, and we shall be able to help others.

### FRIDAY, August 14.

Still no Fritz. M. having been requested, agreed to join the Red Cross ladies in the main parlor of the hotel at 10:30 o'clock. They are sewing for soldiers.

Heard by telegraph from Thompson today that the family at home know where we are. We are both glad as M. has been worrying a little about Margaret and Dick. The last time we had anything from Chicago was a letter written by John Revell on July 10, more than a month ago.

The Americans have all signed another long list of our names to be forwarded to Gerard, Ambassador at Berlin. The American Consul is attending to it. We don't think the cable to Washington will go, but the one to Gerard may, as it is to inform him that we are hoping to have him make arrangements for our safe transport out of Germany to the United States. It may do some good although all kinds of plans have been tried and we get no substantial encouragement.

Of the many stories afloat, I will only mention three,—

*First,*—America is sending the man-of-war Tennessee with millions of dollars to help the Americans at least to have money enough.

*Second,*—America is sending forty ships to carry back all Americans, as England objected to German ships sailing under the American flag. Germany has objected to English steamships carrying Americans.

*Third,*—Reports from America to German papers that Nurnberg is on fire.

All kinds of stories.

We are getting restless again,—just as we felt in Karlsbad, which drove us out of that place, but our experiences make us extremely cautious, as we do not want to make another move on our own initiative. We prefer to have the United States Ambassador's advice rather than take the responsibility for our movements.

We could not go about very much today as it is very warm. I walked five miles, being better able to stand the heat than M.

I cannot tell how trying it is to be tied up here, for those who have been free in their movements. One cannot know the feeling until one has the experience.

We have just heard in some roundabout way this evening, that the special train we have been hoping for, will go on Monday, to Holland, for Americans only, and the hotel is hot with excitement to know the facts and arrange for accommodations. However, we returned without actually locating the truth of the report.

### SATURDAY, August 15.

A statement arrived by mail from the American Ambassador, dated August 12 (three days coming from Berlin), stating that a special train would be allowed through to the border to Holland for Americans only.

The following is the notice, which I include in full because of the many interesting directions and information it contains:

American Embassy,
Berlin, August 12, 1914.

To the Consular Representatives of the United States in Germany, and for the general information of American citizens:

A communication will tomorrow be published in the Berlin Lokal Anzeiger regarding the sending of a special train to the Dutch frontier for the special conveyance of Americans. Other trains will probably be arranged for from time to time. No further news has been received regarding the sending of transports from the United States, but application for repatriation are being considered by the Embassy and the various consular officers throughout Germany according to the Embassy's last circular and the announcement published in the Lokal Anzeiger.

All Americans leaving Berlin must have their passports stamped by the Foreign Office, for which purpose they should apply to Geheimer Legatienerat Dr. Eckhardt at Wilhelmstrase 76. Americans residing outside of Berlin should ascertain from their respective consular representatives what steps they should take in this regard.

Letters for the United States may be sent to the Embassy and will be forwarded at the first opportunity.

German subjects who desire to communicate with friends in England, Russia, France or Belgium, or who desire to send money, should make their requests to the Imperial Foreign Office. Americans are permitted to enter Italy. The steamers of the Italian lines are running at present, but are full for some time in advance. The Embassy is also informed that the steamer from Flushing, Holland, runs daily at 11 a.m. The Ambassador cannot, however, recommend Americans to try to reach Holland by the ordinary schedule trains, as he has received reports of delays en route, owing to the fact that all civil travelers are ejected from trains when troops require accommodations. It is better to wait for special trains arranged for by the Embassy.

The Dresdener Bank and its branches throughout Germany will cash *for Americans only* letters of credit and checks issued from good American banks in limited amounts. Included in this category are the checks of the Bankers Association, Bankers Trust Company, International Mercantile Marine Company and American Express Company. All checks and letters of credit must, however, be stamped by American consuls, and consuls must see that the consular stamp is affixed to these checks and letters of credit only as are the bona fide property of American citizens. The Commerz & Disconts Bank makes the same offer, and the Deutsche Bank will cash checks and letters of credit drawn by its correspondents.

American consular officers may also draw later on the Dresdener Bank for their salaries and the official expenses of their consulates. Before drawing such funds from the bank, however, all consular officers should submit their expense accounts to me for approval. These expense accounts should be transmitted to the Embassy at the earliest opportunity.

(Signed) The Ambassador.

There is no definite advice as to the wisdom of going or anything regarding steamship accommodations for Americans. It looks as though the eyes of all foreigners in Germany are directed on Holland. It now looks as though there is going to be a chance for those who dare to take it, to get through, although the reports at the depot are very conflicting as to how it is to be done.

One high official says the train will go Monday next; another one says it will go Wednesday. A half a dozen others know nothing about it. Some Americans here say they don't propose to move on until the Ambassador at Berlin orders it; others that they will take the chance and look out for themselves. Before making any criticism of our own country, or its arrangements in this emergency, I will await results, which, after all, is the only fair and safe thing to do.

I sent the following telegram to Gerard today:

Gerard, Ambassador, Berlin:

Your general statement dated August 12 was read by Americans here this Saturday morning. This makes your Nurnberg information by mail three days later than Berlin. We are patiently waiting, hoping for direct instructions. Movement on our own judgment came to grief. We feel, therefore, having done what we could, that we are now under orders and protection of our country. Shall we continue to wait, or shall we construe this statement as an order to move on one of the special trains? Answer.

Alexander H. Revell.
Grand Hotel.

Fritz showed up today and we went out for a sight-seeing trip in a two-horse carriage (zwi-spanne) that he had made arrangements for. The driver or owner of the carriage was to trust us until we returned to America, for all the rides we wished at four marks an hour. I told Fritz we did not desire any credit from any one for such small things. He could not understand it, so he then made an arrangement to pay for each ride at three marks an hour.

Nurnberg, with an intelligent guide, is most interesting, but try as we would, we could not really enjoy a sight-seeing trip, so after going into the different houses, castles, etc., to view the wonders of the interiors (as Fritz put it), we gave it up and then drove about the rest of the afternoon, finally stopping at the consulate to have our letters of credit stamped by the American consul, and have some additional evidences of the real thing put on our passport. Then back to the hotel to renew the round of explanations the committee must make as to our every movement.

SUNDAY, August 16.

Received answer to Gerard telegram at five o'clock A.M. It was as follows:

ALEXANDER REVELL:
My opinion is best to go to Holland. Advise none to travel by automobile, as several have been shot at.
(Signed) GERARD.

It changed the whole situation and immediately work commenced to arrange for a complete special train; so the committee, including the consul, Mr. Winans, called on the highest railroad official, who was a miltary officer, and made arrangements for the train, to carry all who wished to go. He had received direct orders from Berlin. The schedule is likely to be about forty-eight hours.

We gathered the people together in the hotel and accepted the money for the tickets, etc. There was considerable excitement, because someone ascertained that there might be a few sleepers on, and a crowd, on their own initiative, was made up and took the sleepers. I presume it is on the principle that everything is fair in love and war.

Well, after what we have been through—a soft side of a plank for two days and nights—going toward neutral ground and home will seem like sleeping on a bed of down. However, I want no word of complaint to mar these pages as I write. I believe, in view of the whole situation, we are very fortunate, and that God is with us.

In the evening, in a spontaneous way, when all were assembled in the main office and corridors—a room always most popular in European hotels because of a certain Bohemian freedom of movement, etc., I called the people to order, and a meeting without formality was held, with remarks by Judge Newburger, the American consul, Mr. Winans; Mr. Lotz, the proprietor of the hotel; Mr. Steindler, myself, and others.

Resolutions of thanks to Ambassador Gerard, Mr. Lotz, the American consul, the railroad officials, the town authorities, etc., were made. This, we thought only right to do. It was our last night in Nurnberg.

MONDAY, August 17.

Orders change rapidly regarding the special train. Now one thing, then another, until those who are nervously inclined, although quiet outwardly, are frantic within.

I believe it is going as arranged, although no one feels dead sure until we are started. We are making every effort to have others, as well as ourselves, as comfortable as possible. Have bought a very large "gepact" (hand satchel) in the event of our trunks being lost, blankets, pillows, etc. The hotel has filled a basket of food, and others have planned in the same way. We are praying there will be a diner on, as is partially promised. The military people, it seems, are demanding all the diners.

The spirit of the Germans, however, is strong to please the departing Americans. In fact, aside from the necessities of duty to country, actual demands for their own safety, inherent in the most disciplinary and systematic nation in the world, the Germans have been splendid to the Americans stranded in Nurnberg.

Our trunks have just gone and Fritz's duty is to see them on the car. The train, on the part of the Americans, is to be under the absolute charge of Mr. Steindler and myself by order of the railroad military commander of this district.

We have drawn more money today and

shall settle many of the bills contracted in Nurnberg.

I have bought some Holland money, and with this and the German, Swiss, and American money, we are well provided to meet the demands of Holland. The safe conduct paper placed in my hands to use as occasion requires, is as follows:

FOR MR. ALEXANDER H. REVELL AND MR. W. STEINDLER:

SAFE CONDUCT

This special train has been prepared with the consent of the imperial authorities at the request of the American Embassy, together with the Dutch Railroad Company. Those aboard this special train, before they left Nurnberg, underwent police supervision. It is requested that they be allowed to pass unimpeded to the Dutch border, and in case traffic should be interrupted that they be furnished with all possible assistance.

LINE COMMANDER, K 11, VON REUF,
Major of the Line.
Nurnberg, Aug. 17, 1914.

I forwarded the following telegram to Gerard before the train started:

GERARD, Ambassador, Berlin:

American special train for Amsterdam leaves this Monday morning. Anything you may be able to do to facilitate and give additional safety to its movement through principal points, after leaving here, will be appreciated by all.

ALEXANDER REVELL.

If I could only feel funny, I could tell the most ludicrous incidents, but no one feels funny or makes joking remarks. We are, in a way, I may say, happy to head toward Holland.

We also understood that on this train we are to pass through some very dangerous territory, through the heart of Germany, where there is much excitement—Wurzburg, Frankfort, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Essen, Wesel, Arnheim in Holland and at last Amsterdam.

Naturally there is much excitement, but all hold in very well.

The train is to start at 6.40 P.M., and it was announced that the baggage could be sent to the station any time after 12 o'clock noon. Some of the women not only had baggage ready, but were ready themselves at that hour.

All were at the train at 5.45. All had been assigned seats by the committee, so there was no excitement. M. and I and the maid had a small day compartment and proposed to make ourselves as comfortable as possible.

We were extremely anxious about our maid, who was an Englishwoman. This specially worried M. very much, as she would be very sorry to leave her behind and deemed it dangerous to take her.

However, I went to the military police that day and reported ourselves as leaving Nurnberg, as all had to do. I also reported our maid. This was in the presence of Fritz, who knew she was English. I trembled lest they should read the papers carefully and find her nationality, but if they discovered it, they said nothing. Returning to the hotel I saw Mr. Lotz, with whom I had arranged to keep her as long as she had to stay, in the event of our not taking her with us. I guaranteed payment for her keep; between the American consul and Mr. Lotz she was to be looked after.

I told Mr. Lotz of my visit to the police and that I intended to take her along. He, being a German, I wondered what his action would be, but he was an intelligent man. He knew the little woman was innocent of any possible harm, either in going or staying, and it was one less mouth to feed. My visit to the police relieved him very much. He said nothing, but his look contained volumes, and I took the maid along.

M. would not have it otherwise than we must have her stay in our compartment, as she wanted me to be present on the moment in case any trouble happened on her account.

Before the train started I heard screaming on the platform. On going out found that one of the families had, in a like manner, taken along their French maid. She had been discovered and was about to be taken away. The poor girl was frantic.

We got hold of the military official who arranged for the train, and with the assistance of one or two other authorities, we succeeded in convincing him that nothing could be gained by separating this girl from the family. They finally said, "Well, let her go, too."

*(To be continued)*

# Heart Classics of American History

### by George Lippard

## VII—ARNOLD IN VIRGINIA

IN the history of the Mexican war of 1846, it is stated that fifteen women were driven by the bombardment of Vera Cruz to take refuge in a church, near the altar, their pale faces illumined by the same red glare that revealed the sculptured image of Jesus and the sad, mild face of the Virgin Mother.

While they knelt there, a lighted bomb—a globe of iron containing at least three hundred balls—crashed through the roof of the church, descended in the midst of the women, and exploded!

There is not a fiend but whose heart would fail him when surveying the result of that explosion. So, upon the homes of Virginia, in December, 1781, burst the traitor, Benedict Arnold.

As his ship glided up James River, aided by wind and tide—a leaden sky above, a dreary winter scene around, the other vessels following in the wake—he stood on its deck, and drew his sword, repeating his oath, to avenge the death of John Andre!

How did he keep that oath?

At midnight, over the ice-bound river and frozen snow, a red column of flame flashed far and wide, rising in terrible grandeur into the star-lit sky. It was only Arnold and his men, laying an American home in ashes and blood.

When morning came there was a dense black smoke darkening over yonder woods. The first light of the winter's day shone over the maddened visage of Arnold, cheering on his men to scenes of murder.

The very men who fought under him, despised him, and as the officers received his orders, they could not disguise the contempt of the curved lip and averted eye. The phantom of Andre never left him. If before he had been desperate, he was now infernal—if Quebec had beheld him a brave soldier, the shores of James River, the streets of Richmond saw in his form the image of an assassin.

Tortured by remorse, hated, doubted, despised by the men who had purchased his sword, his honor, Arnold seemed at this time, to become the foe of the whole human race. When not engaged in works of carnage, he would sit alone in his tent, resting his head in his clenched hand and shading from the light a face distorted by demoniac passions.

The memory of Andre was to him, what the cord, sunken in the lacerated flesh, is to the Hindoo devotee, a dull, gnawing, ever-present pain.

One day he sent a flag of truce with a letter to La Fayette. The heroic boy-general returned the letter without a word. Arnold took the unanswered letter, sought the shadow of his tent, and did not speak for some hours. That calm derision cut him to the soul.

There was brought before him, on a calm winter's day, an American captain who had been taken prisoner. Arnold surveyed the hardy soldier, clad in that glorious blue uniform, which he himself had worn with honor, and after a pause of silent thought, asked with a careless smile—

"What will the Americans do with me, in case they take me prisoner?"

"Hang your body on a gibbet, but bury your leg with the honors of war. Not the leg that first planted a footstep on the British ship, but the leg that was broken at Quebec and Saratoga!"

Arnold's countenance fell. He asked no more questions of that soldier.

One dark and cheerless winter's evening as the sun, shining from a blue ridge of clouds, lighted up the recesses of a wood, near the James River, a solitary horseman was pursuing his way along a path that led from the forest into a wild morass.

On either side of the path were dangerous bogs, before the traveler a dreary prospect of ice and reeds, at his back, the unknown wood which he had just left. He had wandered far from the road and lost his way.

He covered his face and neck with the cloak, which, drooping over his erect form, fell in large folds on the back of his horse. The sky was dark and lowering, the wind sweeping over the swamp, bitter cold. From an aperture in the clouds the last gush of sunlight streamed over the ice of the morass, with that solitary horseman darkly delineated in the centre.

Suffering the horse to choose his way, the traveler, with his face concealed in the cloak, seemed absorbed in his thoughts, while the sun went down; the night came on; the snow fell in large flakes.

The instinct of the horse guided him through many devious paths, at last, however, he halted in evident distress, while the falling snow whitened his dark flanks. The traveler looked around; all had grown suddenly dark. He could not distinguish the path. Suddenly, however, a light blazed in his face, and he beheld, but a few paces before him, the glow of a fireside, streaming through an opened door. A miserable hut stood there on an island of the swamp, with the immense trunks of leafless trees rising above its narrow roof.

As the traveler hurried forward, he beheld standing in the doorway, the figure of an old man, clad after the Indian style, in hunting shirt, leggings and moccasins, with a fur cap on his brow.

"Who comes thar?" the challenge echoed and a rifle was raised.

"A friend, who will thank you to direct him to the path which leads into the high road!"

"On sich a night as this, I'd reether not!" answered the old hunter. "How'sever, if you choose to share my fire and Johnny cake, you're welcome! That's all an old soldier can say!"

In a few moments, looking into the solitary room of that secluded hut, you might see the traveler seated on one side of a cheerful fire, built on the hard clay, while opposite, resting on a log, the old man turned the cake in the ashes and passed the whiskey flask.

A lighted pine knot attached to a huge oaken post, which formed the main support of the roof, threw its vivid glare into the wrinkled face of the hunter. The traveler, still wrapped in his cloak, seemed to avoid the light, for while he eagerly partook of the cake and shared the contents of the flask, he shaded his eyes with his broad chapeau.

Around these two figures were many testimonials of the old man's skill, and some records of his courage. The antlers of a deer nailed to a post, the skin of a panther extended along the logs, five or six scalps suspended from the roof, bore testimony to a life of desperate deeds. By his side, his powder horn and hunting pouch, and an old rifle, glowed redly in the light.

The rude meal was finished; the traveler raised his head and glanced covertly around the place.

"You seem comfortable here? A somewhat lonely spot, however, in the middle of the swamp, with nothing but ice and reeds around you?"

The old hunter smiled until his veteran face resembled a piece of intricate network.

"If you'd a-been some five years cap-*tive* among the Ingins as I have been, you'd think this here log hut reether comfortable place!"

"You—a captive?" muttered the traveler.

"Look thar!" and rising his cap he laid bare his skull, which was at once divested of the hair and skin. The hideous traces of a savage outrage were clearly perceptible.

"Thar's whar the Ingins scalped me! But old Bingimin didn't die jest then!"

"Where were you at the time the Indians captured you?"

"In Canada—"

"Canada?" echoed the traveler.

"Does that seem pecooliar?" chuckled the old man. "Taken captive in Canada, I was kept among 'em five years, and didn't get near a white settlement until a month back. I haint lived here more nor three weeks. You see I've had a dev'lish tough time of it!"

"You are not a Canadian?"

"Old Virginny to the backbone! You see I went to jine the army near Boston, with Dan'el Morgan—You mought a-happened to heard o' that man, stranger? A parfict hoss to fight, mind I tell 'ee!"

"Morgan?" whispered the traveler, and his head sunk lower in his cloak.

"Yes, you see Morgan and his men jined Arnold—you've heered of him?"

The traveler removed his seat, or log, from the fire. It was getting uncomfortably warm.

"Arnold—yes, I think I have heard of that man?"

"Heer'd of him? Why I reckon, if livin', by this time he's the greatest man a-goin'! Yes, stranger, I was with him, with Arnold on his v'yge over land to Quebec! What a parfict devil he was, to be sure!"

"You knew Arnold?"

"Wern't I with him all the way for two months? Didn't I see him every hour of the day? Nothin' could daunt that fellow —his face was always the same—and when there was danger, you needn't ask where he was. Arnold was always in the front!"

"He was a rash, high-tempered man?"

"A beaver to work and a wild cat to fight! Hot-tempered as old Sattin, but mind I tell 'ee, his heart was in the right place. I recollect one day we brought to a halt on the banks of a river. Our provisions were gone. There weren't a morsel left. E'en the dogs an' sarpints had run out. Our men set about in squads, talkin' the matter over. We were the worst starved men that had ever been seen in them parts. Well, in midst of it all, Arnold calls me aside—I see his face yet, with an eye like one of them fire-coals—ses he, 'Bingimin, you're a little older than the rest of us! Take this crust!' And he gives me a bit of bread that he took from the breast of his coat. Yes, the Colonel—sufferin' himself for bread—give me the last he had, out of his own mouth!"

The old man brushed his eyes with the back of his hand. The traveler seemed asleep, for his head had fallen on his breast, while his elbows rested on his knees. The hunter, however, continued his story.

"Then you should a-seen him, at the stormin' o' Quebec! Laws help us! Why, even when his leg was broke, he cheered his men, and fought, sword in hand, until he fell in a puddle of his own blood! I tell you that Arnold was a born devil to fight!"

"You said you were captured by the Indians?" hastily interrupted the stranger, keeping his face within the folds of his cloak.

"I carried Arnold from the Rock at Quebec, and was with him when the Americans were retreating toward Lake Champlain. One night, wandering on the shore, the red skins come upon me—but it's a long story. You seem to be from civilized parts, stranger. Can you tell me what's become of Benedict Arnold? Is he alive?"

"He is," sullenly responded the traveler.

"At the head of the heap, too, I'll be bound! A Continental to the backbone? Hey? Next to Washington himself?"

The traveler was silent.

"Maybe, stranger, you can tell me somethin' about the war? You seem to come from the big cities? What's been doin' lately? The Continental Congress still in operation? I did heer, while captive among the Ingins, that our folks had cut loose altogether from King George?"

The strange gentleman did not answer. His face still shrouded in his cloak, he folded his arms over his knees, while the old man gazed upon him with a look of some interest.

"So you knew Benedict Arnold?" a deep, hoarse voice echoed from the folds of the cloak.

"That I did, sir! And a braver man never—"

"He was brave? Was he?"

"Like his iron sword, his character was full of dents and notches, but his heart was always true, and his hand struck home in the hour of battle!"

"The soldiers liked him?"

"Reether so! You should have seen 'em follow his voice and eye on the ramparts of Quebec! They fairly warshipped him—"

"Do you think he loved his country?"

"Do I think! I don't think about it—I *know* it! But you don't seem well—eh? Got a chill? You trimble so. Wait a moment, and I'll put more wood on the fire."

The stranger rose. Still keeping his cloak about his neck and face, he moved toward the narrow door. "I must go!" he said, in that hoarse voice, which for some unknown reason struck on the old man's ear with a peculiar sound.

"Go! On sich a night as this? It ain't possible!"

"I must go! You can tell me the best path from this accursed swamp, and I will leave without a moment's delay!"

The old man was conscious that no persuasion on his part could change the iron resolve of the stranger's tone.

It was a terrible night. The snow had changed to sleet, the wind, swelling to a hurricane, roared like the voices of ten thousand men clamoring in battle over the wilds of the swamp. Although it was in the depth of winter the sound of distant thunder was heard and a pale lurid lightning flashed from the verge of that dreary horizon.

The old man with the light flaring, now over his withered face, now over the stranger and his steed, stood in the doorway of his rude home.

"Take the track to the right—turn at the big oak about a quarter of a mile from this place, and then you must follow the windin's of the path, as best you may!—But hold, it's a terrible night: I'll not see a fellow bein's life in peril. Wait a minute, until I get my cap and rifle; I'll go with you to the edge of the swamp—"

"So you would like to know—" interrupted the deep voice of the stranger—"So you would like to know what has become of Benedict Arnold?"

That voice held the old man's eye and ear like a spell. He started forward, holding the torch in his hand, and grasped the stirrup of the traveler.

Then occurred a sudden, yet vivid and impressive scene!

You hear the winter thunder roll, you see the pale lightning glow. That torch spreads a circle of glaring light around the old man and the horseman, while all beyond is intensely dark.

And then, like some wild creation of that desert waste, you see the impatient horse and the cloaked figure breaking into the vivid light, and distinctly relieved by the universe of darkness beyond.

The old man gazed intently for a moment and then fell back against the doorpost of his hut, appalled, frightened, thunderstricken. The mingled despair, wonder, fear, stamped upon his battle-worn face, was frightful to behold.

The cloak had fallen from the stranger's shoulders. The old man beheld a massive form clad in scarlet, a bronzed visage disturbed by a hideous emotion, two dark eyes that flashed through the gloom, as with the light of eternal despair.

"*Now, do you know me?*" thundered that hoarse voice, and a mist came over the old man's eyes.

When he recovered his consciousness again, the tufted sward before his hut was vacant. There was the sound of horse's hoofs crashing through the swamp, there was the vision of a horse and rider, seen far over the waste, by the glare of the winter lightning.

The space before the hut was vacant, yet that old man with his paralyzed hand clenching the torch, beheld a hideous vision rising against the dark sky—*a red uniform, a bronzed visage, two burning eyes!*

"Tonight," he faltered—this brave old man, now transformed into a very coward, by that sight—"Tonight, I have seen the Fiend of Darkness—for it was not—no! It was not Benedict Arnold!"

And the old man until the hour of his death firmly believed that the vision of that night was a horrible delusion, created by the fiend of darkness, to frighten a brave old soldier. He died, believing still in the Patriot Arnold.

Arnold was afterwards heard to say that all the shames and scorns which had been showered upon his head never cut him so thoroughly to the soul as the fervent admiration of that soldier of the Wilderness, who in his lonely wanderings still cherished in his heart the memory of the Patriot Arnold.

# The Raid on the Courts

## by an Ohio Lawyer

THE conditions of unrest and nervous irritation prevailing at the present time are the natural results of long-continued, deep-seated and insistently-insisted-upon abuses which have grown quite logically out of our universal neglect of the duties and privileges of citizenship. We have built up in this country a class of people who understand that the public owes them a living and here and there a fortune as well as public place and honor galore. This class has so insistently and persistently enforced its demands that the rest of mankind has been sore oppressed, much berobbed and humiliatingly insulted and finally has awakened to the fact and is now engaged in going up and down like a roaring lion, seeking whom it may devour. This state of unrest is the reflex action resulting from our discovery of what has been going on.

We are so astonished and ashamed of ourselves that we hysterically determine to maim ourselves in order that we may commit no more crime. Already fundamental principles have been abandoned, constitutions changed and laws enacted, in a wild panic of reform and flight from our former selves, that will require a generation for adjustment and some of which are unadjustable and will have to be abandoned. We are like the drunkard whom they sought to frighten into sobriety by telling him of the man whose breath was so bad from whiskey fumes that he was blown to pieces when he attempted to blow out a candle. Like him, we have fallen on our knees and registered a vow that we will never attempt to blow out another candle. There has been nowhere any attempt to reform the individual. We certainly have not sworn off on the whiskey habit.

We will have different institutions, but the same weak, negligent and wicked individuals to run them. Because here and there a state legislature was bought up by a Croesus who wanted to go to the Senate, we have determined that those foolish people who selected that wicked legislature shall do the thing direct and without intervention of the middleman, and we have overlooked the fact that an important arch in our temple has been weakened by destroying the principle of that arch, and that some day the temple may fall on that account. More than one safeguard, the result of hundreds of years of experiment and study on the part of men trained in that particular line, has been ruthlessly swept away at the command of itinerant reformers. We are possessed of a St. Vitus dance of innovation, and things new and different, because we do not want to pay enough attention to existing institutions to make them work as they were intended to and would under proper treatment. So far as any substantial reformation is concerned, Billy Sunday is nearer the mark than those professionals who see salvation in the initiative and referendum, the recall, the commission form of government, the direct primary, and three-fourths of a jury, because his attack is directed upon the individual.

Possibly the most dangerous manifestation of this wild state is that which has turned its attention to our legal machinery and has been properly designated as the Raid on the Courts.

It must be admitted that there has been quite sufficient cause for the feeling that our legal machinery has not worked satisfactorily in many cases. There have been many incompetent judges and some corrupt ones, with here and there a small prejudiced one who uses his office to work out personal spleen. The bar has not always shown itself either competent or honest. Juries have been bribed, some cases have been decided under political bias, and many other things have occurred which ought not to have been. But are not the people themselves to blame? Is the fault in the system? In the United States we both elect and appoint judges and it is a mooted question as to which plan produces the best or the worst results. We have judges on the Federal bench who have obtained their appointments by political service and most of our elected judges arrive there by the same route. Our juries are selected in ways that ought to produce results as good as we are capable of—just as good as our citizenship, and we cannot demand more. We are entitled to have our cause submitted to juries of our peers and no more. Our bar is made up of individuals selected on standards of education and fitness which are the best we can invent. And yet things don't work right. Delays and miscarriages in the administration of justice are of such frequent occurrence that this also has added fuel to the flame of Revolution.

How, then, shall we be saved?

Certainly not by swallowing all the nostrums offered or by following the advice of the quacks.

A fair example of the driveling with which the public is being fed through our newspapers is the case cited in a former article of the editor who has got it into his head that the time of the courts is wasted in hearing motions and demurrers, and who proposes solemnly to abolish the demurrer, lightly brushing aside with his editorial wisdom the fact that the demurrer inheres in all proceedings and can no more be abolished than the proceeding itself. That is of the essence of the thing. This is only one example of the many idiotic things that have been suggested, but is a fair example of most of them. "But," replies our wise editor, "the English Juridical Act of 1910 does away with the demurrer, and in some of our states the same thing has been done."

It is true that the Yearly Practice of the Supreme Court for 1910 attempts to abolish the demurrer and that example has been followed, but in every instance a proceeding is allowed which covers the same ground exactly, but it is less direct and effective. The absolute fact is that motions and demurrers are the surgical instruments of the judicial system, are correspondingly useful and cannot be dispensed with in any rational code.

This spirit of attack on existing institutions has been taken advantage of by many who seek office. The reformer is a fashionable person at present and the *poseur* is abroad in the land merely to advance his own interests by playing upon the ignorance of the public. The fakir is taking advantage of the prevailing nymphomania.

SO little do the public know about these things that a self-constituted reform or progressive judge is put upon a pedestal in one of our leading magazines for doing a thing that all lawyers and judges have been familiar with from time immemorial, and one that has been incorporated into the statutory law of most of the states for half a century. Yet because the writer of that article don't know, or because he is willing to deceive an ignorant public, this progressive judge is credited with having originated a thing which has been in practice in all courts for generations. Laudable as any effort at real reform and improvement may be, it should not be forgotten that it is, after all, man's affair. We are still human beings with the same faculties and processes of reasoning as were ours from the beginning, and that about the best we are capable of comes from experiment aided by our reasoning faculties. Man in his combined capacity as a community tries constantly to better conditions by inventing ways by which the burden of the masses may be lessened and the largest possible good for all—for the mass—may be accomplished with the least sacrifice on the part of the individual. In this effort the world wandered, trying first one thing and then another, until finally the republic of the United States was founded upon principles which seemed to comprehend the best possible results of ages of thought and experiment, and our judicial system is an essential part of that result. Weaknesses and abuses have been discovered from time to time, and as fast corrected as far as may be, for it must not be forgotten that the correction of one abuse or weakness often produces another—that is the essential nature of change. It is very doubtful if all abuses can be corrected and an absolutely perfect system invented, for we are dealing with humanity and all its weaknesses. But certain things are absolutely known to exist and to result from certain conditions, and these are our only standards.

Starting, therefore, at a point where tribunals for the trial of causes actually exist, let us test some of these proposed reforms.

It is proposed to do away with so-called dilatory motions because they occupy so much time and delay the trial of my case. If I have a claim against you which has to be settled by the judgment of a court, it results in a proceeding. I hale you into court for the purpose. You are entitled to know why. In other words, I must state my case. If, after I have made that statement it appears that I have no claim, there should be no trial. The time and expense of further proceedings should be avoided. You have a right to be protected from annoyance and expense by raising this question and the public has a right to have its dockets cleared and the expense of its machinery saved. Hence the motion or the demurrer, both of which are intended to *shorten* the proceedings or to avoid them entirely. These rights of yours result naturally in other uses for the motion. There may be doubt as to whether I have a case because of the hazy manner in which I have stated it. You have a right to demand that I make it plain. I have not said enough to enable you to make a defence. You have a right to compel me to put myself in a proper attitude to enable you to defend yourself. All these and many more things are conditions which occur so frequently that experience has invented this method of enforcing your rights by compelling me to state my case properly so that you may defend, and they belong to a class of preliminary steps whose sole object is to *shorten* proceedings, and in many instances to do away with them entirely.

Now it is proposed to do away with the motion and compel all cases to be tried. This one thing of itself if put into practice would result in incalculable clogging of the dockets and an accumulation of business which would soon be appalling. The demurrer, which is the most effective of all the motions, simply says, after you have stated your claim fully and clearly—you have no case against me and if it is true, that ends the proceeding, and many days, often weeks, of time of courts and juries and officers of all kinds, of witnesses and interested parties, are saved. It is the short cut to the ultimate result.

Those who rail against these natural and scientific steps are simply ignorant of their reason, nature and effect and are deceived by the fact that here and there advantage is taken of them for improper purposes. It could easily be demonstrated, however, that the slight evil resulting from this is infinitely overbalanced by the enormous good which is wrought by their proper use.

ANOTHER evil. After many years of oppression on the part of judges, the jury system was invented whereby certain causes, notably charges of crime, were to be submitted to a jury or committee of one's peers. That is to say, a proper number of citizens of the community who were unprejudiced, should say, after hearing all the testimony, what had been done. If you were charged with killing a man they should find it as a fact that you had done so before you could be punished for it. So also in time certain so-called civil controversies were left to a jury. This committee of your fellow-men must not be too large or too small. It must be just right for easy handling, and at the same time represent fairly the community in which you live—your peers. The number 12 was decided upon. It might have been more or less—that made little difference—but whatever the number, the JURY must agree. It must be of ONE mind. The committee of your peers must say what you had done. That was the only safe way. Having in the best known ways determined upon a number, it must be an opinion without doubt. Even then some dangers lurked on account of human weakness, but all possible safeguards must be present, and the safest of these was unanimity—without doubt in its combined opinion.

Now it is proposed that doubt in the minds of a full one-fourth of that committee of one's peers is to be overcome by the combined opinion of no doubt on the part of the other three-fourths. In other words, that a safeguard established by ages of effort, experiment and scientific study and research, shall be swept away because juries sometimes can't agree. No doubt some people have felt aggrieved by this fact, but wherein will this be averted by the proposed new method? If it takes nine men to render a just verdict, why not a jury of nine? Why the other three? If we are to be consistent and continue to preach economy, why not practice it right here? Ah, but you say one man has sometimes hung a jury and prevented a verdict, often two do it, and sometimes three. Why stop at that? Why not be logical and make it a bare majority? That is the unavoidable result of the argument in favor of less than a unanimous verdict and having arrived at that point, have you not done away with the whole jury system? That being true, why should you have the protection of a jury of your peers to determine the fact which must be settled in some way before judgment can be passed upon you? To say the least, the proposed innovation is in the wrong direction and the tendency of all such changes will inevitably be to break down the safeguards which ages of actual experiment and research have established.

But the public also has its side of the argument and large concessions must be made to the charges of ignorance, unfitness and inability on the part of the members of the bar. It takes but short experience in any ordinary law school for the teacher to see clearly where lies the fault. It was my good fortune to occupy for some years a chair in one of our university law schools. This position brought the students to me after they had been at their work for over a year, and were supposed to have covered the law of contracts, of corporations and of torts. It was my business to proceed upon the assumption that they knew enough at least about these subjects to understand the application of cases to the principles they had covered in their previous work. Out of classes of thirty-five or forty young men, it was possible, within a month, to pick out the lawyers, and these usually averaged about half a dozen. The rest were bright young fellows who learned their lessons and were able to pass any examination we could prepare for them. Many of these were graduates of college, and were ambitious to be recognized as lawyers. But the thing that makes a lawyer was not in them. I have followed the course of many of these young gentlemen. Some have made money. Some have become prominent in politics. Quite a few have held important offices and generally they have been a credit to their alma mater and to the communities in which they live. But they have never become lawyers. This only applies to the law school man whom I knew. Those who have never had these advantages average up quite as well.

AGAIN the public comes in. Here are the sons of successful tradesmen who were ambitious to have a son in one of the learned professions. The son on his part was also ambitious—for the ancient flavor of the profession still holds and there are yet many people who worship the venerable fetish, now a present-day fallacy, that the very fact of a man's being admitted to a learned profession (how the old writers dwelt on this!) gave him a social and business advantage over his brethren, to be obtained in no other way. He is (or rather WAS) put on a pedestal. A few lazy fellows also still hang to the popular idea that it is a lazy business and that all a man has to do is to sit with his feet cocked up on a desk and say five dollars to all who approach him, notwithstanding the fact that the wise ones soon find out that to be a real lawyer one must put in more hours and work harder for his dollar than any other laboring man that lives. However these old opinions have about lost their force in the great present-day weighing of things on the scales of Commerce, and the public judges a lawyer as well as a merchant by his success in making money. The result is, of course, disastrous as it is in our social life. The scales are false, but they nevertheless prevail, and the public suffers the reflex action of its own standards in poor, unqualified and, sometimes unscrupulous lawyers. The profession is, however, the greatest sufferer, for it results in so lowering the standard that it is now hardly worth one's while to go through all the labor of becoming a lawyer in the face of the fact that the keen business man who has obtained one of our college diplomas and knows just enough law to fool the public, is to get all the rewards.

No doubt the real lawyer will always remain. But he will be in the background. He will be the one to whom the shyster will go for an opinion for which he will not pay anything, but which he will sell to his client for an exorbitant fee. What I mean is this: it will be exorbitant as the opinion of Jones, who sells, although it would be fair as to Smith who gave it, for it embodies his learning, his perspicacity, his broad legal mentality, and his trained thought.

It is really curious that the public does not see. But daily examples occur in which opinions as to the fitness of the members of the bar are announced by that public. Today it is by employment in some important matter. Tomorrow it is an opinion expressed at the club or in some gathering in the Board of Trade. One lawyer gains it by gift of gab and by being able to make a good showing before a jury. Another gains it by having made shrewd deals and by being positively unscrupulous at heart. Another gains it by sheer bluff. But the results are there, and Mister Real Lawyer stands back with his fingers in his mouth and wonders how it all comes about for he knows that not one of these successful (sic!) fellows knows the law. But he stands dazed and ashamed before the palpable fact that the great patronizing, fee-paying public think they do.

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# CHRISTMAS

THOU cold and sullen December,
Bleak, barren and desolate,
All loveless seems thy fate.
We mourn the beauty thou hast killed,
The song-birds chilled;
All hastened from thine icy breath,
Fast flying from destruction, death;
Thou month of dread!

But hark! what wonder worketh in thee now,
Transforming thee to smiling Spring!
Lo, Christmas angels on the wing,
In tones of adoration sing,
"The Christ-child now is born,
Welcome the wondrous morn,"
No longer loveless thou,
But laurel-crowned thy brow,
Thrice-blest December!

—*Sarah Martyn Wright.*

# A Press Humorist at San Francisco

### by J. U. Higinbotham

ON a rainy August day we started for the big Fair, laden with hopes and express orders and yards of railroad tickets. We were jerked from one-million-dollar depot to another in luxurious palace cars in whose production other millions had been spent. We ate Fred Harvey meals, wonderfully cooked and faultlessly served, and our train of cars was fit for the entourage of a king.

The U. S. A. has been discovered so much since the European war has induced ingrowing travel that the reader will be spared a few details of our trip. The mere fact that Kansas City has a bigger and better depot than it had a few years ago will not surprise old travelers. Any change would have had to be in that direction. The Kansas plains were bending under the sickle, i.e., the steam or gasoline tractor. Albuquerque was picturesque with a purpose. Squaws and papooses, both home-grown and borrowed, clamored for a position in front of the camera and immediately demanded ten cents for posing. Woolworth must have obtained his idea of the correct commercial limit at Albuquerque. There were acres of shelves of blankets at good round prices that caused some one to mutter "Harveyized Steel"; but at the ruling temperature who wanted blankets? All we wanted was a place in the shade and the best seats were as usual in the hands of the scalpers. At Albuquerque we took on board a sheriff and deputy who were personally escorting a Mexican quadruple murderer to Gallup where he was to be hung the next day. Of course, the men of our party trooped back to inspect this misguided individual who must have imagined he was an emperor and endowed with the divine right to kill. At any rate he was the most unconcerned man in the smoker and rolled his cigarette between his manacled hands without a tremor.

Do not expect a description of the Grand Canyon. It cannot be done. It can be attempted by the foolhardy writer, but in the presence of the awful reality a display of adjectives would look about as adequate and impressive as a collection of butterflies pinned to the side of Pike's Peak. We met George Ade there. He had just finished the Rim Ride and he was mad! Not at the Canyon, but at a fellow passenger who gazed across that thirteen-mile gash in the face of nature, peered into a wound six thousand feet deep, looked calmly at a dream of fantastic outline and barbaric coloring softened by distance and mist into a perfect blend and said, "Well, I am disappointed!" And George said, "Can you imagine the state of mind of a man who would be disappointed in the Grand Canyon? What was the blank fool expecting?"

El Tovar is a Fifth Avenue hostelry, moved out to the edge of the desert, prices and all, but with a good excuse for the prices. Of course, we rode mules down Bright Angel Trail. B. can never resist a chance to ride a burro or mule up or down a zigzag path; and if there are turns where the mule loses sight of his own flanks, she is that much the happier. The ride is safe but uncomfortable, and no good purpose is served except to be able to say you have done it. Well, we have done it.

The Mojave Desert was not so hot as we had feared it would be. In fact, the only way we knew we had arrived at the glorious climate of California was that it grew hotter. We are not going to tell of the heat of Southern California nor its miles of yellow crackling grass and its acres of bearing orange trees with dry barren clods between the rows because we have friends there and we may want to go back. A Californian defends his climate with a zeal that makes you think there must be something wrong with it. That is, he resembles an Irishman. He defends his own county; as for the rest of the country, he doesn't blame you for knocking it. As we mopped our brows, one lady of the party said, "None but the brave deserve the Fair."

We did not have time to visit San Diego, and we are convinced that we made a mistake. We met a lot of San Diego people who not only told us so but evidently regarded us as a mild type of lunatic. But we thought one Fair enough for the round trip, and besides we had to cut out San Diego or the Big Trees. And when you reflect that some of the Mariposa trees are from eighty to one hundred feet in circumference you can see how hard it would have been to cut them out. So we "Southernpacificked" to Madera, ate a good breakfast and started on a hundred-mile auto drive to the Big Trees and the Yosemite. We won't tell you much about that drive because, while we have the adjectives and the profanity, the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is essentially a home publication, and in addition thereto is amenable to the postal regulations. Suffice it to say that this section of Uncle Sam's public domain is about as well prepared for automobiling as is the rest of the country for an armed invasion. The grades are well established, but there has been no surfacing of the roads and consequently the dust is over tire deep. There are ruts between ruts and the turns either are not banked or are banked the wrong way; and some of the experiences in passing other vehicles are more thrilling than pleasant. We reached Wawona, played out in body and nerves. If Yosemite National Park and the Big Trees belonged to a railroad or some other private corporation, it would spend a million dollars or so on the roads and increase the revenue five hundred thousand dollars a year. Perhaps California will get around to doing this some day. Yosemite Park belongs to the state.

At Grub Gulch, before reaching the trees and after thirty-nine miles of mingled prayers and profanity, we halted at a little soft drink oasis. Two gentlemen of Virginia occupied the rear seats of our tumbril. Nature had been kind to the one back of me in the matter of legs. His knees had gradually imbedded themselves in my back until there was a sort of co-ordination in our circulation. He enjoyed it as little as I did, of course. I mention this to remove any seeming criticism of him. We were fellow-sufferers.

At Grub Gulch I alighted and bought a few lemonades. They were first class, but some day I want to find out why there are no good oranges on sale in California. Is it as Mr. Dooley suggests in his article on Country Life? "I want to live in the country where the good things come from," says Hennessy. "Me for the city where the good things come *to*," says Dooley.

But I digress. Seeing that my Virginia friends did not leave the auto, I said, "Won't you get out and stretch your legs?" My friend replied, "No, thank you, suh, I think they are rather too long now."

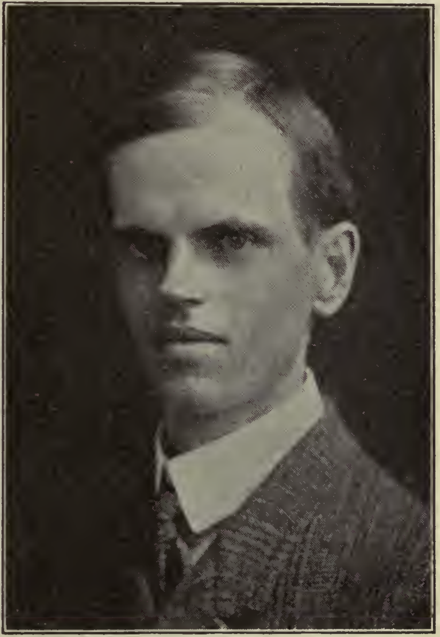
After a few minutes' rest, we proceeded over more bad roads until every bone in our bodies ached. At last we reached a toll gate marking the entrance to the Big Trees reservation. The toll charge is a dollar a car, or a passenger, I am not sure which, because our toll was included in our tickets. We sat up and said, "At last!" But we were premature. It was a good many miles yet to the Red Wood grove. We passed many pine trees that looked big enough to us, but there was no mistaking the really Big Trees when we reached them. There are many of them, the oldest and biggest being the grizzly giant, 8000 years old and 104 feet in circumference. The drive leads between immense trees with names of states and names of cities and names of great men affixed to them. Here and there a fallen tree reveals on what pitiably shallow roots these Titans stand. The roots are wide spread but not deep. A heavy wind would play havoc with the Mariposa trees, but fortunately wind storms are unknown here. Our auto chugs right through the center of a tree called Wawona and reminds us that we must hurry on to the hotel of that name.

After a night at Wawona and a dreamless sleep behind unlocked doors (there is not a door-key on the place. It is no Baldpate), we resumed our drive to Yosemite village. The valley is there just as in the folders. Inspiration Point and Glacier Point, Happy Isles and Mirror Lake, El Capitan with his awful front, 3300 feet of sheer rock, Bridal Veil, Vernal and Nevada Falls, everything as promised except Yosemite Falls with its drop of 2,600 feet of water and hardly a drop of water in the whole distance. However, you can buy excellent photographs showing the falls during the spring hemorrhage, but in August the moisture hardly stains the rocks and by September unless it is irrigated you could scratch matches anywhere on Yosemite Falls.

We leave Yosemite on a twenty-one passenger motor truck, and we will say nothing of that drive to El Portal except this: We would not do it again if you would give us the entire Yosemite Valley. Some day one of those cool-headed, resourceful mountain chauffeurs will miscalculate his engine's endurance a quarter of a yard and they will have to refer to the hotel register to identify the bodies.

Probably the Panama International Exposition can safely be entrusted to the able hands which for lucre or love have ably written thereon. Not even the traditional little remains to be told. In trying to attain a novelty in this blasé world of ours, the management gave *carte blanche* to a number of wonderful artists and dreamers and they wrought their dreams in unenduring plaster. By the luck which attends drunkards, fools and Americans, they adapted the one saving expedient for an Exposition held during a year when all Europe had nothing to expose but its cupidity. By day the buildings form a picture which blends with bay and sky and terraced San Francisco, and at night by a system of indirect lighting, the beautifully tinted buildings glow as with living fire.

The exhibits? Why, you see we were attending the American Press Humorists' Convention with ostensible headquarters at the Inside Inn, but really stopping on the Joy Zone. Ask us about Captain, the wonderful horse; or the Panama Canal panorama; or the marvelous painting of the Escorial or, well—yes, Stella, and we can recite glibly. But in the few brief days we were allotted we had to cut the art palace and the educational exhibit.



THE LATE GEORGE FITCH
The well-known humorist and author of the famous "Siwash College" stories and "Vest Pocket Essays"

Just here, let me pay a tribute, a totally inadequate tribute, to the young man who preceded us to California a few months, and who, with Fred Schaefer, arranged the preliminaries for our glad visit, and then with a smile on his gentle face, crossed over to the Great Beyond. Nobody ever combined all of the characteristics which should inspire a great humorist more completely than George Fitch. I say this in the face of the fact that the world has produced many really great humorists. But George Fitch's humor sprang from a mind as pure as a woman's, a mind that had not in it a bitter memory or a regret for a misspent minute. Every article he wrote and every speech he delivered imparted information and instruction as well as clean fun. He insisted on taking his work seriously, and many a banqueter who expected a bunch of funny stories when George Fitch arose, was at first startled and maybe a little hurt at the speaker's refusal to waste his and his hearers' time in mere laughter. A few years more would have developed him into one of the great essayists of the world, for he was a student and a thinker with a purpose. No one but his innermost family circle will ever know how that young husband and father toiled long into the night after a full day's work on a newspaper and few know what volumes he read in order to put into his "Sizing Up Uncle Sam" the vast amount of real information which that "funny" book contains. Search his writings from cover to cover, and you will not find an unkind thought, a satirical blast or an unclean expression in any of them, because they never took root in George Fitch's mind. His home circle was his altar, and he was unique in this respect among humorists and essayists.

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TWIN ITALIAN TOWERS AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

# When the Governors Meet

by

## William Eliot Merrill

ONE of the first states in the Union to establish and maintain the old colonial title of "commonwealth" was Massachusetts, From the landing of the Pilgrims to the present time, the old Bay State has especially respected the office of Governor, and the story of the careers of Governor Brewster, Governor Bradford, and Governor Winthrop are closely interwoven with the warp and woof of the early history of the Republic. The same respect for the dignity of the office has been maintained during all succeeding years. This perhaps accounts for the fact that when the Governors' Conference met in Boston in 1915 they were given a reception such as had never before been accorded to a similar gathering. It was, indeed, fortunate that this event should have occurred during the administration of Governor David I. Walsh. He has made an ideal host and put his heart and soul in extending the hospitality of the commonwealth which has done much to add to the fair name of the city of Boston and the state of Massachusetts. There was not a session incident nor an angle of the conference of which Governor Walsh was not thoroughly master.

When the Governors began to assemble, it was a gala day. There was much display of the gold lace which illuminates the uniform of the gubernatorial staff, for every visiting Governor was assigned an aide in full regalia, and he was given all the honor and distinction accorded him in his own state. There were automobiles at their command. The welcomes by Governor Walsh and Mayor Curley of Boston had the ring of genuine hospitality, and a dainty luncheon was presided over by the Misses Walsh, sisters of the Governor, a fitting overture to a notable conference. Then there were automobile rides along historic localities and roadways, dinners, suppers, and luncheons without interruption.

In the historic Hall of Flags at the State House, the Governor's reception was held, recalling brilliant functions of long ago, when the social aspect of the gubernatorial distinction was more in vogue. The Hall, filled with mementoes dating back to the time of the Revolution, presented a scene that was accounted one of the most elaborate that ever occurred in the State House. It was early observed that one of the dominant topics for discussion would be military preparedness. This was most effectively and impressively demonstrated when six thousand of the flower of the Massachusetts militia passed the State House and the reviewing stand on the Common. While the Governors were discussing their affairs and papers covering a wide range of subjects were read in the Senate Chamber, it was decided to move in a body to the House of Representatives in order to accommodate the large throng of interested spectators, showing that Massachusetts had not outgrown the old town meeting spirit when everyone wanted to hear what was said and done.

In the arrangements for their entertainment the Chamber of Commerce of Boston was equal to the occasion. President Elmer J. Bliss, as chairman of the committee, saw to it that nothing was lacking to make the event notable in its future influence, as well as in creating a good first impression concerning Boston, Massachusetts, and New England. President Bliss obtained, through the courtesy of Secretary Daniels, the use of the battleship Wyoming during the maneuvers at Gloucester and Marblehead. The formal request addressed to the Navy Department that the visitors and guests be accorded a cruise across Massachusetts Bay in a man-of-war, was granted, and Secretary Daniels, in person, graced the occasion. That perfect August day was a scene that all beholders—even those living on the coast, as well as those living far inland—would afterward remember as one of the events of a lifetime.

The flag of Admiral Fletcher, the last American naval commander to fire a hostile gun at Vera Cruz in 1914, indicated the distinction of the Wyoming as the flagship of the fleet. As the gigantic battleship left the Navy Yard and steamed out of the harbor, she was greeted by enthusiastic salutes. Off Gloucester, the line of torpedo destroyers under full speed presented a thrilling spectacle. The newer boats in the van were simply rushing through the seas, and it was noted that these later vessels did not create such a smother of foam at the bow as did those of former years, showing that the lines were infinitely more perfect. On the funnels of the ships was indicated the prizes recently allotted as the great destroyers circled about in their maneuvers; the oil was turned on upon their fires and they were at once completely hidden from view by a veritable screen of smoke, one of the latest developments of maritime warfare, as this smoke-screen surrounds the boats with an almost impenetrable cloud.

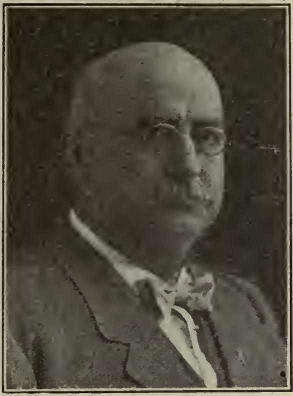
HON. DAVID I. WALSH
Governor of Massachusetts

The guests on the Wyoming, in the meantime, were enjoying themselves, and the great ship suggested an ocean liner except that twelve-inch guns might be located in the bay window of the lounging room, and an array of armament supplanted decorations. On every hand bristled guns and armament, and yet a close inspection of the ship indicated to all observers that all was arranged according to the perfect system of the Navy. There is something peculiarly picturesque about the Navy that always commands the interest of the American people, especially at this time when the effectiveness of an efficient navy has been so well demonstrated by England. The guests were given the thrill of seeing a torpedo shot from the destroyers, and the wake of this subterranean enginery of destruction could be followed by the bubbles in the water. Fortunately it had a collapsible head, and there was nothing to fear. The torpedo costs about six thousand dollars each, and after it had been discharged, another destroyer made a dash to recover it and save ammunition.

The fleet was leaving that night for Hampton Roads, and there was an attempt made to coal the battleship at sea without stopping; the collier going ahead and discharging its cargo without the necessity of slowing down the engines. In the cabin of the Wyoming the Secretary of the Navy made a most characteristic address to the visiting governors. The Secretary was especially anxious that the governors and the visitors from the inland states have a practical knowledge of the Navy and its activities, the same as those in New York and Boston and the coast states.

The cruise was begun in what might have been called a billiard table sea, and the view of the mirror-like waters far out towards Cape Cod, without even a pall of smoke in evidence—dotted here and there with the fishing boats and coastwise schooners, made a picture that never can be forgotten. The review included

HON. CHARLES HENDERSON
Governor of Alabama



HON. GEORGE W. HUNT
Governor of Arizona

HON. HIRAM W. JOHNSON
Governor of California

HON. GEORGE A. CARLSON
Governor of Colorado

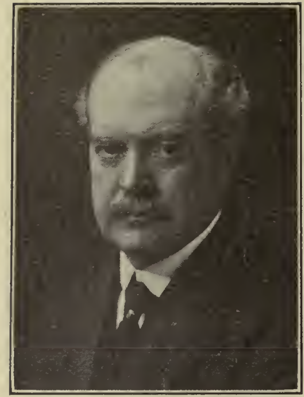
HON. MARCUS H. HOLCOMB
Governor of Connecticut

HON. CHARLES R. MILLER
Governor of Delaware

HON. PARK M. TRAMMELL
Governor of Florida

HON. N. E. HARRIS
Governor of Georgia

HON. MOSES ALEXANDER
Governor of Idaho


HON. EDWARD F. DUNNE
Governor of Illinois

HON. SAMUEL M. RALSTON
Governor of Indiana

HON. GEORGE W. CLARKE
Governor of Iowa

HON. ARTHUR CAPPER
Governor of Kansas

HON. JAMES B. McCREARY
Governor of Kentucky

HON. LUTHER E. HALL
Governor of Louisiana

HON. OAKLEY C. CURTIS
Governor of Maine

HON. P. L. GOLDSBOROUGH
Governor of Maryland

HON. W. N. FERRIS
Governor of Michigan

HON. W. S. HAMMOND
Governor of Minnesota

HON. EARL BREWER
Governor of Mississippi

HON. ELLIOTT W. MAJOR
Governor of Missouri

HON. SAMUEL V. STEWART
Governor of Montana

HON. JOHN H. MOREHEAD
Governor of Nebraska

HON. EMMET D. BOYLE
Governor of Nevada

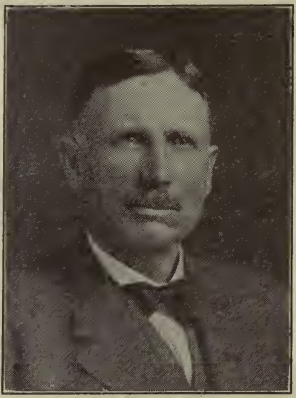
HON. R. H. SPAULDING
Governor of New Hampshire

HON. JAMES F. FIELDER
Governor of New Jersey

HON. W. C. McDONALD
Governor of New Mexico

twenty-five torpedo boat destroyers, and ten battleships of the line. Some of the torpedo boats were side-striped, that being one of the new deceptive methods now being tested. Rear Admiral Mayo headed the battleship division on the Arkansas, and Captain William Simms, the commander of the torpedo boat flotilla, led his scouts on the third-class cruiser Birmingham. The warlike departure of the destroyers captivated the visitors, as on the decks were gathered the sailors, who fired the salute of seventeen guns due to the Secretary of the Navy. The banquet that night at Marblehead was a fitting close to a perfect day and was held at the Eastern Yacht Club. Among the guests was Admiral Wei Han, representing the Chinese Navy in this country.

When President Bliss, of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, as toastmaster, arose after a dinner that comprised all the good things distinctively characteristic of New England cookery, he called for silence while the Governor of Massachusetts talked over the telephone with the Governor of California. This, it was said, was reminiscent of the time that the Governor of North Carolina spoke to the Governor of South Carolina. Governor Johnson of California sent his regrets that he could not be with them—the thirty-five Governors and former governors at the eighth conference—and Governor Walsh also sent the regards of State Treasurer Burrill to the pretty girls of Oklahoma, which the Governor of California solemnly promised to deliver. The guests at their places listened intently to the conversation, and then came a series of speeches on Preparedness and Defense, from every point of view.


HON. JOHN B. KENDRICK
Governor of Wyoming

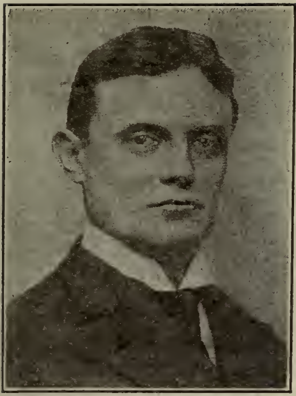
A trip to historic Norumbega Park was taken, and the illuminated carnival on the River Charles was a scene that rivaled Venice in her pristine glory. The addresses delivered during this conference were fitted to current needs and interests. The liveliest debate of the entire session occurred over the subject of "Preparedness," and the address of former Secretary of the Navy, George von L. Meyer, at the Boston City Club luncheon, calling attention to some interesting inside history of the Navy, showing that all the ships in the parade were under-manned from fifteen to twenty-five persons, and that the Navy was at this time eighteen thousand men short in the event of an emergency which would require the use of all the ships, presented a serious reflection on these matters. He emphasized the lack of swift battle cruisers for scout duty, which was especially illustrated by the difficulties experienced by the English in the capture and sinking of the German ships. He insisted that it was time to look the truth in the face; that in the event of war with Japan, that nation could gain control of the Pacific within a few days.

It remained for the Massachusetts Real Estate Exchange to afford the climax of the Conference. The final place on the program of functions upon such an occasion is always, at best, an assignment of difficulty, and to bid farewell to so distinguished a body of guests, after a week's round of festivities, called for finesse and versatility.

That this state-wide organization of business men was equal to the occasion was demonstrated by the great clambake held at Pemberton on the closing day of the Conference. It was the concensus of opinion that never was there given an entertainment in Massachusetts which surpassed this unique function.

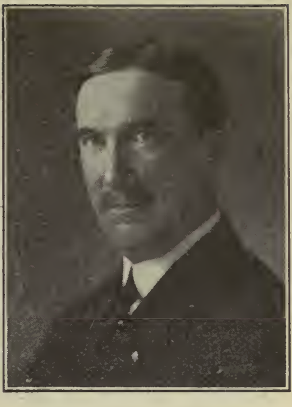
The board of directors, upon the suggestion of John J. Martin, president, decided that the great expense involved should not be taken from the treasury of the Exchange. Accordingly, under the direction of President Martin and Treasurer Charles S. Judkins, the funds were privately subscribed by the directors and members of the Massachusetts Real Estate Exchange.

A special steamer was chartered, and the



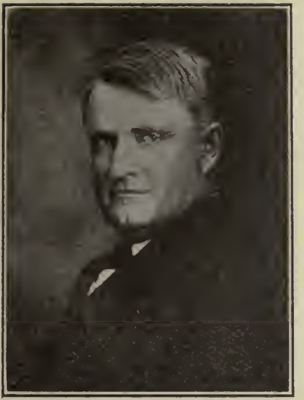
HON. C. S. WHITMAN
Governor of New York

HON. LOCKE CRAIG
Governor of North Carolina

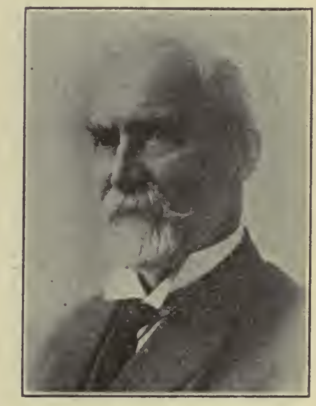


HON. LOUIS B. HANNA
Governor of North Dakota

HON. FRANK B. WILLIS
Governor of Ohio



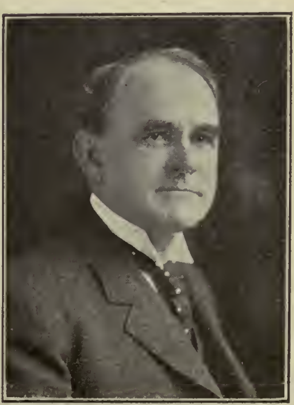
HON. ROBERT L. WILLIAMS
Governor of Oklahoma



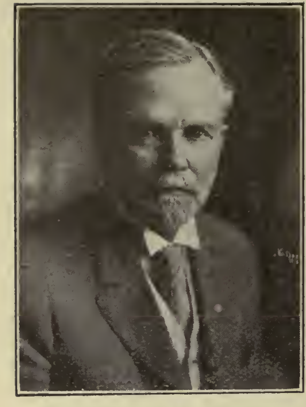
HON. JAMES WITHYCOMBE
Governor of Oregon

HON. M. G. BRUMBAUGH
Governor of Pennsylvania

HON. R. L. BEECHMAN
Governor of Rhode Island



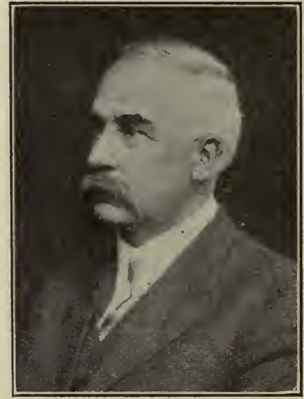
HON. R. I. MANNING
Governor of South Carolina


HON. FRANK M. BYRNE
Governor of South Dakota

HON. THOMAS C. RYE
Governor of Tennessee

HON. JAMES E. FERGUSON
Governor of Texas

HON. WILLIAM SPRY
Governor of Utah


HON. CHARLES W. GATES
Governor of Vermont

HON. HENRY C. STUART
Governor of Virginia

HON. ERNEST LISTER
Governor of Washington

HON. HENRY D. HATFIELD
Governor of West Virginia

HON. EMANUEL L. PHILIPP
Governor of Wisconsin

visiting governors with their party were taken on a tour of the harbor, visiting the Commonwealth Pier, the Fish Pier and other points of interest along the water front. The fire boats gave a display drill which delighted the governors from the interior of the country.

Arriving at Pemberton Point, the guests were given an opportunity to witness a typical New England clambake in preparation. It was a novelty to the visitors from the inland and remote sections of the United States.

The unusual feast was served in a great tent. At the speakers' table there were fourteen governors and ex-governors, Mayor Curley, and the president of the Exchange.

On this occasion Mayor Curley reminded the guests that they were almost within sight of the spot where the Pilgrims landed, and dining on food common in 1620—the succulent clam, the sacred cod, and the real red lobsters. He said he did not believe we were going to be stampeded with militarism, and predicted that the Monroe Doctrine would be preserved.

*Photo by Harris, Little Rock, Ark.*

HON. GEORGE W. HAYS
Governor of Arkansas

It was a rare privilege that President Martin had in introducing these distinguished leaders from every quarter of the Union, and it was with rare felicity that he did it. He was particularly fortunate in his presentation of Governor Alexander, of Idaho, the only Hebrew governor in the country.

Outside the great tent, the flaps of which were raised, two thousand persons gathered and listened to the oratory.

*The Massachusetts Exchange*, the official magazine of the organization, issued a special number for the occasion, and the governors of forty-eight states were elected honorary members of the Massachusetts Real Estate Exchange.

The closing address by Governor Walsh was a tribute not only to the hosts of the occasion and to the visiting governors, but a review of the governors' conference of A. D. 1915, which made a fit and appropriate valedictory before the final curtain fell on events that will long be remembered by guests and hosts, and will be of enduring benefit to state and country.

# THE INITIAL SPREE

WHEN a boy gets a jack knife
And a place to use it, he
Then begins to carve initials,
On his first initial spree.

For 'tis then he feels the squirming
And a feeling in him rise;
Though he cannot quite explain it,
He has got to advertise.

So he cuts upon the barn door,
And he whittles on the shed,
Ah, he labels deep his school desk
When the teacher turns her head.

Then he seizes on a door jamb,
Or he wraps about a tree,
For he's cutting his initials, and
He wants the world to see.

So if you're grown to manhood,
And your son, you will agree
Is as handy with a jack knife
As you ever used to be;

When you find the gate post lettered
In a way that's sad to see,
Just remember how it was yourself
On your initial spree.

—*Bennett Chapple.*

# Memorials to Noted Americans

## The Howe Memorial Park

### by Myrle Wright

AT one of the Saturday afternoon gatherings in the Assembly Room of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE office, a suggestion was made by Mayor Curley of Boston that has crystallized into a movement of nation-wide importance. The tenor of the talk that afternoon was directed toward a tribute to mothers. There were business men and professional men—men of various activities who loosed a very flood tide of memories of their early days in their addresses. The keynote was what the women of the country had accomplished.

Mayor Curley insisted, in his address, that all the memorials and statues should not be erected to soldiers, statesmen and other prominent men—why not dedicate some memorials to women, and initiate at least one project of this kind in Boston. The suggestion found a ready response.

Then and there a movement was started to build a memorial in Boston to some noted American woman. Just then someone repeated the stirring words of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," written by Julia Ward Howe, whose fourscore years and ten of active and useful life meant so much to her country. A little over fifty years ago this song echoed around the camp fires and on the marches of the Union army, and fifty years later, today, its echoes are still ringing throughout the united country because of its broad appeal in the opening lines:

> "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

The life of Julia Ward Howe, like that of her philanthropic husband, is associated with a long era of stirring history and renowned beneficence. On the site of the first American school for the feeble-minded in South Boston, where it grew and flourished for a whole generation under the kindly eyes of Mrs.

*From a photograph by A. Marshall, 1872*

DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE

Founder of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and prominent in the United States and abroad, in the affairs of the nineteenth century. It is felt that a memorial park near the site of the first institution for the blind would be a splendid expression of the appreciation of the country in the untiring and successful efforts of Dr. Howe and his equally distinguished wife, Julia Ward Howe, in the whole field of philanthophy

Howe and her children, is a park, which was preserved for many years by its private owners, and is now held by the members of the Howe Memorial Association for the use of the children of Boston as a playground, and as a memorial to these two public benefactors, in the city where they lived through the whole nineteenth century. It is located near the incomparable Strandway of Boston and Marine Park, fringed with trees already full grown; it was felt that no more fitting monument could be conceived than to make this square of ground the "Howe Memorial Park." The owners of the land for many years had somehow felt that this would come, and had persistently refused tempting offers for the land, and generously transferred it at a price far below its real commercial value to the incorporated Memorial Association; because the spot was connected with boyhood memories of Mrs. Howe and her deceased husband. They breathed the very atmosphere associated with the career of the noble wife and mother, whose name has now been joined to Dr. Howe's in this public park. The land was secured five years ago, and since Mrs. Howe's death her memory has been felicitously connected with that of the great philanthropist and servant of humanity in this enduring tribute. An active organization exists to push forward the movement, and all who have felt the patriotic thrill of her "Battle Hymn" would esteem it a privilege to contribute something in memory of a noted American wife and mother who was personally known in every section of the reunited states. Thus would they give practical expression to an appreciation of her work and that of the women of her time.

* * *

When the Governors' Conference assembled in Boston, with over twenty states represented, their interest was aroused in the project, and many of them at once volunteered to become honorary vice-presidents of the movement—a memorial to an American woman, and a tribute to American motherhood—and since, the Governor of nearly every state in the Union has joined in the movement because of its national scope.

As the movement was inaugurated in the rooms of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, we naturally feel that all of our readers should know about it, and would be glad to make such suitable contribution as they feel they can, towards this National Memorial Park.

With the co-operation of Governor Walsh of Massachusetts and nearly every Governor of the nation, this memorial is planned to be one of the most beautiful parks in a city of parks of world renown.

Howe Memorial Park will be a playground in the real sense of the word—a remembrance that will serve a practical purpose, as Julia Ward Howe would have wished. Here thousands of mothers will come of an afternoon from the heated city, and the laughter of the children will echo among the trees, and the people gathering in this memorial park will make it as renowned in its way as the Boston Common itself, of which it is almost a counterpart. It will embody the democratic spirit of storied Boston Common. This memorial in honor of one American woman will be a national rather than a state or city institution. Many generous contributions have already been made in Boston and other parts of the country. It is the purpose to expend a hundred thousand dollars on this park, in buildings and conveniences for the people. It is believed that there are twenty thousand people in the republic who would feel it a privilege to contribute five dollars each for a park in honor of American womanhood and motherhood, and the movement so endorsed by the people will be crowned with a success that will result in similar expressions throughout the country.

The board of directors includes Mr. Frank B. Sanborn of Concord, Massachusetts, a personal associate and friend of Dr. and Mrs. Howe for sixty years, as well as of Ralph Waldo Emerson and the galaxy of New England authors; Mr. Edward H. Clement, formerly editor of the Boston *Transcript;* Mr. A. J. Bailey, former corporation counsel for the city of Boston; Mrs. L. B. Titus, secretary; Mr. George A. Tyler, president of the South Boston Savings Bank, and formerly residing near the proposed park, as treasurer; and Joe Mitchell Chapple, editor of the NATIONAL

MAGAZINE, lately chosen one of the vice-presidents. Messrs. Lee and Higginson, well-known Boston bankers, will receive the funds, as they have for so many similar purposes, and issue the receipts. The project is a labor of love which the directors have undertaken, and we know that every reader of the NATIONAL will do a little something towards this memorial, one of the first to be erected in appreciation of the work of American mothers.

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Julia Ward Howe.

For many years, during the latter part of her life, it was the custom in Boston to honor Julia Ward Howe on her birthday, and the custom has continued since her passing. On the last anniversary—May 27, 1915—a meeting was held in Faneuil Hall to commemorate her birthday, which was accounted one of the most impressive ever held in the historic "Cradle of Liberty."

A chorus of ninety voices from the Perkins Institution for the Blind, with which Dr. and Mrs. Howe were for half a century associated, furnished the music. I have heard grand opera in Bayreuth, Paris, Berlin, London, New York, choruses in the great jubilees and oratorios, but never have I heard such singing as was rendered by those sightless singers after the tribute paid to the memory of Mrs. Howe. Their rendition of "The Silent Sea," the words of which were written by John Greenleaf Whittier, was like the echo of heavenly carols. Silence followed the last soul-stirring note, then came a thunder of applause, and an insistent demand from the audience to "sing it again."

At this meeting Mrs. Judith W. Smith, in her ninety-fourth year, a contemporary of Mrs. Howe, made an address of stirring tribute. There was also present Mrs. Fowle, who first sang the "Battle Hymn" in Washington, where it was written fifty-four years ago. Mrs. Fowle enjoys the distinction of having been married in the House of Representatives, and was one of the many young ladies of that time who used to go through the encampments singing patriotic songs to cheer the soldiers. She has heard the voice of Abraham Lincoln ring out in the "Battle Hymn" in those stirring times.

The historic rostrum of Faneuil Hall was banked with flowers. Mrs. Howe's portrait was garlanded with the national colors and with beautiful lilacs, all making an appropriate commemoration of this woman, so truly typifying American motherhood.

Never can I forget the last time I saw Julia Ward Howe. It was at her home on Beacon Street in Boston. When she came down in the private elevator from the floor above, she seemed to me like an angel floating down. As she stepped out of the car, I instinctively offered her my arm, instinctively and unconsciously bending to kiss her hand—an unusual thing for an American to do, especially in these times, without the training of a courtier; but Julia Ward Howe typified what was said of Victoria—she was a queenly woman, as Victoria was a womanly queen. In her dainty white shawl and lace cap, as she walked to the little white chair by the window, where she sat, the very personification of American womanhood, receiving the tributes there, with the glow of the hearthfire upon her radiant face. There was a blush on her cheek as she told of the early days of her girlhood, and her gray eyes sparkled as she related the circumstances associated with the writing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The influence of such women will be realized more and more as the years pass, and their mission in life is better understood.

With woman entering into the business life of the country, the result has been the infusing of a cleaner and more wholesome atmosphere in the everyday affairs of life. It has done much to inspire high ideals, and it is indeed appropriate that the nation at large should recognize it in this way and accord to woman a remembrance worthy of the work she has done. This movement will establish a new precedent in the erection of memorials. The bronze tablet or marble effigy is only a reminder, but to have this memorial take the form of something that will go on and on doing good, and be associated with the welfare of humanity, will popularize an ideal of American motherhood that may revolutionize the form of memorials in the future.

HON. JAMES M. CURLEY
Mayor of Boston, who suggested that memorials should be dedicated to notable American women

# *Heart Letters*

*The making of a book by the people is a most fascinating process. Thousands of letters were received every week when* HEART THROBS *and* HEART SONGS *were in the making, bringing contributions and selections direct from the homes of the people. The beginning of the new book* HEART LETTERS *has been most inspiring, and promises to be the most fascinating book yet published. Next month we will print a large number of* HEART LETTERS *contributed by subscribers. Send in some letter that indicates the heart impulse of your favorite author or public man, or it may be some old letter in the garret written to mother or father during war times, or perhaps some love letter that tells a life story. When these letters are collected in one volume, you will have a bundle of human documents that never has been excelled.*—EDITOR.

DURING the second year of the Civil war, the gifted author of "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," "Legends of the Province House," and other American classic romances, visited Washington in company with William D. Ticknor, senior partner of the famous publishing firm of Ticknor & Fields. Mr. Ticknor was a loyal American to the core and had a son in the field; Hawthorne, a lifelong friend of President Pierce, was far less strenuous in his loyalty, and disposed to welcome peace at any price; but even this could not come between them to lessen a devoted friendship in which Hawthorne leaned upon his more practical companion in about every trial.

The following letter deals with some of their experiences at the national capital and especially with an interview with President Lincoln that is one of the most interesting of the many personal memorabilia of that great man. Only a little over two years later (in 1864) both of Lincoln's gifted visitors had preceded him into the Land of the Hereafter. The remarkable thing about the Hawthorne letter is that it was written by one not in political sympathy with Lincoln and long before his great fame was established:

Of course, there was one other personage, in the class of statesmen, whom I should have been truly mortified to leave Washington without seeing; since (temporarily, at least, and by force of circumstances) he was the man of men. But a private grief had built up a barrier about him, impeding the customary free intercourse of Americans with their chief magistrate; so that I might have come away without a glimpse of his very remarkable physiognomy, save for a semi-official opportunity of which I was glad to take advantage. The fact is, we were invited to "annex ourselves" as supernumeraries, to a deputation from a Massachusetts whip factory that was about to wait upon the President with a present of a splendid whip.

Our immediate party consisted only of four or five (including Major Ben Perley Poore, with his note-book and pencil), but we were joined by several other persons, who seemed to have been lounging about the precincts of the White House, under the spacious porch or within the hall, and who swarmed in with us to take the chances of a presentation. Nine o'clock had been appointed as the time for receiving the deputation, and we were punctual to the moment; but not so the President, who sent us word that he was eating his breakfast, and would come as soon as he could. His appetite, we were glad to think, must have been a pretty fair one; for we waited about half an hour in one of the antechambers, and then were ushered into a reception room, in one corner of which sat the Secretaries of War and of the Treasury, expecting, like ourselves, the termination of the Presidential breakfast. During this interval there were several new additions to our group, one or two of whom were in a working garb, so that we formed a very miscellaneous collection of people, mostly unknown to each other, and without any common sponsor, but all with an equal right to look our head servant in the face.

By and by there was a little stir on the staircase and in the passageway, and in lounged a tall, loose-jointed figure, of an exaggerated Yankee port and demeanor, whom (as being the homeliest man I ever saw, yet by no means repulsive or disagreeable) it was impossible not to recognize as Uncle Abe.

Unquestionably, Western man though he

be, and Kentuckian by birth, President Lincoln is the essential representative of all Yankees, and the veritable specimen physically of what the world seems determined to regard as our characteristic qualities. It is the strangest and yet the fittest thing in the jumble of human vicissitudes that he, out of so many millions, unlooked for, unselected by any intelligible process that could be based upon his genuine qualities unknown to those who chose him, and unsuspected of what endowments may adapt him for his tremendous responsibility, should have found the way open for him to fling his lank personality into the chair of state—where, I presume, it was his first impulse to throw his legs on the council-table and tell the cabinet ministers a story.

There is no describing his lengthy awkwardness, nor the uncouthness of his movement; and yet it seemed as if I had been in the habit of seeing him daily, and had shaken hands with him a thousand times in some village street, so true was he to the aspect of the pattern American, though with a certain extravagance which, possibly, I exaggerated still further by the delighted eagerness with which I took it in. If put to guess his calling and livelihood, I should have taken him for a country schoolmaster as soon as anything else. He was dressed in a rusty black frock coat and pantaloons, unbrushed, and worn so faithfully that the suit had adapted itself to the curves and angularities of his figure, and had grown to be an outer skin of the man. He had shabby slippers on his feet. His hair was black, still unmixed with gray, stiff, somewhat bushy, and had apparently been acquainted with neither brush or comb this morning, after the disarrangement of the pillow; and as to a nightcap, Uncle Abe probably knows nothing of such effeminacies. His complexion is dark and sallow, betokening, I fear, an insalubrious atmosphere around the White House; he has thick black eyebrows and an impending brow; his nose is large, and the lines about his mouth are very strongly defined.

The whole physiognomy is as coarse a one as you would meet anywhere in the length and breadth of the States; but, withal, it is redeemed, illuminated, softened, and brightened by a kindly though serious look out of his eyes, and an expression of homely sagacity that seems weighted with rich results of village experience. A great deal of native sense; no bookish cultivation, no refinement; honest at heart, and thoroughly so, and yet, in some sort, sly—at least, endowed with a sort of tact and wisdom that are akin to craft, and would impel him, I think, to take an antagonist in flank rather than to make a bull-run at him right in front. But, on the whole, I like this sallow, queer, sagacious visage, with the homely human sympathies that warmed it; and, for my small share in the matter, would as lief have Uncle Abe for a ruler as any man whom it would have been practicable to put in his place.

Immediately on his entrance the President accosted our member of Congress, who had us in charge, and, with a comical twist of his face, made some jocular remark about the length of his breakfast. He then greeted us all round, not waiting for an introduction but shaking and squeezing everybody's hand with the utmost cordiality, whether the individual's name was announced to him or not. His manner towards us was wholly without pretence, but yet had a kind of natural dignity, quite sufficient to keep the forwardest of us from clapping him on the shoulder and asking him for a story.

A mutual acquaintance being established, our leader took the whip out of its case, and began to read the address of presentation. The whip was an exceedingly long one, its handle wrought in ivory (by some artist in the Massachusetts State Prison, I believe) and ornamented with a medallion of the President, and other equally beautiful devices; and along its whole length there was a succession of golden bands and ferrules. The address was shorter than the whip, but equally well made, consisting chiefly of an explanatory description of these artistic designs, and closing with a hint that the gift was a suggestive and emblematic one, and that the President would recognize the use to which such an instrument should be put.

This suggestion gave Uncle Abe rather a delicate task in his reply, because, slight as the matter seemed, it apparently called for some declaration, or intimation, or faint foreshadowing of policy in reference to the conduct of the war, and the final treatment of the Rebels. But the President's Yankee aptness and not-to-be-caughtness stood him in good stead, and he jerked or wiggled himself out of the dilemma with an uncouth dexterity that was entirely in character; although his gesticulation of eye and mouth, and especially the flourish of the whip, with which he imagined himself touching up a pair of fat horses—I doubt whether his words would be worth recording even if I could remember them. The gist of the reply was, that he accepted the whip as an emblem of peace, not punishment; and, this great affair over, we retired out of the presence in high good humor, only regretting that we could not have seen the President sit down and fold up his legs (which is said to be a most extraordinary spectacle), or have heard him tell one of those delectable stories for which he is so celebrated. A good many of them are afloat upon the common talk of Washington, and are certainly the aptest, pithiest, and funniest little things imaginable; though, to be sure, they smack of the frontier freedom, and would not always bear repetition in a drawing-room, or on the immaculate page of the *Atlantic*.

Good heavens! what liberties have I been taking with one of the potentates of the earth, and the man on whose conduct more important consequences depend than on that of any other historical personage of the century! But with whom is an American citizen entitled to take a liberty, if not with his own chief magistrate? However, lest the above allusions to President Lincoln's little peculiarities (already well known to the country and to the world) should be misinterpreted, I deem it proper to say a word or two in regard to him, of unfeigned respect and measurable confidence. He is evidently a man of keen faculties, and what is still more to the purpose, of powerful character. As to his integrity, the people have that intuition of it which is never deceived.

Before he actually entered upon his great office, and for a considerable time afterwards, there is no reason to suppose that he adequately estimated the gigantic task about to be imposed on him, or, at least, had any distinct idea how it was to be managed; and I presume there may have been more than one veteran politician who proposed to himself to take the power out of President Lincoln's hands into his own, leaving our honest friend only the public responsibility for the good or ill success of the career. The extremely imperfect development of his statesmanly qualities, at that period, may have justified such designs. But the President is teachable by events, and has now spent a year in a very arduous course of education; he has a flexible mind, capable of much expansion, and convertible towards far loftier studies and activities than those of his early life; and if he came to Washington a backwoods humorist, he has already transformed himself into as good a statesman (to speak moderately) as his prime minister.

THE correspondence of Sir Amias Poulet, chosen by Queen Elizabeth to guard and keep her half sister and most dangerous rival, Mary, Queen of Scots, while a prisoner, and later when condemned to death, has some interest for those who have only read her history in brief, or as tinged by her admirers or enemies.

The first letter, showing his anxiety to hasten the execution of Queen Mary, dated December 4, 1585, is directed to the Earl of Leicester, and runs as follows:

*My very good Lord,—*

Being given to understand of your lordship's arrival at the Court, I would not fail to congratulate the same by these few lines, as also your happy success in your martial affairs, a principal mean of our happy quietness, which God continue, if it be His good pleasure. I trust to be so happy as to attend on your lordship shortly at the Court, whereof I have the greater hope because the felicity of Queen and country consisteth especially next after God, in the sacrifice of justice to be duly executed upon this lady, my charge, the root and wellspring of all our calamities.

The second, from Queen Elizabeth to Sir Amias Poulet, through the medium of Lord Walsingham, calls upon him to encompass the death of Queen Mary, in fact, to assassinate her in order to avoid the necessity of her signing the warrant for her execution:

After our hearty commendations, we find by speech lately uttered by her Majesty, that she doth note in you both a lack of that care and zeal of her service that she looketh for at your hands, in that you have not in all this time of yourselves (without other provocation) found out some way to shorten the life of that Queen, considering the great peril she is subject unto hourly, so long as the said Queen shall live. Wherein, besides a kind of lack of love towards her, she noteth greatly that you have not that care of your own particular safeties, or rather of the preservation of religion and the public good and prosperity of your country that reason and policy commandeth, especially having so good a warrant and ground for the satisfaction of your credit and reputation towards the world, as the oath of association which you both have so solemnly taken and vowed, and especially the matter wherewith she standeth charged being so clearly and manifestly proved against her. And therefore she taketh it most unkindly toward her, that men professing that love towards her that you do, should in any kind of sort, for lack of the discharge of your duties, cast the burthen upon her, knowing as you do her indisposition to shed blood, especially of one of that sex and quality, and so near to her in blood as the said Queen is. These respects we find do greatly trouble her Majesty, who, we assure you, has sundry times protested that if the regard of the danger of her good subjects and faithful servants did not more move her than her own peril, she would never be drawn to assent to the shedding of her blood. We thought it very meet to acquaint (you) with these speeches lately passed from her Majesty, referring the same to your good judgments. And so we commit you to the protection of the Almighty.

At London, February 1, 1586.

Your most assured friends,
FRANCIS WALSINGHAM,
WM. DAVISON.

The third is dated February 2, 1586, from Sir Amias Poulet, refusing manfully to comply with that suggestion, although otherwise he was very anxious for her execution under form of law:

Your letters of yesterday coming to my hands this present day at five in the afternoon, I would not fail according to your directions to return my answer with all possible speed, which shall deliver unto you with great grief and bitterness of mind, in that I am so unhappy to have liven to see this unhappy day, in the which I am required by direction from my most gracious sovereign to do an act which God and the law forbiddeth. My good livings and life are at Her Majesty's disposition, and am ready to so lose them this next morrow if it shall so please her, acknowledging that I hold them as of her mere and most gracious favour, and do not desire them to enjoy them, but with her Highness' good liking. But God forbid that I should make so foul a shipwreck of posterity to shed blood without law or warrant. Trusting that her Majesty, of her accustomed clemency, will take this my dutiful answer in good part (and the rather by your good mediation), as proceeding from one who will never be inferior to any Christian subject living in duty, honour, love and obedience toward his sovereign.

And thus I commit you to the mercy of the Almighty.

From Fotheringay, the 2d of February, 1586.

Your most assured poor friend,
A. POULET.

The last dated February 8, 1586, to Lord Walsingham, deals with the execution and disposition of the body and goods of the unfortunate queen:

*Sir,*—

Following the direction of the lords of her Majesty's Council, signified by your letters of the 15th of this present, I have brought hither the Scottish household from Chartley, and have discharged all the soldiers, one porter and four soldiers only excepted, which have the charge of the gate.

I send unto you herewith the inventory of her Majesty's plate, hangings, and other household stuff lately used in this castle, whereof the plate, the greater part of the hangings, and all the best stuff was removed from hence yesterday under the conduct of some of my servants, praying you to signify forthwith to my servant Robert Hackshaw remaining in London, in what place there the said plate and other stuff shall be discharged, as likewise and doth think it so meet for her Majesty's better service that said plate and other stuff may not be removed from the place where it shall be unladen, until his coming to London. One of the conductors of these carts is commanded to be at London four or five hours before the arrival of the carts to learn of my servant Hackshaw where the said carts shall be unladen.

The jewels, plate and other goods belonging to the late Queen of Scots were already divided into many parts before the receipts of your letters, as may appear by the inventory thereof inclosed herein, the whole company (saving Kenethy and Curle's sister, two of her gentlewomen) affirming that they have nothing to show for these things from their mistress in writing, and that all the smaller things were delivered by her own hands. I have, according to your direction, committed the custody of the said jewels, plate, and other stuff to Mr. Melvin, the physician, and Mrs. Kenethy, one of the gentlewomen.

The care of the embalming of the body of the late Queen of Scots was committed to the high sheriff of this county, who, no doubt, was very willing to have it well done, and used therein the advice of a physician dwelling at Stamford with the help of two surgeons, and yet upon order given according to your direction for the body to be covered with lead, the physician hath thought good to add somewhat to his former doings, and doth now take upon him that it may continue for some reasonable time.

I purpose by the grace of God to depart from hence towards London on Monday next, the 27th of this present. And thus I leave to trouble you, committing you to the mercy of the Almighty.

From Fotheringay, the 25th of February, 1586.

Your most assured poor friend,
A. POULET.

The stress and effort of the surgeon's duties on the field of battle are strikingly illustrated in this bit of correspondence, showing the contrast between personal exhaustion and professional loyalty and sympathy:

May ——, 1864.

Something happened to me in this retreat to the crossroads which Hayward says was a heat-stroke, for there was no exposure to the sun, as I was sheltered by the woods. I remember nothing from the time General Hancock ordered me back and the wounded were sent off, till I found myself lying under an apple-tree, with "Uncle Nathan" sponging my head, with cold water. My steward says that while on the retreat I talked incoherently, then ran and shouted, until he guided me to the Division Hospital, where I fell unconscious.

When I came to my senses sufficiently to sit up, Hayward told me that our little Abbott (at that time major, but acting colonel) had been shot through the abdomen and was dying. Dying! It was too dreadful to bear! Harry Abbott was an ideal man; an ideal officer, reverenced by his friends and deeply respected by all who knew him. What will become of the Twentieth without him I cannot imagine; for he was its life, its discipline, and its success.

# The Bethany Home

### By

### Mitchell Mannering

WHILE traveling in nearly every state of the Union I have had a passing glimpse of many phases of philanthropic work, but never have I been so impressed with concrete results as at the Bethany Home Association in Minneapolis. Its history tingles with those saddening phases of life from which so many shrink and which have so successfully challenged the traditions of novelists and playwrights, and, best of all, it has saved the little ones and their mothers from the scorn of a world that would deny them another chance and would not grant them the forgiveness that Christ bestowed upon the erring woman. It is a work not always attractive to charity workers. It cannot be advertised. It deals in heart struggles of which only one side and usually one end is permitted under the rules of society.

Thirty-eight years ago a little band of earnest women with Mrs. Charlotte O. Van Cleve undertook the work of saving wayward girls in Minneapolis. They had their trials, but they succeeded, and the record of thirty-eight years is not surpassed by work of this kind in any other part of the country. It has furnished encouraging examples of prevention and reformation as applied to women and girls who have gone astray. The work was begun by taking from the state penitentiary four women of immoral lives, three of whom were saved to virtuous lives. Though the other was lost sight of after a few years, no report was received against her. This record of itself would stand out as one that should open the floodgates of sympathetic appreciation and support if the salvation and rescue of these girls could be made as sensational as their errors.

It was in the Centennial year 1876 that the work was begun, and since then it has gone on quietly, steadily, and successfully and without the blare of trumpets. Six years later the work of the home necessitated the organization of the Northwestern Hospital Association. Between the two institutions, no married mother is received into the home and no unmarried mother into the hospital, but the close relations existing between the two have resulted in work that astonishes because of its complete harmony and simplicity. When the pressure on the Home became too great for the care and shelter of the homeless or orphaned children, the work was again divided and a home for children and aged women was established, which added another useful important philanthropic institution to Minneapolis.

When one visits this home—and a home refuge it is in every sense of the word—and sees some of the very young mothers there taught to bathe, dress and feed their infants, each mother staying there a year, in which time she is taught to do all sorts of useful housework, care of rooms, waiting on table, cooking, sewing, and all those things that enter in home-making, the sight tells a story that cannot be adequately expressed in words. They have their little chapel exercises and live close together.

Later they part, very few ever hearing from each other again. The majority of these girls prove to be true and faithful mothers, retaining and rearing their infants, even at a great sacrifice of time and strength, and they well deserve the generous assistance which is extended to them by the Home. One chapter of the work remains a sealed book—the life of the little children who cling to every visitor in their hunger for the parental caress.

The work has been of such a nature that publicity is embarrassing, and for that reason it has not had much popular support beyond that splendid board of good women who have devoted their time and money unstinted. The city council recognizing the good work of the Home made an appropriation of $4,000, and this after a most bitter opposition. The member who opposed the appropriation afterward visited the Home and was found in tears in a room where the little ones had gathered about him, pleading for him to stay and play with them.

The Minneapolis School Board, finding that so many of the girls were of school age, provided the Home with a teacher for three days of each week, furnishing books, pencils, paper, blackboards, and all needed appliances for school work, which has been an immense help.

Over fifty mothers and their little children are cared for all of the time in this Home, while sometimes there are seventy-five children, and the records of the very few that have been lost show the wonderful results that have been secured. The work consists not only in just taking care of the unfortunate girls and the children born in the "house of shadows," but also includes the care of the children afterward. Many of the girls that have been cared for are married and go back among their friends with or without their child. Some are doing splendid institutional work, while others are active in varied vocational fields. In over three thousand cases over ninety per cent have returned to lives of purity and usefulness, some of them saved from suicides' graves and lives of crime.

Prominently identified with this work, since the death of Mrs. Van Cleve, Mrs. T. B. Walker has carried it on with the zeal of the founder. The superintendent's report gives a record of over seven thousand cases that have been cared for since the Home opened. Sixty-nine babes were born in the Home in the year from October, 1912, to October, 1913. Forty-two were sent to friends and six of the children were adopted. The records of the Home are kept for reference, and none know the history or after-life of the girls, except these dear good women who are in charge. What an inspiration to find that some of these children born here and adopted into good homes have become prominent men and women in useful walks of life. What one of the ladies of the Board heard at an evening gathering of inquiries from one of the infants sent out thirty-five years ago was most touching. He was grown up and did not know his mother, but he wanted to learn about her, to see if he could possibly be of assistance to her. Then it was that the real tragedy of life was revealed. He was told his mother was well and happy, a wife and mother of a family and that to gain the knowledge he sought might serve to wreck his happiness and that of his mother. What romance teems with more heart interest, and yet the noble work is carried on in a practical way, conserving life, preserving the innocent babes, all without even hopes of personal appreciation or public praise.

After an hour at Bethany Home, one's faith in the true nobility of womanhood in its broad true light is re-inspired by this touch of motherhood and sisterly sympathy and help, and this is only one of the many noble and useful duties Mrs. T. B. Walker has taken up, besides rearing a large family of her own. Her beautiful tribute to motherhood on Mothers' Day is a classic and if there is any one thing she wants to have the people help more with it is Bethany Home. She said I could not write about it—it has never been done. Here I have tried to do it in a way that will make you want to help Mrs. Walker and her Board with their work, as I wanted to when I visited there.

# The Progress of the World's War

(*Continued*)

SUNDAY, August 1: At the beginning of the second year of the war, Germany had reached her greatest successes as measured by the occupation of alien territory, occupying over twenty thousand square miles in the west (northern France and Belgium), and over sixty thousand square miles in Russia. Russia still held conquered territory in Galicia, and Armenia; the German colonies in Africa had fallen to French and English arms, and Tsingtau to Japan, while a small section of Alsace-Lorraine is in dispute from week to week. Austria and Germany reported two hundred and thirty thousand Russians taken prisoners during July. At a session of the Russian Imperial Duma held at Petrograd, it was voted unanimously not to conclude peace until victory is secured. Over two hundred German daily newspapers and periodicals ceased publication, reducing the entire number to less than twelve hundred.

MONDAY, August 2: Mitau, the capital of the Russian province of Courland, was captured by the Austro-German forces seeking to sweep southward behind the strongly-fortified Russian line east of Warsaw. Notwithstanding their shortage of ammunition, which has fearfully decreased their ability to compete with the powerful artillery of the Germans, the Russians had fought with desperate valor and the German losses had been enormous. It was claimed that the capture of Lublin alone cost General Woyrsch seventy thousand in killed, wounded and prisoners, and seven army corps under Von Mackensen lost thirty-five thousand more.

TUESDAY, August 3: Three notes from Great Britain to the United States in answer to claims of interference with legitimate American commerce in the war zone, set forth that Great Britain had adhered to international law, as modified by changed conditions of warfare and the exigencies arising therefrom. An English submarine that penetrated through the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora, torpedoed a large steamer at the Mudani pier. Berlin began on the 2nd inst. the collection of copper and brass articles of all kinds, which were paid for by the government at the market price. Many gave up much prized utensils and ornaments for this popular contribution to Germany's war supplies.

WEDNESDAY, August 4: The Belgian army at this date had been reorganized and was declared by King Albert to be as strong as at the beginning of the war. A French prize court condemned the American steamer Dacia, which had been transferred from German to American registry. Berlin announced the death of Major-General Nicholas von Below, infantry commander, killed in action. Italians claimed that in the reduction of the Austrian defences at Mt. Podgore and Mt. St. Michele, by the Italian batteries, on the Carso plateau, very costly and massive works were reduced to ruin and ten thousand men buried in them. Churches all over England held service on the anniversary of the declaration of war, and in their service "commended our cause to be in the hands and judgment of the All-wise Ruler of the Universe." And at night the British people at public meetings in every city, town, and hamlet in the United Kingdom, the Dominion, and colonies declared their "belief in the justice of their cause, and their constant determination not to look to the right or to the left until the goal of victory is achieved."

THURSDAY, August 5: A serious strike at the Krupp works over a demand for higher wages was finally averted by compliance with the workmen's demand. Many skilled workmen went into the army and others were replaced by women, but the German government favored better terms for the men. The works are now run in three shifts, night and day. The gradual demolition of the German trenches in the West, actually ground to pieces by explosive shells, continued.

FRIDAY, August 6: Warsaw was occupied without material defense by the Russian troops, who removed everything of value to the conquerors. This step was taken to prevent an enveloping movement by the Austro-German advance, which encircled the position on the north and attacked the front. Warsaw, with its millions of inhabitants, had already lost its factories and big bridges, and must be fed by Germany and Austria, for the Russian has left the country to the east a desert of smoking ruins.

SATURDAY, August 7: The Russians were evacuating Krono, and the whole line of fortresses along the Vistula except the great fortress of Novo Georgievsk at the junction of the Vistula, Narew and Wara Rivers, thirty miles northwest of Warsaw. It was claimed that immense earthworks here, constituting a system of two powerful batteries commanding the bridges, eight citadels, and twenty-four redoubts mounting eleven and twelve-inch guns, can hold out even against the Austrian and Prussian artillery which has so rapidly reduced the Belgian and other armored forts. The Allied forces had landed at another point of the Gallipoli Peninsula near Suvia Bay. The fighting in Russian Poland along the line of the Vistula-Narew had been bitter and continuous, and scarcely less so at all the other centers of conflict. Never before in all history had so many men so continuously and savagely struggled for the mastery.

SUNDAY, August 8: It was reported that Germany had proposed a separate peace to Russia, through the King of Denmark; Russia was to give up western Poland so far as occupied, and receive in return Austrian Galicia. Kovno and Ossowiec in Russian Poland were besieged by the Germans, but had not fallen. The guns of Novo Georgievsk destroyed the German pontoons, on which they tried to cross the Vistula.

MONDAY, August 9: A British submarine sank the Turkish battleship Kheyr-ed-Din Barbarossa in the Sea of Marmora. British recover positions lost near Hooge, Belgium, on July 30. German Zeppelins attacked at night towns on the east coast of England. One man and thirteen women and children were killed. One Zeppelin is said to have been destroyed. The Bulgarian Prime Minister, V. Radoslavov, is said to have offered to join the Allies against Constantinople if Serbia would cede Macedonia.

TUESDAY, August 10: The British auxiliary cruiser India was reported torpedoed off the coast of Norway, and the torpedo boat Lynx sunk by a mine in the North Sea. A German naval squadron of nine battleships and twelve cruisers, with many torpedo boats, attacked Riga on the Baltic on the 9th, but retired with a cruiser and two torpedo boats out of action. It was announced that an independent state would be formed out of Russian Poland, with Prince Joachim, the sixth son of the Kaiser, as the first reigning monarch. The Italian batteries captured Montozzo peak and shelled everything below from this commanding height, now practically impregnable. At the headwaters of the Euphrates, Cossack cavalry defeated a Turkish detachment of officers and over three hundred men, with all their convoy of food, artillery and munitions. Canada had sent eighty thousand men to England, besides officers and men in the naval service, and had nearly as many more in reserve. It was reported that a protocol had been signed between Turkey and Bulgaria. Five Zeppelins raided the east coast of England, killing fourteen and injuring fourteen men, women and children. One Zeppelin was disabled and reported later as wrecked.

WEDNESDAY, August 11: The Austrian submarine U-12 was reported sunk by an Italian undersea fighter. British submarines are said to have penetrated into the Black Sea, and among other successes torpedoed the German cruiser Breslau. The heads of the great German financial, manufacturing and agricultural leagues have sent a memorandum to the German Chancellor, demanding that peace terms include that "Belgium should be from a monetary, financial, and postal viewpoint subject to the legislation of the (German) empire."

THURSDAY, August 12: France, during the first year of the war, expended $384,000,000 in feeding and aiding three million persons, chiefly dependents of soldiers, and co-workers thrown out of employment by the war. The defeat of Halil Bey, the Turkish commander-in-chief in the Caucasus, occupying a line ninety miles long, south and east of Erzeroum, is reported.

FRIDAY, August 13: Immense losses by advancing Germans on the Neimen are reported, but fighting still continues. The United States replied to the Austrian protest against the sale of war supplies by American manufacturers to the Allies, that the United States for its own future safety must recognize the right of a belligerent to purchase munitions and referred to the export of such manufactures by Germany and Austria to belligerents in past wars. The loss of the British transport Royal Edward and one thousand men in the Aegean is attributed to an Austrian submarine. The Austrian submarine U-2 was sunk by a French destroyer in the Adriatic.

SATURDAY, August 14: The advance on the Vistula line in Poland continues, and the heavy artillery of the Germans, whenever in action against fortress cities, has in every instance ensured their capture. Only in the field does the Russian rear guards inflict terrible losses, but the matter of cost in human life seems to be unconsidered by the German leaders.

SUNDAY, August 15: All persons between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five in the United Kingdom must inform the government as to their ability to work for the empire.

MONDAY, August 16: The Grecian parliament met and developed such strength for the opposition under Venizelos that the cabinet under Premier Gounaris felt compelled to resign. A German submarine bombarded the western coast of England.

TUESDAY, August 17: A naval engagement off the Danish coast between flotillas of German and English cruisers and destroyers resulted in the loss of a small English cruiser and a destroyer. A third German airship raid on the English coast during the last ten days caused the death of ten more non-combatants in greater London. Kovno, the northern fortress city of the Russian line of defense, was taken with four hundred guns.

WEDNESDAY, August 18: Ex-Premier Venizelos accepts King Constantine's invitation to form a new Grecian cabinet.

THURSDAY, August 19: The White Star liner Arabic was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine south of the Irish coast, on her way to New York. About twenty passengers, including several Americans, were drowned. The Allies declared cotton contraband of war.

FRIDAY, August 20: A German official statement announces the capture of the great Russian fortress of Novo Georgievsk with its garrison of thirty thousand men.

SATURDAY, August 21: Italy declared war on Turkey, because of Turkish intrigues and revolt in Tripoli, and prevention of Italian residents in Syria from returning to Italy. The British government formally declared cotton contraband of war. The German battleship Moltke was sunk by a British submarine in the Baltic.

SUNDAY, August 22: In the Vosges regions the French have captured three commanding peaks after a month of strenuous fighting.

MONDAY, August 23: The Russian statement that two German cruisers and eight torpedo boats were destroyed in attempting to force a passage into the harbor of Riga, between August 15 and 20, was denied by the Germans, who claimed that two Russian gunboats were lost. The Russian fortress of Ossowiec, northeast of Warsaw, has been abandoned by the Germans. The German headquarters at Zeebrugge on the Belgian coast, was bombarded by an English fleet of forty cruisers and destroyers. Premier Okuma of Japan declared that Japan will assist Russia by furnishing ammunition and other war supplies.

TUESDAY, August 24: The German government has asked the United States to reserve its decision in the Arabic matter until Berlin can receive reports from the officers on duty in that section. A British report declares that the German-Austrian armies number one million eight hundred thousand in the west and one million four hundred thousand in the eastern war zone. German casualties are reckoned by the British at three hundred thousand killed, four hundred and forty thousand missing and disabled, and eight hundred and ten thousand wounded; in all, one million, five hundred and fifty thousand.

WEDNESDAY, August 25: Brest-Litovsk, the strongest fortress of the second Russo-Polish line of defense, and Bialystok have fallen into German hands, the Austro-German armies having now advanced one hundred miles inland from Warsaw.

THURSDAY, August 26: Arthur W. Bigsworth, an English aviator, is declared to have destroyed a German submarine with high explosive bombs off Ostend. France reports many raids by Allied aeroplanes, in two of which sixty aeroplanes took part.

SATURDAY, August 28: Six German aeroplanes raiding Paris were driven off by French aviators and one destroyed at a height of eleven thousand feet.

SUNDAY, August 29: London exchange in New York falls to $4.55—ten per cent below par. German assaults in the Vosges region were said to have recovered the heights lost to the French August 22. Alphonse Pegoud, a famous French aviator, was killed in a mid-air duel with a German antagonist..

WEDNESDAY, September 1: At this date Germany and Austria had won great victories over the Russian army and occupied Warsaw, Kovno and other important cities of Russian Poland, but at the cost of tremendous losses in men and much destruction of material. While the Russians have in most instances evacuated the cities captured after having removed the most of their war material except heavy guns and provisions. In the case of Warsaw the removal extended even to large quantities of copper, brass, lead, etc., stripping factories of their machinery and many buildings and car lines of all useful material. A large part of the territory outside the cities was abandoned in the same way that was followed when Napoleon made his disastrous invasion in 1814; the people leaving their homes and everything being destroyed that could be used by the enemy, the Russian rear guard retreating still fighting. In France, Alsace-Lorraine, and Belgium the situation has changed little during the last three months except that the constant attrition of the British, French and Belgian artillery on the German lines has resulted in considerable gains in territory and a large loss of men in desperate counter attacks on the part of the Germans, who have lost many trenches and considerable ground during this period. At the beginning of the war, the Allies and the Austro-Germans each put into the field about four million five hundred thousand men. Italy, toward the end of the year, began her campaign against Austria, but did not declare war against Germany, although her troops and vessels came into collision with the Prussian allies of Austria and are practically at war with both countries. Since the war, the Allies have put into the field five million five hundred thousand more men, and Italy between eight hundred and six thousand and nine hundred thousand more. The Allied loss has been estimated at five million six hundred thousand men killed, wounded, and prisoners, and about one million two hundred thousand temporarily disabled who have returned to duty. The Austro-German loss is estimated at nearly six million four hundred thousand, five million of whom are permanently out of action, and about as many more new men have been added to make up the loss. The Allies began the field campaign with somewhere about five million four hundred thousand men, and the Austro-Germans with about four million five hundred thousand. These may be considered at this date distributed as follows: In the western zone it is estimated that about one million five hundred thousand Germans hold the line of defence in northern France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Alsace-Lorraine, opposing about two million French, seven hundred and fifty thousand British and perhaps one hundred thousand to one hundred and twenty-five thousand Belgians; in all two million, eight hundred and seventy-five thousand effective men. In the East, an enormous drive by one million five hundred thousand Germans and a million Austrians, greatly superior in siege and field artillery, have driven back along most of a very lengthy battle line about one million five hundred thousand Russians; and in the South, five hundred thousand Austrians were facing seven hundred and fifty thousand Italians and two hundred thousand Servians and Montenegrins. In the Turkish zone, where an attempt was made to force the Dardanelles and capture Constantinople, about three hundred and fifty thousand British and French troops and a powerful fleet have hitherto failed to destroy or pass the powerful batteries of a narrow, crooked channel, defended as they are by about one hundred and fifty thousand Turkish troops under the command of German officers. In the Caucasus, Russian forces have in the main held their own and destroyed many detachments of the Turks and their irregular Allies, who in Armenia have, it is claimed, massacred and otherwise destroyed the greater part of the Armenian nation. Along the Tigris and Euphrates the English detachments and river boats have broken up the Turkish land forces and their Arabian irregulars who have by no means been disposed to adhere strictly to their co-religionists. It will thus be seen that the close of the last year leaves the Allied forces numerically superior to the Austro-German troops in the West, on the Italian border, and inferior in Servia and Russia. In this last zone, however, Russia can put into the field for several years to come as many new troops as she can find equipment for, and the superiority of the Austro-German forces there would be wholly due to the necessity of saving Austria from Russian invasion and occupation. Keeping these things in mind, the reader can follow from day to day the chief events of the war at the points mentioned. The controversy between the United States and Germany appears to have resulted in the declaration of the German ambassador that hereafter liners would not be sunk by German submarines without warning. The Russian fortress city of Lutzk near the Galician border was captured by the Austro-Germans. Berlin officially stated that the Russians since May 2 lost three hundred thousand killed and wounded and one million one hundred thousand captured.

Thursday, September 2: The Russian war office acknowledges the evacuation of the last fortress of the second line of defence, making the twelfth Russian fortress captured by the Germans since the occupation of Warsaw. Four Turkish transports were torpedoed in the Dardanelles region by British submarines, which had safely passed the mine fields and batteries of the Turkish defences. Negotiations between Turkey and Bulgaria looking to the transfer of the Turkish section of the trunk line through Servia and Bulgaria to Constantinople were under consideration, with every probability of acceptance.

Friday, September 3: Pope Benedict expressed his hope that the diplomatic negotiations between the United States and Germany might lead up to a more general demand for peace. Grodno, the last Russian fortress evacuated, had been almost completely emptied of troops and material, only four hundred Russian prisoners being secured at the capitulation, and the Russian rear-guards were fighting in their own country so cut up by marshes, woods, hills and rivers as to offer a succession of points at which a stout resistance could inflict great damage to an advancing enemy at comparatively small loss to the defenders. The splendid organization and effectiveness of the Austro-German forces appears to have lost its original élan, and no further important successes in Russia were looked for inasmuch as frost and snow were likely to prevail for months to come. It is claimed that up to the middle of August the British navy had destroyed forty-two German submarines, and with the number sunk by French and Italian vessels, twelve more, making fifty-four in all, are estimated to have been lost by the German navy.

Saturday, September 4: The Canadian liner Hesperian, bound from England to Canada, was torpedoed one hundred and fifty miles from Queenstown and foundered, with a loss of twenty-six of her passengers and crew. It is declared that the Hesperian carried no armament and was not warned before the submarine attacked her, and this new offence, after the assurance of the German government that liners would not be destroyed without warning, seems to warrant the statements in Italian and French papers that Germany does not mean to keep her promises. The fast British cruiser Argyle brought to Halifax $50,000,000 in gold to be transported to New York on account of the Anglo-French commission, which came to treat for a loan of between $500,000,000 and $1,000,000,000.

Monday, September 6: Forty French airships raided Rhenish Prussia and bombarded Saarbrucken in reprisal for the bombardment by German aviators of Luneville, France, on September 1.

Tuesday, September 7: A memorandum from the German government to Ambassador Gerard declared that the submarine commander who sank the Arabic on August 19 believed the steamer was about to ram the submarine and torpedoed her in self-defence, wherefore, although the loss of American lives was regretted, any obligation to grant indemnity was denied. Czar Nicholas took active command of the Russian army and transferred the Grand Duke Nicholas to the forces operating in the Caucasus. The Prussian admiralty announced that submarine U-27 had not been heard of for four weeks and was probably lost. The British government had taken over from private control seven hundred and fifteen factories to be used for turning out munitions of war.

Wednesday, September 8: German Zeppelin airships bombarded the heart of London, killing over thirty persons. A coalition of liberal and progressive members has displaced the Conservative majority in the Russian Duma. In the Argonne region Germans under the Crown Prince gained considerable ground from the French.

Thursday, September 9: The United States government requested Austria-Hungary to recall her ambassador, Dr. Dumba, because of his attempt to cripple American ammunition manufacturers and because he employed an American citizen under an American passport to carry home his dispatches. Petrograd reported that during the past week the troops operating on the Sereth River in Galicia captured seventeen thousand prisoners and many guns.

Friday, September 10: An Anglo-French commission attempting to negotiate a credit of $500,000,000 for the payment of contracts for war munitions and foodstuffs sold by Americans to the Allies, arrived in New York.

Saturday, September 11: The Austro-Hungarian forces in Lithuania stormed the village of Seuraty, capturing nine officers, a thousand men, and five machine guns. The Russian resistance on the Sereth River in Galicia was reported as heavily reinforced and constantly attacking the Austro-German invaders. The Bulgarian government has called to the colors the Macedonian legions for a training service of six weeks. Henry Morgenthau, American ambassador to Turkey, offered to raise one million to transport to America the Armenians who have escaped the recent massacres. Since May he stated that three hundred and sixty thousand have been massacred or died of starvation. There are five hundred and fifty thousand more who could be sent to America. The Turks claim that the Armenian persecution was the first step in a plan to get rid of the Christians, the Greeks and Jews were to be slaughtered or expelled, and the American missionaries driven out of the country.

Sunday, September 12: The Fabre Line steamship Sant' Anna reported a fire in mid-ocean, having on board nearly seventeen hundred Italian reservists and forty other passengers. She was on her way to the Azores from New York when the fire broke out. Vienna admitted the retirement of the Austro-German troops in eastern Galicia. Canada is making great plans for manufacturing ordnance and ammunitions, and also for furnishing other supplies. Many hundreds of millions of dollars are to be expended in Canada for this purpose.

Monday, September 13: The Germans under Marshal Von Hindenburg finally secured possession of the Rovno-Petrograd railway, forcing the Russians back to the lake district through which the road runs, where a determined stand was made. The country was principally under water except on the eastern bank of the Sereth, where the defensive nature of the country gives the Russians tremendous advantage over an advancing enemy. The Sant' Anna, reported on fire in mid-ocean, was since reported safe and proceeding under escort to the Azores. Paris reports considerable damage to the German works at various points on the western battle line.

Tuesday, September 14: British casualties up to August 21 total 75,957 killed, 251,059 wounded, and 54,967 missing. Petrograd claims that forty thousand German prisoners were taken during the two weeks ending September 12.

Wednesday, September 15: The German government claims that the Hesperian was sunk by a mine and not by a submarine. The British House of Commons voted a new war credit of $1,250,000,000, bringing the total up to date to $6,310,000,000. Three million men have been enlisted to date, six hundred and fifty thousand of whom have been sent to the front, enabling the British to add seventeen miles additional to the battle line. Bulgaria and Turkey have signed agreement carrying the Bulgarian boundary up to the Maritga River, including the Dedeagath railway line. In the district of Van on the Persian border, the Russian cavalry have routed and are pursuing the Kurds. In Africa since last September the French colonial troops aided by their British Allies have conquered nearly all the German colonies on the Kongo. German East Africa, which is itself strongly invaded by British East African forces, is the only African colony practically still held by Germany. The Japanese government has decided to systematize the industrial resources of the country and increase her output of arms and munitions. Premier Okuma in his interview with the *Okuma Shimbun*, one on the leading journals of Tokyo, said: "Japan now realizes that all the Allies must co-operate to defeat our common enemies, and has decided to give further assistance to the Allies. We have sent instructions to our ambassadors abroad to that effect." Vienna did not seem to resent the request to recall Dr. Dumba on account of his interference with industrial interests in the United States, and it is pointed out there that the recall of the diplomatic representative has never led to any interruption of pleasant relations between governments or been considered an issue of any importance. The German-American alliance appealed to the American people to prevent the Anglo-French billion-dollar loan.

Thursday, September 16: The Allied powers, it is claimed, called upon Bulgaria to definitely declare its position. American meat products to the value of $15,000,000 have been confiscated by a British prize court. They were seized in November, 1914, on the ground that although consigned to a Danish port, they were intended for consumption by the German army and navy. The German invasion of Poland reached Tinsk, having made one hundred miles from Brest-Litovsk in twenty-two days. The Russian Duma was prorogued by the Czar for two months "as having finished its work."

Friday, September 17: Holland has ordered twenty American warplanes. General Frowloff of the Petrograd military district has appealed to workingmen to refrain from strikes, declaring that such labor troubles are akin to treason under existing circumstances. Rome charges that an analysis of the high explosive bomb thrown into the Italian trenches on the Carso plateau showed that it contained prussic acid. A Hungarian organization at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, notified American financiers that if the loan was made to the Allies, they would withdraw $500,000 from American banks. Similar threat has been made by German and Austrian residents in various parts of the country.

Saturday, September 18: The German army headquarters announces the capture of Vilna, a strongly fortified railroad center in Russian Poland. The capture of an important ridge on the Gallipoli peninsula is said to have been secured by a terrible combat, but the hill finally remained in the possession of the English troops. It is reported that the Swiss watch factories are being largely engaged in manufacturing shells for the English and Italian governments. Over $50,000,000 has been already dispensed in relieving the necessities of the people of Belgium, at least fifty per cent of this being furnished by Belgian residents in other countries.

Sunday, September 19: The German forces began an attack on Servian positions on the south side of the Danube near the ancient town of Semendria. This was taken to be the beginning of the German movement to connect Constantinople with Austria, and secure supplies and reinforcements for the Turks. The withdrawal of the Russian troops from Vilna is said to have been carried out with the loss of very little material of war on the part of the Russians. A Greek steamer was reported afire at sea, passengers and crew being rescued by other vessels.

Monday, September 20: Part of the forest of Houthulst, Belgium, was set on fire by the British artillery, causing heavy explosions. Many air combats took place and two German aeroplanes were destroyed, falling to the ground inside the German lines. Silk and velvet are said to have been made into sandbags by the Germans in Belgium because the supply of jute bags was exhausted.

Tuesday, September 21: The general mobilization of the Bulgarian army included ten divisions, numbering two hundred and fifty thousand rifles. The strength of the artillery has been largely increased and stores replenished. French aviators are reported to have bombarded Stuttgart, the capital of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, and about a hundred shells were dropped on the Royal Palace and railway station. The Servian government denied the statement that Germany advised Servia not to oppose invasion, as the movement was not aimed at her, but at the other powers. The Allies in France and Belgium are said to have planned a combined artillery attack to continue unbroken for days at a time.

Wednesday, September 22: Petrograd reports the capture of many prisoners and arms from the Germans in the region of Dvinsk, and further states that the Austro-German prisoners taken in the last days of August alone reached a total of seventy thousand men, besides many small parties of prisoners being taken in skirmishes and after disorderly flights of the enemy, most of these being too exhausted when taken to march.

Thursday, September 23: President Walter Runciman of the British Board of Trade said in the House of Commons that the British government had taken measures to secure plenty of meat in Argentina and Australia, and that during the next twelve months the operations of the Board of Trade covering supplies for both the English and French government would amount to about $250,000,000. The Argentine supply, he said, was in the hands of a half-dozen packing firms, mainly controlled in America, which insisted upon excessive prices, whereupon the government requisitioned all the tonnage carrying beef in South America to the British Islands, and transferred the steamships to the Australian trade, where the Australian government, taking charge of all the cattle and sheep in Australia, loaded up the ships at cost price. Through this strenuous policy Great Britain supplied her own and the French army and was able to sell a considerable surplus for the benefit of the civil population. The Berlin *Dispatch* announced that new mine fields would be laid by the German government in the Sound, forming the ship channel between the Danish island of Seeland and Sweden, connecting the Baltic with the Cattegat and the North Sea. A Swedish paper intimates that the sympathy of Sweden is with the Germans, and if for any reason Sweden enters the war, it would not be on the side of the Allies. Steps are being taken by the British Board of Trade to organize a confidential information service to aid British manufacturers and merchants to secure the trade in foreign countries, until now controlled chiefly by Germany.

Friday, September 24: Bulgaria, now mobilizing her troops, was reported as having a total war strength, including all reserves, of seven hundred and twenty thousand men, Greece four hundred thousand men, and Roumania six hundred thousand. The Russian General Ivanhoff, commanding in Galicia and Volhynia, is reported to have driven back the Austrians and compelled Von Mackensen further north to draw back from some of his recent acquisition. In the center the Russians are still falling back, but there and further east and north their resistance is stiffening and their armies are strengthened by frequent reinforcements. It is said that the Russians took forty thousand prisoners and recaptured the town of Lutzk. The Italian forces report various successes in Austria, including the strong position of Monte-Conton, taken by storm. American-owned goods of German and Austrian origin, hitherto detained at neutral ports of Europe, were today released by a British order in council; the value of these goods is estimated at $157,000,000. Berlin acknowledged that the Kaiser's army was checked at various points northeast of Warsaw. In the Dardanelles, little was done during August except through artillery duels and sapping and mining, but the French and English aviators have made it possible for many vessels to be destroyed by the French artillery, and the Turks have been forced to land troops in the Dardanelles, only under cover of darkness. British submarines, whose activity in the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles itself, has been one of the marvels of the war, have destroyed numbers of Turkish transports, including some carrying troops. The British horse transport Anglo-Columbian from Montreal to England, was torpedoed off Fastnet, after a chase of seventy-eight miles. Fair warning was given in time to take to the boats. Six Americans were in the crew, but no casualties were reported. The French expedition occupied the Turkish island of Ruad, two miles off the Syrian coast. A proclamation in Arabic formally announced its occupation, in the name of France. The inhabitants cheered the French, and a Mohammedan leader expressed his gratitude to the French for their efforts to establish order in Syria. It is a small island, being only eight hundred yards in length, but covers the best harbor for vessels of fifteen feet draught and under on the Syrian coast. A number of opposition leaders interviewed King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and one by one protested against throwing Bulgaria into the arms of Germany and attacking Servia, claiming that this was contrary to the interests and sentiment of the people of Bulgaria. They warned him that he was already held responsible for Bulgaria's defeat in the second Balkan war in 1913, which they termed "a criminal folly." M. Stambuliwsky, representing the farming population, told the King that if he continued this policy, the dynasty, and perhaps his life, would be in peril. It is stated that Robert J. Thompson, for many years American consul at Hanover, has invested $125,000 in the new German war loan. A remarkable request was received today by Judge W. P. Barnum of the Court of Common Pleas at Youngstown, Ohio, from the Imperial Court at Rzesozow, Galicia, Austria, asking him to summon and interrogate Joseph Tietielowski of Youngstown, Ohio, in regard to treasonable remarks about Austria. The remarks are alleged to have been uttered here at the time the Russians were approaching Cracow last winter, and Joseph Bartazal is named as a witness. Curiously enough, it is said that the judge will actually comply with this extraordinary request.

SATURDAY, September 25: The Austro-Hungarian government, in reply to the American note of August 12, referring to the manufacture of ammunitions in the United States, affirms that Austro-Hungary never intended to imply that American citizens should be prevented from doing an ordinary amount of business in such goods; but protested against the concentration of so much American energy on the delivery of war material whereby unintentional, but really effective support, is rendered one of the belligerent parties, thus constituting a new departure which neutralizes the force of the references made by United States and all former precedents; that the dual government is further of opinion that such an excessive export of war material is not permissible even when it is exported to both belligerent countries; and that this new departure should be a sufficient reason for altering the existing practice of the United States in regard to its observance of neutrality. The reply of Austria-Hungary was considered even by the Austrian ambassador absolutely futile, because of the determination of President Wilson to maintain the position he had taken. The commander and officers of the Fabre line steamer Sant' Anna on her arrival at New York, declare that they had indisputable evidence that the fire was set by five Austrians, three of whom were arrested, while the other two threw themselves into the sea.

SUNDAY, September 26: Bulgaria stated in a most positive way that the mobilization of the Bulgarian army was ordered in the national interest and had not the slightest offensive character. Crown Prince Boris is said to have been placed in command of the Bulgarian army, with General Jecoff as war minister and General Joskoff as chief of staff. The British forces in northern France captured five miles of German trenches south of La Bassee Canal and penetrated in some places nearly four miles into his fortified line. Rome reports the capture of many Alpine positions and other minor successes. On the western front more than twenty thousand unwounded prisoners have been captured by the French. Vienna claims that ten Russian attacks were repulsed in Galicia, and a large number of prisoners taken. The Belgian troops have captured a post and a small fort on the right bank of the Yser. It is estimated at Petrograd that one hundred and thirty Austro-German divisions, comprising nearly two million six hundred thousand men, are operating along the thousand-mile front from Riga to the Roumanian frontier.

MONDAY, September 27: Three days of furious fighting by the French and British forces in their attack on the German line, and by the Germans in numerous vicious counter attacks, have taken place, principally between the British and German lines lying between La Bassee and Lens, and between the Germans and Belgians in northern Belgium. In Champagne the French having concentrated a tremendous artillery fire along the fifteen-mile front, have gained possession of the German trenches from two-thirds of a mile to two and a half miles deep, placing them in strong positions in front of the second line of German defenses. On the eastern front near Dvinsk the Germans claim the capture of another Russian division and some thirteen hundred prisoners. Holland is said to be about to increase her army by incorporating the middle of December recruits of the class of 1916. Vienna agreed to the formal recall of Constantin T. Dumba, the Austro-Hungarian ambassador to the United States. Berlin claims that one British warship was sunk and two others damaged in the attack by a British squadron on German batteries along the Belgian coast, especially at Zeebrugge. Captain Pavy of the steamer Sant' Anna, states that an explosion occurred by which forty-six persons were overcome by asphyxiating gas.

TUESDAY, September 28: In the heavy fighting around Loos the British took very strong lines of German trenches and bomb-proof shelters several hundred yards in extent, which they occupied confronting the third line of German trenches. Over three thousand prisoners, twenty-one guns, and forty machine guns were captured and others destroyed. President Wilson ordered that T. St. John McGaffney be asked to resign his position as American consul at Munich, inasmuch as that being an American official, he was in charge of British interests in a German city, and yet wrote anti-British articles for publication, besides frequently expressing personal sentiments in favor of the Germans and against the British government. The American loan to the Allies, a half billion of dollars, is offered to the publc in one hundred dollar, five-year, five per cent joint British and French bonds. It is estimated that these securities will average a dividend of five per cent yearly. Count Baron Von Bernstorff, the German ambassador at Washington, sent a communication to the State Department stating that the reports of Turkish atrocities against the Armenians were greatly exaggerated, and defended in part the action of the Turks as having been provoked. The French troops east of Souchez and north of Masschess have made further gains, and find among the prisoners German troops recently brought back from the Russian front. In a fire which followed an explosion on board the Italian battleship Benedetto Brin, Rear Admiral Ernesto Rezinde Cervin perished, with many officers and men. A number of British submarines have been for some time acting in the Baltic under the command of the Russian commander-in-chief.

Wednesday, September 29: Terrific fighting continued all along the western battle front, and the French gained hill 140 east of Viny, commanding a network of roads running south of Lens. Also in Champagne the Bazancort-Dahallerange railway is now within two miles of their cannon. The British reached the third line of German defense south of La Bassee Canal. The Germans are sending up reinforcements, and it is claimed have even drawn troops from the Russian campaign. The artillery bombardment which preceded the advance of the troops was the most long-continued and terrific storm of high explosive shells that the world has ever witnessed, and it is stated by eye witnesses that the deep German trenches paved with concrete and many feet underground were simply destroyed by the terrific cannonade, burying many of their occupants, and leaving the survivors so terrified and exhausted that they were no longer able to resist the infantry charge. The German loss along the line where this tremendous attack was made has been estimated by the French at one hundred and twenty thousand men. Orders have been given to promptly release from the British army all Americans recruited from the cattle steamers and under like conditions. The new recruits added of late to the British army serve with splendid spirit and courage. The Canadians and Australian troops in the Dardanelles district also gained a splendid reputation for courage and effectiveness.

Thursday, September 30: The loss of the Italian battleship Benedetta Brin is attributed to the short-circuiting of an electric wire on board the vessel. At Rome an Italian advance is said to be nearing Tolmino, the Italian artillery continuing to show its superiority over that of the enemy. The condition of the markets in Vienna are reported to have greatly improved. The supply of beef, flour and other breadstuffs is amply sufficient, and it is no longer necessary to use maize for bread. Meat prices are very high, but sanitary conditions improved, and the number of deaths was decreasing.

(*To be continued*)

# THE WHISTLERS

## *By* GEORGE WILLOUGHBY

SCENES far away came back today,
That still in memory lingers,
When as a boy I learned with joy
To whistle on my fingers.

Today a lad, chip of his dad,
Somehow, somewhere in play
Had learned the trick—the air was thick—
He whistled the same way.

In childish glee he challenged me
To go out in the yard
And see if he could not beat me
"To whistle good and hard."

Our whistles shrill from hill to hill
The echoes sent rebounding,
All earth and sky, below, on high,
Pierced by our strife resounding.

And blow on blow, we "let 'er go"
With mother as the judge;
She gave the prize to one his size,
But gave to me a nudge.

# Wanted—A Federal Constitutional Convention

## by William E. Chancellor

THERE is a well-organized movement throughout the country to secure a federal constitutional convention as a means of revising systematically in accordance with modern needs our national charter. This movement is being led by a committee on the federal constitution, with headquarters in New York, and with members in all parts of the land. So far has the movement progressed that it is only a question of time before it develops into a live political issue.

The members of the committee come from all sections of political opinion, from all denominations, and from all classes and kinds of American citizens. They include alike conservatives and radicals, progressives and standpatters. Enrolled among them are university teachers, religious leaders, social workers, philanthropists of wealth. The idea that all have in common is that it was the intention of the fathers to have a fundamental government plan that could be adjusted easily and quickly to changing social needs, and that to secure this, the people by general referendum vote should decide from time to time whether or not to hold a federal convention. All are agreed that the framers of the constitution never dreamed that it should be a finality, for, surely, if the fathers themselves amended the constitution a dozen times in the first generation, they did not regard it as sacrosanct nor worship it as a fetich; did not intend the federal Supreme Court to become a perpetual constitutional convention, taking away the amending function from the people themselves; and never did they think that their descendants would be so dull and incompetent and dangerous to themselves that from the grave the dead ought forever to rule the living. If the fathers were fit to hold a federal constitutional convention, the great grandsons should be wise enough to perceive that true obedience lies in their example, not in their mere words.

Our fathers taught us democracy as their best legacy to us. Democracy is by no means ancestor worship, but present self-government by debating and voting majorities. With a rigid constitution changed only as the Supreme Court permits, there can be no genuine democracy in our national life. Our states are democratic enough. They hold state constitutional conventions freely and frequently. Ohio held one but a few years ago. New York has just held its fourth. What is safe and desirable for sovereign states is expedient for a federation of states.

The committee that is directing the movement for a better amending procedure has no cut-and-dried program as to what specific changes should be made in the constitution other than that there should be an amendment to require a referendum every twenty years as to the holding of a convention; and that the inordinately large majorities of Congress and the States required for the initiation and ratification of particular amendments should be reduced to a reasonable percentage. They remind all citizens that the constitution is now virtually unchangeable except in so far as the Supreme Court validates the acts of Congress. It is true that two amendments have recently been passed by the cumbrous method of Congressional enactment and ratification by three-fourths of the states, but these amendments were long and unnecessarily delayed.

A national constitution should fit a people as clothes fit an individual. The suit must be changed from time to time. Of course, it must always have certain characteristics. It should always be made of good materials. It must not change the individual, but only keep him fit for the social affairs of life. The best way to forestall violent revolution is so to change the laws that violent revolution has no adequate cause. The question may indeed well be asked whether or not if, as Lincoln proposed, there had been held a federal constitutional convention in 1858 or so, there would ever have been any Civil War. Do we prefer to drift along again until there arises another crisis equally severe, to be followed by civil war equally terrible? It is true that there is now no threat of any such revolution. If there were such a threat, however, it would be too late to call a constitutional convention. Our machinery works so slowly that it would take years and years to get such a convention called and organized, and in the meantime the mischief would be afoot and rampant.

There are among us some men who do not know the real history of our country, but only the nice children's textbook history, which is meant for innocent minds. The true history of the nation is a very different story. Our fathers fought for their liberties and for ours not only upon battlefields, but in legislative halls, in courts, and upon public platforms. And what is liberty but rational adjustment of individual lives to the times? And what is slavery but confinement in courses that no longer give room for natural action and conduct? The members of the first federal constitutional convention wished to rid themselves and us of oversea control in order that they and we might live our own lives as seemed wise and natural. They never intended that we should feel constrained to follow their notions for untold generations. On the contrary, the fathers provided for calling other conventions, but unfortunately the method became unwieldy with the growth of population, and until recently, despite the plain statement in the constitution, we forgot that it had been the intention from the beginning that we should move forward by a regular constitutional procedure. What the members of the present federal constitution committee are doing is simply reiterating what Madison and Mason, Randolph and Wilson, Hamilton and Gerry, Franklin and all the other worthies of that day of great thinking said as clearly as anything was ever said.

There is no desire to force upon the people every twenty years a federal convention. Far from this, the desire is to give the people, or to speak more accurately, to take to ourselves, the right to decide this matter from time to time by vote. The intent is that if the people wish to have a federal convention, they can vote accordingly. If they do not wish to have it, they can refuse to call it. In this sense, let the people rule. In a recent utterance, President Wilson said that the people had not yet issued a mandate to a certain effect, as alleged by some with whom he did not agree, and held that his business is to act according to the mandate of the people. That would be the purpose of a constitutional convention—to find out what the mandates of the people were.

Many who have not considered the matter thoroughly are unaware of the many real defects of the constitution. A few will serve for illustration.

Very prudent and slow-spoken statesmen have said that the real occasion of the Civil War was the interregnum between the election of Abraham Lincoln and his inauguration—a period of four months, a third of a year. The same statesmen have said that it is often highly unfortunate that Congress does not meet soon after election, before the new members have forgotten their pre-election promises and representations. To remedy this defect there is required a thorough revision of all the articles that fix the assembling of Congress according to the slow days when men rode to Philadelphia on horseback or took shipping along the coast. We live in another age.

Again, when the constitution provided that an amendment must be agreed upon by three-fourths of the states, this meant but ten out of thirteen, while now it means thirty-six out of forty-eight. The thirteen were all within a few miles of or upon the Atlantic coast and possessed relatively homogeneous interests, while now vastly divergent states must be brought into accord. A two-thirds vote would be as safe now for the general welfare of all as a three-fourths vote was in the ninth decade of the eighteenth century. And it must also be remembered that then the legislatures were small, while now they contain many members. The committee upon the federal constitution thinks that an amendment should be adopted whereby a majority of Congress and a two-thirds vote of the States could pass amendments at any time irrespective of the holding of a constitutional convention.

There is now growing up in the nation and in the states a new branch of government not recognized in the constitution—our administrative commissions. These extra-constitutional bodies considerably interfere with the responsibilities and functions alike of courts, executives and legislatures. It seems likely that they should exist, but if so, they ought certainly to have some constitutional standing. No longer is government tripartite, but quadripartite. If the courts represent the permanent will of the people as expressed in the constitution and laws, if the legislatures represent the current sentiments and emotions of the people, and if the executives represent the intelligence of the people seeking to carry out the popular ideas and to realize the popular sentiments, what shall the commissions represent? This applies not only to such bodies as are styled commissions, but to such boards as the Federal Reserve Board. It is a fair and important question whether or not these commissions in their memberships shall be as remote from the people as are the courts. The commissions are young and new yet, but in the course of time as their members grow familiar with their duties and isolated from the general citizenship, as they will inevitably become, the people will become as anxious about them as they are now about the justices of the Supreme Court. But these latter are duly provided for in the constitution itself, and we know their mode of appointment and tenure. The justices have the prestige and responsibilities of being constitutional officers, and they usually act accordingly. The commissioners are creatures of changing statutes, and being without so much dignity must feel less answerable than do the justices of the whole American people.

WILLIAM E. CHANCELLOR
Professor of political science in the College of Wooster

There is another important matter that needs to be considered. Our great western states as they fill with people are manifestly shaped and bounded without due reference to topographical conditions. Even now California is actively agitating subdivision. A constitutional convention is needed to make adequate provision in this great matter, for populations are functions of lands and laws, and the most important of all laws is the law of jurisdiction. The American people, not the Californians only, should consider what are the proper dividing lines for two states.

The great western states were blocked out by straight surveyors' lines, without regard to mountain divides and river courses. As cities increase and farms and mines develop, these states will follow the natural evolution of all peoples and need to be broken up into normal legislative units. There is a call for a new state to be made from western Montana, northern Idaho, northeastern Oregon and western Washington. There is now no truly constitutional method of determining whether or not to create such a state. To this day men debate whether West Virginia ever was properly separated from Virginia.

What the federal constitution committee has in mind in respect to attending to these great matters is not a complete overhauling of the constitution once for all, but something quite different. This is providing means for national reconstruction from time to time conservatively, yet sufficiently in order that there may never be in America another mighty revision of the constitution by a civil war. So far from being socialists or anarchists or other violent or ambitious radicals, they desire to facilitate the revision of the fundamental law by its friends, lest for want of revision by its friends it be revised by the enemies of constitutional democracy.

It may be objected that now that America is the one great neutral when all the world is at war, there should be no agitation of the question of a federal convention. This objection proceeds from the false notion that the purpose of a convention would be to overthrow constitutional government. On the contrary, the purpose of the proposal of having such a convention is to reaffirm before the world the belief of the American people in the soundness of the principle of democracy as adequate for all conditions and situations. Our prayer in America should be to display to Europe and all the earth the strength and glory of self-government. Are we not sufficiently self-reliant to be willing to face as did our fathers the times and troubles as they are? In 1916, in the face of what may still be the world in arms, we will consider in a popular election the question as to whether or not there should be a change of the executive control of our government. This is in itself perilous, but it would be far more perilous to forego such an election. There is no peril so great in American thought now as that of imagining that we have too little self-restraint to hold a convention and to think again regarding our fundamental principles and methods of democratic government.

In all history, becoming afraid to think and to talk together has been premonitory of getting ready to decay or break up. Actively constitutional democracy is the cure for social discontent and the preventative of social revolution. And this is desirable for every citizen, whether capitalist or laborer, strong or weak.

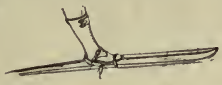
Americans have never been much influenced by the experiences of other peoples, but it is perhaps profitable to notice that the British have gotten along quite well with no real constitution at all. Their Parliament is a perpetual constitutional convention, able to change the laws at any time in any way. No supreme court can annul any act of Parliament. There is, in truth, no real supreme court in Great Britain, for the highest judges are still under the control of Parliament. Here Senators and Representatives are under the control of the judges. Ours may be the better plan, but perhaps we have carried our constitution to a degree of rigidity that is like wearing a strait-jacket instead of clothing. Switzerland has a plan for a regularly recurrent federal constitutional convention and also a plan for amending the constitution at any time by popular vote. What the British do at any session of the National Legislature, and what the Swiss do by convention and referendum, might be wise for us to try.

We are like a rich man who refuses to use his assets and income. We have a better government than we have dared to try out. Let us go whole-heartedly into democracy.

# Wonders of Today

## A Story of New and Notable Inventions

THE use of the "ski" or Norse wooden snowshoe has become very general in those parts of America where the snow lies long on the ground, and crusted drifts abound. The difficulty of stopping quickly is only overcome by those attaining great skill, and it is even harder to surmount an icy ascent or surface. The sketch shows a device patented by Myron W. Rall of Gardiner, Montana, in which creepers or spikes are so fitted to the skis that the heel of the ski-runner engages or disengages them as is most convenient.



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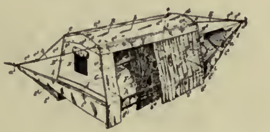
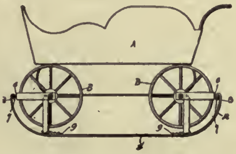
ENSURING privacy, protection against insects, draught, heat, etc., a hammock attachment, which enables the occupant to enjoy a commodious closed bed, has been contrived by Dannie G. and Albert P. Ashworth of West Brookville, New York. It would seem to be a most convenient summer bed for tuberculosis patients, or people suffering from nervous strain, and overwork, as well as a splendid accessory for enjoyable summer relaxation.



BULLETS of soft metal in which are embodied a double-pointed metallic cylinder of hard metal forming the point of the bullet, and also a wedge to spread the soft metal on impact certainly should make very penetrative and disabling missiles for men or big game. It was devised by John B. Duncan of Wolf, Wyoming.

* * *

PIVOTED at either end so as to hold its place above the wheels until winter, and is then easily reversed so as to form a strong and effective sleigh runner, a wheel-guard has been designed by William Elmo Graham of Grand Junction, Colorado, and would be very convenient where snow belts alternate with bare prairie, as is often the case in the northwest.



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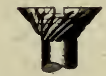
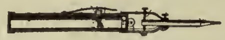
MAKING neat work while countersinking with an extra center-bit has been greatly simplified by a self-countersinking screw head whose bevel is broken into a multiplicity of rather sharp cutting flutings which readily wear away all soft and many hard woods under the



pressure of an ordinary screw driver, patented by Ernest H. Brumback, Silver City, New Mexico.

* * *

HERE is an idea that will be of value to a great many people who have to do and read writing in the open air. Willis Q. Browne of Boston, Massachusetts, patents a pencil attachment to a flashlight casing which allows the holder to write easily at any time, even in stormy weather.



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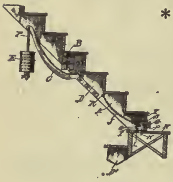
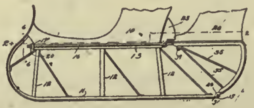


AN ingenious pair of stairs, the lower steps of which, being duly pivoted and counterbalanced, can be raised and serve as a doorway to another pair of stairs descending exactly beneath the others, affords the builder a way of saving room and avoiding a good deal of extra finish, etc. William F. Rodgers of St. Louis, Missouri, is the designer of the stairs.

* * *

THIS ingenious device for transforming an ordinary cutter into a double-seated sleigh, enables the married man who has won his bride in dashing, jolly, bell-riant sleigh rides, to enlarge his seating and transportation capacity in later years without buying another sleigh. Albin E. Berglund, of Motley, Minnesota, where sleighing is not one of "the lost arts," is the inventor.



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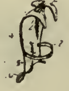
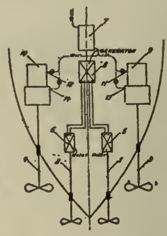
SUPPORTED by shoulder pieces and fastened by straps, a cuirass or body armor in one piece to protect the neck, armpits, chest and stomach, is the work of Wakeman Bradley, of Detroit, Michigan.



MILLIONS of horsepower exercised by the waves of the sea have hitherto been drawn upon very lightly for human convenience. An ingenious idea herewith illustrated, suggests a suitable boat or float containing an air tank fitted with two pairs of collapsible mushroom-shaped bellows, which take in air when the float is raised by the waves, and are compressed when lowered by its descent into the wave-trough. The compressed air thus secured is to be used to drive suitable engines, etc. Herbert E. Fisher, San Francisco, California, is the patentee.



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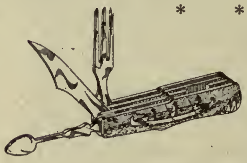
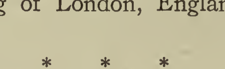


THE ornamental and convenient pocket-knife, fork, and spoon shown herewith is the work of Harry Kalnianczyn of Naugatuck, Connecticut.

* * *

DARKNESS is once more outwitted. A projectile in the shape of an elongated shell carries at its base a small chamber packed with fiercely burning material which enables the artillery man to trace its flight up to the time of its explosion in the darkest night. Samuel D. Cushing of London, England, is the inventor.



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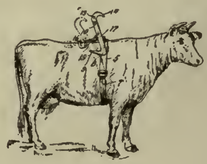

HOOKED at the top and fastened by a strong belt to the back of a "breachy" cow or steer, an upright catches a rail under which the animal attempts to pass and also discourages further passage, beside pressing into the skin terminal hooks which are calculated to induce it to withdraw. The patentee, who evidently has had experience of the ways of recalcitrant cows, is William A. Hager of Texarkana, Oklahoma.

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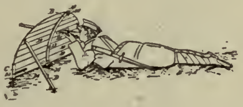

ADOPTION of some form of armor to lessen the effect of long-distance rifle and shrapnel fire has again excited the interest of inventors. The shield illustrated herewith is made of overlapping strips jointed and fitted with spikes, braces, etc., to secure and hold it in position. Henry J. Brown of New York is the patentee.

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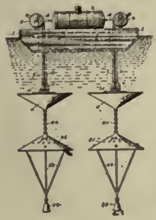

IN driving twin propellers, and also turbine electric-driven shafts for a set of twin propellers forward of the main wheels, with suitable arrangements to stop any of said propellers and to eliminate the "drag" of the unused vanes, Heinrich Zoelly of Zurich, Switzerland, combines three steam-driven propeller shafts.

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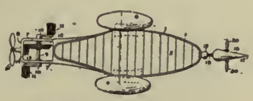

A SWIMMER'S support, consisting of a basket-like hull supported by side pontoons, and propelled by a screw driven by the hand of the passenger, provides a safe and pleasant means of bathing in warm water and of life-saving in emergencies. Joseph Jacobs of San Francisco, California, is the inventor.

* * *

GOOD news for the tired housewife! A washboard with a guide-rod on which a hinged rubber suitably handled slides back and forth and is engaged on a parallel rod on the other side, enables the opeator to compress and rub the whole or part of the soiled fabric against the corrugated board, and greatly lessens the labor of washing. Barnet Rudolff of Bayonne, New Jersey, invented and assigned this improvement to Fannie Dorrison of Jersey City, New Jersey.

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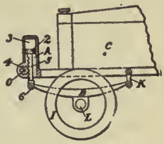

A WAGON SPRING which acts both by its own resiliency and by an air-cushion in a strong cylinder whose piston engages the forward end of the spring and is strengthened and guided by a cog wheel and ratchet combination, is designed by Charles H. Smoot and assigned to the Rateau-Battu-Smoot Company, New York City.

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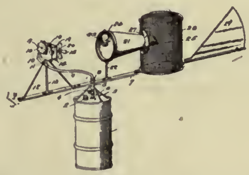

INSECT traps vaned to face the wind and provided with lighted funnels opening into a wire gauze cage, operated by an electric fan which drives all moths, etc., attracted by the light through the funnel and into the cage may become popular. John James Noonan of Obion, Tennessee, is the inventor.

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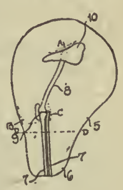
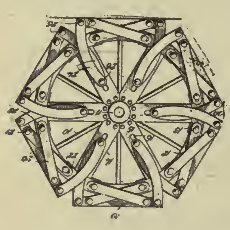


THAT the preparation of foods may be patented appears, as Frederick W. Lotz of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was granted a patent for his improved method of cooking hams. As will be seen in the cut, Mr. Lotz removes the blade and leg bones from the body of the ham, cuts off the shank bone, and uses the meats removed therefrom in filling up the cavities left by the removal of the bones. A metal mold compresses the mass of ham while being boiled or baked, and the result is a "boneless ham," which is or should be "a ham as is a ham."



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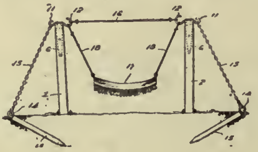
INFINITELY more practical and less bulky than the German army arrangement now in use, a traction wheel which carries its own tread or roadbed is illustrated herewith, and patented by Thomas B. Crabtree of Hanford, California.

* * *

AS will readily be seen, a secure method of support for clothes-lines, hammocks or the like, consists of two stout posts deeply set in the ground, connected by a strong rod or wire, and braced apart by wires or chains anchored in the ground as shown herewith. Norman T. Dudley of Seattle, Washington, is the patentee.



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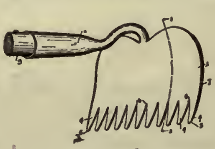
MORE help for the farmer! Sidney M. Isbell, of Jackson, Michigan, patents a weeding hoe with a concave face, divided into many dagger-shaped teeth, sharpened at the points and blunt at their base, which cuts well and gives sufficient leverage to break tough soil or weeds.



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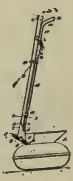
RESEMBLING a double cane, a spittoon handle by which a spittoon can be seized, securely held and carried away to be cleansed without stooping or soiling the hands, has been invented by Young S. Stallworth of Slidell, Louisiana. Its convenience and sanitary value is shown by the illustration.



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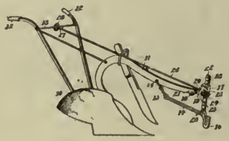
PLOWS so constructed that the line of draught is on a nearly direct line with the plow handles seem to favor deeper plowing and more complete control of the share and mould-board. Thomas and Jozeff Kondras of Iron River, Michigan, are the inventors.



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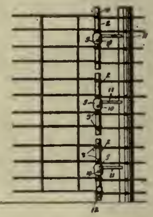
WHEN setting wire fences, a powerful and convenient wire-stretching device consisting of a tubular rod made in two sections, which can be brought to act on any number of parallel wires whose loose ends are taken up by small steel windlasses, revolving on the clamping-rod, will be found of value. Lisander Lasure of Van Buren, Indiana, designed it.



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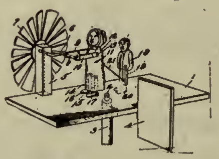
THIS toy represents an old lady who seems to be driving the wheel by means of a crank, and at the same time is being kicked by the unregenerate small boy behind her. Walter W. Nash of Doby Springs, Oklahoma, has perpetrated this mechanical toy.



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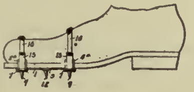
TOY pistols, which by means of strong springs will drive pea beans and other small projectiles with considerable force, resemble automatics in outline. Peder T. Pederson of Vienna, South Dakota, is the inventor.

* * *

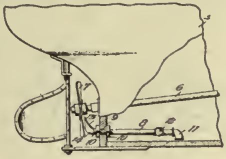
FOR convenience and safety a pair of good ice-creepers in slippery places, and especially where lifting or pushing has to be done, cannot be over-estimated.



Most of those hitherto made when removable, connect with the heel, but that shown and patented by James MacVane of Providence, Rhode Island, grips the sole and clasps the forepart of the foot.

* * *

A SUCTION-PIPE operated by the "draw" of the propeller, having suitable check valves, etc., to prevent water entering from the sea, is an ingenious device for keeping the hull of a vessel clear of bilge water or moderate leakage, as long as the power of the propeller-suction continues. Samuel Stewart Jamison of Saltsburg, Pennsylvania, is the inventor.



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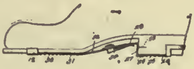
ANOTHER "creeper" for those sinners who "stand in slippery places" engages both heel and sole, works with a leverage and spring clasp action, and has many small projections instead of a few large spikes. Made by Charles W. Sauer, Jr., Elizabeth, New Jersey.



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# PASTORALS

WHO now will tend the flock? who now will sing
Within the shade of spreading mulberry trees
Songs that some neighbor shepherdess may please,
Delight the ears of shepherd lads who bring
Their panting sheep at noontime to cool spring
Of water—they meanwhile forgetting these,
Lost to their duty in sweet melodies
Of Pan's composing, shepherd's rendering?

That simple life and taste it not for us,
Weak slaves of fashion, servitors to care,
On Custom's dusty highway driven along;
But, losing ourselves in Theocritus,
With unschooled Fancy we may wander there
On cool sequestered paths through Realms of Song.

*—Isaac Bassett Choate, in "Through Realms of Song."*

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT is the spirit of brotherhood, of sacrifice, of unselfishness. It breathes of new life, of hope and inspiration to all mankind. Whatever may have been the source of some of the elements of the Christmas celebration, it has come to be a token of faith—faith in the unseen Guide and Helper and Friend, from Whom only is there inspiration to true living; upon whose breast the poor and the afflicted may find solace and peace. Over it all, shedding its calm, clear radiance through the centuries, that the nations of the earth may see its glory, the beauty and the sanctity of motherhood!

Is it strange that this festival should be a time of reunion, of gifts and of good cheer? It is a blessed accompaniment of its observance that more and more it takes us out of our petty selves and points the way to service, to helpfulness to others.

And the great heart of the Christian millions accepts the Christ Child as a symbol of immortality, the light of the world!

G. B. C.

Christmas, 1915.

# "Logging" in the Old Days

### by

### George Willoughby

VERY many of the most interesting events in the development of the country are not to be found in the conventional history. Encyclopedias travel along in a rut. Novelists must necessarily exaggerate to obtain contrasts. The essayist comments in epigram rather than detail, and the poet idealizes. I have often felt a sincere regret that the sturdy pioneers, the strong personalities that led in the early growth of the republic did not find time in their day to review and leave a record of their labors.

There are, however, exceptions to this general rule, and a little volume entitled "The Mississippi Logging Company," by Matthew G. Norton, describing the logging operation in Mississippi and the Middle West, is one of the few and interesting histories of the day.

With the thoroughness that has always characterized his business career, Mr. Norton goes back into the dim past to inquire into the manufacture of lumber in past ages, and finds that the boards with which Moses built a tabernacle were from a standard log sixteen feet in length and twenty inches wide, like the boards that were commonly used in siding the great barns of our fathers time. He traces the development in logging the timber from Mount Lebanon down to Solomon, who sent for Hiram; Hiram, speaking for himself, agreed: "My servants shall bring them down, and I will convey them by sea in floats unto the place that thou shalt appoint me, and will cause them to be discharged there, and thou shalt receive them." All that Hiram received for this work was food for his household, but he seemed to be quite content. The writer had evidently made a trip to Joppa and knew of the hardships which Hiram's men experienced in that open roadstead, on a stormy coast.

The logging experiences on the Tiber by the Romans is referred to relating how the logs were floated with bladders filled with air to help them along the river shallows, and says that if this was necessary to get the logs down the Chippewa River, the cattle of a thousand hills could not have furnished bladders enough. The saw-mill antedated the use of steam and the first one was erected in Massachusetts in 1623, only three years after the settlement of Boston. As early as 1662 there were six saw mills in Kittery at the mouth of the Piscataqua, and twenty-four in the territory known as Maine, and when the Revolutionary armies swept across the State of New York, there were thirteen saw mills in operation.

The tributes paid by the author to his associates are most fitting and appropriate. He traces the floodtide of immigration prior to the Civil War in the Middle West, and relates that even in the late 50's there were only a few crude saw mills on the banks of the Mississippi. He relates graphically the development of the St. Croix and Black Rivers to meet the needs of the lumbermen on the Mississippi.

Later on, the great forests of pine in the Chippewa Valley made the Chippewa River, one of the principal tributaries of the Mississippi, interesting, and it was a great undertaking for these sturdy men to provide a boom into which the logs could be driven and preserved at a reasonable expense.

It was in these days that Mr. Frederic Weyerhauser joined in the operations of the Beef Slough Company to supply the mills of Weyerhauser & Denkmann at Rock Island and the Sebricker & Miller mill at Davenport.

The Mississippi River Logging Company was begun in a very small way in 1872, with the Beef Slough boom as a basis of operations. The first years, owing to unfair opposition, were very discouraging, but Mr. Weyerhauser's faith was unswerving, and it was decided that the only way to make the Chippewa a success as a logging stream was to put in so many logs that the opposing mill men could not detain them all without filling their own booms with logs which did not belong to them, thus interfering with their own supply for the season. There was some lively litigation on log-rolling at Washington over this enterprise, but Mr. Weyerhauser's faith was undaunted, and the triumph of this company in establishing an inexpensive and safe plan was one of the early triumphs of the late Mr. Weyerhauser, one of the greatest lumbermen the world has ever known.

Mr. Norton calls attention to the little government saw mill at Fort Snelling in 1820. These historical facts are very interesting in view of the marvelous development of Minneapolis and St. Paul in recent years. Men from the state of Maine have been largely identified with the development of the lumber industry, and Caleb C. Dorr from Penobscot County paid an Indian chief five dollars a tree for the first timber that floated down the Mississippi from above the mouth of Run River. The author traces each particular lumber development of the Middle West, and gives not only facts and dates, but the names, and the great Weyerhauser industry was founded on his faith in the future.

A quotation from a famous Massachusetts Senator indicated to Mr. Weyerhauser that the way to get along is for lumbermen to get together and understand that their interests are identical, and that they could do more by helping than by harassing each other, and this evidently led to the consolidation of the Chippewa Logging Company, in whose interest Mr. Weyerhauser was busy in those days providing new tracts of timber to keep the mills busy. He solved the question of getting the logs through and saved everybody expense and trouble. It was at this time that Messrs. Laird & Norton were appointed to examine the Chippewa Falls from the mouth of Beef Slough Boom, and it was decided to continue operations on a basis of forty million feet of logs where less than ten million feet of logs purchased on the bank came to the boom.

The story of the various meetings and development is related in a most accurate and interesting way. It tells of the purchase of thousands of acres of rejected pine lands, but in those days lumber was so plentiful that it took money, hard work, and patience to yield profits, but it was the future for which these men were working, and in their hardships and misfortunes there was always a tie of comradeship among lumbermen in early days of the Middle West. There was a unity of the stockholders of the Mississippi River Logging Company, as shown in the records, that would be a conspicuous example to many modern organizations.

* * *

Visions of the great rafts of logs coming down the smaller rivers and into the Mississippi will remain picturesque memories of early days; in true Yankee style some enormous transactions in pine timber were made, but buying pine timber was one thing and how to get it to the markets at a profit under existing conditions was another.

The contest between struggling boat lines and loggers amounted to regular warfare at times, but the Mississippi River Logging Company remains to this day the most successful of all the companies of its kind in the country. Mr. Norton throws a good deal of light on the lumber question, showing that in the early days the timber lands of the Northwest were put upon the market in specified amounts and for sale to the highest bidder and all thoroughly advertised, but no matter how cheap, the reason that men did not attend the sale in larger numbers was that they had no money to buy at even low rates.

Timber lands have sold as low as $1.25 per acre, and yet oftentimes the expense of getting out the timber would leave but little profit. As an instance of old-fashioned "square dealing," a man who owned some land said that he would take thirty dollars an acre for his holdings. The company demurred, feeling that it was too much. Then the good old man from the State of Maine said he would sell it for just what the land had cost him. He had paid $1.25 an acre when he entered the land, nearly forty years before, and had paid taxes on it ever since, so if the Company would pay him $1.25 an acre and the taxes, with interest computed year by year since his ownership at ten per cent, it could have the land. The Company felt that they had a bargain, but on figuring up the amount, found that it came to more than thirty dollars an acre, the price at which they had first demurred. The story of holding lands and paying taxes often explodes the fallacy that those who purchased lands at low prices made any great fortunes on their investments.

This little book was printed for private distribution, but I find has already a place in the Boston library because of its accuracy and detailed record of an important era of the Middle West. It is a record told by a man who was an active participant. Mr. Norton long ago retired from active business and lives in California, but still maintains his keen interest in the problems of the times, and with a vista of many years of business activities behind him, has a clear perspective of the future. Even the lumbermen of today might well look over the records and doings of lumbermen of early days in handling their affairs. They had not only the pioneer problems to deal with, but knew how to build up their markets, and their reward was richly deserved and merited.

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# THE FOREST MORN

I SOMETIMES think that thus was born the world—
Not like a blinding sun from chaos hurled
To blaze and burn for ages—that it woke
As wakes the forest, wakes the verdant oak,
Breathing soft breezes, wreathed in lacy mist
Through which there burst the gleam of amethyst.

The forest morn! Across the night profound
Steals now the music of harmonious sound—
The bird's faint twitter, sleepy, sleepy still,
The bird's first carol, sweet, all sweet and shrill;
And down through branches, poured in generous streams,
Come tints of dawn, the colors of our dreams.

—*Douglas Malloch, in "In Forest Land."*

# The Boston Chamber of Commerce

### by Edgar T. Bronson

THE story of twentieth century achievement is a story of co-operation. Men have learned to work together, and have found in so doing larger returns, not only for the community, but for the individual and for the greatest number of individuals. The co-operative principle has become a working factor in business, and not only in the organization of a particular industry or mercantile enterprise, but in the consolidating of many individual interests into one community organization.

More than four thousand of the leading business men of New England are banded together in a great association in Boston, a city whose public spirit and patriotism, wealth and intelligence, have always been notably devoted to the cause of humanity and the republic. This association, the Boston Chamber of Commerce, represents, to a greater degree, perhaps, than any other achievement in community organization, the welding of individual energies and loyalties and enthusiasms into a community force for public service. It serves its city and section as a modified town meeting, gives voice to public opinion, gives direction to public undertakings, and furnishes leadership in all good movements for the advancement of Boston and New England. It embodies in its membership big business and little business; great industries rub elbows with small retailers; the professional man with the factory owner; the public official with the private citizen. Its uniqueness lies not so much in its great membership—the largest in the world—as in the representative character of this membership, making the Boston Chamber unquestionably the most representative agency of public opinion and public service in New England.

Ten years ago there were three commercial organizations in Boston. The Merchants' Association had for thirty-two years occupied a prominent place in the affairs of the city and state. The Associated Board of Trade represented a confederation of twenty associations, each interested in some particular business line, but all working for the general upbuilding of the city. Then there was a Chamber of Commerce, which had been in existence since 1885, made up of men engaged in the grain and flour and allied trades, for whose benefit it maintained an exchange.

In 1908 a group of farsighted business leaders conceived the idea of consolidating these three Boston trade boards into one strong community organization. It was argued that concentration of effort, a unification of those interests and activities which were already one in purpose, and the merging of friendly rivalries into community co-operation, would give Boston an organization which must inevitably be stronger and more efficient and more serviceable than the three organizations, working separately, could be. The merger was accomplished in 1909. The name "Chamber of Commerce" was retained as more descriptive and characteristic of the functions of the new organization, whose province covered every activity making for the commercial, industrial and civic advancement of Boston and New England.

So the Chamber was formed, and so it has worked through six years of achieving and upbuilding.

Its organization is made effective through a system of committees, through which men especially qualified by knowledge and experience are commissioned to deal with particular problems; but all the committees activities center in the Board of Directors, by whom the committees are created and to whom they report the results of their work. There are standing committees on matters of permanent interest, such as Transportation and Maritime Affairs and Industrial Development. Special committees are appointed to deal with special problems as they arise.

During the acute situation in the textile industry last winter, caused by the shutting off of supplies of German dyes, seriously affected New England, where textiles are a vast industry, the Chamber appointed a committee composed of chemists, textile experts and financiers—men who had some intimate knowledge of the subject and of affiliated conditions. This committee made a thorough investigation, suggested a plan for temporary relief (which was the very plan pursued by the State Department later in facilitating dyestuffs shipments from Germany), and reported at length on the prospect for a permanent dye-making industry in the United States. This committee report went first to the Directors of the Chamber, and was thoroughly threshed out in that body. When finally adopted, therefore, the report represented a thorough study by a committee of experts and a review of this work by a body of outside business men. In general, this method of action is followed on all committee reports; though when a matter of public importance is involved, the Directors generally submit the question directly to the membership for its vote.

The Chamber's biggest achievement for the community lies in its mobilization of the business forces of Boston for community upbuilding. The biggest men in New England—and in many lines this means the biggest men in the country—are active in the service of the Chamber.

For instance, it has as head of its Committee on Agriculture Mr. Theodore N. Vail, President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, whose Vermont farm is one of the biggest and most successful in the Green Mountain State. On its Board of Directors, among others, are Walter M. Lowney, head of the great chocolate house of that name; Henry S. Dennison, of the famous Dennison Manufacturing Company; John H. Fahey, who is also President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States; Walter C. Fish, one of the executives of the General Electric Company; and Edward K. Hall, First Vice-president of the Telephone Company. In the colleges and institutes in the Boston district are to be found some of the world's leading authorities on scientific and economic knowledge. Many of these are active in the Chamber, as, for instance, Professor William B. Munro, of Harvard, authority on municipal government, who is not only a Director of the Chamber, but also chairman of its Committee on Municipal and Metropolitan Affairs; Professor Thomas N. Carver, economist, and Professor Charles J. Bullock, expert on taxation, both of Harvard, and active in committee work of the Chamber; Professor William T. Sedgwick, biologist, and Arthur A. Noyes, chemist, both of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who are devoting their large talents to the public service through work on Chamber committees. Dean E. F. Gay, of the Harvard School of Business Administration, and Dean Lord, of the Business School of Boston University, are also workers in the Chamber.

Last year the Chamber made a big stroke in the selection of Mr. Elmer J. Bliss as President. Mr. Bliss, as executive head of the Regal Shoe Company, had achieved well-earned reputation as an organizer. He conceived it, he organized it, and he has built it up to the big international business that it is today. His ability as an organizer had made itself felt in his service to the Chamber. From the very beginning of the agitation for a strong, central commercial organization for Boston, Mr. Bliss was active in the

*Photo by Marceau, Boston*

ELMER J. BLISS

Until recently president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce. His long association with the activities of the Chamber of Commerce, and his enthusiastic and tireless work in the interest of Boston and her business enterprises proved a valuable asset in the work of this great organization movement. He was a hard worker in the old Merchants' Association. In the new Chamber he has served on many important committees and as a Director before his unanimous election, last November, as President.

Under his leadership the Chamber has conspicuously strengthened its organization and made itself more effective for community work. Early in his administration, a Committee on Organization was appointed, with Mr. Louis K. Liggett, president of the United Drug Company, and recently elected President of the Chamber, as chairman. This committee made an intimate survey of the existing organization and work of the Chamber, and as a result of its recommendations several readjustments have been made in the interest of concentration of effort, with the result that the Chamber is now devoting itself to a few specific problems of community welfare, and concentrating in support of these undertakings all the force and energy of a great co-operating organization.

Early in the summer the committee issued a Blue Book of Chamber activities. This includes a compact statement of the work undertaken, a directory of the workers in the various committees, with a calendar for each committee, showing exactly how the year's work is mapped out and when its results may be expected. Incorporated with the summary are two charts, one showing the plan of organization, the other presenting in graphic form the financial budget for the year.

A brief perusal of this Blue Book gives a running view of the Chamber's work this year. There are in all forty-eight committees, and the variety of work undertaken ranges all the way from forwarding the movement to obtain uniform food and drug laws for the various states, a question of national interest, to such purely local questions as the securing of a convenient and accessible site for the new Appraiser's Stores. A special committee is studying the foreign trade situation to plan a program for increasing the foreign trade of New England. There is a Committee on Port Development, and another committee which made a notable study of the merchant marine problem and returned a report embodying a constructive plan for rehabilitation of the American merchant marine. Another committee is studying the charity problem as it is affected by the fake solicitor—a problem of direct concern to the great body of business men who are the constant objects of solicitation by these fakirs in the name of sweet charity. Another committee is investigating the proposal to reduce letter postage to one cent. One committee has charge of a Speakers' Bureau maintained by the Chamber for the purpose of furnishing representative speakers for public meetings, and for gatherings of other commercial organizations to which the Chamber is asked to send a representative. This Bureau is an active publicity agent for Boston and New England, and at the same time an important educational factor.

Since its inception the Chamber has made itself not simply a local Boston institution, but definitely and constructively a New England organization. Acting on the theory that whatever betters New England must of necessity benefit its chief port and metropolis, the Chamber has uniformly worked for New England progress, for New England achievement, for New England success. Its Committee on Agriculture, for instance, has just completed a notable survey of the milk industry of New England. The investigation occupied an entire year, involved numerous public hearings in each of the six states, required conferences not only with the farmers who produce the milk, but also with the railroad interests which transport the milk, with the state and community health officials who supervise and inspect the milk, with the wholesalers, processers and dealers who market the milk. It was a big job; it required not only money, but the sacrifice of considerable time and energy on the part of members of the committee. But the problem was tackled, and its results are now available in an exhaustive report which contains many constructive suggestions for the improvement of the industry. The dairying industry is the largest single branch of agriculture in New England, and the outcome of this work cannot but be of value to New England as a whole.

Another work undertaken by the Chamber last year in the interest of New England has to do with the apple industry. New England apples had not been faring well in competition with the choice graded apples produced in the West and in other sections where grading regulations are followed. A committee was appointed to devise a grading law which would meet the situation in all the New England States —a law which, adopted by each state, would guarantee a uniform grade and so give the New England product the reputation which its quality deserved. This committee investigated the laws of other states, and proposed legislation which has already been adopted by three of the six states, and the expectation is that it will be taken up by other states next winter.

A large group of the younger members of the Chamber are organized in what is called the "Under Forty Division." This organization within the organization, capitalizes in service the younger energies and enthusiasms of the Chamber. During the past year Mr. Bliss was able to put into operation a novel and interesting experiment through the co-operation of a group of "Under Forty" hustlers. The idea was to bring the organization into closer touch with the individual member. Mr. Bliss organized a Flying Squadron. The Committee of Ten is its directing body, and each of these ten committee men is captain of a team of ten workers. To each of the ten is assigned fifty members of the Chamber. He is to get into touch with these men, be a personal bond between them and the organization, to interpret its purpose and its work to them. The captains of ten, with their teams of ten, together constitute the Flying Squadron, which is now making its first canvass of the four thousand members. The movement aims to bring the personal equation more into operation in commercial organization work, and is unique in the history of such work.

In 1911 the Chamber organized a group of New England business men to make a seventy-eight day tour of Europe, attend a great International Congress of Chambers of Commerce meeting that year in Paris, and extend the invitation for the next Congress to meet in Boston. It was the first time any American Chamber of Commerce had taken such interest in the international organization. The Bostonians made a decided hit. They captured the great assembly by storm, and by unanimous vote it was decided that the Twelfth International Congress of Chambers of Commerce should meet in Boston, U. S. A. in 1912.

That meeting, the first of its kind ever held in the western hemisphere, brought to this country eight hundred and fifty delegates, representing forty-four foreign countries, the great captains of industry of Europe, international bankers, world-famous lawyers, ministers of finance, business leaders of two hemispheres. The President of the United States participated in the Congress, and was President of the American Honorary Committee. Boston earned an enviable reputation by its splendid entertainment of that great world convention, and the news of Boston went back to every city of Europe and the Orient and South America in the report of returning delegates.

Another enterprise, resulting in the promotion of better international trade relations between this country and its neighbors was the Boston Chamber of Commerce tour of South America in 1913. A group of representative New England business men made this trip, visited the principal cities of the Southern Continent, and established lines of acquaintanceship which are now bearing fruit in new lines of commerce.

The Boston Chamber of Commerce was a leader in the movement which resulted in the forming of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States a few years ago, and has always been active in the councils of the national agency for American business advance. One of its working members is now President of the National Chamber.

Thus it is seen that the work of this great local association in Boston comprehends much more than matters of purely local concern. It seeks to voice Boston's and New England's opinion on those national questions and problems which affect New England, and its activities have even been international in advancing the fame and the name of its city and section.

# A School of Today

## The Newton Vocational School

### by Morris Lombard

THROUGHOUT all the country, schools are being established in which the earnest efforts of educators and of leaders in the industrial and the business world are put forth in working out educational ideas that are so definite and practical as to result in the better preparation for life of the large numbers of boys and girls who pass from the school room to become citizens of the community, state and nation.

The Newton Vocational School is doing work so significant as to attract the attention of educators from all parts of the country. Probably no vocational school is visited by more persons interested in educational readjustment. A school which is housed in a building costing with its equipment over half a million of dollars, and located in an estate of thirty-five acres in the heart of a suburban city is bound to attract widespread attention.

To prepare worthy citizens for the service of the state is no new theory. It is a sound educational principle that has been universally accepted from the beginning of civilization.

Educational readjustment to social and industrial changes has, however, been slowly made; and so, even in this country, full recognition is just being given to the work that a certain type of education must accomplish in a democracy.

In a recent important work, "The Schools of Tomorrow," John Dewey, probably the foremost student of education in America, has said:

> For the great majority whose interests are not abstract and who have to pass their lives in some practical occupation, usually in actually working with their hands, a method of education is necessary which bridges the gap between the purely intellectual and the theoretical sides of life and their own occupations. With the spread of the ideas of democracy, and the accompanying awakening to social problems, people are beginning to realize that every one, regardless of the class to which he happens to belong, has a right to demand an education which shall meet his own needs, and that for its own sake the state must supply this demand."

The type of education here suggested is best illustrated in the work of the schools that are called vocational.

A vocational school differs from the ordinary public or private school in that its controlling purpose is to fit its students for certain forms of practical employment in agriculture, the industries, and the household. In a word, it prepares the pupils for life. Under the Massachusetts laws

NEWTON TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL
The home of the Vocational School

pupils may enter a vocational school at fourteen years of age without having had even the last grades of an elementary education, and the controlling purpose of such a school is to prepare for efficient service in the wage-earning callings, and for development through these, to positions of leadership and to worthy citizenship. The vocational school presents the open door of opportunity to pupils of practical tastes and ability for concrete and constructive work; pupils who, in the past, have ceased all school attendance as soon as the laws governing compulsory attendance have permitted; pupils to whom the general high school or even the technical high school does not appeal.

*Photo by Rond* M. W. MURRAY
Director of the Newton Vocational School

Massachusetts is among the states that are leading in the establishment of vocational schools. It is well to consider the reasons for this: First, this state has always stood in the very front rank of those that furnish the best possible education for all citizens. Second, the industrial conditions are such that skilled workmen are constantly in demand, and far-sighted leaders realize that the preeminence of the Commonwealth is based largely upon the wise and skillful training given to the worker. Third, the many factories tempt the untrained, uneducated boys and girls to leave the ordinary school at an early age, and the result is that they must remain for life on the bottom round of the ladder. The vocational school appeals to this class of pupils and keeps them in training until they are fitted to earn a satisfactory livelihood. It is a school whose most important function is to prepare pupils of native ability for positions of leadership in the industrial world, and that also prevents much of the social waste which results from sending large numbers of untrained boys and girls out into the working world.

The cost of maintaining this type of school, with its valuable equipment, skilled instructors, and many and diverse activities, is unfortunately so great that comparatively few cities and towns have felt able to bear the necessary expense of maintenance. Therefore, this state, through the State Board of Education, wisely co-operates with any community in which there is a well-defined need for such a school, in its establishment and maintenance, reimbursing any school district which establishes a vocational school under conditions approved by the State Board, to the extent of one-half of the cost of maintaining the school. The Newton Vocational School is under the direct control of the local authorities but is fostered zealously and benevolently by the state, which thereby increases its numbers of truly efficient citizens.

The one qualification most needed in the Director and teachers of a vocational school is vision. Those who prepare the course of study for such a school, who direct its varied activities, and who give instruction in it should have, in an exceptional degree, the power of far-sight, of imagination and of insight. They must project their eyes into the future and see these boys and girls as efficient, honorable citizens of the state and the nation. They must view them in imagination, as each contributes his well-wrought task to the great sum total of the world's work.

Teachers possessed of this power of vision see little Johnnie Jones at his work of planing a board, or making a drawing, or working upon some electrical

(1) Drafting the frames and getting out the raw materials, namely, buckram, tissue paper, frame wire, tie wire, covering muslin, etc.

(2) (*a*) Cutting baking powder biscuits out on bread board. (*b*) Shaping the yeast dough, which has been allowed to rise until double its bulk, into bread sticks, loaves and rolls

(3) Members of the Girls' Canning Club. All girls must have completed the first year of cooking before they are eligible for membership

(4) This picture shows a problem in mathematics, calculating the amount of home-made soap and purchased soap which can be obtained for ten or fifteen cents

(5) Pupil in dietetics weighing out one hundred calorie portions of typical foods

(6) Pupil preparing invalid tray in cooking laboratory

(7) Household Arts students serving luncheon. Lunches are served cafeteria style

(8) Pupil reading gas meter in cooking laboratory to get figures for making out gas bill

appliance, but they also see the John Jones that will become an efficient, valuable member of the social body. They see Mary Smith as she sews her seam, or bakes her cake or launders her cap and apron, but they also see her as she will be at some future day, the skillful housekeeper and the competent home-maker, and possibly the capable bread-winner.

The Newton Vocational School owes its existence largely to the genius of two men who possess in a very marked degree the power not only of visualizing a desirable Future but also of engaging with great energy upon the practical tasks of the Present that make that Future possible.

Dr. Frank E. Spaulding, Superintendent of Schools of Newton, at the time of the organization of the Newton Vocational School, and now Superintendent of Schools in Minneapolis, is well-known as one of the great educational leaders of the country.

Mr. M. W. Murray, the Director of the Newton Vocational School during its development from a group of fifteen boys to a school of about four hundred pupils—a school which occupies with the Technical High School a building, which in location, cost and equipment, is probably not surpassed by any school in the country, is a vocational leader whose work in Springfield and Newton has won him merited recognition, and whose services have been sought for industrial investigations and advice in regard to the establishment of vocational schools by other cities and by the state board.

The Heads of the eight departments of the school and the instructors both of academic studies and of shop work have been chosen as persons fitted to render expert service in their line of work. The most of these men and women have had college or normal school training with the addition of the shop or the technical training needed in preparation for the special work to be done in this school.

Some of the instructors in a vocational school must understand all parts of the many different machines which they teach the pupils to operate, but every teacher in such a school should understand the workings of the marvellously delicate and complex human machine, and be able to operate it in such a manner that it will work so swiftly and smoothly that the desired product—a trustworthy, skilled worker can be made without friction or waste.

It is the aim of the four-year courses open to boys—carpentry, cabinet-making, pattern-making, printing, electrical power, machine work and drafting, each one of which is correlated closely with academic courses, to supply the need felt by leading manufacturers for young men who are fitted to become foremen, superintendents and managers, and also to equip all the boys in these courses with the ability to earn an honorable livelihood. To shorten the course of four years is a mistake to be deplored.

When Mr. Murray was asked: "For what will these boys be prepared by their four years' course in this school?" the reply was as follows: "The boys of least ability will be prepared to begin work as shop or machine helpers at a maximum salary of about fifteen dollars per week. A large number of boys will become first-class workmen and mechanics in positions of from twenty dollars to twenty-five dollars per week. From this group will be drawn, after experience has been secured in those positions, a smaller group of first-class men who will become superintendents, foremen, and leaders in the industrial world."

In all the work of the departments of this school, both technical and academic, a fact constantly kept in mind was recently emphasized in an address by the Governor of Massachusetts, in which he said, that any vocational training is simply an incident in the all-round education that develops a worthy citizen for the service of the state.

These words also will bear close study:

> Responsibility for the conduct of society and government rests on every member of society. Therefore, everyone must receive a training that will enable him to meet this responsibility and develop those qualities which will insure his doing a fair share of the work of government. Children in school must be allowed to develop active qualities of initiative, independence, and resourcefulness, before the abuses and failures of democracy will disappear.

It is impressed upon every pupil that he is securing training in order to become a valuable citizen of the state, that his life is linked with many others and that he has certain obligations to society that must be discharged willingly and faithfully.

Miss Jeannie B. Kendrick, Head of the Household Arts Department, says:

The aim of this Home-Making Department is: First, to develop mechanical skill so that the girls will be able to do the actual work of the home efficiently; second, to give the pupils a sufficient knowledge of the sciences related to the life in the home to work intelligently; third, to give them an understanding of the principles of hygiene and sanitation, in order that they may guard the health of the family; fourth, to teach them the true meaning of thrift and to make them good users and buyers and careful spenders; sixth, to give them such special training in cooking and sewing that they can, in case of necessity, support their families; seventh, to teach them the civic duties of a good, intelligent woman; eighth, to instill in them the love of good reading; ninth, to form a high ideal of home life.

A very important feature of this department is the close connection with the homes. Every girl is visited several times by her teachers. Great pains are taken by the teachers to make the calls as informal and pleasant as possible and they secure during these interviews a valuable body of facts upon which to draw in rendering individual help. With the teacher's assistance, the girls gradually develop an outline of the home-maker's duties. The first subject that they mention in discussing the life of the home is naturally food and cooking; and in developing the topics into which this subject would be divided, direct correlation can be made with mathematics, English, household chemistry, industrial history, and under the study of markets, which leads to the subject of community health, some work must be done in civics. Then follow the topics of the up-keep of the home, and the study of household science and household chemistry accompany all phases of the work. Sewing and millinery are taught upon a foundation of a thorough course in textiles.

The family budget is planned and studied in the mathematics classes, but it is worked upon also in the cooking, sewing and laundering recitations. In fact, it is made one of the vital parts of all of the courses. The words, "food," "clothing," "shelter," "operating expenses," "incidentals," "church, charity and education," and "savings," become freighted with deep significance as the girls go on in their courses, until at the end of the fourth year they are so filled with meaning that the economic success of many a family is assured. In calculating the per cent of a family income that should be spent upon "church, charity and education," the girls see clearly what the City of Newton is doing for their education, and they are led to become interested in the study of the city's activities and its history and from this point they develop an interest in the history of their country and of the world.

The health of the family is so vital to its efficiency and happiness that a determined effort has been made to give these girls a very thorough course in home-sanitation and home-nursing. This has been made possible through the co-operation of the city's hospital, which has delegated nurses as teachers in the school; and they have given the older girls an excellent course in dietetics, invalid cooking, care of children and home-nursing.

*Photo by Sarony* F. E. SPAULDING
Formerly Superintendent of Schools, Newton, Mass.

The technical courses for girls might be tabulated as follows:

*Home-making*—Cooking sewing, home nursing, household hygiene, household accounts; *Lunch-room work*—Catering, ordering, serving, lunch-room accounts; *Sewing*—Plain sewing, dressmaking; *Millinery*—Hats designed, made and trimmed; *Drawing*—Design, decoration, lettering, costume-drawing.

In the Department of Home-Nursing, pupils are taught first aid to the injured, how to make the bed of the sick, how to ventilate the sick room, and other matters necessary for the comfort of the sick.

Much of the ordering, catering and bookkeeping of the school lunch-room, which supplies lunches to several hundred pupils and a large number of teachers, is done by the girls of the higher classes of the Department of Household Arts.

In sewing, the course is as follows: In the first year, a complete set of underclothing is made, and the pupils learn to use patterns and the sewing machine. The four weeks preceding Christmas are given to Christmas work.

In the second year, a cotton dress and a woolen dress are made, instruction is given in drafting and there are twelve weeks' work in millinery.

In the third year, a tight-fitting lining, a woolen dress, with shirtwaist lining, and a chiffon or wash silk waist are made and household linen is marked.

In the fourth year, specialization work is done, and a drafted model skirt and cape or coat are made; graduation underwear, dress and hat are also made.

The successful management of the lunch-room has resulted, as has been said, in the supplying of a nourishing, palatable lunch to several hundreds of pupils.

The lunch-room accounting would seem to give the best kind of commercial training —a training in forethought, thrift, accuracy in detail, and financial management resulting in the successful accomplishment of the task attempted.

Now the question arises: What wage-earning vocations can these girls pursue successfully at the end of their course? The answer is this: They can prepare themselves in this school according to their special talents, to be seamstresses, dressmakers, milliners, lunch-room or tea-room managers; and they can be fitted to do this work without serving an apprenticeship in the shops or stores. Then, too, the pupils are led to assume responsibility and to show power of initiative by their work in their vocational studies, and thus develop a maturity of mind and a faculty of judging correctly that will be of greatest value to them in whatever work they undertake.

The academic studies pursued by the girls are: *Hygiene*—Personal, household and vocational; *Industrial history*—Industries, vocations and textiles; *Arithmetic*—Household accounts, problems from technical work, estimates of expense in cooking and sewing; *English*—Oral and written themes upon technical work, all forms of letter-writing, reading of standard English classics, memorizing choice poems, spelling words in common use and those drawn from vocational work; *Science*—Practical chemistry, food values, biology, tests; Design and a study of house plans.

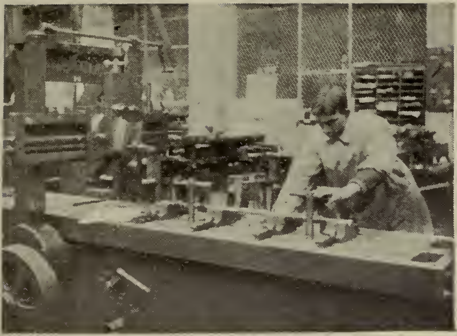
In hygiene, lectures upon practical subjects are given at frequent intervals by leading physicians. A study of the requirements, conditions, and salaries of common vocations, of child-labor laws and of industrial conditions for women is made in the junior and senior years.

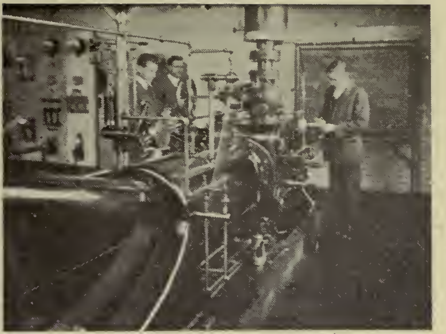
The technical courses for boys might be tabulated thus: Cabinet work and carpentry; machine-shop practice (bench lathe work and tool-making; pattern-making; electricity; printing (design).

The aim of the course in cabinet work and carpentry is to give a thorough training in these branches, with the related drawing, mathematics and science.

The product of this department has largely been consumed in the school. Among the things which the pupils have made are seventy freehand drawing tables, forty-eight mechanical-drawing tables, fifteen wood-working benches, and seventy tablet arm-chairs. The total value of this incidental product would amount to several hundreds of dollars. During the last year it was $2700. The real product—the value of the young men developed—cannot be estimated.

The course in the machine department is designed to lay the foundation for the machinist's trade and give a general knowledge of the organization of the machine industry as a whole. Three shops are devoted to the work of this department: one shop which, during the first six months, is devoted to bench lathe operation and other fine tool work which is so common in the immediate vicinity; and a large machine shop containing about $23,000 worth of the most modern machine tool equipment for the advanced work in tool-making and machine shop practice, instruction in the care and maintenance of motors and transmission of power. During the last six months specialization work is done in automobile repair and construction. During the past year this





(1) Machine Department, M-17. The head and tail-stock castings finished for spindles are being planed to fit the bed

(2) Applied Science — Machine Department. Getting data on speeds and pulley ratios

(3) The practical problem

(4) One of the School Machine Shops.

(5) An Electrical Laboratory

(6) Teaching the wiring of bells

(7) Upholstering the chairs

(8) Boring the headstock in a horizontal boring, drilling and milling machine

department has built machines to the value of $1700. Four years of mechanical drawing, related mathematics and the related science is a part of this course.

The course in pattern making covers four years. The majority of the pupils in this department, however, come to it after a year in the cabinet-making or carpentry course. On the technical side, this course includes four years' mathematics, mechanical drawing, and machine design. The aim is to familiarize students with all kinds of pattern work and give enough related foundry practice so that they may have an intelligent knowledge of what is required of a pattern-making department, and the most economical way of molding and casting machine parts.

This department bears the same relation to the rest of the school that any well-organized pattern department bears to a manufacturing establishment. It receives its orders and blue prints from the drawing room for the machines to be built in the different shops. Thus far the machine shops have been well supplied with castings from patterns constructed by the boys.

The first-year course in electricity gives thorough training in wiring for electric bells, telephones, annunciators, spark-coils, electric gas-lighting fixtures, electric clock systems, burglar alarms and other appliances used with batteries; primary and storage batteries, elementary work in wiring for electric lights.

Elementary theory necessary for a thorough understanding of the construction and operation of the above appliances and the solution of the simple problems, study of house plans and blue prints, reading specifications and estimates of costs for contract jobs on the above lines of work are taken up. A section of a two-story house has been erected in one of the electrical shops which has been completely wired by the boys in this department.

Space forbids even the summary of the work of the other three years, but the courses for the four years are divided year by year so that if a student is obliged to leave school at the end of the first, second or third year, he will be prepared to take up successfully one or more definite branches of electrical work and have a wage-earning capacity from the start. This method of dividing the courses is typical of all departments of the school.

The Vocational School has charge of the maintenance of all the electrical equipment in the twenty-seven different school buildings of the city. This gives the boys of the course an abundance of practical work, and, incidentally, they have done work which would cost the city $1,500 per year. With the exception of the two large engines and generators which furnish the power for the whole plant, the boys of the Electrical Department have installed all the different equipment and built their own switchboard. Students are prepared to take positions with electrical contractors, manufacturers, light and power companies, or for more specialized work.

The aim of the course in printing is to prepare for positions as job pressmen and book and job compositors. The time required for the course is four years.

All the School Department printing, except the large Annual Report of the School Committee, is done by the printing classes. This work would cost the city nearly $1500 per year if it were done in an outside commercial shop.

At the end of the four years' course, the boys who have improved their time may expect to secure positions as job or newspaper printers at salaries ranging from $21 to $30 per week. In the large book-printing establishments, the pay would probably be about $30 per week.

In the printing trade there is a great need of men who can figure "layout" work for the other man; men who can design. That such work is important and remunerative is indicated by the fact that Harvard has instituted a course to meet the need for such men.

The printing department in the Newton School has already made a place for its boys in the printing trade in the city and vicinity, and some of the pupils are at work on part time arrangements, helping the local printers when they are rushed or getting out their weekly papers.

Each boy spends one-half of his school day, which is from 8.30 to 3.15, upon his academic subjects:

*History*—A brief history of the more important trades and industries; current problems as discussed in newspapers and magazines; history of the United States with special emphasis on economic conditions at the present time.

*Civics*—A syllabus of government, city, state and nation, is studied; visits are made by the classes to the city hall, the state legislature, and the other municipal and state departments.

*Mathematics*—Include shop problems, elementary vocational algebra, practical trigonometry, geometry, and practical application of arithmetic.

*English*—Oral and written themes on shop work, current events, and description of visits to industrial plants and to departments of government. Reading of masterpieces of English.

*Spelling*—Words derived from occupations and those in common use.

*Hygiene*—Personal and vocational.

*Science*—Physics, chemistry. Such work as is closely related to shop practice.

The recreational side of life is recognized in this school and in addition to the regular school activities there are several reading clubs, a glee club, a school orchestra and a large canning club of great activity and economic promise. The thorough study of instrumental as well as vocal music, under the supervision of the school, now counts as points towards a diploma. A well-edited school paper, "*The Claflin Enterprise*" is sent out four times each year.

Physical training is required of all students for at least one period during the first year.

Both girls and boys have the use of the drill hall and the large athletic grounds for their games and sports.

Frequent school parties, with games or dancing are given in the very large library.

The Monday morning assemblies are a significant feature in the ethical life of the school, and addresses have been given upon those occasions by many prominent speakers.

Studies of the industries are illustrated by means of a moving-picture apparatus, owned and operated by the school.*

There has been something akin to fear in the minds of the general public that in the effort to emphasize the practical business of life the vocational schools would neglect the so-called cultural side of the pupil's development. But when one realizes that a vocational school day is longer by two or more hours than the ordinary school day, and when one studies the system of correlation of work by which the pupil is taught to economize time and effort; and lastly, when one reads the course in literature by which the pupil is led to appreciate the real culture in his daily work and environment, these fears are dispelled. In the vocational school, learning is a necessary incident of dealing with real situations, and this is the fundamental principle of all true education. Very many persons have never secured anything akin to real knowledge until they had left school and were engaged in the definite tasks of life.

During the entire period of its existence, the Newton Vocational School has received unmistakable evidences of interest and good will from all classes of the community in which it is doing its work. Its relations with the Technical High School, which is housed in the same building, have been of the pleasantest. The close connection with the homes of the pupils has been mentioned. An Advisory Board has given most effective and concrete help at many points in the development of the school, and a large number of professional and business men and women of the city have contributed to the school most generously of their time and talents. Doctors and dentists have given the pupils expert information and advice; managers of large concerns have pointed out the elements of personality that lead to success; skillful workers have indicated the paths to efficient workmanship; many persons have presented worthy ideals of life and work. Managers of industrial enterprises have assisted the graduates in securing positions, and there has seemingly resulted from this kindly co-operation of the community with the school the solving of one of the problems of a democracy—that of making as vital and as intelligent a connection as possible between young boys and girls and their environment, both for the welfare of the boys and girls and also for the uplifting of the standard of the community life.

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*The cuts in this article were selected from the three hundred slides illustrating the work of this school, as exhibited at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

# Coolidge—
## The Man Who Knows

### by Howard T. Ballou

NOVELISTS looking for material and plots that will thrill, do not have to go far afield from the experiences of the newspaper man. From the earliest "cub" days, the faculty of observation is required in reporting events and affairs of folk, and with it comes the necessary all-round information requisite to be just a good newspaper man. Where is the newspaper man who does not dream of becoming a Washington correspondent, and to be in touch with the men who are making history? It seems to him to be so much more worth while than to chronicle the doings of Mrs. J. Ellsworth Jones's tea parties, and the usual range of small-town topics. Then later come the dreams of having a paper of his own in some nice country, city or town, where he will be a real "big-wig," and enjoy the sunset of life.

Closely interwoven in the history of the press gallery at the Capitol in Washington are the names of many men now eminent as leaders in banking, business, large industrial affairs, and official distinctions. Some of them just naturally drift upward, but alas, there are some that drift the other way. Opportunities come thick and fast with the young newspaper man, and when he grasps them, he holds on. The "Who's Who" in the industrial, political and literary world is recruited from the rosy-cheeked boys who have felt the thrill of pushing a lead pencil over yellow paper as a real newspaper man—for once a newspaper man, always a man of affairs.

This prorogue is suggested when the career of Louis Arthur Coolidge comes to mind. There never was a more popular newspaper man in Washington, and there was never any question as to his Republican orthodoxy, for was not his father present at the very birth of the Republican party, and how could any member of that family ever swerve? When Henry Wilson, the cobbler of Natick, afterwards Vice-President of the United States—came to the village on which he showered renown, he made his home at the Coolidge's. Coming in direct contact with a prominent public man from Washington early in life may have had something to do with directing the ambitions of the young lad who looked in awe upon the visitor as a man who had been seated high in the Vice-President's chair.

When Senator Henry Cabot Lodge first went to Washington, in the full flush of his fame as a writer-editor, the young man who went with him as secretary was Louis A. Coolidge. He had been on the *Springfield Republican*, under the thorough training and expert direction of Editor Griffin, through whom he absorbed the ideals of Samuel Bowles—the beacon light in modern journalism. As a cub reporter, he knew just how the editorial broadsides were loaded and fired, and became saturated with the sturdy forcefulness of Springfield journalism. He could write on tariff, imperialism, Panama Canal, the Balkan States, or the latest book as readily as on a horse race or racy divorce trial, for he had a combination of the Lodge literary idealism and the incisiveness of the Sam Bowles' style.

There was also newspaper work done as Washington correspondent by young Coolidge on the New York *Recorder*, the Boston *Journal*, and New York *Commercial Advertiser*, but these were simply training days, for the irrepressible humor and winning manners of Louis Coolidge kept right on making him friends. Being a Harvard man, he was especially commended to President Roosevelt, but the young newspaper man soon became a friend and confidant of Presidents from the time of Cleveland. It was as natural that Louis Coolidge should be the head of the literary bureau for the national Republican campaign, when Roosevelt made his run for the Presidency, as it was for him to prepare an original "Gridiron" stunt that should convulse the country with laughter. It was Mr. Coolidge who first launched the idea of advertising in the magazines, periodicals, and newspapers, the claims of the ticket as heralded, "Roosevelt & Fairbanks," and it proved to be a most successful innovation for the goods were delivered. It was just like the manner of man he is—always frank and open, stating quickly and decisively what he had to say in his message to the people.

He was the same Louis Coolidge that captured all the laurels at Harvard in literature and romance, but he always left a good margin of time for recreation in mixing and mingling with his college chums—and everyone was a chum to Coolidge. He unconsciously seems to know the mystical curves of current events, and early administrations in Washington realized that here was a man who for years had been a member of the Gridiron Club. Who can ever forget the halcyon days when that trio of wit magicians, Sam Blythe, Louis Coolidge, and Richard Oulahan, evolved dinners that made a nation sit up and laugh? The club has long ago become the most famous dining organization in the world, for since 1885 it has "been making fun of public men to their faces," but always in the best of good-natured humor. Every President, prospective or otherwise, has had his measure taken at the Gridiron Club. Former President Taft insisted that, after all, he was able to smile broadly at the Gridiron jest, where the rules, "Ladies always present," "reporters never present," always prevail. Calling the roll of all the famous statesmen for the past thirty years, you will find their names in the guests included "among those present," some of whom "also spoke." President Coolidge introduced an oriental guest, Mirza Ali Adgar, former Grand Vizier of Persia, at one of the dinners, in such a perfect way that the visitor thought he was at Bagdad, begad, for sure. There were some startling disclosures made, and President Roosevelt, who was present, looking upon the faces of the other diners, thought that here were the makings of a "bully row." However, nothing of the kind was precipitated, for at the end of his talk the Grand Vizier calmly removed his fez, wig and hirsute facial adornment, and stood revealed as a New York newspaper man, who had been loaded with Coolidge-esque dialogue and stage "business."

LOUIS A. COOLIDGE
Treasurer of the United Shoe Machinery Company

There are even young men in the Press

Gallery in Washington who can pose as being pioneers. It is customary now for the boys around the Press Club to talk of the days of Louis Coolidge, for there never was a time in which the fires of the Gridiron Club glowed as brilliantly as when that young man was the presiding genius.

When Mr. Coolidge went to Washington in 1888, Benjamin Harrison had just been elected President—for no one could conceive of his going to Washington without a Republican President being present or prospective. His newspaper career has brought him in personal contact with most of the notable men in public life. He has often been asked since returning to Massachusetts if he did not dislike to leave Washington. And he replied in his characteristic way: "Of course I did. If not, the twenty years I lived there would have been wasted. If the friends I found there and the groups of which I formed a part were to be lightly left behind, I might as well have never had their memory. I shall always look back lovingly on Washington; as we look back upon the springtime when the autumn leaves begin to fall; yet in the short time which has fled since I gave up my habitation there, changes have been so swift with those whom I knew best, and public life has undergone so great a transformation that I confess a daily deadening in the feeling of regret; for, after all, life at its best in Washington is like a pageant—a procession, never pausing, of those who, coming on the stage of national politics with high hope, pass on into political oblivion, that others pushing to the front with equal expectation may find room."

In the single paragraph above is an example of the forceful and picturesque style of Louis Arthur Coolidge. His personal recollections reach back to the time when Edmunds was leader of the Senate, McKinley just beginning to become nationally known, and Roosevelt was marooned on a Dakota ranch. The new generation were coming on at a lively pace. The Boston City Club never had a more delightful evening than when Louis Coolidge just indulged in kaleidoscopic reminiscences of these and later times in Washington. There has not been a national political convention since his entrance into public life that he has not attended, and he not only attended, but knew those attending. His tributes to Elihu Root and to Mark A. Hanna, were glimpses of personal history that cannot be found in the dull pages prepared by historians where all the life and virility have been carefully ironed out. Mr. Coolidge considered Tom Reed the greatest intellectual force in Washington, and he knew him, for he was often in the company of the towering czar and statesman from the Pine Tree State. There was never a parliamentary fog when Reed was about, and as Mr. Coolidge has commented, "No one ever said things quite as Tom Reed would say them." The continued applause that followed Mr. Coolidge's description of the men famous in public life was not only a tribute to the men he had described, but to the genius of one whose observations were presented so graphically.

* * *

After having been considered for nearly all of the great honors that come to newspaper men in Washington, it was natural that Louis Coolidge should be chosen as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. This was in days when it required an astute and alert personality to serve in that capacity, for it was in 1908 when events were coming thick and fast. The record that he made in that office is a notable chapter in the annals of the Treasury Department.

In all these busy days he was a contributor to various magazines and periodicals, and the article in the Encyclopedia Americana, on "The Republican Party," was contributed by Mr. Coolidge, and is considered one of the best that has been written on this all-comprehensive subject. He wrote the life of Orville H. Platt of Connecticut, an old-fashioned Senator.

In 1890 Louis Coolidge was married to Miss Helen I. Pickerell of Washington. There are three children.

When he left Washington to become Treasurer of the United Shoe Machinery Company, one of the largest industrial corporations in the world, it was said, "Here is where we will lose the identity of Louis"—but you could not lose him that easily. Although a director of many corporations, with enough activities from each one to keep an average man occupied, he still finds time and keen enjoyment in mingling with his friends in the same mirthful spirit of the old newspaper days. Louis Coolidge took up his work with a grasp of large affairs, in the same masterful way with which he undertook everything else. He has indeed proven true to the ideals of John Coolidge, the founder of the family in America, who was one of the original settlers and first selectman of Watertown, Massachusetts, in the seventeenth century. He was prominent in colonial times, and Louis Coolidge is eleventh in direct descent of a family name that has been honored in history.

His recent magazine article on the "Relation of Business and Politics," showing how conditions are changing and how business men must learn to look ahead, is a permanent contribution to the philosophy of business. He began his dissertation with a quotation from Daniel Webster, and made a most careful analysis of the trend of business from that time on, through the Harrison administration, to the present day. He pointed out that George Washington, when elected President of the United States, was the second wealthiest man in the country, and the mere fact that our first President was a business man suggests the possibility that once again this country may return to the ideals of the fathers, and give the business man a chance once more—as long as the basis of the prosperity and welfare of the nation depends upon the way in which its business is conducted.

Louis Coolidge is director of the Chamber of Commerce, and of the Boston City Club, trustee New England Conservatory of Music, president Beacon Society, and chairman of the Welfare Department of the National Civic Federation.

My friend Louis Coolidge is just one of those genial, good-natured men that win you at once—a luminous twinkle in his eyes and a ready sparkling wit—but he has a firm, quick, decisive way of dispatching business, that almost takes the breath away from people who linger long after he has already made a decision, which is sometimes formed before the man has finished his glowing appeal.

To describe Louis A. Coolidge one would say he is a man who knows, who thinks and who acts, and is one who can express his thinking capacity in words of no uncertain meaning, and yet always maintains the charm of jovial and kindly companionship that marks a man of wide sympathies and an inexhaustible fund of plain common sense that is the real distinction of true greatness.

# OUR GOVERNORS

### *By* JAMES RILEY

THEY came and went, our Governors,
The regal of our land!
Made such when thought the voter stirs,
And Right directs the hand.

The thought that says "We all are one
Vast, voice-cohering Whole!
Eyes flinching not against the sun,
And never-fearing soul."

In this way the Bay State greeted,
Her loved Other States one day,
And her drum rolled that defeated,
On a time a king's red way.

Down a street whose utmost paving
Is all eloquent from height
Of a word—Free!—Far! and saving
Freedom in an Adams' flight

The pomp of war! The riding man,
The music, and the call!
And yet all there 'gainst Time's old plan
Of Force,—with bugling thrall.

In pomp and state our Governors
Rode historied Boston town;
And down its old way felt what stirs,
And broadens Freedom's crown.

# Boston as a Convention and Exposition City

## by Edward B. Brown

"GETTING acquainted" is a vital factor in the everyday relations of an individual, city, state, or nation. The people in the various enterprising cities of America have found that the best means towards this end is to have conventions of every kind meet with them. There are county conventions, state conventions and national conventions, and thousands of organizations hold national conventions, when delegates from every state assemble every year, and the spirit of the republic is expressed just as wholly as in the Continental Congress. In the history of conventions, the city of Boston has long ago sustained its claim of being the peer of all cities, and nearly every national organization of importance has had one of its conventions in Boston, and has always wanted to come again. Yet, strange to say, Boston has never made a consistent or organized effort toward securing conventions until during the present year, when Mr. James C. McCormick was appointed president of the Boston Convention Bureau. There was immediately something doing, as Mr. McCormick is a business man, fully acquainted with the business interests and conditions in over seven thousand cities and towns every day of the year.

JAMES C. McCORMICK
Treasurer of the United Drug Company

Mr. McCormick began work right away, and I have met him on the Atlantic coast and on the Pacific coast, within the past few months, in the wide travels necessitated by his business, putting his plans in motion and planting good seed. He was always ready for the opportunity when it presented itself of having another convention in Boston, but he also believes in creating opportunities. In a few months his bureau has succeeded in booking a number of large and important conventions for Boston, reaching not only to 1916, but to 1917 and 1920. The process of capturing conventions is slow at best, for the suggestion planted in 1915 is necessary to bring the convention for 1917, so that Mr. McCormick, with his constructive genius, has been proceeding along the lines of producing tangible results in the allotted time of two years or more, which is required to secure the largest and most notable conventions. He has provided, for the first time in the history of Boston, an alert and thoroughly organized bureau with permanent office headquarters, and with an able manager, Mr. Paul C. Cummings, on the job night and day, sending out the clarion call that the citizens of Boston are really inviting conventions to come, and to show conventions that do come the real warmth of New England hospitality and that courteous attention that makes them want to come again.

* * *

The vice-president of the Boston Convention Bureau, Mr. Edward C. Fogg, is well-known around Boston as the genial "Mine Host" of the Copley Plaza. Mr. Fogg is very enthusiastic in his work with the bureau. He is regarded as one of the very best hotel men in the country, and practices the theory that it is the spirit of hospitality evinced by the hostelries of a city, which tend, perhaps more than any other one thing, toward making that city popular as a convention center.

In many respects, the convention bureau is looked upon as one of the most important organizations in the city for exploiting the already established advantages of good old Boston town as a place to foregather and hold national conventions. For in Boston the spirit of the minutemen of '76 still prevails in the "get-together" ideas that crystallized in the promotion of the republic. There is no other one thing that will so arouse interest and build up business as to have visitors come to town all aglow with the convention spirit. It leaves pleasant memories of making new friends, and a city is seen at its best in the gala-day, care-free actions of good old convention times, because they are "play days" as well as work days. More than all that, it serves to stimulate a cohesive spirit in the city itself, the value of which cannot be overrated.

*Photo by E. Chickering*

EDWARD C. FOGG

# The Boston Rotary Exhibition

AN event that indicated something of the scope and spirit of Rotary Clubs, in connection with the building up of business interests of their home city, was impressively exemplified in the exhibition held by the Boston Rotary Club, at Horticultural Hall, in Boston, November 15 to 19, 1915. This was the first exhibition ever held by any Rotary Club in the country, to extend over a period of days, and is a distinction thoroughly characteristic of the first district, in which Boston is located. The governor of this district, Mr. Lester P. Winchenbaugh, was chairman of the exhibition committee, and the arrangements under the direction of "field marshal" Ralph G. Wells, Secretary, and Mr. Edwin C. Miller, President of the Boston Rotary Club, were carried out to the dot, for when anything is scheduled by the Boston Rotary Club—it's done.

The exhibition was opened by Governor David I. Walsh, who, in one of his characteristic Rotary addresses, struck a keynote of an important phase in Rotary.

The exhibition attracted thousands of visitors, and it seemed as if every possible phase of human wants or needs was represented. Best of all, the spirit of Rotary prevailed everywhere, and when the exhibition was over, each member carried home a box of souvenirs that made him feel Christmas had already arrived. The spirit of the Rotary seems to inspire in each member the desire to show his fellow member just what he is doing, and indicate that pride and love of his work that is basic with the success of Rotary. There was something that just indicated the spirit of "yours rotarily." For the activities of this organization do certainly rotate, and it emphasizes the best that is in a business or professional man, constantly burnishing up his inclination to give service, and to do the things, without indulging in too much platitude and phrasing.

To Rotarians

If every business-man could get the spirit of your Rotary Club we would never have to buy anything abroad. You have the right idea when you get together for mutual service

Thomas A Edison

Past President Frank Mulholland was present from Toledo, and an address by Frank Mulholland was an event. The meetings and social functions were held at the Hotel Lenox, and every guest felt that the Boston meeting was in every way typical of New England hospitality, that is seen at its best at Thanksgiving time.

In the roll-call, when each man introduced himself, and told who he was and what he represented, it was a veritable "Who's Who?" in living picture form. And the custom of the club for members to be addressed only by their first names, is unique, because one sober-visaged Boston man insisted that he had not heard his first name since he had grown up, to hear the boys around, calling him by the euphonious name of Philander, by which his mother called him back to the empty wood box when he started out to play. In the rosters and booklets of the Rotary each member is given equal prominence exemplifying the democratic spirit of the organization, and his picture is given in the book, so that you can associate the name and the man. Nearly one hundred and fifty firms were represented by either exhibit or announcement of his business.

The conference was also graced with the presence of some live-wire Rotarians from New York, including the enthusiastic and model Rotarian of the country, whose name is Waterman, and who has a pen that is named "Ideal," and whose enthusiasm over the ideals of Rotary are never abated. The Rotary Club is only one of scores of civic clubs and organizations that work together heartily and enthusiastically with the Chamber of Commerce in connection with any project fulfilling the welfare of the city and the Rotarian emblem, with its endless circle, its strong spokes and sturdy hub, is indeed a characteristic and appropriate motto for a club that can claim the Hub of the Universe as its domicile.

TO the fine soul in search of expression, the Steinway comes with an untold wealth of treasure. Responsive as the wind harp to the wind, its wonderful mechanism has an almost human understanding of every mood. In the Steinway's tonal range each note of the human voice finds its perfect complement, sustaining it with sympathetic sweetness and flawless purity. In craftsmanship, the Steinway is as near perfection as human skill can make it. And here is a fact for your consideration: you can buy a Steinway, with all its superior worth, at a moderate price and on convenient terms.

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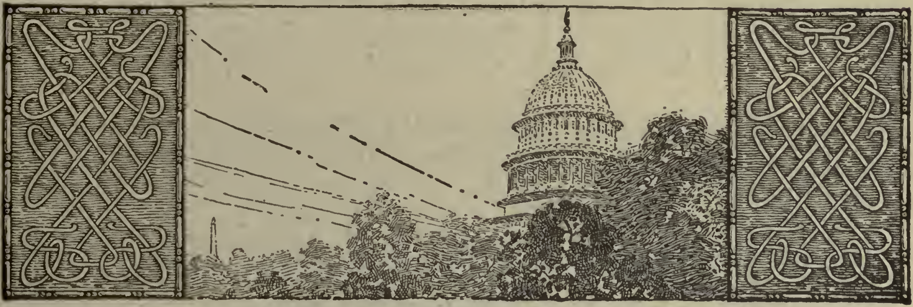

# AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

### BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

AN IMPOSING custom of the present administration has been for the President to read his message to Congress in person. The opening of the sixty-fourth Congress witnessed a continuance of declaiming as well as proclaiming the executive message. The galleries and corridors were filled to overflowing, but that does not mean that a multitude was present, because an audience that would comfortably fill an ordinary moving-picture theatre would crowd the galleries of the House.

The innovation could scarcely be called spectacular, but it may become a historical privilege, if Mr. Wilson's successors return to the good old custom of sending a written message and utilize again the oratorical power of the congressional secretaries to impress upon Senators and Representatives the desires of the Chief Executive in the way of a legislative program.

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WITH a simplicity that makes the usual elaborate society weddings seem like idle revelries, the President of the United States, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, was married to Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt on December 18, "at the home of the bride," as the local newspapers would record. It was in keeping with the democratic wishes of the President and his bride. The honeymoon trip was scheduled for Hot Springs, Virginia. Among all the problems that have confronted the President, international and otherwise, none have been more perplexing than to plan how to enjoy his honeymoon in peace and quiet. There is a curiosity associated with the presence and activities of the President of the United States that is as inconvenient and annoying at times as it is pleasing and exhilarating at others. The President's devotion to the golf course has prevailed, although Mrs. Wilson has not previously taken much interest in the ancient game on the green.

It is unnecessary, perhaps, to add, as a faithful chronicler of events, that the happy expression and smiles on the faces of bride and groom were just as marked as that of any other happy bride and groom, and that Presidential honors or distinction could not add to their happiness nor detract from it. "Long life, happiness and prosperity," in the language of good old Rip Van Winkle, who comes to the rescue in trying to find a phrase on such occasions, although his own experience with Gretchen in the marital state would not suggest it—this is but the echo of the wish of a hundred million Americans.

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SOME WEDDING GIFTS SENT TO PRESIDENT WILSON

(*On the table from left to right*) A jewel case; colored cut glass bowl; embroidered chalice cover and a pillow from Cardinal Gibbons; (*below*) a colored pen and ink sketch of President Wilson and the King and Queen of the Belgians, addressed to "the loyal President of free America from a thankful heart in Liege;" box of gifts sent to members of the Wilson family; (*at extreme right hand*) painted expression of gratitude from a twelve-year-old boy of Liege

IT is the unexpected utterance in debate that seems to impress the country at large. Little did the Senators assembled on the morning that Senator Lodge made his reply to Senator Hoke Smith think that he would give to the world such a notable thought as the following:

> I think, Mr. President, that neutral rights possessed by us should be insisted upon and investigated in every place where it can be proved that they have been violated, but I think also that we are equally bound to fulfill our neutral duties rigidly and strictly, although I have observed in some quarters that our sense of our rights is a little more vivid than our sense of our duty.
>
> I wish to extend the scope of the resolution by my amendment, because, if we are to take up this question of the violation of our rights, I want to put it not on the lowest ground alone, but on the highest ground as well. I think it is of great importance that we should vindicate our rights as a neutral in trade if those rights have been violated, but I think it is far more important that we should extend protection and assure security to American citizens wherever they rightfully are, for I do not believe that any government can long retain the respect of its own people if it does not give them the protection to which they are entitled.
>
> I think Americans should be protected in their lives and in their liberty everywhere.

I do not think they ought to be murdered in detail and obscurely in Mexico or openly and wholesale on the high seas.

Although I am as anxious as anyone can be to care for our rights in trade if they are violated, to me American lives are more important than American dollars. The body of an innocent child floating dead on the water, the victim of the destruction of an unarmed vessel, is to me a more poignant and a more tragic spectacle than an unsold bale of cotton.

If this investigation is to go on, and especially if Congress is to take action, I want it to take in all the violations of our rights that may have occurred. The most important is the violation which has affected American lives or the security of an American citizen—man, woman, or child—and the next most important are those pointed out by the President of the United States in his message the other day, when he referred to the destruction of property, accompanied by destruction of life, in the United States, and stated that conspiracies in alien interests are going on within our own borders.

I think if we are to investigate and inquire with a view to action such deeds as these should not be omitted. I am not willing to get into a passion over an infringement of our trade and then allow American citizens to lose their lives and pass it by in frigid silence.

I do not wish to see this country when it looks into the book of time close the pages on which are written the outrages that have been committed against American citizens in Mexico and on the high seas and be blind to what is written there and fix its whole attention on the pages where is reckoned up the profit and loss account in dollars.

I think the United States stands for something higher in the world than mere trade and mere dollars. I do not want to see our citizens wronged in their property, but I think we should also stand, and above all, for morality and humanity in the dealings of nations with each other.

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DEBATE illuminated with a graphic picture seems to be more impressive than the most erudite argument dealing with profound philosophy, law, statutes, or dealing with statistics.

The speech of Senator Lodge recalls the hearty and historic welcome home given him by his constituents at the close of the Sixty-third Congress. It was an event that will not soon be forgotten. The great city of Lynn, Massachusetts, turned out to greet him, and his address on that occasion was a scholarly appreciation of their welcome. The long and active service of Senator Lodge in the Senate has made him one of the prominent figures in public life today. As chairman of the Republican convention in Chicago in 1908, he rose to the full measure of his statesmanlike qualities. As former editor of the *North American Review*,

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UNVEILING THE JOAN OF ARC MONUMENT

With appropriate exercises the bronze statue of Joan of Arc, of heroic size, was recently dedicated in Riverside Drive and Ninety-third Street, New York. Mrs. Thomas A. Edison pulled the cord that unveiled the monument, and M. Jules Jusserand, French ambassador to the United States, made the principal address and beginning his public life in company with Colonel Roosevelt in the contest against "mugwumps" in 1884, his voice in public affairs has ever been resonant with a note of idealism that has found a ready response.

In his literary work, as well as in his public service, the sturdy character of the early days of the republic and colonial times has been maintained by the senior Senator from Massachusetts. Despite the distinction that clings to him as a national statesman, I do not think I have ever seen Senator Lodge more gratified than when he greets "the home folks" in the district where he had lived so many years. In his retreat at Nahant, the summer days are busy days, preparing for his winter's work and keeping his active pen busy in literary pursuits. Scholar, statesman, historian, editor, are titles that will be handed down with the name of Henry Cabot Lodge in the record of men and events of his time.

THERE was a thrill in the message concerning hyphenated citizens, with the plain declaration that intrigue and plots to destroy American property on American soil must cease. The message was written in the President's matchless literary style and gave evidence of a "real punch" in his outline of a plan for preparedness that will swell Uncle Sam's annual tax budget to proportions that will make a "prepared peace" basis border close to a war footing. There must be more money raised, and the President did not hesitate to tell Congress how to do it—and he looked them "right in the eye," so to speak, while he was doing it. Now the congressional committee wheels are at work, and January is the month of financial reckoning.

COINCIDENT with the assembling of Congress, the members of the Democratic and Republican National Committees gathered in Washington to determine the dates of the two conventions that, in 1916, are to nominate candidates for the Presidency of the United States. It was a veritable gathering of the clans, and the interest centered in the personalities of the committeemen from the various states for the time overshadowed the importance of the Senators and Congressmen. There was the usual contest for the conventions, with offers of $100,000 and over, and although Dallas made a gallant fight, St. Louis was too strong, and the Democratic Committee named June 14, 1916, as the time, and St. Louis, Missouri, the place of meeting. The renomination of Woodrow Wilson on the Democratic ticket in 1916 is conceded to be the cut-and-dried program.

FOR the Republican National Convention, some of the old political war horses decided to depart from the usual tradition of having the party in power hold its convention first, and they named June 7, 1916, as the time and Chicago as the place for choosing the man to head their ticket. This was done in spite of the feeling that it would have been better to have held the Convention in a city where memories of the schism of 1912 would not be so vividly recalled. There were fearless souls, however, who insisted that if the wound was to be healed at all, it could be done just as well right on the battlefield. Following this decision, a discussion of candidates was the dominant topic in the hotel lobbies, and almost every presidential possibility happened to have business in Washington at the time that the committee met, and their friends saw to it that their availability was duly emphasized.

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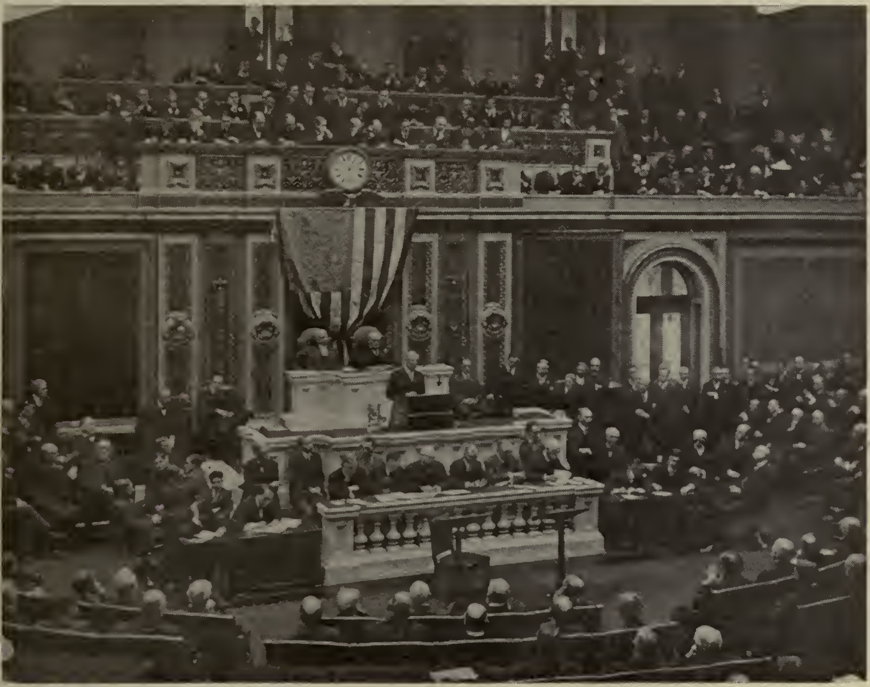
EVEN the aerial explosives that nearly destroyed the King and Queen of Belgium as they were returning from church prove that the defences of today are as ineffective as the coats of mail which became obsolete so long ago. Kinship no longer counts when war's grim face is set, for King Albert is of German descent, the son of a prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, his queen a princess of Hohenzollern; but his high alliance with the Teutonic power will not spare him while the war rage for killing prevails. The popularity of Queen Elizabeth, who studied as a nurse with her father, a physican and prince, and is often with her husband and little boy in the trenches, is glorified in her hospital work. This one royal family presents the process of destroying and preserving life in one home circle. This is called war.



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PRESIDENT WILSON READING HIS MESSAGE TO CONGRESS

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THE report of Secretary Redfield of the Department of Commerce has awakened widespread comment among business men. The Secretary foresees what may follow after the close of the war abroad, if the influx of the products of cheap labor pours in upon the country. The suggestion of the department has been commended in the councils of the various chambers of commerce. President Liggett of the Boston Chamber, in calling attention to the warning, related incidents of the conditions prevailing abroad following the Franco-Prussian war. France, exhausted and destroyed, under the burden of an unparalleled war indemnity, started to recoup her losses. Wages of men with families were as low as one franc, or twenty cents a day, and men sometimes had to walk miles to and from work. In spite of this, France in thirty-five years again became one of the most wealthy countries in Europe, an example of thrift and industry.

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE REDFIELD AT HIS DESK

The question of the hour is "Can Americans adjust themselves to methods of living and wages that will be able to meet the European competition in goods manufactured at the very low wages that are certain to prevail?" The ever-recurring question of tariff rates discussed in the first Congress and continued ever since, bobs up again. The first bill passed by the Congress of the United States was a tariff bill, and succeeding Congresses kept on passing them and repealing them ever since. When are we going to learn that the tariff is a business and not a political proposition?

Secretary Redfield's report has the tone and broad viewpoint of a document issued by a member of the cabinet, free from partisan basis and looking the issues squarely in the face. In his work in the Department of Commerce he has followed plans which he formulated long before he ever dreamed that he would be called to a cabinet position to give official utterance to ideas, which some of his friends had called a hobby.

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WHEN the question is asked, "who is the real confidential friend of President Wilson?" the answer is "Colonel Edward M. House." Then one is asked again, "Who is Colonel House?" "He is a little silent man who built railroads in Texas and loves to run a political campaign in that state, and now lives in New York and knows how to manage things without appearing in the spotlight. He is credited with having practically chosen the President's Cabinet."

Colonel House is making his second voyage to Europe during the general world war, it is said, as the confidential messenger of the President. The announcement of his departure was confirmed by the Secretary of State, and it was felt that this fact suggested that the mission might have official significance. Colonel House is visiting the ambassadors at the capitols of the belligerent nations, but it was denied that he was on anything that might be construed as a peace mission. In the spring, he visited France, Germany and England, and talked with the high officials, but insisted at that time that it was merely to learn and understand public opinion abroad. It is felt that it was upon his advice that the President took no further steps towards initiating a peace movement at a time that was considered inopportune.

Colonel House talks very little, but has sharp eyes and an omnivorous comprehension. Oftentimes the men who are sent on missions of this kind, with no official authority, are after all most potential in their influence on international affairs because it may determine executive action running contra to the counsel coming from official sources, which is just now under keen and relentless surveillance.

MANY of the candidates for the Republican nomination are not in active public life, but they still serve in some semi-public capacity on various federal boards, which require their occasional presence in Washington. The question of the hour was, "Who is the man?"

There was Senator Root, whose qualifications from long experience in public life are unquestioned, but it was felt that he was not yet an avowed candidate, and the result of the Constitutional convention

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FINLEY SHEPARD, Jr.

Adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. Finley Shepard. Mrs. Shepard was formerly Miss Helen Gould might influence the situation. However, his legion of admirers are undaunted in their faith that the country needs ripe fruit rather than so many green-apple candidates, bringing on commercial colic.

Then there was Senator John W. Weeks, still in public service, who had recently returned from a trip through the West, and his strong popularity in Washington made a good showing for the Massachusetts man, where qualifications were first considered.

Senator Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio, the state which has furnished so many Presidents, was making good progress in his home state when along came a rumor that Colonel Roosevelt would oppose him. And this suggested the sequel of every query—"What will Teddy do?"

His many friends were right on hand to insist that Senator Borah of Idaho was the man to save the day, and "pointed with pride" to his record in progressive legislation.

Senator Albert B. Cummins of Iowa was pointed out as a man who had been identified with the progressive legislation as a practical leader, but still remained loyal to the old party—and therefore, why not cross the Mississippi for a nominee?

A quiet undercurrent of opinion whispered the name of Justice Charles E. Hughes, and even though his name was withdrawn from the ballots in the Nebraska primaries, interest in his candidacy seemed to be intensified in the very mystery linked with the possibility of breaking a precedent. Without authority, his admirers crystallized into an organization and insisted that no citizen of the United States could consistently refuse the nomination to the presidency, and if it was a call of the sovereign people, that no position or power could release a patriotic citizen from such a mandate.

LITTLE time is required for the energetic wife of the new Congressman to understand that there are certain privileges in connection with her husband's position. One of them has to do with the botanical gardens. According to tradition, each Congressman has a cedar chest in which he can keep the valuable documents which will be taken home and relegated to the garret, only to be resurrected in the dim and distant future, to be used as a wood box in the kitchen. Then there is the yearly privilege or burden of sending out seeds to his constituents.

Every time I go to Washington I am more keenly impressed with the idea that it is extremely fortunate that the nation's capital should be located where the grapefruits of the south, the fir trees of Oregon, the pine trees of Maine can all be cultivated.

In the long line of greenhouses, situated at the north side of the Department of the Agricultural grounds, there is one big house devoted to citrus fruits. Here are conducted experiment after experiment, such as hybridization of the orange and grapefruit, with a view to producing a new fruit that will partake of the characteristics of both parents, the production of a seedless orange with a thin skin, seedless grapefruit, and numerous other important experiments. Here can be seen trees heavily laden with sub-tropical grapefruit, oranges and lemons, their branches bending to the ground with their burden of ripening fruits. The tree that attracts most attention is a grapefruit, which is literally loaded with large clusters of fine fruit, just beginning to take on their ripening hue.

Nearby is another house that is filled with tropical growths, among which are numerous coffee trees, simply covered with the ripe coffee berries. The pawpaw tree is also there, with its queer-shaped fruit, sickeningly sweet in flavor. These trees are now full of fine fruits that were ripe about the holidays. When once inside these houses, one could almost imagine having been transported to Florida, for the warm dampness of the atmosphere and the dense growths and luscious fruits remind one of the tropical regions where these trees grow out of doors instead of under glass.

THE BARTHOLDI FOUNTAIN IN THE BOTANIC GARDENS
Exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, purchased by the United States and placed in the Botanic Gardens in 1878. It was formerly illuminated by gas, but was wired for electricity in 1915

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EGGS, just eggs," is a subject that worries many a commissary supplying the armies in the field, and millions of eggs "laid in America," have been shipped to Europe consigned to the British Army. At nearly every breakfast table the omnipresent egg and bacon appears; the gallant American hens are producing more wealth proportionally than all the other livestock combined, and billions of eggs are furnished in the country which has the American eagle as its emblem, recalling the season for Congressman Dawson's plea that the American hen be given a place in the United States coat of arms.

Then that irrepressible wag, J. Adam Bede from Minnesota, rose and exclaimed, "What about the rooster? Is he entitled to a place on the national escutcheon?" If eggs are honored, why not the bacon?

The practical and prosaic tendency of the times has changed methods of warfare so that the picturesque spear and breastplate are no longer features of a battle in which the grim trenches suggest the slimy tombs and prison cells and great machines exploding wholesale death in shrapnel and high explosive shells, rarely adding the use of musket or gun. What is more practical to forecast than that the time may come when the flashing heraldry of eagle and fleur-de-lis and characteristic creations will be supplanted by the prosaic pig and the happy hen?

FOR some time past the government has been conducting an inquiry into the extent of the value of the business of supplying munitions of war to the belligerents in Europe. The purpose of this was undoubtedly to provide a special tax on war munitions, to help out the depleted government revenues. The plan was to tax these articles as exports, but it was felt that it might come as a direct tax and be handled through the internal revenue collectors.

The reports of the department cover a record of this work, and the amount

HAYDEN LAKE, IDAHO

At the beginning of every Congress the perennial question comes up of national forest reserves. In the heart of the Idaho National Forest, forty miles east of Spokane is Hayden Lake. Between Spokane and Hayden Lake frequent electric train service is maintained. The lake has a beautiful inn of the Swiss chalet type, an eighteen-hole golf course, tennis courts, and bass fishing is as good as any in the west of high explosives, parts of ordnance, engines and machinery, copper, brass, horses, mules—in fact everything that could possibly be included as necessary for war operations. These statistics have all been prepared to present to Congress, and tabulated in the reports of the Treasury Department.

The investigation necessarily affects the general industries of the entire country, and when it is recorded that for the first eight months of the year sixty-five millions of dollars' worth of automobiles, seventy millions of copper, eighty-six millions of horses and mules, fifty-five millions of leather, twenty-four millions of shoes, and other exports went to supply the warring nations, the figures become startling, especially when we learn that only sixty-five millions have been invested in explosives.

The exports will run about five times as large as in normal times, but the profits are very much larger than in the ordinary routine of international trade. It is felt that the tax on war munitions will not only provide revenue, but will assist in providing for our own military development by demonstrating our probable needs and sources of supply, and save this country from the fate of India, which has often exported grain freely in years of plenty, only to find itself facing famine when a failure of crops occurs.

*Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington*

THE LATE WINFIELD S. HAMMOND

A native of the state of Massachusetts and a graduate of Dartmouth College. When a young man he went to Minnesota, where a year ago he was inaugurated governor of Minnesota

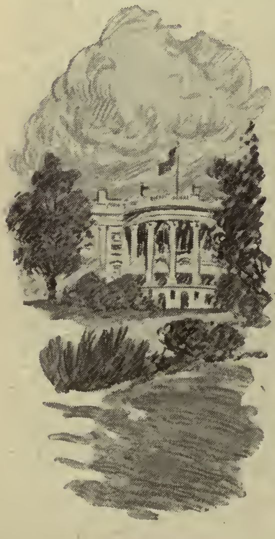
WHILE the country was ringing with the discussion of more battleships, increased naval armament and preparedness, the crew of the battleship Nebraska demonstrated the generosity of the sailors of the American navy by the crowning incident of their observance of Christmas day. One hundred of the poorest children of the city of Boston were entertained at an old-fashioned family dinner on board ship at the Charlestown Navy Yard, and each child also received gifts of shoes and stockings, and with joy-winged feet literally scampered along the decks of a warship unrestrained—unguided—the very decks whereon military etiquette was wont to measure each footstep of armed men.

Mayor Curley received the offer of this entertainment from Chief Yeoman Henry L. Lee and promptly responded. A hundred poor children were taken from a meeting point in the city in automobiles to the battleship, and the jolly crew aboard had the day of their lives watching, with quizzical pride, as the kiddies enjoyed their Christmas dinner, and tied on the shoes and stockings. Every boy and girl found a good fit, and beamed with the expression of satisfied customers. The old bo's'n commented as he looked on with a moistened eye: "That's the real thing. There is not a man of us that does not remember the time when he was a kid and some of us had kiddies, and we all remember the tussle of getting on their shoes and stockings. Ain't this a glorious day for the old Nebraska? It's a bright day in the ship's log."

While the grim warships of other nations are roaming the high seas in ruthless search of further sacrifices to the merciless gods of war, our own battleships, flying the colors of a free country, the first flag to use a star that glows as a symbol of the glorious Gift of Galilee, furnishes a telling contrast to the Christmas scenes on the battleships abroad and those on the gun decks of our own navy at home. This incident reveals how the floating armament of war may be the setting for scenes of peace.

SINCE the Panama-Pacific Exposition, California does not seem so far away. The dividing line of the Rockies has been eliminated. The man who actually knows and who can say clearly and concisely "I have been there," is the man who carries the preponderating evidence.

More people have seen the natural wonders of America than ever before. The attendance at Yellowstone Park alone has reached nearly fifty thousand people, with about the same number visiting the Grand Canyon from the other points en route. These trips have been a vacation in themselves to many of the fathers and mothers, and as they go home and tell about it, it will naturally create a desire in the sons and daughters to make the trip, and the impetus for traveling has never been so substantially stimulated before. Making two trips from Boston to San Francisco within three months did not make me feel that I had traveled overmuch, although friends insisted that I might be called a Pacific Coast commuter. The irresistible fascination and wonder of the Exposition was the reason, and today the United States seems bigger and more glorious than ever because of the many great natural and scenic wonders viewed en route. The narrow petty vision of the New Yorker who has never been west of the Hudson, and the Boston person who never got west of South Framingham was evident when he returned and told you about what he had seen. An easterner is never fully an American until he has made the trip west, and a westerner should travel east, for it is the interchange of these visits that creates the broad spirit of tolerance and unity. The homes now in all parts of the country supplied with souvenirs of the great Exposition, with penwipers made of the bark of the great trees of California six thousand years old, or with paper weights of the great petrified forest reaching back aeons ago, or with nouve gems or jewels which adorned the shimmering beauty of a tower at the Exposition—everywhere have been scattered these little evidences of having been there that has widened the national spirit more perceptibly in 1915 than in any previous year. While an international exposition in its intent, the influence of the Panama-Pacific Exposition will be particularly felt in our own country. In the first place, it commemorated a recent achievement and not a historical event. It had all the glow of a vision or a prophecy as to what the completion of the canal would mean, not only to the commerce of our country, but to the commerce of all nations using the high seas.



FINISHED fur will be sold at lower cost to American consumers than heretofore, as shown in facts recently disclosed at Washington, and that is welcome news for American ladies. This is because the United States is the largest producer of raw seal skins in the world, and also the largest consumer of the finished seal furs. It would seem natural that since both producer and the consumer live within the boundaries of the United States of America they should trade with each other, but heretofore the raw skins have been going to London, where they were dressed and dyed and brought back here, paying a duty that added about fifty-two per cent to the price of the raw skins. The sale of government fur skins recently held has proven a great success. There were buyers from many foreign lands, which sustained the prices.

Later the Department of Commerce made a contract for a limited time for the sale at auction to all buyers of its yearly catch of sealskins, with the provision that the best process of dyeing and dressing of sealskins known to the trade shall be established in this country. The government had held eight thousand pelts in cold storage, and with such encouragement the home industry is likely to develop rapidly.

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NOOKS and corners of Washington, where the most romantic interest of the capital city centers, are seldom visited by sightseers. Many times have I stood talking with clerks in the different departments, who have information that, if it could be collected and successfully published, would reveal a most startling phase of Washington life.

In the Patent Office are unfolded millions of tragedies and in the cryptic tunnel on Capitol Hill are the old models representing hours and years of patient effort, many of which were doomed to failure. In going over the past forty years, the old clerk suggested a bit of

THE CHILDREN OF BUFORD LYNCH

Considered the handsomest boys in Washington. They are grandchildren of Commodore William F. Lynch of the old navy and great-grandchildren of Commodores Gregory and Shaw. Their mother, before her marriage, was Miss Blanche Armstrong, a noted beauty of Montgomery, Alabama philosophy in the fact that the greatest progress has been made by radical changes, and it usually has been made after an idea starts wrong. There is something in having it started, even if it goes wrong. The test against theory tells.

For instance, the first patent on a machine for folding paper was granted to one Edward Smith in 1849, and in the course of a few years various improvements were made, showing that many hundreds of minds had been concentrated upon the single proposition of folding a sheet of paper. However, it is interesting to note that many wonderful folding machines of today are constructed on the same fundamental principle which was considered as being wrong back in '56.

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DURING the coming winter a phase of social life in Washington exemplified in the organization of state societies, follows out the primal impulse that created the Union. In spite of the tendency in recent years to centralize legislation, and to make the state laws uniform, there never can be an obliteration of statehood pride.

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MRS. HETTY GREEN

Who has the distinction of being the world's richest woman. This photograph was snapped on her eighty-first birthday

There was more involved in the contest for state rights, or the sovereignty of state in '61 than one could then realize. It is inherent in a native son of a state to love that state and its institutions. In Washington, composed as it is of representatives from all the states in the Union, there is a fertile field for the organization of state societies. Even in the election of Presidents, the birth state has always been of consequence in the campaign. The fact that we have had no President who was born west of the Mississippi may have something to do with determining the nominations for 1916.

In the state societies, the meetings are always interesting, as reflecting the various phases or temperament of the different sections of the country which are growing more and more indistinct. When you are in a New Hampshire society meeting, you have doughnuts and cider; Massachusetts favors pies and beans; Iowa possibly ham and eggs; and in a California gathering fruits would prevail, and so on through the list, showing that each state not only has ideas, but also edibles that are characteristic.

At these societies we find all sorts of reasons given for qualifying. One man whom I met at a state society said he was born in another state, but his wife's mother was born in this state, and at another meeting he was there because his wife was born in that state. Somehow, he had managed to have ancestors enough to qualify him for being among those present at thirteen different state gatherings. In this he almost represented the original republic through his wife's relatives, on the same principle that Artemus Ward said his wife's relatives should all go to war. Florida was one of the latest states to organize a society, further emphasizing the cosmopolitan character of the capital.

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IN A VILLAGE OF LORRAINE

A fallen church bell, thanks to the favor of fortune, still calls the faithful to prayer

It is stated that Pennsylvania has more native sons in Washington than any other state, although Ohio is not far behind, for it must be remembered that five native sons of Ohio have been in the White House within the last fifty years. Societies of the Southern States have greatly increased in membership, and as in the old days politics used to creep into the drawing rooms, so today many state society meetings might have the aspect of caucuses. The state societies nurture home-grown public opinion right on the scene of operations in Washington, and new state societies are being welcomed to play their part in the evenly distributed cosmopolitan citizenship which distinguishes Washington society from that of any other capital in the world.

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THERE are people who seem to think that Eugene V. Debs is a sort of socialistic Mephistopheles, but when you come to know him, you find him gentle-voiced, sweet-tempered, and a man of much the same temperament as his friend, James Whitcomb Riley, who has paid him this tribute:

> Go search the earth from end to end,
> And where's a better all-round friend
> Than Eugene Debs?—a man that stands
> And jest holds out in his two hands
> As warm a heart as ever beat
> Betwixt here and the Mercy Seat!

Gene Debs may be radical in his views on socialism, and I am frank to say that I think he is; but as a man and as a friend, he meets all requirements. In fact, all through his life, those who have had personal or business relations with Eugene Debs do not hesitate to pay hearty tribute to the man. Among his friends are thousands of people who are not Socialists, but are proud to claim the distinction of his friendship. Those who have known him through twenty, thirty, forty years of his life, have found him never deviating one iota from the principles and beliefs which he advocates. He is a veritable modern Wendell Phillips, and the splendid reception given him at Tremont Temple in Boston by over three thousand people was not only a tribute to the cause which he represents, but to the man—Eugene Debs.

His religious beliefs and practices have awakened the admiration and comment of papers like the *Christian Endeavor World*, which says of him: "Many believe in Socialism, but Debs *is* a Socialist. Many believe in Christianity, but Debs *is* a Christian. There is no room in his big heart for any selfishness or uncharitableness or unworthiness. His whole being is aflame with the white passion for humanity, for justice to the humblest as well as to the greatest of the children of men." Never was a tribute paid to a devoted son any sweeter than that accorded him by his parents, when the mother said, on the occasion of her golden wedding, that her boy 'Gene never gave her a heartache nor a worry.

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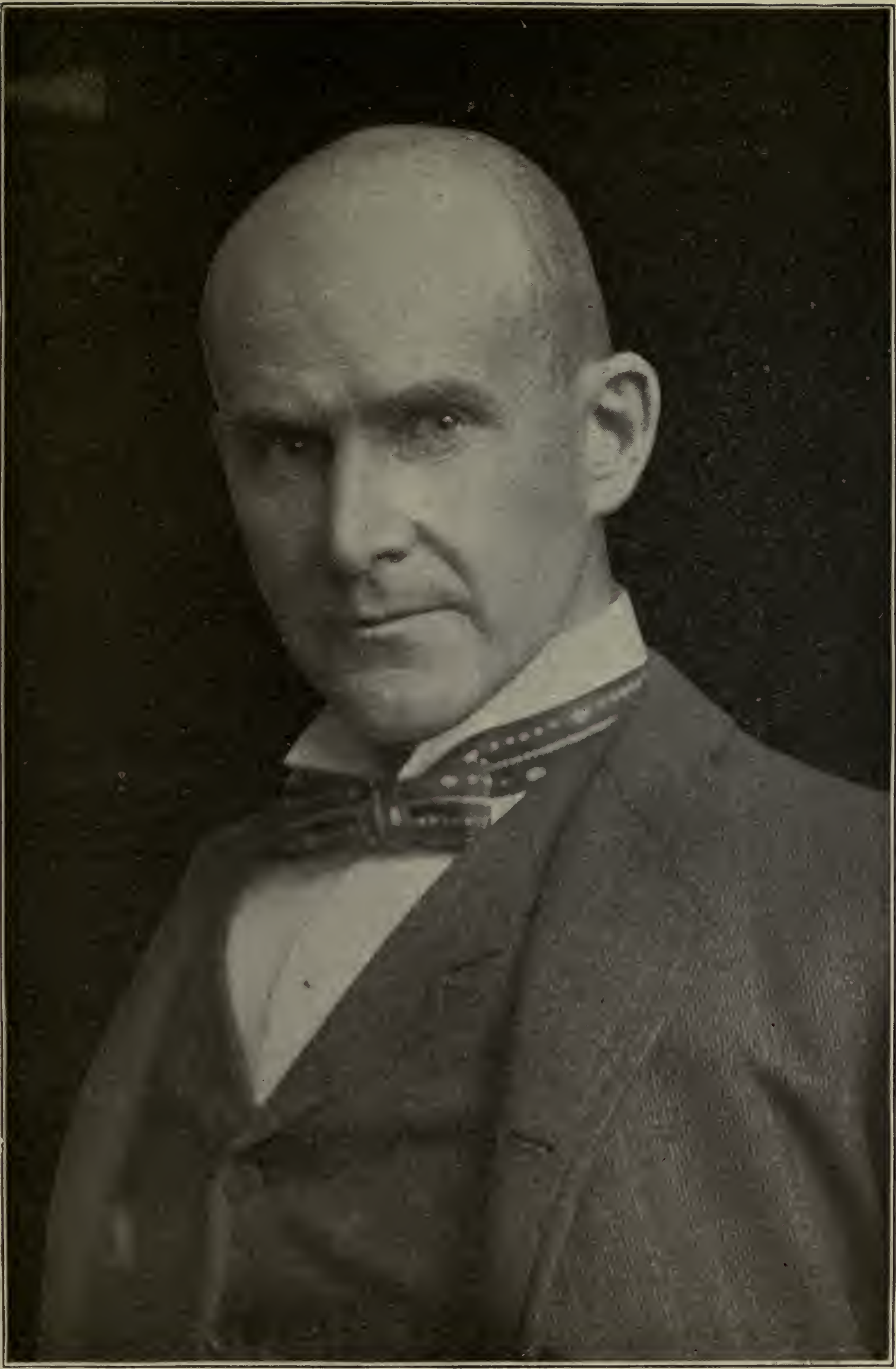
WHETHER in early December or in mid-winter, the "fresh-air fiends" in Washington are busy. Year by year the groups of public men walking from the Capitol to their homes, night after night, increases; a fact which shows that people are growing more appreciative of the value of fresh air. No one in this age of enlightenment would attempt to deny the



EUGENE V. DEBS
The leader of the Socialist party, who counts thousands of people outside his party as his warm friends

necessity of oxygen. In both the House of Representatives and the Senate Chamber, which with not a window nor an open door, are like hermetically sealed closets, artificial air is provided. No wonder that the men there lose their tempers, and some observers have insisted that this fact may have much to do with the passage of some of the wildcat laws that have encumbered the statute books in recent years.

There are millions now living who can recall the time when it was thought injurious to sleep with wide-open windows, and now where is there a new house or apartment built without the sleeping porch? Public intelligence has advanced, and the idea that night air is dangerous to health has been proven a myth. The apartment or room with tightly closed windows nowadays is regarded as a relic of barbarism.

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IN these days of complex living, the social secretary of the White House is a busy personage. For many years Miss Isabelle Hagner has occupied the position, but she recently decided to relinquish the post and single blessedness at the same time.

Miss Edith Benham, daughter of the late Rear Admiral Benham, was chosen as her successor. Miss Benham was formerly social secretary at the Russian and British embassies, and has also managed the social calendar for a large number of prominent Americans. Her grandfather was a commodore in the navy, and her father a rear admiral, and she has had the honor of acting as sponsor for two United States ships—the cruiser San Francisco, which she christened when she was a little girl, and the torpedo boat Benham, named after her father. She was educated in France and took up her vocation after the death of her father, confining herself exclusively to Washington. She delights in her work, and is accounted one of the best-informed experts on all questions of social usage involved in polite society, where almost imperceptible changes and evolutions are as marked as the changes in fashion.

HON. WARREN G. HARDING
The new Senator from Ohio, to take the place of Senator Burton, now looked upon as a presidential candidate

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THE cloak room stories glow with each session of Congress. Senator J. Ham Lewis arrived with a new one. It is about two enemies whom we will call Thompson and Johnson, whose rivalry in business and social life was unrelieved until Johnson's decease. To the surprise of all, Thompson sent a handsome floral design to grace the obsequies of his lifelong adversary. The gift was duly arranged with many others about and above the newly-made grave, and the mourners having departed, a few citizens stood admiring the floral tributes.

"That's a beautiful 'Gates Ajar,' " said one. "What, with old Thompson's card, and 'In Remembrance' on it? Well, who would have believed it? Why, they fairly hated and despised each other in life. Hadn't spoken to each other, they say, for thirty years. Well, well! Death certainly softens the hardest hearts, and I'm glad that Thompson thought better of his old playmate and neighbor when he knew that death had ended their quarrel."

"Wal," interrupted the typical Yankee on the hearse, "it may be as you say, but 'pears to me this 'Gates Ajar' is a *leetle diff'rent* from the regular pattern. I never see no piece like this before thet the stairs in it led *downwards* into the cellar story, so to speak, did you?"

"Well, I'll be ——" said the first speaker, and there didn't seem to be any exception to the remark as expressing forcibly the general surprise at the discovery of an antagonism that sought its revenge even at the grave in symbolizing the southbound "Gates Ajar."

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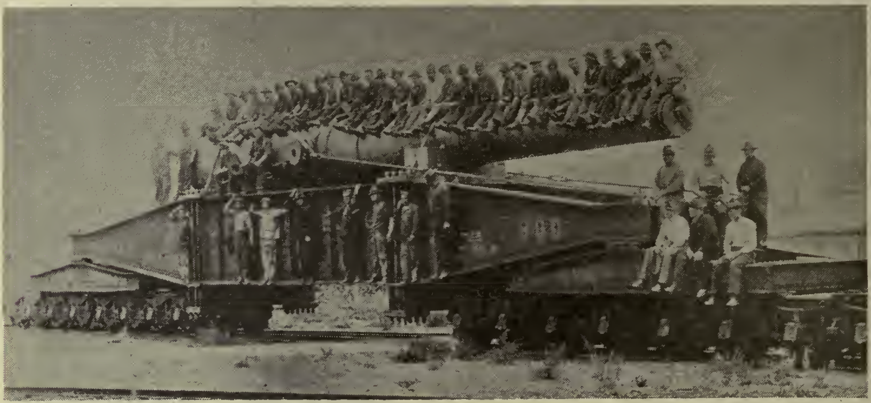
JUSTICE CHARLES EVANS HUGHES
A name that is insisted upon for the Republican presidential nomination by many people irrespective of personal wishes and statements by Justice Hughes

As the time approaches for the great political conventions to nominate a President, it is interesting to consider a retrospect of former conventions and a knowledge of incidents that stemmed the tide of events. A portrait of Samuel J. Tilden, almost President of the United States, being defeated by but one vote—185 to 184—and of Justice Bradley, who cast the deciding vote that made Rutherford B. Hayes President of the United States, revives the memory of the presidency lost and gained by a narrow margin. Going further back, we come to Aaron Burr, defeated on the thirty-sixth ballot after his long, and up to that time, faithful service to his country; while Thomas Jefferson remains the idol of his party as the result of a convention incident. Then there is Samuel D. Burchard, who with his famous Three R's speech defeated the irrepressible James G. Blaine, who lost the presidency by a little over one thousand votes in New York City. Apparently trivial incidents have occasioned important results.

Conspicuous among those whose political careers were followed by an apparently paradoxical fate was Henry Clay, the most popular idol the country has ever known, but at the hands of a few abolitionists of that day, who voted for their candidate James G. Birney, James K. Polk, then Speaker of the House, and practically unknown to the country, was elected President.

Who will be the victim of a convention whim in 1916? That's the question.

FULFILMENT of one's own prophecy is always gratifying. Some time ago, it was mentioned in the NATIONAL that the supremacy of Paris as a fashion center was passing, and the style display in Washington early in the season decidedly indicated that the prophecy might prove true. There was a throng of interested spectators as the evening gowns and up-to-the-minute costumes were displayed. They were of a degree of correctness, originality and smartness calculated to tempt even the most capricious feminine fancy. There were some daring styles not entirely confined to dress, for footwear this year, trimmed with the fur about the ankle, freakish though it may be, is a decided improvement over the rolled-down baby socks which were launched earlier in the season.



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LARGE SIXTEEN-INCH COAST DEFENCE GUN

Now being tested at Sandy Hook, and intended to protect the Pacific entrance to the Panama Canal. It is expected that eventually all the smaller caliber guns in the coast fortifications will be replaced by guns of this size, which far outclass any guns aboard the present-day battleships

The style this year is to be literally buried in fur, which makes a woman sitting in a street car look like a feathered bantam—but never mind—it's the style. A hungry dog is attracted to befurred ankles. Then there are pantaloons with ruffles of lace that would make the old courtiers of Elizabethan days green with envy. Judging by the prices of some of these creations, there will have to be an increase in salaries if the average Congressman's or Senator's wife hopes to keep up with the vogue. Consequently Washington will have to recruit vigorously among the magnates with unstinted cheque books.

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NOT very long ago Colonel Theodore Roosevelt told me that he felt the greatest speech he ever made in his life was at Osawatomie, Kansas, at the dedication of John Brown Park in 1910. He had just returned from his trip to Africa, and upon his cheek was the flush of a crusader, who felt imbued with a new world-view of human relations. He felt that he had given there expression to ideas and ideals that had ripened in his long, active service in public life.

An old philosopher once paused to remark that unconsciously we see in our heroes qualities that we coyly think we possess in some way, otherwise we could not appreciate the temperament and ideals which we see in them and the heights to which we may not attain, but dream about. In the career of public men it is interesting to find their lives foreshadowed by the heroes of their childhood. Find out the great personage to whom a youth gives his hero worship, and the direction of his life thought might be reckoned. Carlyle, in his essays on "Hero Worship," defines the case. We talk of democracy as a thing, eliminating kings and heroes, and are proud of our country, but there is no nation where this same hero worship is more apparent than in our own America. If it is not a statesman or military hero, it is baseball or football favorites, or some divinity of the stage. First one hero or heroine and then another occupies the front pages, and Carlyle expresses deep regret in closing his "Hero Worship," insisting that "there's much pleasure in it and much pain."

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MANY people living in Washington recall that the late John Sherman while Secretary of the Treasury, and author of the famous Sherman bill, a man then preeminent in the councils of the nation and a perennial presidential candidate, looked with favor on the "dairy lunches" when they were first introduced. It was the patronage of John Sherman that made these lunches popular. When he wandered out one day after a Cabinet meeting and found one of these little places where one can be served quickly, took a glass of milk and a light lunch, and returned almost immediately to a Cabinet session with President Hayes, he helped to popularize dairy lunches. He was thereafter a regular customer.

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GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG
Who has succeeded General Sir John French in command of the English troops in Flanders and France

The Treasury clerks and others, noticing that the Secretary was a patron of the lunch room, soon followed, in regular noonday procession. Business boomed, and the dairy lunch has become an institution, not only in Washington, but all over the country, where the democratic spirit is at high tide, following twelve o'clock midday, where men of all stations gather to munch together the fragments of food that would not have served as a dessert at a good old-fashioned noonday meal.

WITH the passing of Doctor Booker T. Washington, I recall how, some years ago, at Tuskegee, I stood with him in the balcony overlooking the great dining hall, where a thousand colored students had assembled for the morning meal. Instead of saying "grace" in whispered supplication, they intoned a weird sort of chant. Beginning with the soft notes of a plantation melody, the refrain grew in volume and harmony as swiftly as the dawn spreads across the sky. The doctor turned to me and said: "That is a chant that our people brought from Africa. It is of Voodoo origin, and there is no man with colored blood in his veins that does not feel the intensity of that note that reiterates the plaintive cry of our people in centuries past.

THE LATE BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Dr. Washington, with his wonderful sympathetic voice and magnetic personality, made an address that morning to his people that seemed even more impressive than his appeals on the lecture platform. The eloquence poured in torrents from his lips and I thought of the great value of such a champion as he. His blue eyes flashed as he presented a picture of Hope that will ever endear Tuskegee Institute. His life work witnessed the most wonderful development of any race in all history, and he seemed to understand the correct adjustment of the racial problem. That is why his work proved so popular in both North and South, and was so heartily supported throughout the country. His sincerity and earnestness were never challenged, and in the Tuskegee of today we see an achievement of a great work. But Tuskegee is only an emblem of greater things accomplished. Over twenty millions of acres of the land they tilled as slaves are now owned by the race whose people were in bondage fifty years ago. They are working out their own destiny in their own way, and the work at Tuskegee in its influence for the betterment of the negro in the South, with the standards and ideals it represents, will go on, a fitting and appropriate monument to the man whose book, "Up from Slavery," has already become one of the most notable biographies of American literature.

ANOTHER evidence of the resemblance between President Wilson and Abraham Lincoln is shown by the large number of pardons which he has granted. At present he takes rank with Lincoln and McKinley as a "pardon President," and the official records of the Department of Justice indicate that during his term in the White House, if he continues as he has begun, he will stand at the head of the line. While President Taft was known as a merciful President, he had a judicial mind, and was inclined to sit in judgment on pardon applications, but President Wilson, like McKinley and Lincoln, seems to have been influenced rather by the heart than by the law.

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BOY SCOUTS OF JAPAN

The Boy Scout idea has at last secured a footing in Japan, and is, of course, just as popular there among the young lads as in countries where Boy Scouts have existed for the past six years. The photograph shows some of the first recruits being drilled by an army officer

President Roosevelt pardoned fewer criminals and reversed more recommendations to mercy of the Department of Justice than any President in recent years. He believed crime should not go unpunished, and was loath to interfere where judges and juries had acted. The pardon record of President Wilson was one of the interesting features of the annual report of the Attorney-General.

THERE were those who have been reading the history of political conventions, who insisted that the name of the man who will eventually be nominated is not yet in the public mind—the dark horse is still a popular favorite.

Among the men mentioned as dark horses and forcefully vigorous personalities that seem to be the product of an undercurrent that is usually almost invisible up to the hour of convention, is Henry D. Estabrook, the New York lawyer and orator, who was prominent in the McKinley campaign as the young man from Nebraska whose speeches over the country evoked such wide comment.

The state that furnished Lincoln as a candidate in 1860 is not overlooking its opportunity this year, and Senator L. Y. Sherman, a Lincolnesque character, is being supported with considerable enthusiasm as the most logical man to nominate.

Last, but by no means least, the towering form of former Vice-President, Charles W. Fairbanks, appeared on the scene. Considered as the logical successor of William McKinley some years ago, and well known as a safe leader, it was felt that Indiana would again appear in the forefront of the campaign with her favorite son.

Who can tell what the ballots of the June convention will bring forth?

* * *

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1915, was also the birthday of Andrew Carnegie, and the people of America sent their greetings to the hale and hearty American of four score, "enjoying the good health of a man of eighty," to use his own words. During the years of an active career, he has maintained that cheery, incessant optimism and hopefulness that is characteristic of his Thanksgiving birthday.

At his home on Ninety-first Street in New York, overlooking Central Park, he is enjoying every day with his wife and daughter. He also has his books; the great organ; his gardens, and his dog, "Laddie," and is off to the country on a bright day for just a "bit of golf."

Mr. Carnegie, in his eightieth year, looks back over the achievement of having actually given away three hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars, and he expressed, years ago, his views concerning leaving riches behind, and the futility of wealth as a basis on which to build hopes of future happiness. This is best expressed in a poem which appeared in the *Dunfermline Press*, Scotland, signed "R. C.," a verse of which is as follows:

"An' there's nae great differ, Andra, hardly ony,
My sky is as clear as yours, an' the clouds are as bonnie;
I whistle a tune thro' my teeth to mysel' that costs nae money."

Mr. Carnegie's reply was characteristic, and ran, in part, as follows:

> Beyond a competence for old age, and that need not be great and may be very small, wealth lessens rather than increases human happiness. Millionaires who laugh are rare. This is just as it should be, and "R. C." has done a bit of good work (better than most sermons) in putting a great truth so vividly before us. I hope he has more of such ore to smelt.

In his library, which is adorned with literary epigrams, gathered from the wisdom of all the ages, he spends many hours among his books, of which he has been passionately fond since early youth. He has told me of his favorite motto, "All's well, since all grows better," and his theory is that there is nothing in the world that is not improving, and that there is no limit to the ascent of man. In the light of eighty years, he insists upon an unflagging faith in humankind. He has never forgotten that he was born of poor parents,

HON. ANDREW CARNEGIE

and in early life had to fight for a livelihood. The thousands of old friends and associates who are recipients of his generosity would make a small city directory in itself.

On his birthday he always recalls the memory of his mother—of her who gave him birth—and he wrote of her in the same way that Lincoln and other men have referred to their mothers. "I owe a great deal to my mother," he said. "She was companion, nurse, seamstress, cook and washerwoman, and never until late in life had a servant in the house. Yet she was a cultivated lady, who taught me most of what I know."

As an evidence of his keen joy in his work, his own words might be quoted:

> I am glad to have had the privilege of starting an agency like the Carnegie Foundation, whose mission is constructive, not destructive.

Even in the gloom of the war tragedy across the seas, he has no regrets that he has contributed nearly fifteen millions of dollars to the cause of World Peace, which includes the Peace Palace at the Hague.

The benefactions that lie nearest to his heart are the four millions of dollars set aside for workmen's pensions, which was the first use he made of his surplus wealth, in acknowledgment of the deep debt that he owed to the workmen. The next was the Hero fund, to which over ten millions of dollars have been contributed, and which has made a permanent record of heroism that will be an inspiration for all time. The third was the privilege of presenting to his own birthplace a park in which the children might play, on a spot from which he was excluded and forbidden in youth. Around this beautiful glen at Dunfermline, cluster the mingled happy and sad memories of his early childhood.

* * * * *

Bronzed and ruddy as a north-sea sailor, Mr. Carnegie returned from his summer's outing off the coast of Maine, where he devoted himself to deep-sea fishing, and recovered from a siege of grippe. The little steamer bobbed about like a cork in the rolling deep. While all others aboard felt the squeamishness of sea-sickness, the ruddy "laird of Skibo" enjoyed every minute and was the first to throw out his line, and the last to pull in when the day's fishing was over. There was cod and haddock, schrod and hake a-plenty, when the bow of the little steamer pointed toward Bar Harbor in a glowing sunset off the rock-bound coast of Maine. One or two days were enjoyed in trout fishing, but that was too slow for the energetic young man of eighty years, who has been accustomed to keep things going.

His myriad of friends all over the world were delighted to know that on his eightieth birthday, hale and hearty, he was still in close touch with the activities of the times, and enjoying the sturdy good health that comes from a well-lived, active and temperate life. Perhaps no private citizen living in America today has been so closely associated with the prominent men and rulers of the various nations of the world as Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the sturdy Scotch lad who has exemplified in his career what an American citizen may accomplish in the span of a life-time.

The libraries he has given the world over; the help he has afforded to the educational interests of the country; the myriad of personal benefactions; the veritable millions of good deeds that he has accomplished, represent a career filled with honors all aglow with the serenity of mature years.

# James Whitcomb Riley's Birthday Party

### by the Editor

RARE indeed is it that a poet has lived to receive the tributes of love and admiration that have been accorded James Whitcomb Riley year by year on his recurring birthdays. He is in truth a prophet, having honor on his own native heath. On one thing the American people, including all political, racial and religious divisions, to say nothing of the people of Indiana, agree—that James Whitcomb Riley is America's beloved heart poet, the friend of all folks, whether in city, village, or country. He has ever touched the heart strings with never a strident or harsh note, and the sunset of his life is suffused with the love inspired by his own poems.

The celebration of Riley's birthday at Indianapolis, *Anno Domini* 1915, was an event of national import. Literary celebrities and public men of distinction came from all over the country to honor the beloved "Jim" of Hoosierdom. His natal day is the seventh of October, a day usually enhanced by the radiant and glorious sunshine of autumn, when we first feel the exhilarating tingle of the "frost on the punkin'," a phrase already immortalized. With the home folks he remains the same winsome Jim Riley, and the home on Lockerbie Street is not only a literary shrine of Indianapolis, but the abiding place of the poet with the Lincolnesque habitude and feeling, whose work is enshrined in the hearts of the "plain people."

Those present felt that it was the privilege of a lifetime to attend James Whitcomb Riley's birthday party. The President and members of his Cabinet, men famous in public affairs and prominent in business life, associates grown gray, many known in the literary world, and young people with budding poetic impulse, were included among those who showered upon Riley the personal greetings that came in the glow of birthday sunshine. Letters from children in all parts of the country proved that Riley has truly been the children's friend and poet. His big blue eyes were just as gentle as ever, and his voice still as resonant with anticipation as when he first proclaimed the youthful joy of going "Out to Old Aunt Mary's."

The Governor of Indiana had issued an

"JIMMY" RILEY, GOING ON SIX
The little lad, called "Bud" by his friends in the early days, was fond of books—even before he could read always had a "piece" to speak at school

WHERE RILEY LIVED AS A BOY

official proclamation declaring October 7 a holiday in the schools, and throughout the state special exercises were held for the pupils. It was a gala day at Indianapolis—as if another Vice-President were elected. At the theater in the afternoon the children held a party. The opening chorus, representing the "circus parade" by the children, was given with the real zest of youth. The program was interspersed with the pantomime that children love, with the association of the famous Russian dancer interpreting Riley poems with the rhythm and poetry of motion. The new songs were adapted to Riley's verse, and many elders lived over again "There! little girl; don't cry," "Her beautiful hands," "Man in the moon," and so on, covering the gamut of Riley verse. When the vagabond dance represented the "Raggedy Man," one could almost hear the words: "O the raggedy man! He works for pa; an' he's the goodest man ever you saw!" Little Orphant Annie was enacted most graphically, while the dancers represented the "gobble-uns" that "'ll git you ef you don't watch out!"

Almost hidden from view by the flowers, Mr. Riley sat in the box while the exercises proceeded that afternoon. As the audience turned to do him honor, he acted just like the modest Riley, as he was crowned the Abraham Lincoln of American poets.

It was arranged to have the audience rise and turn toward his box, singing "America" as a closing tribute, but the proposed demonstration was too much for the modest poet—when the time arrived to sing "America" it was found that Riley had gone.

* * *

The banquet in the evening was a feast of literary fellowship. Over the panels in the beautifully decorated dining room were quotations from Riley philosophy and Riley verse. There were flowers

flowers everywhere. The ice-cream was served in miniature pumpkins, but the frost was "in," instead of "on the punkin' " this time. The Hoosier bard was showered with good wishes and with congratulatory telegrams from all parts of the world.

When former Vice-President Fairbanks arose as toastmaster of the occasion which celebrated the sixty-sixth birthday of Riley, he insisted that this was an event memorable in the history of America. The speaker paid a glowing personal tribute to Riley, whom he hailed in person as the "poet king of Young America." His stirring address was most enthusiastically received. Governor Ralston, William Allen White, Young E. Allison, President Finley of the College of the City of New York, Senator Beveridge, George M. Harvey, George Ade and Senator Kern were among the speakers. The addresses all rang with the spirit of the happy occasion, and the afterglow of the birthday sunshine continued far into the night.

What a contrast in the sunset of the life of Riley to that of many poets in the past! He had lived to realize that his name and his work are immortal. During his birthday celebration the first book that he ever published was exhibited and looked upon with as much interest as if it had been a relic of Shakespeare's days. Even the prosaic bank sign which Mr. Riley painted in 1871 in his birth town of Greenfield had a suggestion of how Riley's touch has enhanced the value of everything with which he has come in contact. There was more verse printed in the newspapers of the country on Riley's birthday than in any one single day in the history of journalism.

* * *

The story of James Whitcomb Riley's life is almost as familiar to the people of his home state as that of Lincoln. The cradle that held the blue-eyed baby at Greenfield, Indiana, October 7, 1849, the year that gold was discovered in California, was rocked in a little log cabin, which boasted of a window with tiny square panes of glass. He was called Bud Riley in the early days, and was just a real boy.

PARADE OF SCHOOL CHILDREN PAST RILEY'S HOME ON HIS BIRTHDAY

"JIMMY" RILEY AND HIS MOTHER

The first investment he ever made was a copy of a book of poems, entitled "Divine Emblems." When he told the other boys that he had a poetry book, they challenged him to read it. He failed, but was supremely happy in the fact that he actually possessed the little volume, which indicated the birth of his genius and ambition.

What a treat it was to hear Riley tell about his first school teacher, a rosy little woman who might have played a part in a fairy story. She called her children "scholars"—they were not pupils in those days. The little lame boy in the class was the one who enabled her to teach tender sympathy to the other boys and girls. The picture of the little poet, "going on six," and his mother is one of the rare art treasures of Indiana. Every incident of his youth seems to have made a deep impression that helped him to preserve for literature not only the details, but the very feelings that come to every boy and girl. What grim humor there was in a letter received from one little boy who wrote: "Mr. Riley, I am glad to learn you are alive, because I thought all poets was dead."

There are many still living who will unite with Riley in his tribute to McGuffey's readers. It contained Dickens' story of the death of Little Nell, and young Riley pleaded to be excused when it was read, because it always made him cry. It was a later teacher, Captain Lee O. Harris, who "found out he was much different and humored it," and he says "tried to stamp mathematics and history into my head," but somehow dates and numbers and such things just marched out of his memory. "Speaking of figures," continued Mr. Riley in his droll way, "you know Bill Nye said when they were making me, they ran out of material to make figures in my head, and put in mayonnaise dressing. It was this teacher who encouraged Riley in reciting and reading, and exercised the privilege of a companion rather than that of an instructor to the gentle little boy who always had a "piece" to speak ready for the occasion.

* * *

The struggling days after leaving school brought back to Riley the scenes and incidents which have made his poems immortal. When he grew to be a man and had to work, he found he could do almost everything except make money. Strangers who met the genial, sociable young man were ready to hear his stories, but they never seemed to think he wanted to eat. All these years he was studying things out for himself, observing people and assimilating the wisdom of his own beloved home folk. The tide turned when he was almost discouraged. He sent some of his poems to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and received a kind and encouraging letter from the great poet, who was the first literary man to express the conviction that Riley's poems showed a true poetic faculty and insight.

Riley then began to write and write until he had a book which was called "The Old Swimmin'-Hole and 'Leven More Poems," an unpretentious volume with paper cover, but the entire edition was sold out and the profits figured up to $83.20. More books followed. This time they were dignified, with regular stiff cloth covers, and contained illustrations. They kept on selling and selling, because he had awakened the hearts of the American people, and made every human being think a little more of himself. For a long time Riley wrote verse under the *nom-de-plume* of Benj. F. Johnson, of Boone, and his work was even famous before his own name was recognized as that of a poet.

* * *

Guests at his birthday party could not have approached a throne with more reverence than they did the chair of Whitcomb Riley, surrounded with American Beauty roses. When he held out his hand and paid a tribute to the "Heart Throbs" books, you can realize there was one heart made happy. This book, compiled from the favorite poems or bits of verse sent in by fifty thousand people, proves conclusively that Riley comes first in the hearts of people—for he was easily the favorite of a great majority. The great blue eyes behind the familiar horn-rimmed glasses look out from a face as well known to the people as that of any public man, and his signature is as well known as that of a president. Many a distinguished banker would rather possess the simple autograph of Riley than that of many other famous men at the bottom of a good-sized check.

* * *

It occurred to me both at the theater and at the banquet that it would be fitting to have an evening with Riley on each recurring birthday, when the best-known readers in the country would gather together and each one recite at his best one of Riley's poems. What a rare privilege we all enjoyed when we heard James Whitcomb Riley recite his own poems! Who is there that will ever forget hearing from his lips "At Old Aunt Mary's" and "That Old Sweetheart of Mine"?

Well do I remember the last time I heard him in Boston at Tremont Temple, when he was introduced by the late Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." He held that large audience in breathless suspense as he recited his verses about the home folks down in the Hoosier State. Mrs. Howe remarked at the time that of all the notable literary gatherings she had ever attended, this was the only one where author, auditor, and reader were in such sympathetic accord. This tribute emphasized Riley's life-work. Whatever the position in life might be, or what the environment, he reduced the human equation to a common denomination, and dominated the incessant problems of life and living by the "heart impulse."

How fitting it is that the sunset of his days should be all aglow with the radiance created by the genius and spirit of his own verse! The Indiana people may claim him as a native son, but to America and the world at large belongs the name and fame of James Whitcomb Riley. He speaks a language that every heart can understand, and has given the printed page the freshness of the earth, sky and fields, with birds and flowers everywhere. He just makes us children again, so that we see things in the simple and direct manner of "a child again, just for tonight"—all possible through the magic of Riley's verse.

* * *

On a glorious autumn day following the birthday party, I visited the Hoosier poet again at his home on Lockerbie Street in Indianapolis. "Just gettin' over the birthday party," was one of his first greetings. When asked as to his feelings on the occasion of the various birthday celebrations of 1915, he said, "The emotion was indescribable. To be brought face to face with tributes from people all over the world, some of whom I never met, and wondering why this should all come to me, seemed like a dream. It made me feel very humble, and no one could ever know what it means until they meet it face to face." He insisted that upon this birthday extraordinary strength seemed to have been given him to enjoy all the festivities of that long day which would have taxed the endurance of the average man in his sturdy prime.

As we sat at his fireside, Mr. Riley, with a copy of a periodical in his lap, and his books and papers near at hand, made a picture that could never be forgotten. He began looking up at me searchingly from his familiar little chair, which seemed to me like the throne of a literary hero, as he remarked: "What a big, healthy lad you are"

"A rather mature lad at forty-eight," I protested. "This day has made complete a glorious and wonderful year of my life. Can you remember when you were forty-eight?"

"Joe," he said, narrowing his eyes reflectively, "do you know I never was forty-eight. I never was over twenty-six. That is why you young fellows must watch out. I never knew I was over twenty-six until four years ago, when this come upon me," he said, pointing to his disabled right arm. "Then I realized I had passed twenty-six, and it dawned upon me for the first time that you cannot stay the hand of Father Time."

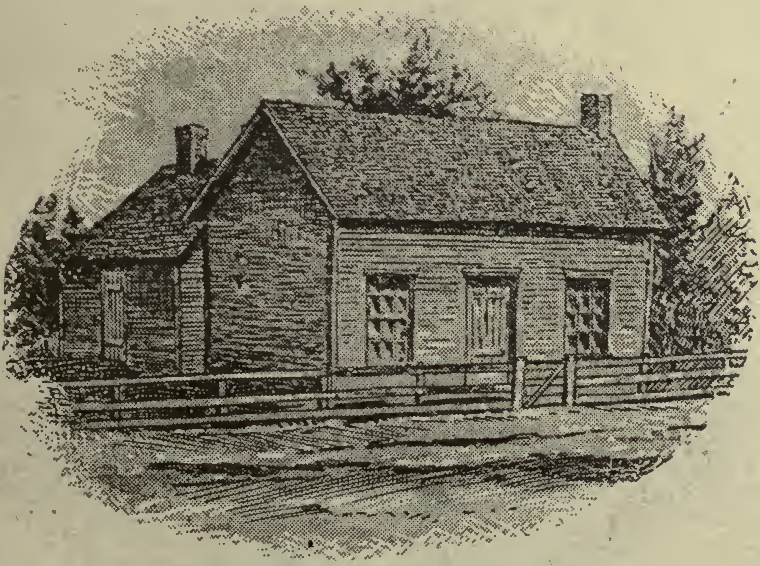
After a few serious words of admonition as to young men conserving their strength for their life work, he lapsed into the quaint and humorous manner peculiar to James Whitcomb Riley, and some of the stories told made him seem again a young man of twenty-six—with forceful words emphasizing some phrases that never appeared in his poems. Day after day came the letters and messages from friends—the aftermath of the birthday celebration, until the postman was growing stoop-shouldered. For Mr. Riley surely lives in the "house by the side of the road," and has truly been the "friend to man," portrayed by Sam Walter Foss.

Day by day he sends words of encouraging greeting to legions of young friends.

"You know," he said, "I'm just living in the same little charmed circle that I always lived in. Never went far from home. In my thoughts and affection are those small portions of the world which after all represent the whole of the world in feeling. I just keep on working and thinking. I have had a most happy life, and everyone has been good to me. Who could not feel good when everybody's good to you? You know, I am beginning to realize that this is a country filled with the spirit of youth, and yet do you realize that I actually knew four real living daughters of soldiers who served with George Washington? They did not all know they were Daughters of the Revolution until some relatives begun looking up the genealogical trees, and found their forebears had worn the buff and blue of the Continentals of 1779. It makes me feel that my life spans the history of the republic. To think that I have actually known the children of men who fought in the battles of the Revolution, and founded our glorious republic!"

The memory of this afternoon visit with James Whitcomb Riley, with my friend, Harry Harris, is one that will be recalled every time I hear or see a quotation from the work of America's poet laureate. The quiet, modest, gentle spirit that pervades his poems was felt in the room that afternoon. His eyes seemed to have a deeper glow when the horn spectacles were adjusted, and he continued to tell in a droll way stories of 'Gene Field and Bill Nye. He had been reading of the latest news of the day, and commented with enlivened interest on all important national and world events. Within the confines of his simple home, he is in close touch with the activities of the times. In fact, he insists that time passes so quickly and pleasantly these days that he seldom consults the watch which hangs on a delicate chain, to tell him of the passing hour. The one event he looks forward to every day, with the eager zest of a schoolboy awaiting the hour of recess, is when the time arrives for a drive in the morning, and in the afternoon, among the fields where the fodder is still "in the shock," or around the streets of his beloved Indianapolis, which he has seen grow almost from a village to a metropolis. On these drives, the same sparkle of interest glows in his eyes as in the other days when he mingled among his playmates, observing those things that everybody feels, but which no one seems to be able to write about and fully express but the beloved Riley.

The warm autumn sun suffused the fields and the scenes portrayed in his poems, and shed its kindly light upon the radiant features of "friend, guide and philosopher," the Sir Greatheart of childhood's fancy; of youth's vision; and of maturity's cheer—in a glow that made memorable the day "when Jim was born."



BIRTHPLACE OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

# Training the Trooper

by

## Mrs. George F. Richards

DOWN the great field came the 5th Cavalry—hundreds of men and horses charging at full speed. Passing within ten feet of where I stood they took the high jump, cleared the brush hurdle, and disappeared in the distance.

A little to the left of me, but not a hundred feet away, the 3d Field Artillery was lined up for action. There was a deafening roar, and for a minute I felt as if I had been struck with something—just a bit dazed and unsteady. Then the drill at Fort Myer was over and only the smoke and dust told of the cavalry charge and the firing line.

In studying some of the phases of national defence in and about Washington, my tenderfoot eyes have been opened to many things. I have looked down the throats of great guns; witnessed military and naval drills at Fort Myer and Annapolis and the evolutions of the marines. I have watched the work at the immense gun factory at the Washington Navy Yard. But that special drill at Fort Myer—so early in the day that the sun was just breaking through the morning mist—was by far the most inspiring. Out there in the midst of broad acres I stood, with men who had seen active service all around me. The colors, standards, boom of cannon and cavalry charge were tremendously impressive.

Although I was there to get facts and photographs, and not to imbibe patriotism,

A SKIRMISH LINE OF CAVALRY
Troopers have dismounted and fire while concealed by long grass

THE FIFTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY—COLONEL W. E. WILDER COMMANDING

yet as I tramped those dusty fields, I, too, longed to "carry the colors" and shout with the charging troopers.

In these stirring days when war is rampant on land and sea, we hear frequent quotations of Washington's speech in which he said, "If we desire to secure peace, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war." In his report last year said Secretary of War Garrison, "Neglecting to provide ourselves with the necessary means of self-defence would, in my view, be unthinkable folly," and this year the Secretary is advocating an increase in the army that will bring it to a point adequate for the country's defence. Senator John Wingate Weeks of Massachusetts, who will be New England's

BATTERY READY FOR ACTION

candidate for the Presidency at the Republican National Convention, is a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis and a firm believer in the value of military training.' Senator Weeks has advocated an increase in the number of cadets at West Point and an increase of troops at garrisons, and very recently said, "While I am not an extremist, I advocate a sane preparation—one that will ensure us continued peace, regardless of the outcome of the European war."

MAJOR-GENERAL HUGH L. SCOTT
Chief of General Staff, Department of War

In connection with preparedness, the present system of training army and navy is brought into the foreground.

While watching the cavalry drill I realized that it is the cavalry that must often bear the brunt of the first encounter in warfare on land. Not only are they on border duty, but they travel faster than infantry. And in the case of Mexican intervention, the lay of the land would require cavalry work. Now a raw recruit cannot ride a plunging horse and fight at the same time. He must be specially trained for that arm of the service.

Fort Myer, Virginia, is just across the Potomac from the city of Washington. The routine work of that post, with its thousand officers and men, affords a fine demonstration of how the cavalry and artillery service of the United States is trained and kept in the pink of condition, ready at all times to meet any emergency that may arise. Colonel W. E. Wilder, of the 5th Cavalry, is now commander of the post.

Under a system of rigorous discipline, troopers spend very nearly all their waking hours in saddle. The training is such that they can be handled quickly and without confusion under all conditions. They are active and alert out-of-door men, who do real work every day. Vigorous and forceful, they are prepared to accept the fortune of war in whatever form it comes. Maybe they will be called out for Indian or Mexican duty, where the work includes rough riding in the fullest sense, and man and horse must work as a unit overcoming all barriers that obstruct the path. Is it a high cliff or bank? They must scale it. Is it a river? They must ford it. Is it a tangled mass of barbed wire and high brush? They must clear it at a jump. They must dismount and fire from a skirmish line, half hidden in the tall grass, then mount while at full speed. Bareback or saddle—it's all the same to them. And to me the phrase to "ride like a trooper" now has a new meaning. The horses are supple and wonderfully trained. They know every signal and motion and are keen and alive from foretop to fetlock. The drills of both cavalry and artillery are marvels of smoothness and precision. The battery went through intricate movements, halted, came into line, unlimbered and made ready for action without a trace of confusion. The cavalry gave a splendid exhibition of military equitation.

There is an immense amount of daily routine work in garrison life. To keep pace with the ever-changing methods of warfare requires constant study and demonstration work. Military history, international law, rules of warfare, scout, field, and patrol duty, construction of trenches, expert riding, the breaking, care and shoeing of horses, the care of equipment, use of sabre, pistol and rifle, engineering, aviation, how to select camp sites, sanitary laws, how to cook at least marching rations, the use of manikins in practice with arms, how to obey and how to command, are but a part of the essentials of army life that are included in post training and instruction, suited to whatever arm of the service is represented at the garrison. At Fort Myer there are no infantry. Cavalry must also be trained in all duties that devolve on infantry.

There is no chance for a man in a garrison to evade or shirk. Military precision marks every move. The men are kept in fighting trim, for all realize that experience and discipline is the keynote of military efficiency. Character, courage, proficiency and discipline must be developed to a point where officers and men become perfect fighting machines, and will meet unflinchingly any service they are called upon to perform.

The troops at Fort Myer are mostly long-service men and know what actual warfare means. The 5th Cavalry took an active part during the Philippine insurrection and many of the 3d Artillery were in the thickest of the fray during the Spanish War.

THE THIRD FIELD BATTERY IN LINE

In addition to field training and indoor drills, the troops at Fort Myer are trained to long marches and assist at militia training camps. On a march that covers but a few days the troops bivouac for a single night only, and merely establish a shelter camp. In that case each man carries with him on his horse all that is needed on the march. The little tents—scarcely big enough to cover a man—are called dog tents or pup tents by the men. They afford the simplest sort of shelter possible and are shared by two troopers, each "bunkie" carrying one half of the tent, which fastens together at the top when in use. Cavalry men on the march—for it is called a march even though everybody rides—carry three days' rations, a change of underwear, a blanket, mess kit, saber, pistol and a rain coat known as a "slicker." There must also be a couple of horseshoes and the nails, so a trooper can shoe his horse if necessary while on the road. When camp is made, the two "bunkies" set up their little dog-tent, slip themselves into their slickers, roll in a blanket and sleep on the ground. The simple life? Back to Nature? Most decidedly so, but hardly of an *edition de luxe* variety! In the morning, each man opens his mess kit, cooks a part of his rations, cares for his horse, breaks camp, and moves on to the next bivouac or to the permanent camp which marks the end of the march, and where he will find waiting larger tents and a camp cook.

There are three sorts of army rations. The garrison ration and the field ration, while not alike, are each abundant and prepared by camp cooks. Marching rations consist of a three-days' supply of hard-tack, bacon and coffee, a combination that gives the men marching and fighting strength in the lightest and most compact form that has yet been known to the army.

* * *

One very important branch of cavalry training is scout work, for that is the one part of the service where a man may use his own judgment after receiving general instructions. On all others he implicitly obeys his superior officer. A scout, when on duty, is absolutely free and untrammeled. It's a case of every man for himself and he cannot be hampered by any responsibility except that of taking care of himself and accomplishing the purpose for which he was detailed. A scout must be courageous, resourceful and self-reliant, for he works alone in the enemy's country. He must have some knowledge of astronomy, for the stars by night may be his only guide. He must train his powers of observation to the keenest point, for his commander relies on him for knowledge of the strength, location and movements of the enemy, and safety and success may depend on the accuracy of his report. He must know the rules of warfare and be

SCOUT IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY, SEEING BUT UNSEEN alert to danger—for he stands by himself. He must often follow a blind trail and must let nothing escape his notice. Above all, he must avoid detection and steal unobserved into the enemy's ground. His one great mission is to get information of the enemy's movements without his own presence being suspected. He must act as adroitly and secretly as if he were a prisoner trying to escape. He must see everything—but not be seen. He is never in the open except when forced to cross from one hiding place to another. 'Tis from behind a shield of trees or underbrush that he listens and watches. It is hazardous and thrilling work, and when accomplished the scout returns to his own camp and makes his report to his commanding officer, proud of his well-earned laurels.

RETURN OF THE SCOUT BRINGING NEWS FROM THE FRONT

* * *

Fort Myer is at the entrance of the National Cemetery at Arlington and troops of the garrison act as escort at military funerals. Once seen, the solemn ceremony is never quite forgotten. I chanced to be at the garrison a few weeks ago when the burial of a Brigadier-General took place with full military honors. When the funeral cortège entered the military reservation, cannon boomed out a solemn announcement of the approach. Distant strains of a grand dirge came faintly up from the valley below and mingled with the salute fired by the battery at stated intervals. Nearer and nearer it came, until down the broad avenue under trees brilliant in autumn foliage, the funeral cortège broke into view. It was led by the mounted band and hundreds of cavalry and artillerymen on finely caparisoned horses. At the gate of the cemetery a halt was made and the great military escort spread out into a semi-circle. In the background was the row of cannon from which the salute had been fired, the smoke still rising in soft curling clouds. The band played an impressive military dirge. The glittering tips of four hundred sabres pointed skyward in the sunlight as the cavalry stood at attention, man and horse alike immovable, while the caisson bearing the flag-draped casket passed through the gates of Arlington, preceded by a platoon from the garrison which was to fire the last volley. The simple committal service became at once dramatic. At the close three volleys were fired over the grave; the clear notes of a bugle sounded "Taps." Then followed a moment of stillness that was inexpressively profound, and the solemn ceremony was ended.

But there are no sombre trappings of woe in a military funeral. In their place is a glitter of gold lace and brilliant uniform; the flash of sabre and sound of martial music. And the Stars and Stripes blot out the gloom and give a patriotic splendor to the scene.

* * *

A soldier's day is from the first note of reveille to the last note of retreat. In the gray light of daybreak the bugle calls him from sleep. From that moment until retreat sounds at sunset the day is one of strict routine and discipline.

A rough outline of a routine day at Fort Myer is: Rise, roll-call, breakfast, groom horses, fall in line for drill, which lasts several hours or until time for the noonday dinner. For the afternoon there are various designated duties for officers and men, which may include attendance at lectures, or demonstration work, board meetings, court martials, training for extra drills, attendance at military funerals and other services, either obligatory or voluntary. At sunset again comes roll-call, followed by one of the most impressive ceremonies of the day.

The troops assemble facing the colors; the band plays the "Star Spangled Banner" as the colors are slowly lowered, every man standing at attention till they reach the ground. The sunset gun booms across the field; the bugle sounds retreat, and the garrison work day is over.

The strenuous routine and spirit of patriotism that pervades post life teaches reverence for the flag as nothing else could do. To the man on the outside the flag means much, but to the trained man of the army it is his *colors!* He will live for it or die for it as needs be—and he will do it unquestioningly!

* * *

And so it is "They bend the bow and make ready the arrows within the quiver."

OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT FORT MYER
THE HOSPITAL AT THE GARRISON
QUARTERS OF THE POST COMMANDER

*(Photographs, except that of General Scott, by the author)*

# Judge Koons

By

## Russell Kelso Carter

(CONTINUED)

*SYNOPSIS: After graduating from boarding school, Mildred Playfair returns to her home at Gotes Corners, where her uncle, Caleb Koons, has his law office. She is thrown much in the society of a young minister, Robert Hamilton, with whom she is in love, but another man, Fordham Riggs, is determined to win her hand, and he views her friendship with Hamilton with disfavor. The Judge does not trust Riggs, and decides to watch him closely.*

## CHAPTER V

FOR a few days, Rev. Robert Hamilton left Gotes Corners and when at home, entertained his mother with an account of his visit. That good lady was much interested in all he had to relate, delighted to hear so good a report of little Mildred, and warmly eulogistic of the friends she had known so well during her former residence at the Corners. Of the Judge she said:

"I believe, Robert, that his match cannot be found in the whole land. He is so really wise, so true and so good at heart. I am glad to have you meet him always, for he always gives you something to bring home with you."

"He is one of the best friends we have in this world, mother," replied her son. "I wish we could see more of him. I must get him to come over and visit us, and persuade him to speak to my people, like he did at Rattlesburg, that time he talked about Samson."

Mrs. Hamilton's handsome face glowed with interest as she listened to Robert's relation of the Judge's latest tales.

"I declare, mother," said Robert, "you look uncommonly pretty today. I am quite proud of my young mamma."

The lady patted her son on the head, but was evidently pleased at the compliment. She was not quite fifty years old, and did not look that by several years, and now, at thirty-three, Robert found her constantly taken for his sister. She was a sensible woman, had taken trouble lightly, and been blessed with perfect health. Her husband, Robert's father, died when the boy was ten years old, and Martha Hamilton had for several years supported the child and herself by teaching school. Just before Robert's majority an uncle on her mother's side died and left her a small competence, and when her boy entered the ministry, his mother became his chief assistant and wisest counsellor. Judge Koons' keen eye early detected the character of the matron, and he once said to Robert:

"Take good care of that mother of yourn, my boy; she's a powerful help to you. A real clear-headed mother's about one of the biggest blessings to be found in this world, an' that one of yourn's as sensible as she is good looking."

A compliment which, when Robert repeated it to the lady in question, brought an unusually deep color to her cheek, for she valued the Judge's opinion immensely.

* * *

"What d'ye make of that Riggs chap, Jimmy?" asked the Judge, a few days later.

"I can't make anything of him, sir," replied the clerk.

"I've been watching him all I could, but he seems all right. Rather think he's stuck on Miss Mildred. He was very attentive to her at the Sunday-school picnic last Wednesday."

"Hoo!" snorted the Judge, compressing his lips. "How did he act, Jimmy, anyways too fresh?"

"No, sir. He was as polite as a Frenchman whenever I saw him. The girls generally think he's about the top of the heap. He is smart, I believe."

This was high praise for Jimmy Long, and the Judge set it down at its value. But he seemed troubled, and when he went home to the big house to dinner he watched little Mildred more than usual. Following her into the garden at the close of the meal, the Judge said carelessly:

"How d'ye like the new man, my dear?"

"You mean Mr. Riggs, Uncle? I don't like him," and Mildred shook her "crimped sunshine" slowly from side to side.

"That's right, sweetheart. I don't like him either."

* * *

When her uncle had gone, Mildred gazed after him thoughtfully, wondering why he was interested in her opinion of Mr. Riggs. But she could not solve the problem, and the arrival of Robert Hamilton for another tennis lesson speedily diverted her mind.

Robert had been devoting himself to the game, and unknown to the girl had taken lessons from another—the best player in the neighboring college town of Worthington, where was situated Hamilton's church. He was determined to acquire the skill necessary to beat the girl, for his pride had been touched, and he called up all his old college athletics and set himself to win. After a set or two had been played, Mildred said warmly:

"How you have improved! I declare it takes all I can do to keep you down. You certainly are a good scholar, sir."

"Who could be otherwise with such a teacher," he replied gallantly. "You call out all there is in me, Mildred."

"Do I?" (Her face showed her pleasure.) "That is very nice indeed."

When Hamilton was serving, in the next game, he brought into play a stroke he had learned at Worthington, and to Mildred's astonishment, won the game and the set. With redoubled energy the girl strove to regain her lead, and partly from her efforts and partly because Hamilton really refrained from using all his powers, won at last, and threw down her racket, tired out.

"That will do for today," she panted. "I am used up. If you keep on improving at this rate I will have to work to beat you; but I am determined to do it; I give you warning."

She looked so pretty, lying there on the greensward, her "sunshine" flying round her heated neck. Hamilton dropped down near her and gazed a moment in silence. At length he said quietly:

"You are very lovely, Mildred."

She sat up straight and put both hands to her face.

"Oh! you mustn't say such things to me."

"I must not; why?"

"No, you must not, unless—unless you really mean it," she ended lamely.

"But I mean it, of course. Why should you think so poorly of me, little girl?"

He regarded her curiously.

"I don't. Forgive me, please; but somehow it all seems so queer, you know. No you don't know either. I must be a trifle 'off' this afternoon. You will excuse me, I am sure."

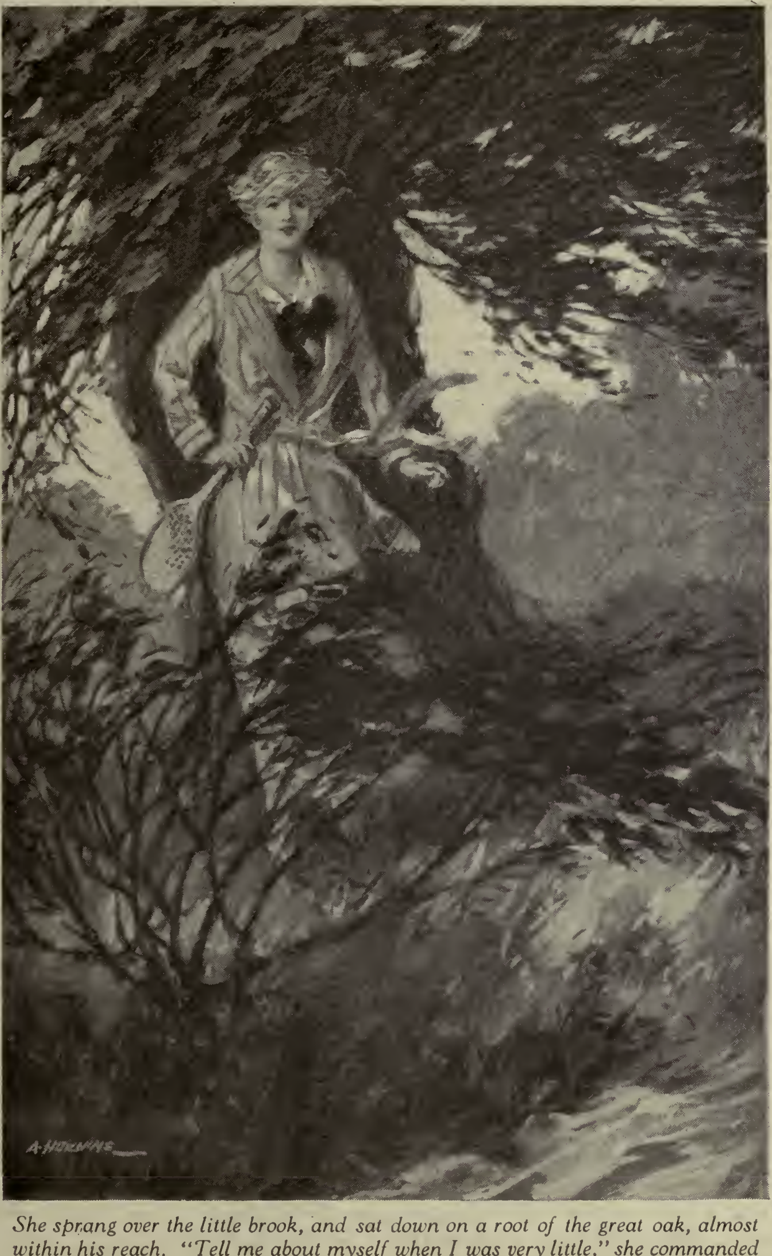
She was really confused, and he saw no reason for it. All the more her confusion pleased him. He ventured in another direction.

"You have never explained to me about your old sayings, Mildred. Can you not remember when you told me so very earnestly that—"

"Now I am not going to talk of my childish foolishness," she cried, bounding to her feet. "I am so hot. Do let us go to the Indian spring, it is so shady and cool there."

"With all my heart," responded Hamilton, rising at once.

They strolled across the fields, and soon sat beneath the great oak at the spring. Robert said not one word even hinting at the former subject, feeling sure that, if she wished to speak of it, the girl would herself make some allusion.



*She sprang over the little brook, and sat down on a root of the great oak, almost within his reach. "Tell me about myself when I was very little," she commanded*

Nor was he disappointed.

"I am not a bit like that spring today," said Mildred, after they had talked for half an hour. "It is so clear and true, and I feel horrid and false."

"You false! that is impossible," said Hamilton, quietly.

"Oh you are always saying nice things to me; but why should not I be false, as well as some people?"

"Because you cannot do it. Truth is your nature."

"You seem bent on complimenting me this afternoon. Can't you say something real disagreeable for a change?"

"I tried that once a while ago, and you ordered me not to repeat it."

"I did not say it was disagreeable; you know I did not," she protested, looking at him with a suggestion of roguishness in her eyes.

"Oh, then if it was not disagreeable, it would not answer at present," returned Hamilton. "I am to say something real disagreeable now, you know."

"I don't believe you can," she said frankly.

"Not to you, I confess, that is not intentionally."

"Why not to me?" she dared.

"Because—well just because."

"Oh, that's a woman's reason. You cannot hide behind that."

She shook her pretty finger at him, almost touching his cheek.

"Do you really wish to know?" he asked, looking straight at her. She sprang up and stepped over the little stream, stooping to pick a daisy.

"Not just now," she said in a low voice.

"How delightfully inconsistent you are," he cried, tossing a tennis ball at her across the brook.

She caught the ball, and threw it at him straight as an arrow. He made no attempt to avoid it or to catch it, and it struck hard on his breast.

"Oh! I didn't mean to hurt you," she exclaimed.

"A tennis ball cannot hurt," he said, smilingly. "But, Mildred, did you see where it struck?"

He rubbed his hand just over his heart. Her eyes followed the gesture, and she blushed a trifle, but said, with a short laugh: "I didn't aim at any particular spot, I assure you."

"All the more it shows how anything from you naturally gravitates here," he said, touching the region of the heart again.

"I see you are determined to be foolish. Can't you talk of something more interesting?"

"Not easily," he replied. "I think you are really more interested in this than in anything else at present."

She looked at him steadily.

"Are you joking, as usual?"

"I never joke with you."

"Don't you honestly?"

"Never."

"Then do you mean to say you have been serious in saying all those nice, pretty things to me?"

"Most serious. Why not?"

"I don't know. It all seems so queer."

"I see nothing queer about it," protested Hamilton; "it seems perfectly natural to me. Haven't I known you all your life? Haven't I?"

"No," she interrupted, "you have only known me a few weeks. I was a child when you knew me before."

* * *

She sprang over the little brook, and sat down on a root of the great oak, almost within his reach.

"Tell me about myself when I was very little," she commanded.

He obeyed quietly, and related many incidents, some of which she partly remembered. He spoke of her sweet, confidential ways, of her frank utterances, and she did not check him. She watched him closely, with apparent interest in all he told. Occasionally she laughed at some innocent prank of which she had no recollection. Gradually she settled down on the grass beside the root, resting one arm lightly upon it, and playing with a spray of golden rod absently. Again he touched on her little confidential speeches, but she showed no alarm. He hesitated.

"Tell me more," she said, looking at him bewitchingly.

He had risen, shaking and stretching himself, for he felt cramped.

"May I sit down by you?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed; that is, if you will tell me more. Sit down right here," and she indicated the other side of the big root. "It is so nice to hear you tell me those things," she said sweetly.

He took the seat pointed out, leaning against the tree, only the big root between them. Her pretty right hand and arm lay on the root, a little sunburned, but finely molded in every line. Suddenly he reached out and took the hand in his.

There was no resistance.

"You used to come and put your hand in mine like this," he said, "and then tell me many interesting things. Do you remember?"

"Only a little," she replied, glancing up at him a moment.

"Let's play it all over again. only—only—now you must tell me interesting things."

She cuddled her little hand in his, and nestled closer to him across the big root. Hamilton felt the time had come. A wave of purest love for this fair child of innocence swept over him, and he opened his lips to speak of her promise, and of his wish to claim its fulfillment; but a sudden crackling in the underbrush behind the curve of the hill startled them, and instinctively the girl drew away and seized her racket. A form appeared through the bushes, and Hamilton, grasping his own racket, rose leisurely, and, pointing to the net they had stretched there upon another occasion, said:

"Shall we finish that set, Mildred?"

"Yes," she replied, "we will see which can beat in one more game anyhow."

As Mr. Fordham Riggs comprehended the situation there was nothing in it but an ordinary game of tennis between a rather good-looking man and a very pretty girl. He bowed with graceful politeness; was, of course, introduced to Hamilton, and sat smoking as he watched the game, volunteering some little advice or caution now and then. He sided with the lady, and when she won the game, after some sharp playing, his praise of her skill was genuine and warm. But the girl gave him little heed.

"What was the score, Robert?" she asked, with a little ring in her voice.

Mentally Mr. Riggs said, "Oh, they are familiar. She calls him 'Robert.' "

Hamilton felt gratified at her use of his name before the stranger, but gave no sign.

"It was 'vantage out,' " he said, "but now it is—"

"Deuce!" exclaimed Mr. Riggs.

"Exactly," said Hamilton.

"Come, let us go home," said Mildred. "Good evening, Mr. Riggs."

The gentlemen bowed to each other, and Mr. Riggs watched the two as they strolled across the fields towards the big house. An envious light was in his eyes, and he twisted his mustache fiercely.

"I'll do my best to spoil that pie," he muttered.

## Chapter VI

"There's one bad thing about little sins," remarked Judge Koons to Jimmy.

"What's that, Judge?"

"They won't stay little. When a feller starts to do wrong he's on a steep downgrade, an' there's no tellin' when he'll have on more steam than he knew was in the box. If a man could just do one little act of sin an' never go no further, it might be different; but when a chap gets to blinkin' at a wrong thing it ain't very long before he's as blind as a bat. It don't look wrong to him any more; looks right t'other way often enough. That's the way in this world. Thing is sure crooked; all out of fix. Look how a lie just rolls down hill, but the truth has to climb back again slow 'sif it was full of rheumatiz."

"What's been going wrong, Judge?" asked Jimmy, who was satisfied something was wrong when his employer made such remarks.

"Were you over at Rattlesburg yesterday?"

"Yes, why?"

"Oh, nothing, sir, only I notice when you go there you most always talk about some kind of sin or corruption the next day."

"Good fer you, Jimmy. I like to see a young man use his faculties. Lots of trouble in this world comes from the green pups chasin' the rabbits the wrong way. They're sure they've got the scent, but ain't had experience enough to tell 'em they ain't after the real rabbit. So there they go, yelpin' along the trail like mad, makin' a heap of fuss, all to no account. Yes, sir; I generally find somethin' or other at the county town to start me thinkin' of the rascality of the race."

Robert Hamilton had slipped into the office while the Judge was speaking and now remarked:

"You certainly have the gift of common sense, Judge, not to speak of many others."

"Now, Robert, stop right there," exclaimed the worthy Judge, his broad face flushing. "I don't pretend to know everything; fact is, it keeps me busy tryin' to see what I don't know, an' to help other folks see the same. But I'm glad you came in. I want to ask if you or Jimmy here have heard or seen anything particular about this Fordham Riggs the past week?"

Hamilton reminded the Judge that he did not live at the Corners, and declared his ignorance of Riggs' actions in every way. But Jimmy said:

"I know he went over to Rattlesburg twice, and I think it was about some real estate matter."

"Hm! Is that all?" queried the Judge.

"Yes, sir, that is all."

"Well, I want you both to hear and see all you can, and let me know. I've got reasons fer wantin' to trail that chap a little just now. Never mind what; I ain't goin' to say anything till I'm sure of my ground. Only keep your eyes open."

## Chapter VII

Hamilton was keenly disappointed when the Judge told him Mildred had gone away for a short visit. When he learned that she was with his old friends, Ernest and Marian Stirling, he was deeply interested, hoping soon to hear from them when Mildred returned. They were living in the metropolis, something less than a hundred miles away, very happy together, and very busy with various good works. Hamilton had never lost his comrade's love for Ernest; and for Marian, whom he had once so profoundly worshipped, he felt the sincerest regard. That Mildred should have gone to be with them just now seemed singular to him, and he smiled as he thought of the changes time and circumstances make even in the most sacred emotions of the heart. But he was much disappointed not to see Mildred, for he had run over from Worthington determined to finish the conversation interrupted so disagreeably by the advent of Mr. Riggs. Curiously he remembered the termination of the tennis game, and repeated the word again to himself—"deuce." He could not help wondering why the Judge seemed so much interested in Riggs, but that gentleman kept his counsel, and Hamilton forebore to question him. After a comfortable talk with the Judge he returned home again, promising himself another visit as soon as Mildred was once more in the "big house."

But here again he was doomed to disappointment. Mildred protracted her stay, and the only satisfaction Hamilton could obtain was by writing her a letter, This he did, but purposely refrained from speaking all his mind, reserving that for a personal interview. He wrote a frank, kind, brotherly letter, not so much for what he himself said, as in the hope that Mildred might say something significant in a possible reply. There was not a word in his epistle which she might not read to their friends, and he never made the slightest allusion to the subject of Riggs' interruption, save to say that he hoped for another opportunity to finish the game at the old court at the Indian spring.

"That stands at 'deuce,' you know," he wrote, "and that means anything or nothing."

In a few days he received a reply, his first letter from "little Mildred." It was well written, on the daintiest paper, full of news of his friends, and quite as frank as he had hoped. She called him "dear Robert," and spoke directly of her regret at not seeing him at home, as she had heard of his visit to the Corners. Among other things she said:

"I think Miss Marian (I still call her so, you know) is the sweetest woman anywhere. And she is perfectly devoted to Mr. Stirling. He is just grand, so handsome and so good. I know you will be glad to hear that Mr. Stirling's boy is visiting him for a time. He is a fine little fellow, and seems to love his father dearly. And then they have the dearest, sweetest, cutest baby, seven months old. Miss Marian calls him Ernest, but his father will call him nothing but 'the Judge,' for he declares that the child looks like Uncle, and hopes he will be as wise and helpful to others as Uncle has been. He often says he and his wife owe more to Judge Koons than to all the rest of the world put together. I wrote that to Uncle and the dear soul replied that I mustn't say such things, that I made him blush till he was afraid he might turn the paper red as he was writing on it. 'But that don't matter,' he wrote, 'for it'll be read all right when you get it.' Isn't he dear? . . . Miss Marian and Mr. Stirling both say lots of nice things about you, but not any more than is true. Mr. Stirling said yesterday after tea, 'Robert Hamilton is the truest man all through I ever knew; he is as fine and as strong as steel.' I could have just hugged him for it. And then Miss Marian said she thought in her husband and you and Uncle she had for her friends the three best men in all the world. Well, I tell you, I did hug her good and tight, and kissed her, too, for that speech. She is just lovely.

"I haven't forgotten the game at the spring. That old court came in very nicely, didn't it? I was out of patience with that Mr. Riggs when he came in and spoiled our lovely time. But I'll be home soon, and then you can finish; I mean we can finish the game. It was 'deuce' you know.

Your Little Mildred."

* * *

Robert Hamilton composed several letters in reply, but burned them all in the stove. Somehow he could not spoil the prospective pleasure of speaking what he wanted to say face to face. In the third epistle he scribbled when alone in his study:

"I am sure Ernest would not have objected in the least if you had hugged him 'good and tight' and kissed him also. I am sure I would not object to such treatment were I only so fortunate as to be in his place. . . . As to that 'deuce' game, I have wanted to say, 'The deuce take Mr. Riggs' more than a hundred times since that afternoon. It is a great pleasure, a very great pleasure, to recall those little sayings of yours, and I shall try to remember all I possibly can when we next meet at the spring."

He thought these replies were quite clever, but somehow they were not clever enough. He was growing critical with himself. "I will wait till we meet," he said.

Two days after he was suddenly called as one of a Church committee to go to Chicago, where he was kept two weeks.

While he was away a great deal happened; enough to turn the tides and threaten the peace of several lives. And when at last he impatiently started for home, the winds were contrary again, and he was caught in the very maelstrom itself.

Mildred Playfair finished her visit with the Stirlings, and they proposed to take her home all the hundred miles in their handsome touring car. It was the first opportunity she had ever enjoyed of taking so long an excursion in an auto, and she enjoyed every mile of the way most heartily, especially as she promised herself and family so much happiness from this unexpected visit of the Stirlings.

About ten miles from Gotes Corners, and not far from the college town of Worthington, their road wound round the crest of a high hill, above a picturesque creek, and overlooking quite a stretch of country. While running at considerable speed, the machine became uncontrollable, and in an instant the ladies saw that neither Ernest nor his chauffeur could stop the engine. The steering gear worked with difficulty, and it was only by tremendous exertions that several curves were passed in safety. Just before them was a more abrupt turn, on the brow of a cliff some fifty feet in height, and Mr. Stirling's heart failed, for he well remembered the road. The men had shouted for help to several farmers and others in the way, not knowing just how help could reach them, but hoping something might develop.

Suddenly they heard behind them the furious clatter of hoofs, and Mildred, glancing around, saw a horseman speeding after them like the wind. In a few moments he neared the car, just as the chauffeur was nerving himself for the dangerous turn a few hundred feet ahead. Leaning from his saddle, with the ease of an accomplished western horseman, the rider caught up a stout oaken wagon stave which some negligent farmer had dropped in the road. As he did so, Mildred flashed another glance backward and saw that he was

Fordham Riggs. Remembering that he had the reputation of remarkable skill in the saddle, and cheered by the sight of a familiar face, she waved her hand to him and shouted for help. He answered with a shout, and in a moment dashed alongside the vehicle, between it and the dangerous cliff, and next to Mildred. This was the "off" or right side of the machine, the chauffeur being in front of Mildred. Leaning over, the horseman handed the wagon stave to Ernest, across the chauffeur's breast, and shouted:

"Put that in the spokes of your near wheel, and throw the auto up the slope, quick!"

Seeing that Mr. Stirling comprehended the idea, Riggs dropped back a few feet, and then, just as Ernest boldly plunged the stave into the forewheel, he leaned from his saddle again, and threw his left arm about Mildred, and drew her to him upon the horse. In the same instant the wheel broke and buckled, the axle end hit the ground on the uphill side, and the big machine naturally turned towards the slope and away from the cliff, made two or three jarring leaps, and came to a stop a few feet from the road at an upward angle of some twenty degrees. The speed had not been great enough to send everybody flying through the air, and on this fact Riggs had fully counted. As it was, the shock threw Ernest over the dasher and landed him in a heap on the hillside. The chauffeur clung to his steering wheel, and thereby escaped a similar flight, and the rather high back to the front seat caught Marian Stirling as she plunged forward, thus saving her from being thrown out.

* * *

Fordham Riggs' brilliant rescue would have turned out a perfect success in every detail had it not been for the fact that the swing of the machine, as it turned up the hill, brought the hind tire against the horse's left leg, and caused him to slip on the brink of the cliff. The noble beast struggled bravely to keep up, but Riggs felt him going, and with instant resolve flung Mildred from him on a bit of turf that lay just between the roadway and the dangerous edge. The very effort to accomplish this helped to push him and the horse over by the principle of reaction, and, as the frightened occupants of the auto looked up from their own situation, they caught sight of their rescuer tumbling over the edge, and the horse, with a wild scream, vanishing down the steep declivity.

The chauffeur, with a contusion on the head that almost stunned him, was unable to move, but Ernest, in spite of a severely strained arm caused by the wrench of the stave as it was caught by the whirling spokes, sprang to his feet and rushed across the road. He was just in time to save Riggs—who had managed to catch hold of a little scrubby pine—from falling after the horse. With his uninjured hand Ernest assisted him to regain the roadway, and then both turned to the ladies.

Mildred was very much frightened and nervous, but positively without a scratch. Mrs. Stirling's shoulder was bruised from the impact with the back of the seat, and when the chauffeur had rubbed his head vigorously for a while, he protested he was all right. Riggs said nothing about himself, and it was not till Mildred turned to thank him that she noticed he was deadly pale.

"I believe Mr. Riggs is badly hurt," she cried.

Riggs tried to protest, but he was compelled to sit down on the ground and support himself against a rock.

"I don't think I am hurt," he said faintly. "I have not been practising those riding tricks for a long time, and perhaps I strained myself a little. Don't worry, please. It will be right, I am sure."

But whatever it was, he was unable to rise, and the task of securing help fell to the others. The chauffeur set out across the fields to the nearest farmhouse, and in about half an hour returned with a large farm wagon, in the bed of which had been placed a lot of hay, very much as arranged for a frolicsome "straw ride." Two stout horses drew this conveyance, and the owner, stimulated by the promise of a round fee for his services, did his best to carry the party to Gotes Corners as comfortably as possible, leaving the wrecked auto on the hill, and the dead horse lying at the bottom of the cliff.

"I am so very sorry for that poor horse," sobbed Mildred, as they left the scene of the accident. "What would have happened without him?"

"He was a grand fellow," said Riggs, as he lay in the straw. "I never had his equal."

The others were about to thank him for his efforts in their behalf, but he grew very white, and closed his eyes, and Ernest signed for silence. When the party reached the Corners they drove first to the house where Mr. Riggs boarded, and saw him safely on his bed, and the doctor at his side before they went to the "big house." The doctor made a careful examination, and said all would be well in a week or two.

"There is nothing broken," he said, "but several severe strains and a contusion on the head that needs some attention. Keep him quiet, but cheerful, and he will come round in a little while."

It was a thankful party that gathered that night in the home of David Playfair. David and his wife, the elder Mildred, were deeply impressed with the narrowness of their daughter's escape, as also on account of their friends, the Stirlings, whom they rejoiced greatly to meet again. The part played by Mr. Riggs was much discussed, and all agreed that he had displayed judgment, skill and bravery of no ordinary kind. Even the Judge acquiesced in this and commended the action of the young man, but with some signs of reservation that attracted the attention of Ernest Stirling.

"What sort of a man is this Fordham Riggs, Judge?" he asked.

Judge Koons looked doubtfully at him a moment and then said:

"When a chap has just done you a big service it don't look handsome to speak against him. Riggs may have good in him, if it's given any chance. Nobody here's more obliged to him than I am this minute. What do you suppose would have become of your uncle if you'd all been killed? But somehow Fordham Riggs makes me think of some of our boys' pranks. I heard this morning he was talkin' some kind of infidel nonsense at the readin' room with the young men; and it reminded me of one time when us kids all got round a lamp post on the hill, where no policeman ever showed his nose, and tried to see who could shoot the cleanest holes through the glass with our little rubber slings. Then one boy with a fancy name—Vincent St. Clair—out with his big hand sling and smashed a whole half a brick right through the lamp. We ran like good ones, I tell you, and was kinder afraid to be seen anywheres near that lamp for two or three days.

"Now that's just the way with these young sprouts that think they can shoot nice little holes in the truth, and they're always ready enough to applaud any Philistine, like this young Riggs, that tries to smash the whole lamp. But I mind that Vincent St. Clair didn't put out that light, and the next time I saw it the case had bran new plates of glass in it, and it was just as good as ever. I reckon it'll be that way to the end of time. The shield of doctrine round the light of truth may be punched full of holes, but the old lamp won't go out. Needn't be afraid. It won't go out."

## Chapter VIII

When Mildred called to inquire about Mr. Riggs she found him reclining on a couch in a corner of the pleasant verandah. He looked pale, but his eyes were bright and he protested that he was not seriously hurt, and would soon be well.

"It is satisfaction enough to know you all were not much injured," he said gallantly; "that pays for everything."

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Riggs, to say that," replied the girl warmly; "but all the family are anxious to see that you really get over this hurt, whatever it is. We shall not feel comfortable till we see you about again as before."

"That you shall see in a few days," said Riggs. "May I call on you when I am able?"

"Certainly; we will be very glad to see you, and all the rest will join with me in thanking you for your splendid help in so serious a moment in our lives."

In three days Fordham Riggs was walking slowly on the street, and on the sixth evening he called at the "big house."

There, if any unpleasant impression had existed, he discovered none, and the warmth of his reception made him feel exceedingly well pleased with himself as he walked slowly home. Two evenings later he met Mildred on the street and accompanied her to the gate, was invited in, and spent an hour with her in the little summer house. He was bright, lively, apparently sincere, and evidently much taken with his young hostess. Twice after this he managed to have a short time alone with Mildred, and then, one Saturday night, after half an hour in the summer house, he proposed.

Mildred was taken so completely by surprise, for in her innocence she had not dreamed of such a thing, that she remained quite speechless, and Riggs continued to plead his suit. His manner was most respectful, and he strove to impress the girl with his sincerity, and with his prospects in life, which he represented as unusually good.

"I would not have you, Miss Mildred," he said earnestly, "think that I mean to take any undue advantage of the little part I played in the late accident. I hope I should have acted the same for anyone so situated. Indeed I had no idea of your identity till I caught up with the auto and saw you plainly."

Mildred's distress was so evident that he paused.

"I trust I do not offend you, Miss Mildred," he said.

"Oh no, Mr. Riggs, I am not offended, but—but—oh I don't know how to answer you. I do not—that is, I have not seen—I—"

"I know you have not seen much of me," he broke in eagerly, "but that is easily cured. Don't be in a hurry, please, Miss Mildred. Above all, do not say no hastily. There is so much I have to tell you. I really don't like to mention it, but I must do so before, before anything positive is arrived at."

Mildred looked at him in wonder.

"I know of no reason, Mr. Riggs," she began.

"Of course you do not; it is I who know. I must tell you. So I beg of you do not let your mind turn against me till you know all."

"All what?" asked the thoroughly astonished girl. "What can you have to tell?"

There was an accent on the "you" that made Riggs wince slightly, but he pressed his advantage.

"Indeed, Miss Mildred, let me calmly assure you there is a very great deal for me to tell you; just you. I know that sounds incredible to you, but you will heartily agree with me when you hear. There are certain legal matters you must hear about—"

"Legal matters!" exclaimed the girl. "Then my uncle had better be called. He knows all about those things."

Riggs rose to his feet and stretched out a warning hand.

"I beg of you do not mention this to your uncle just now. In a little while you may do so, in fact will have to do so; but not till you have heard. I am not crazy, Miss Mildred. I am not even a little 'off,' as they say. I am speaking of plain, solid facts, facts connected with you and your family—"

He saw he was gaining an advantage, and pressed it instantly. "Your family are all interested. Your father will be greatly interested; in fact I may even hint that you can do him a very great service in the matter of which I wish to speak; an advantage and a service that may mean a world to him and to you. If you are hasty and do not hear it fully, you may injure him most seriously; and that I know you do not wish to do."

"But Mr. Riggs," gasped Mildred, shaking with nervousness, "this seems so absurd. None of us ever knew of you till lately. What possible connection there can be between you and any benefit or harm to my father, I can't imagine. You must be—"

"No, I am not mistaken, Miss Mildred. Listen just a moment. I will give you more than a hint. A prominent lawyer from New York will be here tomorrow afternoon. His name is so well known that you will be instantly assured of safety and of truth. He will show you in a few minutes what you might well doubt if I alone told you the facts. Those facts have to do with the ownership of much of your father's property, and with certain acts of your grandfather and others in his family. You know you can rely upon what the great Mr. Cailey says; he could not cheat you in any way. He will lay before you these facts, which it is absolutely important for you personally to hear before your uncle, or your father, or anyone else hears them. Then, when you have heard them, you will at once see just how they bear upon the various parties concerned, and just how you yourself hold the key to the whole situation; how you can save your father more than I dare now to describe, and how you can—well, how you can do what nobody living can do except yourself."

Mildred rose; she trembled a little, but bravely steeled her nerves to the strain. Putting one small hand on the rail of the summer house, she said somewhat unsteadily: "And you ask, Mr. Riggs—"

"I only ask that you see Mr. Cailey at the hotel parlor tomorrow afternoon, and that you make no absolute decisions till that time. Only that."

He bowed gracefully and watched her mobile face expectantly. He saw he had gained his point.

"Very well, Mr. Riggs, I will be there. At what hour?"

"Three o'clock."

"I will be there. Good evening, Mr. Riggs."

"Good evening, Miss Mildred. I thank you for your consideration."

"Fordham, my boy," said Riggs to himself, as he walked down the street under the spreading elms, "you did that pretty well. If Mr. Cailey does his part as well, she can't say no; it won't be reasonable."

## CHAPTER IX

Mildred passed an almost sleepless night, and worried through the morning with a dead load on her little heart. Three o'clock found her in the ladies' parlor at the hotel, and five minutes later the maid brought her a card.

"Show the gentleman up," she said carelessly.

A tall, refined, kindly-looking man entered a moment later and approached her where she sat.

"Is this Miss Mildred Playfair?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir. You are Mr. Cailey from New York?"

"I am. I see, Miss Playfair, that I am dealing with a lady. Permit me to say that you have my fullest sympathy in an unpleasant business. I assure you you shall have all the consideration I am able to afford you."

Mr. Cailey bowed in the style of the colonial period, and Mildred felt instinctively that she had a friend, and could trust him fully.

"I do not know what in the world you mean, Mr. Cailey," she said nervously, "but I am sure I can rely on you to tell me the exact truth, whatever it is."

"Thank you, my child," said the lawyer, kindly. "You certainly can trust me to set this thing before you clearly and fairly. I am here simply to explain to you certain facts connected with the ownership of what you have always regarded your father's farm and home. I have investigated the documents, and looked through the matter as fully as possible, and there is no question of what I shall now tell you."

He glanced at the girl and saw she was trembling.

"Try to nerve yourself, my child, for a sort of shock. I see you have health and strength; bring your good sense to your aid and do not give way. Be brave. Things might be worse, although they are certainly not pleasant. Now let me have your attention."

He bent over a small table on which he had deposited some papers, and then while Mildred's heart almost stopped beating, he began his story:

"It seems that your father's father—Marmaduke Playfair—while under great pressure financially, did a wrong thing. I am sorry to say he forged a deed, giving to himself one-half an estate that should have gone to his brother Abner. You had a great-uncle Abner, did you not?"

"Yes, sir, but oh! Mr. Cailey, how do you know my grandfather ever did such a thing? I can't believe it."

"Here is the full evidence that he did; the deeds themselves, in copy, or real; and some letters on the subject in which the thing is made plain. Marmaduke Playfair wrote a positive statement of the matter, claiming that he yielded to temptation only because he thought Abner, who had no family, would never miss the property, and he, who had a family, needed it sorely. He declared his intention of making the whole thing good, set forth certain business ventures which he regarded as sure to bring him in more than the value of the farm, and stated that he meant to seal up this letter and exact a promise from Copeland Riggs (to whom he felt it necessary to sell the farm) to allow him to buy the same back again at not more than fifteen per cent advance on the selling price, at any time within five years. As soon as he was able, he intended to take his brother into his confidence, and restore the property to him, with interest on its value. The possession of this land would enable him to carry out his financial schemes, and this was the sole reason for his yielding to the temptation. It seems Marmaduke had been made executor of an old uncle's estate, and Abner left it all so absolutely to him that the thing was made easy of accomplishment.

"There is no doubt that Marmaduke fully intended to destroy this letter, in the event of his success; and he may have meant to destroy it in event of failure; but the fact is that he died suddenly one day, from an unexpected stroke of apoplexy, and the tell-tale letter was left among his papers. By some accident it got among documents belonging to Copeland Riggs, but was not noticed by him at the time. He died soon after, and his son, Fordham Riggs, inherited all his property. Among the old papers in his father's desk, he some time ago discovered this statement of Marmaduke's, and began an investigation, looked up the deeds over at your county town, and finally secured my services for legal advice, and on this occasion, as a friend to break this news to you in such a way that you would be persuaded of its truth."

Mildred had followed every word with wide eyes, clasped hands and tightly compressed lips. She was determined to let this man see she could be brave, and also determined to understand all she possibly could about the matter.

Mr. Cailey, glancing up, saw she was excited, but attentive, and when he concluded his explanation was surprised and pleased at her self-control.

"You are a brave girl," he said.

"Thank you, sir," replied Mildred, her color coming and going rapidly; "but I do not understand."

"What is the point you do not see? I will try to make it clearer."

"I do not see why, why Mr. Riggs insisted that I should know of this. To whom does the farm rightly belong?"

"To Mr. Fordham Riggs, as his father's heir."

"To Mr. Riggs! Oh! but, but, still I do not see. Why did he not have you go straight to my father and tell him, as you have just told me?"

The old lawyer smiled kindly, but with a touch of amusement.

"You are your father's heir, just as Fordham Riggs is heir to his father. This house and farm would have been yours some day, would it not?"

The girl leaned towards him and studied his face. The lawyer inwardly said:

"What a lovely little creature she is, to be sure."

"Mr. Cailey," said Mildred, knitting her brows, "I am trying awfully hard to understand, but the more I try, the less I seem to comprehend. I am so sure I can trust you, sir, that I will tell you this one thing. Mr. Riggs, only yesterday, proposed marriage to me."

* * *

The lawyer nodded and his eyes twinkled. In a flash the girl's quick intuitions served her purpose.

"Did he, did he say anything to you about that, sir?"

"Miss Mildred," replied the lawyer, "a professional man can never betray the secrets of his client; but in this case I am sure of my liberty to say that I gathered from Mr. Riggs his desire to make you his wife. In fact, I rather supposed that had been settled."

"Settled!" broke in Mildred hotly; "no, it is not. I only wanted to know what all this means; indeed I did not know just how to answer, I was so taken by surprise."

Indignant tears welled up in her eyes and Mr. Cailey hastened to say:

"Pray hear me out. I may help a little. Really, Mr. Riggs' motives appeared to me to be fair all through. He saw that this property is rightfully his, but he also sees that the revelation of this action on the part of Marmaduke Playfair would make a scandal and might be a serious blow to your father, as well as to all your family. He did not positively inform me, but I am quick enough to imagine that he sees in you a possible solution of the whole difficulty."

"Stop, Mr. Cailey, stop," implored Mildred, rising from her chair.

"Let me speak. I see in a moment that it will be a terrible blow to my precious father and mother and indeed to Uncle and all, if this has to be made public. Father is a very, very good man, but his family pride is strong and deep. His father's good name would be worth more than a farm to him, and yet he just loves the "big house," as it has always been called, and the whole farm. Thank God! it is not all he owns in the world, but its loss would be heavy I know. What you have told me must be true. I know Grandfather Marmaduke died suddenly with apoplexy. Uncle Abner sold all his land and went west, where he lost most of his money, and died without marrying. My uncle, the Judge, owns some of the land that once was his."

Mr. Cailey looked up quickly.

"Permit me a word," he said. "Who is this last uncle?"

"Uncle Caleb Koons; we always call him 'Judge.' He is the magistrate here, you know. Oh, he is so wise; if only he knew of all this, he could tell me what to do."

"Caleb Koons! hm! that's a singular name. Ah! I have it; the records do show that Copeland Riggs sold land here in Gotes Corners to one Caleb Koons. So he is your uncle also?"

"Yes, sir; on my mother's side. But please let me go on. I want you to tell me if I see it all straight. Suppose I marry this Mr. Fordham Riggs. I'm just playing s'pose, you know."

The girl laughed strangely, but went on bravely:

"Suppose I should do that. Might it not be managed so that my father should never know of all this? Indeed, nobody should know?"

She gazed right into his eyes with all her soul in the glance. Mr. Cailey felt his heart warm towards her. He looked straight at her, and said briefly:

"I have no doubt it could be so arranged."

"And if I do not marry him; if I say 'no' to his question of yesterday, then—then, I suppose it must all come out."

"I am afraid so," replied the lawyer gravely. "You see, Miss Mildred, the young man is not asking for anything but what is really his own. He is not seeking to defraud you or your father in any way. This farm and house should have been his for some years, and for that matter his father's before him."

"Oh, I see, I see," cried the girl piteously. "My father would not endure the thought a moment of keeping anyone from his actual rights. It must be given to him. It must be given to him in any case. Of course it must. I would not have my father keep it a day longer than necessary; but the shame of the thing almost kills me, and I am afraid it will kill my father. You know, sir, some of these old Quaker families are very proud of their honored names. Oh, it is terrible, it is terrible."

"It is hard, Miss," said Mr. Cailey kindly. "The sins of the fathers are indeed visited upon the children in many ways. I regret to have this task, and would not have touched it had I not been persuaded that there was no wrong in it. Fordham Riggs' father—Copeland—was a Quaker also, and I am sure from all I hear, a good man. His son appears good enough, and I must say, has rather impressed me with his demeanor in this matter so far."

* * *

He was silent a minute, watching the play of emotion on Mildred's mobile face. Then he said:

"I cannot blame Fordham Riggs for wishing to secure so fair a flower for his wife. That is certainly not blameworthy in him, and that he should be willing to make considerable sacrifices for such a lady is also not reprehensible."

"But Mr. Cailey," exclaimed Mildred, sitting down and clasping her hands over her knees, "I hardly know Mr. Riggs, and I am sure, yes I am sure, I do not love him."

"Hm! Hm!"

The lawyer's brows formed a high curve, and he shook his head slowly.

"Don't you think you could after a time?"

"I'm afraid not."

"I do not wish to trespass, my child," he said, "but what makes you so certain of that?"

Looking frankly at him, Mildred said slowly, and with emphasis:

"I love another man."

"I profoundly respect your confidence, Miss Mildred," said the lawyer. "Your situation is certainly a trying one. I wish I could—"

Voices had sounded in the hall during these last words, and here a gentleman suddenly entered the parlor. It was Fordham Riggs. When he saw who were there, he paused in evident confusion.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he said earnestly. "The maid told me I would find Mr. Cailey here, and I supposed Miss Playfair had gone."

He was evidently confused, but his apology seemed most sincere, and Mr. Cailey rose to go.

"I will accompany you a little way, Miss Mildred," he said.

"Thank you, sir, I shall be glad," replied the girl, arranging her hat. Then looking at Riggs, she said in a strained voice:

"Mr. Cailey has explained the matter to me, Mr. Rigggs. Let me have a few days to think about it, please. I will let you hear from me when I can."

Riggs bowed and expressed his readiness to await her pleasure.

On the street Mildred asked the lawyer if she could tell her uncle, the Judge, all about it, and get the benefit of his advice. But he counselled her to refrain at present.

"There will be time enough, I think. From something Mr. Riggs told me I infer that it might precipitate things if you spoke to any member of the family for a time. Better wait a little."

So Mildred went home with her burden.

* * *

Fordham Riggs passed the window of Judge Koons' office the next day, and the Judge rose and watched him as he walked slowly down the pretty street under the arching trees.

"I wonder, I wonder," he said half to himself.

Jimmy Long looked at him curiously, but deemed it unwise to speak.

"I wonder why people will take so long to learn," continued the Judge, seating himself as usual. "That reminds me of that old saint they called 'Camp Meetin' John Allen.' He was a hummer, Jimmy. Heard him tell one time of a bit of his experience when he was a young preacher, an' his Presidin' Elder was to talk to the children at a Sunday-school anniversary. It was summer, an' hot as blazes. The Elder was late, an' when he got to work, he run on an' on till all the teachers was tired out, an' the youngsters all asleep or hot an' cross. When the big man set down, after talkin' an hour, he mopped his perspirin' brow, no doubt feelin' he had done the right thing. Now you know, Jimmy, a Presidin' Elder in a country district is a big man, sure enough; he holds the fates in his hand fer that little preacher, an' can send him where he pleases next Conference.

"Well, sir, Camp Meetin' John was down fer a speech on the program, an' so he got up an' said a few words, right to the point. The Elder had talked on the text, 'Feed my lambs,' John got up an' says, says he: 'There's just three things important about feedin' lambs. One is to give it to 'em warm. The second is to feed 'em often. And the third is to give 'em very little at a time.' An' he set right down. Hoo! hoo! hoo! wouldn't you have liked to hear it? Reckon that Presidin' Elder never forgot how to feed lambs after that."

"I reckon not," laughed Jimmy. "I think that was immense. "By the way," he added, cautiously, scanning his employer's face, "if it isn't impertinence, I'd like to know if Fordham Riggs hasn't been in your mind this morning."

Judge Koons looked at his clerk in astonishment. Then he smiled broadly.

"Well, well, boy; you're comin' along. Glad to see you' using your perceptives that way. Yes, sir. You're right. I was thinkin' of that chap when I started in; an' he's been in mind considerable. I'm not goin' to call names too soon, but I'm watchin' that Mr. Riggs. I don't say he's bad; he's weak; that's my judgment. But I don't want to run anybody down in advance. We'll see; we'll see."

(*To be continued*)

# A Romance of the Stoke Hole

by

## Newton A. Fuessle and George Saint-Amour

ROMANCE has been known to stir even in the stoke holes of Great Lakes freighters, where black-faced titans toil ceaselessly before the withering fires.

McClandish was a greenhorn trimmer, picked up on one of the docks. They set him to work alongside of Strongarm Flanagan and Bud O'Brien. He won the admiration and respect of his companions by the way he had once, in a tight pinch, disposed of a heap of ashes down in the bowels of the Esmerelda. MacNab, his coal passer, had generously offered to help, but the athletic McClandish laughed and shooed the smaller man away, and did the job himself in the quickest manner his fellow-toilers had ever seen, either on fresh water or on salt water.

The last clinker had been drawn out of the several fires, and the shovelers had bent to their tasks of dumping in more coal, their shovels "zing-zinging" as the men deftly caught the edge of the firebox door with their scoops, giving them a swift turn and spreading the coal over the greatest possible area.

Again they turned their attention to ashes and clinkers, and in one minute, with the speed and accuracy of perfect machines of men, they had cleared the spaces in front of their fireboxes. Then the smoking, steaming heaps were transferred to one end of the stoke-hole, to be shoveled into the chute, from which it was then to be shot by steam through a pipe and out of the Esmerelda's side. Then it was that McClandish won his stoke-hole spurs. "Turn 'er on," yelled Flanagan to an assistant engineer, and McClandish hurled himself single-handed at the task.

It was later in the day that Flanagan crossed the steel flooring of the freighter's stoke-hole, to the side of McClandish, and began:

"I ain't no buttinsky, but I got to kick on a nice, purty, hands'm American gal promenadin' around on the deck with a Chink! Gee, you oughter see her. That brat with her would make ye sick. He ain't as tall as she is. Looks like a microbe alongside o' her. What are ye grinnin' at?" he demanded earnestly, as McClandish broke into a smile.

"Oh, nothing," said McClandish evasively, turning on his heel and resuming his task of shoveling coal within reach of the two stokers.

Flanagan followed the greenhorn with his eyes, with a puzzled look of admiration and respect.

When the relief crew appeared for their four hours in the hole, McClandish beckoned to Flanagan, and the stoker followed his helper into the bunker. They took seats on a heavy iron barrow.

"What did the girl look like?" demanded McClandish. "Tell me about her."

The two men's lives had hitherto been opposites. Curious circumstance had made their paths converge and tangle out of alien spheres. McClandish had a university degree tucked away in the bottom of a distant trunk. Once he had associated with the best people. Wild oats had banished him to the Southwest. Flanagan, on the contrary, had never known the softer, easier sides of life. His experience had consisted entirely of long periods of hard work, and shorter periods of rough dissipation. Stoker Flanagan packed his pipe carefully with a stubby finger, lighted the tobacco, and began: "I ain't much on tellin' how a purty gal looks. She ain't big and she ain't very little. Jest right, I'd say. She's trim an' neat, like a schooner. Her riggin' and lines is the best ever."

McClandish grinned. Flanagan, noting it, scowled.

"Beg your pardon, old man," muttered McClandish. "Go ahead."

"As I was sayin', she's got good lines from stem to stern. Looks like she'd cut through a heavy blow an' never more 'n shake her head when a big comber struck her. She'd answer her helm quicker 'n scat. Carries her head like a revenue cutter beatin' it through a storm. Looks smart, I tell ye."

Flanagan looked at McClandish for approval of his descriptive burst, and found the big young man gazing earnestly at the toe of his heavy shoe. He seemed to have forgotten all about Flanagan's presence. The silence began getting on the stoker's nerves. He nudged his companion in the side, and said: "Time fer mess, buddy. Come on."

"Was she smiling at that fellow?" asked McClandish abruptly.

"She was laughin' fit to kill."

"She was, eh?" replied McClandish, his features hardening.

"And say," added Flanagan, "if I was a fine young feller, eddicated, an' all, I'd sure see about it." He paused hesitatingly for a moment, then continued with conviction: "I'd let no damned Chink 'r Jap come on board no ship that I was on, an' buzz a gal like that."

"Can you take a note to the young lady for me?" asked McClandish suddenly.

The others Irish heart beat faster. He scented the vague perfume of romance. "I'll give her th' note if I have to chuck th' Chink overboard, and the skipper, too," he said, bringing his huge hand to his knee like a slab of granite.

"Cut out the heroics," warned McClandish. "You must get it to her without any fuss, and without letting anyone see you do it."

"A secret affair, eh?" whistled Flanagan, his eyes dancing. "Sure an' I'll go an' scrub me face. I'll make meself as purty as I can. Then, this evenin', when the stars is shinin', ez the pote says, I'll make me bow an' hand her the note, God bless ye." The Irishman had warmed to the delicate mission. With the important air of a conspirator he discussed further details of the plot with his younger friend. "If the Chink is hangin' around her ladyship, w'at'll I do? T'row him overboard?" he demanded in conclusion.

"No, confound you," growled the other. "I tell you this must be pulled off on the *q. t.*"

"Don't get mad at me. I was only jokin'. I'll manage. Leave it to me."

Later, washed and scrubbed, Flanagan, with tender eyes, took the penciled note from McClandish's hands, and set out on his mysterious errand. All the Celtic tenderness of his soul was bubbling to the surface. Important as an ambassador he felt. But little did he know or guess the brilliant ferment of impending events that hung upon his departure in the direction of the deck above.

* * *

At midnight began their shift in the stoke-hole again. Flanagan and McClandish descended the ladder together.

"I handed it to her all right," whispered Flanagan, grinning from ear to ear. "An' she smiled so nice that I'd a' killed the foreigner if he'd a' interrupted. She's all right, me boy." Then Flanagan grabbed a No. 5 scoop and fell to work.

McClandish, his shoulders set square, his head held a trifle higher than usual, went to his work in the bunker. He whistled now and then. Once, as he rested for a moment, he hummed softly to himself the words of a song which surely the stoke-hole had never heard before:

I'll sing thee songs of Araby,
And tales of the fair Cashmere—

Every time Flanagan paused to wipe the sweat from his forehead and eyes with his grimy cap, he grinned at McClandish.

The remaining stokers, unaware of the meaning of these recurrent smiles, scowled forbiddingly, but a wholesome respect for the fighting strength of Strongarm Flanagan, as well as for the powerful recruit, who had bucked and demolished the ash-heap in record time, made them keep silent.

The iron door between the stoke hole and the engine room was tightly closed, and the firehole men did not hear the sudden clang of the bells on the bridge signalling for a stop. Neither did they hear the sharp signal "Full speed astern!"

But Flanagan, old sea dog that he was, was conscious of some kind of a change in the behavior of the Esmerelda. And, just as he was about to hurl a shovelfull of coal into one of the fires, the Esmerelda lurched, and only his scoop, striking one side of the door, saved him from a severe burning as he lurched from the boat's unscheduled act. A loud scraping, grinding noise filled the air, as the mountain of coal in the bunkers was displaced, augmented by the sharper clash of barrows tumbling about.

Flanagan looked about instantly for McClandish, and presently saw him rushing out of the dark recesses of the coal chamber, carrying his partner, one of whose legs dangled helplessly. He had been struck by a loaded barrow.

* * *

Then came a crash alongside the boilers. The steel plates bent inward with a snarling rip, and the four astonished toilers saw the prow of a ship pushing its way through the Esmerelda's side. Already the wounded side of the freighter dipped downward, and the water was coming in with a rush.

"We're struck?" yelled O'Brien, seizing the ladder for the upward climb.

"Here you," roared Flanagan, seizing the other by the shirt, "let the boy go first! There's a girl up there he's got to save," he growled with menace in his voice.

Flanagan and O'Brien were instantly in conflict. With a heavy blow, Flanagan knocked the other down. "Up the ladder with ye!" he yelled, turning to McClandish. "Beat it to the cabin. Kick in the door if it ain't open, an' grab that gal!"

McClandish started up the ladder, trying his best to take his hurt partner along with him.

"I'll take care o' him," interposed Flanagan, seizing the man with the broken leg. "Get up there with ye."

As McClandish disappeared aloft, Flanagan seized first the wounded man, then O'Brien whom he had knocked down, and helped them out of the hole. In two minutes the inrushing water had put out the fires and hot steam filled the darkened cave.

On deck all was confusion. The Esmerelda's green crew, picked up in small lake ports, forgot their discipline completely, and made for their own safety. Half a minute after McClandish had gained the deck he emerged from the captain's quarters with a burden in his arms. Following hard behind him came the skipper himself and the foreigner. The little brown man was expostulating vainly with the burden-bearer, but McClandish paid absolutely no attention to him. Flanagan, hovering nearby, heard the little man's objections, and, stepping close, he hissed into his ear: "Ye spalpeen, if ye bother that boy, I'll slide ye overboard."

The man addressed, who was in reality a Japanese lieutenant-colonel, on leave in America, turned in astonishment to see who was addressing him. One look at Flanagan convinced him that even his jiu-jitsu would not avail him here, so he drew a knife. Quick as lightning, Flanagan sent the Japanese reeling across deck with a blow on the face. Skipper Simpson, who saw the mix-up, knew Flanagan, and he did not interfere. He knew that Flanagan's reputation for physical manhood had never been questioned—successfully. Moreover, somehow, the skipper was content to have the other man from the stokehole carry the girl to safety. And the girl was Skipper Simpson's niece.

At the davits of one of the freighter's life boasts, a crowd of greenies were struggling, swearing, blundering in an effort to free the longboat. Flanagan plowed into their midst, and in a jiffy had prepared the boat for lowering. Turning, he thrust McClandish and the girl into the boat, then Skipper Simpson, and last of all, the Japanese. Hardly had the boat struck the water than the Esmeralda began settling rapidly, as she took the water with great gulping wheezes through the hole in her side. The derelict with which they had collided was already under water.

McClandish, from the boat below, looked up at Flanagan. The former had punched cows and roped broncos in the Southwest. Discovering a piece of rope in the bottom of the boat, he made a hasty slip-noose, whirled it about his head, then drove it hard and straight in the direction of Flanagan on the deck of the sinking freighter. It settled over the head and shoulders of the stoker and the grin of approval of that worthy was positively devilish as it filtered forth through coal dust and sweat.

"Hold a bit!" he screamed at the boatload of people below. Turning, he seized the wounded coal-passer who lay near him, then darted back to the rail, fastened the rope to an upright, twisted a leg around the swaying line, and with one hand grasping the rope, and the other arm supporting his helpless mate, he slid to the boat and safety below.

Captain Simpson was seated in the bow of the boat, with McClandish in the stern, holding the girl at his side with one arm. She was wrapped in a piece of sail cloth, and clung to her saver in mute bewilderment. The Japanese proved himself a man by offering to take an oar, and he pulled lustily at the side of the stoker who had struck him. Other boats darted away from the side of the smashed Esmerelda and from the surge of waters at her side as she sank rapidly. All on board the ill-fated freighter had won to at least temporary safety.

* * *

When dawn reached its great gray hand out over the lake, the little boats were all afloat with their shivering passengers. But land was near, and the rowers were bending with renewed efforts to their tasks.

Captain Simpson's grave eyes held the ghost of merriment whenever they drifted in the direction of the stern of the boat. Somewhere, among his files aboard the doomed freighter, and now at the bottom of the lake, was a letter, dated some six weeks ago, post-marked "Socorro, New Mexico," from his brother. And thus had run the letter:

DEAR BROTHER JIM:

I am sending Jessie up there to you. I'd like to have her with you for the summer. She was just about to elope with a chap known as "Wild Jack" McClandish, when I learned what was in the wind, and nipped it in the bud. McClandish may be all right, but I don't want him for a son-in-law. He had his chance at college, and seems to have made good, but went to pieces after he got out. He had developed but one interest in life—athletics. As if football, baseball, high jumps, and such stuff would ever make a living for a man! They sent him on to me to try to make a man of him on my ranch. While I was trying to tone him down a bit, he and my girl fell in love. So I am sending her on to you.

Lieutenant-Colonel Takashi, who is spending a year in observation in America, is after Jessie, too. He's a foreigner, but he's done things, and some day he will have a great big job in his own country. He'll be in to see you one of these days with a letter of introduction from me. Treat him right, will you, please? But that doesn't mean that I want him thrown at Jessie's head necessarily. She's too good for any man I've ever met.

Your brother,
CHARLES SIMPSON.

P. S. I'm doing fine down here. Sometimes I wish I were running a boat again on the Great Lakes. But I'm making a bunch of money down here with the cattle. Come and see us.

The intelligence which this letter had conveyed to Skipper Simpson kept weaving insistently through his mind during the night in the lifeboat. Sometimes, as he glanced toward the stern of the boat, he could hardly keep a smile, a wistful, tender smile, from creeping into his stern features. Again, his thoughts ran back to Fairport Harbor, where he knew a gray-haired woman, his wife, was waiting for him.

By this time he knew she would have heard of the wreck, and would be racked with worry. He thought, too, of his daughter, his only daughter. She had run away from home because he would not let her marry the man she wanted. The skipper, who was harsh and cold when standing on the bridge, looked across the gray water now, and his eyes grew misty. He had liked McClandish from the first, had kept a sly eye on him ever since he had gone to work in the stoke-hole of the freighter. He liked the man's nerve, his resourcefulness, his tenacity of purpose to be near the girl he loved.

"Flanagan," said Captain Simpson abruptly.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the Irishman, touching his cap.

"Do you see that little white cottage over there on shore?"

"I do, sir," answered Flanagan, looking out over the half a mile of lake that still separated them from shore.

"The Reverend James Crombie lives there," said the skipper. "He's a particular friend of mine. Take us there."

"All r-r-right, sir!" said Flanagan with emphasis. He grinned surreptitiously at McClandish, who pretended not to see.

"Uncle Jim—" began the girl beside McClandish, blushing and protesting.

"I am the master of this craft, young lady," replied Captain Simpson severely.

"And mutiny is punishable by death," whispered McClandish in her ear. "The parson's house is our port," he added in the merest whisper. "I have the license in my pocket. We've got to obey the captain. After this, you'll be the captain, and I the crew."

# LULLABY

## *By* MARY EVERETT CARROLL

CLOSE your eyes, darling, your mother is near,
Sleep thou, my loved one, there's nothing to fear.
The roar of the deep-throated cannon is still,
The legions are sleeping just over the hill.

Ah, would that I knew where thy father is, dear,
Is he fighting afar, many leagues 'way from here?
Is he safe in his tent, sleeping peacefully there,
And dreaming of happy days, free from all care?
Or under the stars in a still crumpled heap,
Where the shrapnel's hot kiss has wooed him to sleep.
Does he lie there in death—will I see him no more
'Till I meet him some day on the far-away shore?

The watching and waiting is woman's dread part,
A smile on her lips, and despair in her heart;
With words of good cheer, courage lighting her eye,
She kisses her soldier, and bids him good-bye.

My darling, some day, when you grow to a man,
They'll be calling for you to join the grim van.
Oh, ruthless and pitiless War, why, oh why,
Dost thou send all the flower of our manhood to die?
And why are they fighting—what good will it do?
For what are they dying, these brave men and true?
For country? For sovereign? For wrong or for right?
Know these millions of men why it is that they fight?

But sleep on, my baby, the dawning is nigh,
The morn flings her banner of hope 'cross the sky.
What will the day bring us, a victory won?
Or defeat and more bloodshed at set of the sun?

# "*Why is Riley?*"

## *by*

## *George Harvey*[*]

WHY is James Whitcomb Riley? One of the clearest proofs of the Scriptural declaration that the ways of the Lord passeth understanding is to be found in the wonder which we all feel from time to time that so many of our acquaintances should have been created at all. Incidentally, it is a safe assumption that they, too, suffer like bewilderment respecting our own superior selves. But the speculation is always interesting and indulgence in it for a few moments tonight may not be destitute of profit. In any case it possesses the merit of beginning at the foundation and building or reasoning upward. We all know why Mr. Fairbanks is and Mr. Beveridge and Senator Kern and Governor Ralston, because they have been unable upon occasion to prevent their friends from enlightening us.

But why is James Whitcomb Riley? That is the question. So far as nomenclature is concerned, I can deduce the Riley from certain Celtic whimsicalities that I have read and I infer that the James Whitcomb has to do with the distinguished statesman whose statue I saw today in the public square. But we must go deeper than that. What is his genesis as an artist, as a genius, and as I have heard him depicted, as the only unsophisticated voter in Indiana?

Is it environment? Possibly, in part. Primarily, all countries comprised broadly three distinct regions—a maritime region, an agricultural region and a pastoral region—and the characteristics of a people are determined usually by the requirements of their location. The resident of the belt along the shore, pursuing the line of least resistance in seeking sustenance, becomes a fisherman, and that occupation being notably precarious, he grows to be hardy, resolute, bold, disdainful of danger. The shepherd of the hills, too, being charged with the protection of his flock, acquires a warring disposition and, breathing an atmosphere of loneliness, grows moody and imaginative. Men's chivalry and inspiration are associated traditionally with the highlands, as by the imagery of the Jews, whose first lawgiver received divine tuition from the mountain top, by the Greeks whose Zeus ruled from Olympus, by the German barons and by the Scottish chiefs.

But environment only molds; it cannot make, no more than evolution, which even as depicted by Darwin and Spencer, is nothing else than development of a force, whose origin cannot be determined by human reason. What that force is, whether it is of nature or of divinity, is a moot question, but there can be no doubt of one thing: that is that there lives in every normal human nature a divine quality which takes the form of hunger to create—not merely to achieve, but to originate, to bring into actual being. Undoubtedly it is to that impulse struggling, helplessly in all seeming, but irresistibly, in the breast of the little Hoosier lad, that you owe the honor tonight of claiming as your own, not only the best beloved of poets, but the only one now living who is absolutely unique.

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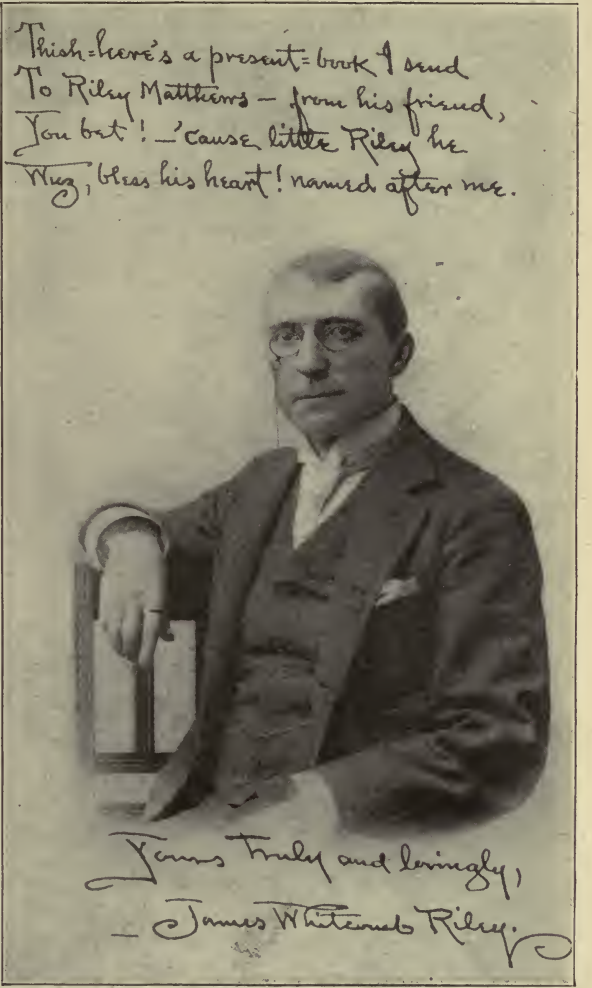
[*] Address by George Harvey, editor of the *North American Review*, at the Riley banquet, held on the poet's birthday at the Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis.

I say unique, because I know of none living and can think of none dead with whom comparison, in the accepted sense of the term, can be made with any sense of surety. To avert conceivable charges of invidiousness from among the living intellectuals, notably in a community so highly cultivated as this, we may instance Addison as at least eminently the master of his craft and Mark Twain as no less surely the mind of talent. You would not think of classifying Riley with either in any particular or from any viewpoint. He has been compared recently by a competent critic with Whittier, and in some respects the parallel seems to be warranted.

To each was accorded the power of interpreting with striking fidelity the thoughts and feelings of his own people. Upon him was bestowed that rarest and most precious of inheritances—the gift; the gift that comes straightway from God, and there the parallel ends. Whittier's own sight was distinctively spiritual. Riley's understanding, although no less crystal-like in purity, is of the emotions. Whittier's was the Puritan God—a blending of perfection and austerity. Riley's is the God of the plains—generous, kindly, considerate, sympathetic; if not divinely human, at least humanly divine. Whittier's appeal was to the cultivated spirit. Riley's is to the very nature of the being. As we of New England revered our finest of poets, from a distance, so with a like fittingness, may you well, as you are doing tonight, take yours to your hearts in love and tenderness.

It is good that this memorable, this unprecedented tribute should be paid. It is good for you. It is good for us from afar whom you have permitted to join in glad recognition. It is good for the state to show that a prophet may not be without honor in his own country. It is good for the nation, particularly at this time, when, so it seems to me, we should above all things hold America and Americans first in our thoughts.



Thish=here's a present=book I send
To Riley Matthews — from his friend,
You bet! — 'cause little Riley he
Wuz, bless his heart! named after me.

Yours truly and lovingly,
— James Whitcomb Riley.

And, believe me, it is good for Riley. I can think of but one thing better—but one gathering more harmonious with so beautiful a purpose. My imagination pictures a vast stadium fashioned by nature upon the face of the earth—a mighty bowl covered with greenest sward, stretching up to the rim as far as the eye can see, and peopled with countless thousands of little children with faces radiating undying gratitude and everlasting joy. And as a preliminary of this celebration I would have enacted a tragedy—yes, sir, a literary tragedy. I would have the bigger boys emerge from the grove of trees at one side with the gobble-uns captured and in chains. And I would have them drag the gobble-uns through the multitude of shrieking boys and cheering girls and delighted tots barely from the cradle to the far end of the great amphitheater and drown them—yes, sir, drown these gobble-uns, drown 'em dead, dead, dead in the old swimmin' hole. And then I would have the myriad of sturdy lads and little women in their prettiest frocks—the myriad not merely of this day, but of countless generations yet to come, greater in number than the mind can comprehend, take their places on the grassy slopes of the great bowl and stand in perfect silence till a trapdoor at the bottom should be lifted and from the cavity should emerge the figure of their beloved. And at a given signal the wonderful orchestra of millions of robins would burst into song and the myriads of children should wave a salute such as would fetch the tears a-streaming down the face of him whom we honor tonight—such a tribute, my friends, as no poet and no man has ever won before in the whole history of the world, which he has made so happy.

For myself, in closing, but a word of sincere gratitude for being permitted to come here and share with you the joy of this occasion. I have but one hope in mind. It is that when the time shall come for me to leave this very good world for one that may be better or may be worse, I may feel that it will not be taken amiss if I turn my fading eyes toward Lockerbie Street and murmur softly, but in all the tenderness of great affection, those classic words:

"Well, good-bye, Jim;
Take keer of yourse'f!"

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S HOME ON LOCKBERIE STREET, INDIANAPOLIS

# *Samuel W. McCall—Governor*

## *A Character Study of the New Chief Executive of Massachusetts and a Sidelight on the Cause and Effect of the Recent State Election*

### *by William Henry*

*Hon. Samuel Walker McCall, who was inaugurated governor of the State of Massachusetts on the sixth of January, was born in East Providence, Pennsylvania, on the last day of February, 1851; received his early education at the New Hampton Academy, New Hampshire, from which he was graduated in 1870; graduated from Dartmouth College in 1874; was admitted to the bar in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1876, and was associated as law partner with Samuel L. Powers until 1888, when he became editor-in-chief of the "Boston Advertiser," retaining that position until January, 1889; elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1888, 1889 and 1892; delegate to the Republican national conventions of 1888 and 1900; member of Congress from the eighth Massachusetts district from 1893 to 1913; declined the presidency of Dartmouth College in 1909; defeated for the United States Senate by John W. Weeks in 1913; elected governor of Massachusetts in 1915.*

THE recent political redemption of Massachusetts invites more than a casual study of the man and the circumstances by which it was accomplished.

Let us analyze first of all the political situation in Massachusetts prior to the last state election. In so doing we shall arrive at a more definite and comprehensive estimate of the governor-elect.

Ever since the Roosevelt-Taft controversy, the Progressive party, under the leadership of Charles Sumner Bird, had become so well entrenched, so well organized, and so well developed that it had disrupted the Republican party. For two successive terms the Democratic party in the old Bay State had elected a Democrat, not so much by their own exertions as by the unfortunate dissensions within the Republican party. The Democratic hold upon the state had been greatly strengthened because Governor Walsh was a likeable personality and had given a remarkably clean and able administration. In order to effect a return to the old order of things, to swing Massachusetts once more around to the Republican administration, it was necessary to not merely weld together the fragments of the broken-up Republican party, but it was necessary to disrupt the Progressive machine, and bring back its members to the Republican fold. The importance of doing this was emphasized by the near approach of another Presidential election. Now, to accomplish this result a peculiarly fitting personality was needed, and the crisis in the affairs of the Republican party produced that personality.

Samuel Walker McCall, a reminder of the old school of statesmanship, with all the scholarly dignity that characterized the days of George Frisbie Hoar, with twenty years of a Congressional career, with the classic atmosphere of Harvard, as representative of the eighth Massachusetts district, with the leisurely manner and the calm indifference towards the cheaper methods of partisanship. He had manifested a sufficient independence at first on Beacon Hill and later at Washington, without at the same time going to the extremity of joining the Progressive movement. In other words, his personality offered the convenient bridge over which the Progressives could return to the Republican ranks without stultifying their principles.

And McCall was wise enough to insist that his Republican associates on the state ticket last fall should make reasonable concessions to those Progressives.

That, in a nutshell, is the analysis and the solution of the political situation as viewed today in the election of Samuel W. McCall.

### McCALL THE DREAMER

Now let us see what manner of man he is that we have elected governor of this old commonwealth. The most of us are perfectly familiar with the later chapters of his life, for have they not been dinned in our ears on the "huskins" from the sandy dunes of Cape Cod to the wooded hills of the Berkshires? But we will rather consider him from the time when, as old Doctor Johnson would say, he "wasn't anyone in particular," until the people of Massachusetts found him good enough for their Governor.

First of all, let us take him when, with his parents, he moved from Pennsylvania to Illinois, and "lived on the farm." F. Lauriston Bullard describes him then as "a bare-footed boy, treading through the tall grass of the Illinois prairies, with a copy of a 'Life of Daniel Webster' under his arms, the fragrance of the wild flowers in his nostrils, and a lot of boyish dreams and aspirations for a future of patriotic usefulness budding in his soul."

We may well imagine what wonder dreams they were that sprang to his brain then, dreams born of the spirit of youth and strength, glorious, shining dreams, and how he longed for the time to come when he should find them realized.

So it came to pass that reading the life of Daniel Webster on the prairies he first attained a glimpse of the course which he was destined to follow.

It happened that the nearest neighbors were a family of New Hampshire Yankees, who told the boy of the wonderful educational institutions of "way back East," and of the New England academies.

On one rare occasion the lad chanced to hear Lyman Trumbull, the friend of Lincoln, deliver an address, and straightway he made up his mind that he would study law. Then he read "Old Tom Benton's Thirty Years in Congress," and all the while he continued to dream of the future. And so he came to New Hampshire, and to the old New England academy bringing his dreams along, and seeing them gradually, one by one, come true.

Step by step he has trod the thorn road, fighting steadily along life's highway, mounting round by round the ladder of success, which has come with the passing years, and always remaining true and steadfast to his ideals, with a perseverance born of common sense. And this quality of common sense he has carried with him all through life.

### COMMON SENSE AND COURAGE

There are two things that "Sam" McCall is notable for. One is the possession in abundant measure of the saving quality of common sense, and the other is courage—the courage of his convictions. In common parlance he has "sand." He has the courage to say what he thinks, and furthermore he has a habit of thinking for himself. Nobody ever accused him of "going off half-cocked." He is a good listener and slow to decide. Not until he has examined a question from every angle will he venture an opinion, much less a decision. Then, if the opportunity offers, he will speak out, tersely and with a fine independence, regardless of what the so-called "bosses" or political parties may say or do. His speech in opposition to the administration rate bill in Congress in 1905 is an eloquent illustration. By his utterances on that measure Mr. McCall became, so to speak, a disloyal Republican, but it emphasized the conviction in the mind of every untrammeled private citizen that he believed the country is larger than any party, that its welfare and the rights of the individual representative to deliberate without interference from the executive, are exceedingly precious. In that case alone, if there were no other which might be cited, he proved himself the finest example of a statesman, a true representative of Massachusetts, true to his country, true to her highest traditions, true to himself and true to his ideals. So, too, his speech on the floor of Congress on February 6, 1912, against a third term for the President of the United States, is another illustration of the same spirit of common sense and independence which has come to be regarded as proverbial.

### McCALL'S SENSE OF HUMOR

It has been said that to thoroughly understand a man you must be familiar with the lighter human incidents of his life, and that "the most interesting thing about a man is often the flash of humor or of sentiment that reveals depths of personality unexplored." "Sam," or Governor, McCall, whichever you choose to call him, has a rare sense of humor —a fact which I presume the general run of people do not know, though to his close friends it is something readily admitted. There is probably no one more familiar with his bent of mind, no one who understands the man better, from long acquaintance and friendship, than Samuel L. Powers. He was his "old college chum," his roommate at Dartmouth College, and afterwards his law partner and roommate when the two were struggling to get a foothold in the profession. And "Sam" Powers declares that the other "Sam" has this saving sense of humor developed to a very high degree. He cites the occasion when the two were teaching night school in Nashua, studying law daytimes, as a fair example, not alone of McCall's sense of humor, but also of his quickness of mind and his wonderful diplomacy.

"Our pupils," said Mr. Powers, "were a lusty lot, mostly young artisans who dearly loved a row, and were always up to some deviltry. There were, as I remember it, about one hundred of them, and they were all crowded together in a single room. We managed the school so that when one of us taught the other kept guard, and *vice-versa*. It happened that on this particular night I was the guard, and without looking for trouble, I had a whole lot of it thrust upon me. There was a big fellow on the rear row of seats who would insist on disturbing the whole school, and I could see very plainly that he was just itching for a fight. I attempted to quiet him, and almost before I knew it he came at me with blood in his eye. We were just getting mixed up in as pretty a row as you ever saw, with the whole school evidently in sympathy with the big fellow, when all of a sudden "Sam" McCall leaped to the top of the desk and yelled: 'I say, let the better man win. If you stay out

*Photo by Louis Fabian Bachrach*

HON. SAMUEL WALKER McCALL

of it, I'll stay out.' And they did stay out—a hundred of 'em, and the fight went to a finish, with a fair field and no favor, and in the end I licked him so that he roared for mercy. Of course we knew well enough that we two would have had no show with the entire school against us, but Mac's ready diplomacy saved the day."

Another yarn that both the "Sams" like to spin of those early struggling days has to do with their law practice in Boston. Though almost as poor as the proverbial church mouse, they had even then large ideas, and were firm believers in the principle of keeping up appearances. Accordingly they selected offices in the Equitable Building, then the newest and most expensive office building in Boston, with the highest rentals in town. As the days and weeks went by, and no clients sought their doors, they conceived the idea of opening a branch office in Roxbury. Their office furniture was of the meagerest description, consisting of two chairs, a kitchen table in lieu of desks, and for a library a Boston directory and a copy of the Revised Statutes. The library did double duty—at the down-town office by day and at the Roxbury office evenings—and according to Powers it made regular trips back and forth under their arms. This is the story about as Powers told it at the dinner complimentary to McCall in the Copley Plaza, Boston, and though the Governor smiled whimsically he was heard to remark that it "was some yarn, but the library was a little more extensive, as I remember it."

Here is a story that has the merit of novelty, for it is doubtful if it ever was told. It also has to do with the two "Sams" and their first trip together from Boston to New York. The journey was made at a time when, as one of them says, the two "had a fit of the blues, and had about made up their minds to quit Boston and try their luck in the metropolis." They concluded to go over by boat, "because it was cheaper than by rail, and, of course, we chose the cheapest boat." It was a stormy night, and they both wore overshoes. Wishing to save the expense of a stateroom, they went down to the lower deck and took two berths. Stripping off, they deposited their overshoes under their berths and "turned in." The next morning McCall discovered that their overshoes were gone. He called a steward, told him of the loss or theft, and warned him "to produce those overshoes, or he would have the law on him." The steward, who, by the way, was a burly negro, seemed nonplussed, but was thoroughly indignant. Looking Mr. McCall straight in the eyes he exclaimed: "What do you mean, boss, that I stole yer overshoes? Why, look here, how could I have took 'em? I done never even saw dem, and besides, boss, I don't wear overshoes." Powers says that the humor of the situation struck McCall so forcibly that he burst out laughing and kept recurring to it all the rest of the trip. Needless to say that after two days in New York, they decided it offered no better field than that nearer home, and hied themselves back to Bean-town.

But fortune did not always give them the cold shoulder. Clients began to come to them. The first real suit they can both recall had to do with a bill of ten dollars for rent. They lost it, and got no fee. But they are agreed that the judgment was wrong, and McCall says "it is still a matter of regret with me that I did not carry the case further." And that deep vein of humor which is characteristic of "Sam" McCall is nearly related to a deeper vein of sentiment—sentiment for his college, for his old friends, for his home, for his favorite authors, for his country, and for all those things that make life really worth while.

### HIS COLLEGE DAYS

No better or closer view of the bent of his mind toward the higher things of life is afforded than the picture of "Sam" McCall during his college days, when, as one of his classmates says, "he was not exactly a dreamer, but an idealist, and he dearly loved literature and philosophy." He was remarkable even in those days for his ready and logical grasp of a subject. It is recalled in this connection that at one time in class when asked for an explanation of a thesis in philosophy on which he was not particularly well grounded, he concealed his ignorance under the guise of profounder knowledge than even his professor. By talking on, seemingly to the subject matter, he gradually drew the professor out, so that he was enabled to get the cue to the whole matter, and then he proceeded to elucidate it. McCall afterwards, in relating the incident to one of his classmates, chuckled at the way in which he had outwitted the professor.

At Dartmouth he was recognized as what may as well be termed a brainy student, and he was a born leader. There was never any question of that whenever the occasion for leaderhsip arose. Dartmouth College, faculty, students and alumni alike, loved "Sam" McCall, and Dartmouth honored him not long ago when it offered him the presidency of the institution.

It was an exceptional class with which he was graduated from Dartmouth. Included in its membership are quite a few names of men who have won distinction in various callings. Among the number are Chief Justice Parsons of New Hampshire and Chief Justice Aiken of the Massachusetts Superior Court; Charles F. Caswell, a Colorado Superior Court justice; Attorney-General Eastman, who served the state of New Hampshire for a score of years; General Frank S. Streeter, long the leader at the New Hampshire bar; Superintendent Lewis of the Worcester schools; Dr. Quimby, the famous New York specialist, and, of course, ex-Congressman Samuel L. Powers, one of the leading members of the Massachusetts bar. Needless to say, all the men here enumerated have been his lifelong friends.

It was while at college that he found time to revel in the political history of the United States, and he read deeply and widely, never losing his boyish admiration for Webster, the defender of the Constitution. Naturally he was chosen, years afterwards, as Dartmouth's famous alumnus, to deliver the oration at the centennial of Webster's graduation from the college and again in commemoration of Webster's birthplace at Franklin, New Hampshire.

At Dartmouth his ability to write strong, terse and masterful English was conceded, and the file of *The Anvil*, the college publication, bears witness to his fine, independent and commanding style. He wrote several "smashing" political editorials for the paper, showing the same independence that has characterized him in all his public

*Photo by Louis Fabian Bachrach*

THE McCALL RESIDENCE ON MYOPIA HILL, WINCHESTER, MASS.

career. He has a file of that old college paper to this day at his home on Myopia Hill in the town of Winchester, which he sometimes shows as a trophy of his student days. One article therein, to which he laughingly alludes, is that in which he castigated the New Hampshire Legislature for its shortcomings. The last sentence reads: "For stoical inactivity we have never seen its equal."

But notwithstanding all this, *The Anvil* was not a financial success, and when it came to the last issue, the students found they owed a considerable sum of money to the printer, for which they gave their I. O. U's.

After graduating from college the two "Sams," who during the senior year had become warm friends, studied law, and were admitted to the bar, and then began their real battles of life. After practicing law together, with varying success, until 1888, McCall took editorial charge of the Boston *Advertiser and Record.* How he came to launch into journalism, to which his inclination and tastes had long led him, is a curious story, and has to do with his I. O. U's for *The Anvil.* It happened that William E. Barrett appeared at McCall's law office in Boston one day and presented one of the notes for collection, and though the amount staggered the young lawyer, he paid it in full, got a receipt and breathed a sigh of relief. Barrett not long afterward bought the Boston *Advertiser*, and immediately came to the erstwhile editor of *The Anvil* with a proposition that he take editorial charge of the big Boston daily. McCall had a little money saved, which he invested in the *Advertiser*, and for about a year wrote the leaders and many other editorials. Barrett was at that time in the thick of politics, a member of the Legislature, and a candidate for Speaker of the House of Representatives, so it was but natural that McCall, too, should become inoculated with the political virus. He was urged to become a candidate for the lower branch of the Massachusetts Legislature; did so, was elected, and was the leader in the memorable battle for Speaker which landed his newspaper colleague and friend, Barrett, as Speaker. He served three terms in the House of Representatives, during which he was chairman of the judiciary and election laws, two of the most important committees, until he was elected to Congress from the eighth Massachusetts district in 1892.

### CHECKMATED BY W. E. BARRETT

Looking back upon that contest for the Speakership, with its sharp and bitter feuds between the rival camps, between the followers of W. E. Barrett and J. Otis Wardwell, one is forced to the conclusion that it was, on the whole, the best organized and best executed in the whole annals of the Massachusetts Legislature. There is one factor, however, which as I recall it, shows unmistakably the native modesty and reticence of "Sam" McCall as compared to the bull-dog nerve and boldness of W. E. Barrett.

McCall was a member of the House, a leader, and a very popular one. At the outset of the contest his name was whispered as the logical and almost inevitable candidate. Then before his friends knew anything of it, a surprise was sprung that almost threw them off their feet. It happened in this way: One day Barrett strode into the editorial sanctum of the Boston *Advertiser*, and speaking in an off-hand fashion, said: "Sam, are you going to be a candidate for Speaker? If you are, I'm with you. If you are not, I am, and I expect you to be for me."

McCall, then completely taken by surprise with the brusqueness of Barrett's manner and the insinuating tones, said: "I haven't just made up my mind as yet." "All right," was Barrett's instant rejoinder, "then I am, and I expect you are going to be for me." Barrett simply took advantage of Sam's hesitancy and disregarded him, brushing aside his embarrassment, and having disarmed his opponent by proffering him his support, by his own quick decision ran off with the prize. The result was that when Barrett announced his candidacy McCall withdrew and pledged him his support. This brought on the contest, with Wardwell and his cohorts opposed to Barrett in that memorable fight for the Speakership. It is a matter of legislative history on Beacon Hill that if Sam had not withdrawn he would have had practically no opposition, and there would never have been any contest for the Speakership that year.

And speaking of Mr. McCall's service in the Massachusetts Legislature, mention should be made of his great work for the repeal of the poor debtor's law. It provided that any lawyer having obtained a judgment against anyone for any debt of twenty dollars or more could have the debtor arrested, or, if he were released on bail, could repeat the process indefinitely, thereby putting the alleged debtor to great expense. McCall's bill provided there should be no arrest until the party had a hearing, nor then provided he made a full disclosure, except in case of fraud.

This really was one illustration of the character of McCall; his intense and implacable hatred of merely arbitrary power —it matters not whether it be from a political "boss" or a policeman. Notwithstanding his long career in politics, it may truthfully be said that he is associated with no cliques. He has nothing in common with the little breed of noisy politicians who, as he says, "defame their own virtue by always vaunting it." He thinks for himself, and is no man's man. It has been said of him that "the ditch digger and the millionaire have equal consideration from him."

These are assuredly Samuel W. McCall's characterisitcs. If we pause to think we shall inevitably conclude that the place-hunters and spoilsmen who are abroad at present in this commonwealth may well pause before approaching the executive chamber for "jobs," dependent upon nothing more substantial than "influential" friends.

His long career in Congress is so unmistakably linked with all that represents courage and sagacity, independence and judgment, adherence to the sound principles of government, largeness of viewpoint, and genuine constructiveness, that it seems idle to even attempt a review of the twenty years' service in that body. It has been said truly of him in Washington that he "lit the fires of independence every morning and kept them going all day long."

In an interview with Alleyne Ireland in the New York *Sunday World* of February 24, 1914, he utters a sentient note against the dangers of concentration of federal power:

### TOO MUCH GOVERNMENT

We have altogether too much government for our own good; we are now being crushed under an excessive burden of legislation. The "New Freedom" looks to me very like the old slavery, when we chained and directed the individual. I believe that freedom in itself is a good thing and that restraints should be imposed with great caution and only after the most careful and thorough deliberation. It is this feeling, coupled with my very strong faith in representative popular

*Photo by Louis Fabian Bachrach*

MRS. SAMUEL W. McCALL

government, which makes me regard the most extreme radical as the most extreme reactionary in the final analysis.

It is along the middle ground that safety lies for our institutions. Those who would swing the pendulum of our national life to the utmost limit in one direction fail to foresee the inevitable swing to the opposite bounds.

### LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE

"Would you not say something," Mr. Ireland asked, "about what you see in the future for the United States?"

"It would be the answer of an easy optimism," he replied, "to say that things will come out right, but it does not follow that any particular nation will continue to thrive if the vigilance of those who are members of it shall fail. Too many states have gone to ruin to allow us reasonably to build the hope of our own permanence upon faith rather than upon work. Our national attachment is to our institutions rather than to our soil, just as the ancient Greek carried his country with him on the deck of his galley.

"If we are destined to live under a great and powerful centralized autocracy, it will not be of the first consequence whether we live in Russia or in the United States. We ourselves will be destroying our country so far as it has appeared to be distinguished politically from the other countries of the world. The freedom of which we have made boast for a century and a quarter will disappear if we shall strip ourselves of our personal liberty and substitute for the impulse and purpose of the individual the hard and fast regulation of the state.

### HEAPING UP POWER AT WASHINGTON

"It is vital that we should limit the national government to those things which are clearly of common concern. If we continue to heap up power at Washington we shall assemble there a mass and detail of jurisdiction beyond the reach of the supervision of any set of agents, and as to the citizen a thousand miles distant, he will know nothing beforehand of what is being done, and such a thing as self-government will cease to exist.

"The balance established by the constitution between the central government and the states should be maintained, and in doubtful cases, in the interest of freedom and of self-government, the doubt should be solved in favor of home rule. The immense attraction of a great and increasing mass of governmental power constitutes a centripetal force which will draw all the states from their orbits unless it shall be held in check by the centrifugal force found in the powers which a fair construction of the constitution reserves to the states."

And discussing the tariff in the same interview, and the tariff (on which his iews have not changed an iota) will be even more of an issue in the coming Presidential campaign than it was at that time, he says:

> What the people of the country will have to decide is whether they want a tariff revision of the Republican kind or tariff revision of the Democratic kind. Now the Republican attitude on the subject of tariff revision may be defined briefly as the enactment of a protective tariff upon such articles as we are naturally fitted to produce in this country; sufficient to cover the fair difference in the cost of production here, and by our competitors abroad; and a revision of the schedules after a scientific consideration of all the questions upon which duties depend, by a non-partisan or a bi-partisan tariff board. The Republican party stands for the revision of a paragraph of a schedule at a time rather than a general revision which would throw all the industries of the country into a turmoil at the same moment, and which would summon to Washington a cohort of hundred-handed giants whose combined influence would make any decent revision almost impossible. I am safe in saying that the traditional Democratic tariff policy is that of a tariff for revenue only, without reference to its incidental effect upon industry.

### "BORROWED EPIGRAMS"

There are two speeches of Samuel W. McCall's in Congress which are well worth relating as showing how the Democratic party and its erstwhile leader, William Jennings Bryan, may both have borrowed their famous epigrams from the Massachusetts Congressman. One was his notable speech in the debate upon the Porto Rican tariff in the fiftieth Congress, in the course of which he said:

"I recognize our full duty to do our utmost to secure the welfare and happiness of the people of our new possessions. But I regard it as a most inauspicious omen that our first legislative act should be framed on the theory that *freedom does not follow the flag*, but that the latter goes to those islands unattended by the great principles of liberty that have made it glorious. Who can measure the evils that will result from a denial of the fundamental muniments against oppression with which our Constitution surrounds the individual?"

The passage in this speech which recites that "freedom does not follow the flag" is generally held to account for the epigram in the Democratic national platform of 1900 that the "Constitution follows the flag."

And so when Bryan, jumping from his place at the press table to the platform in the Democratic national convention at Chicago, delivered his famous peroration of the "cross of gold and crown of thorns," it was probably more than a mere coincidence. For he was in Congress and on the floor the day that "Sam" McCall in a speech on the Wilson tariff bill turned to the Democratic side and used this language: "What is your position as to labor? Ready as you have always been to betray with a kiss, you scourge it to the quick and press upon its brow a *crown of thorns.*"

### "OPPOSED EXTENSION OF EXECUTIVE AUTHORITY"

Reverting to Mr. McCall's persistent opposition to "the extension of executive authority" that Daniel Webster names as the chief danger of Republican government, it is interesting as showing the largeness of vision and prophetic wisdom of McCall to quote from an interview in the New York *Times* of Sunday, September 1, 1907, when in speaking of this and other kindred subjects he says:

"They say that I am not a good Republican because I don't uphold the Republican administration. I feel that I am one of the chosen few in that fact, however, and I am going to stand by the American constitution to the last dot and the last 'i.' Physical courage is a very common kind of heroics. Any man in the street has got it, and almost any animal. The courage that counts is the veto upon public opinion, at the risk of personal disfranchisement for some distinguished office. A veto that is made in the interest of an invisible destiny, a glimpse of which is sometimes given to great men in time to precede its coming.

"I predict an industrial crisis in 1913. There was one in '73, another in '93, and as, according to history, these things run strangely in cycles, another is due in 1913."

### NOT A REACTIONARY

It has been suggested time and time again that "Sam" McCall is a "reactionary," and it may be necessary in order to disarm these opponents, who apparently know nothing of the real man, nor of his ideals, to recall some of the things for which he has conspicuously stood.

THE McCALL DAUGHTERS—CATHERINE, MARGARET AND RUTH

He was an insistent advocate of the popular election of United States Senators long before it became safely embedded in the federal constitution. He has been a constant advocate of woman suffrage from the time that he was entering public life, when the principle was much less popular than it is today. He is an anti-imperialist. He differed from several of the Roosevelt policies and had the courage to oppose them on the floor of Congress, and his judgment in this respect has since been vindicated for the most part. He is in favor of all just labor measures and shorter hours of labor. He opposed a third term for the President of the United States and the extension of the executive authority. He is unalterably opposed to the division of men or parties in politics upon the lines of their religious creeds. He stands squarely upon the platform of the Republican party as announced at the last Massachusetts state convention. All this, and a great deal more along the same lines, is true of Samuel W. McCall. If the principles here set forth stamp him as a "reactionary," then he is prepared to say in the words of Patrick Henry, "Make the most of it."

### THE GOVERNOR'S PERSONALITY

Now just a word about "Sam" McCall's personality, his wife, his family, his home on the top of Myopia Hill, where he gazes out on the Mystic Lakes and the city beyond. In personal appearance McCall is tall and slender, though by no means thin. A broad, high forehead strongly emphasizes the fact that behind it is the head of a student and a philosopher. From beneath the forehead and overhanging brows Governor McCall looks out upon the world through deep set eyes, with a glance at once kindly, observant and alert; what sternness there is lies in his close-lipped and very determined mouth, but it is usually tempered with a genial disposition to smile. And when he smiles, which is very often, his whole countenance lights up and leaves you with the impression of a benediction. Like President McKinley, there is a world of flattery in his handshake and his smile. He is sixty-four years of age, but you would never guess it to look at him. His step is light and elastic, his eyes are bright and keen, and his whole body in fact lean, sinewy, and active, so as to suggest a man just entering the meridian of life. And he represents all the old-fashioned virtues—industry, economy, truthfulness, self-reliance and self-respect. He is married to the daughter of Sumner S. Thomson of Vermont, who was descended from one of the Mayflower settlers, and her mother came from Maine. There are three daughters, the Misses Ruth, Katherine and Margaret, and two sons, Sumner McCall, who graduated from Harvard College and law school and is now in Chicago, and Henry, also a Harvard man, now in central Oregon. He has but one fad, that of baseball, and, yes, he is a "fan." In his old college days he played on his class team at Dartmouth, and even now he takes a deep interest in the national game. He is connected in Winchester with the Episcopal Church, and has the approbation and esteem of every member of the parish. More than that, he has the esteem of everyone in his home town, where he has long been "looked up to" as Winchester's First Citizen.

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# LOVE'S SEA

"My love for you is as deep as the sea,"
She murmured, coming close to me.

"And mine for you is as lasting and high
As the unknown expanses which meet the sky."

"But mine for you is so tender and true
That every little wave wafts a kiss to you."

"Pray God," I whispered, bending low,
"Raise a tempest, and keep it so."

—*Marie Richardson.*

# Idealism in Commerce

### by

### John B. Gorgan

HOW fascinating it is to sit down after a long vacation and review its incidents day by day. How unimportant seem the matters which excited worry and anxiety in the light of reflective leisure of vacation days. When I glance over my little diary and note the travels of the year it seems to bring a flood tide of reminiscence that is all but bewildering in trying to measure the activities, scenes, and changes witnessed by the wayfaring traveler.

It has always been my ambition to supplement the meager knowledge obtained in school and college days by travel and observation, and the more I travel and observe, the more glorious seems the country in which I live; and the more I love and admire the people who are doing the things of this day and generation; and the more I reverence the acts, nobility, and latent idealism of those who have left their impress upon the history of the country.

*Photo by G. E. Hancock*

ROTARIANS AT THE RECENT EXPOSITION
Allen D. Albert, Chesley R. Perry and two fellow Rotarians

This idealism of the people is beginning to assert itself through organizations which inspire and bring out the ethical impulse. It has been thought heretofore that ethics as ethics, belonged exclusively to the professions; the minister, lawyer, doctor, and editor were supposed to have a vision of idealism not common in the plain people.

### INTERNATIONAL ROTARY CONVENTION

Memories of 1915 include the convention of the International Rotary Clubs at San Francisco. These organizations constitute live-wire representatives of every different line of business in the various cities having a Rotary Club. They do not have any suggestion of exclusiveness in their work such as might be inferred from their limited membership. The undertaker and the butcher of modern days joins as heartily in the upbuilding of his community, and expresses his ethical impulses quite as comprehensively, as the erudite educator or solemn-visaged cleric.

*Photo by Harold A. Taylor*

THE MULHOLLAND SMILE IS CATCHING

Frank L. Mulholland shaking hands with Uncle Charlie Woodward

As the name indicates, a Rotary Club must rotate in its place of meeting and keep busy with the activities outlined in helping along worthy movements. They have no clubrooms where the members can grow stout and lazy in inactivity or engender cliques or factions. They must meet, mingle, and mix, and many a staid member has found himself delighted to find his fellow-men calling him by his first name as his chums in boyhood were wont to do. Some have insisted that they have never heard the name which their mothers gave them until after they came within the warmth and glow of the Rotary circle.

As the membership is limited to one representative of each business or occupation in a town, there are no competitors present and any inclination toward petty rivalry is eliminated. The clubs form an active committee of the whole, for when a member inclines to lag or neglect the duties of his membership, he is automatically dropped and replaced by one of the many applicants for membership that are waiting for the first opening.

### FLAVOR OF OLD DEBATING SOCIETY

In the Municipal Auditorium at San Francisco meetings were held and the variety of topics discussed would seem to comprehend about everything that appertains to human welfare. The discussions tingled with the spirit of the old-fashioned debating societies, and the earnestness with which the topics were taken up at the various round tables indicated that the Rotarians of America and Europe have a practical outlook upon the pertinent problem of the times.

The president of each local club was able to ascertain through a system of coupons taken at the door just how many and what meetings of the convention were attended by the delegates.

The experiences of the various clubs from all parts of the world was a veritable encyclopedia of the activities of the times. With admirable candor the Rotarian frankly admits that he joins the club for the purpose of helping himself and his business, for when initiated he was introduced and must tell all about his business and why he should be entitled to the support and co-operation of Rotarians.

Unlike the ethical pretensions in other organizations that a man's business and that which is absorbing his attentions, should never be talked or discussed in the club, the Rotarian frankly cultivates what is, after all, the innate impulse of the average man or woman in joining any other organization.

The emblem of the Rotarians is a wheel with spokes and tire and hub. It typifies the circle of friendship. The myriad of little acts of helpfulness, and watchful friendliness and fellowship, the devotion and self-sacrifice which men will reveal under the impulse and influence of this organization is a most inspiring indication of its future. The comradeship of the camp and the discipline of the school, the glow of the neighborhood sociability is most beneficently blended in Rotary.

Few organizations that held conventions in San Francisco made a deeper impression by their virile and vital activities and frankness than the international Rotarians. The banquet at the Palace Hotel, where nearly two thousand people sat down to break bread together, was one of the largest ever held on the Coast. At any occasion upon which nearly two thousand people are united, mingling heart and impulse such as was exemplified in Rotarians there assembled, there is a feeling and a spirit expressed that is felt in the very tingle of the myriad minds focused upon a common purpose in a spirit of idealism blended with a practical impulse.

One of the big things accomplished by the Rotarians at their convention was the adoption, by a unanimous vote, of the Rotary Code of Ethics for business men of all lines. This is a code whose spirit lifts the standard of so-called "commercial business" to the highest ethical plane.

The Rotarians will use this code as the basis for their efforts to "evangelize" all business. Some have called the code "The Eleven Commandments of Business."

# THE FLUTE

### *By* FLYNN WAYNE

OH! wond'rous voice—the silvery flute—
  Whose soft-toned music swells
As whispering lips invite the soul,
  And murmur through its dells.

With every breath, a kiss is blown,
  Adown the vale of sound,
Where silver keys may guide its way
  To some strange trysting ground.

Ah! lips that whisper—lips that kiss—
  And lovers left alone
'Tis these the flute blends all in one
  Sweet harmony of tone.

# William McKinley

(Born at Niles, Ohio, January 29, 1843
Died September 14, 1901)

## by James Whitcomb Riley

HE said: "It is God's way:
His will, not ours, be done."
And o'er our land a shadow lay
That darkened all the sun.
The voice of jubilee
That gladdened all the air,
Fell sudden to a quavering key
Of suppliance and prayer.

He was our chief—our guide—
Sprung of our common Earth,
From youth's long struggle proved and tried
To manhood's highest worth;
Through toil, he knew all needs
Of all his toiling kind—
The favored striver who succeeds—
The one who falls behind.

The boy's young faith he still
Retained through years mature—
The faith to labor, hand and will,
Nor doubt the harvest sure—
The harvest of man's love—
A nation's joy that swells
To heights of Song, or deeps whereof
But sacred silence tells.

To him his Country seemed
Even as a Mother, where
He rested—slept; and once he dreamed—
As on her bosom there—
And thrilled to hear, within
That dream of her, the call
Of bugles and the clang and din
Of war. . . . And o'er it all

His rapt eyes caught the bright
Old Banner, winging wild
And beck'ning him, as to the fight . . .
When—even as a child—
He wakened—and the dream
Was real! And he leapt
As led the proud Flag through a gleam
Of tears the Mother wept.

His was a tender hand—
Even as a woman's is—
And yet as fixed, in Right's command,
As this bronze hand of his;
This was the Soldier brave—
This was the Victor fair—
This is the Hero heaven gave
To glory here—and there.

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# A Friend of Caesar

by

## Arthur Wallace Peach

WHEN the sun was low enough to shoot its copper-tinted rays into the little shack above the small plant, Lansing moved from his position near the table in order to avoid the brightness. As he did so, he saw a small, weazened figure appear in front of the door, and heard a question:

"You want da cook?"

The four other men turned at the sound of the soft Italian voice—a voice seldom heard in that far-away corner of New Mexico.

"Great Scott!" Lansing said in astonishment. "Where did you dig out?"

"I no dig, I cook," came the answer in a slightly offended tone.

"How did you get here?" one of the other men asked.

"By the foot," the Italian answered, pointing to his dusty and worn boots.

"Fifty miles to the nearest hut, by George," Lansing muttered.

Still in the doorway, patient, smiling, the coppery sun making a halo around him, the newcomer stood.

"What's your name?" asked Lansing.

"Spazzizzto."

Lansing put his hand to his head. "What's that—no, hold on; don't say it again. So you want a job as cook, eh?" Lansing turned to the others without waiting for an answer. "If Ed is going to the coast with you fellows, we better hire this chap while we have the chance."

The older man of the group, Martin, studied the brown face of the stranger closely, then turned to the others, and said softly, "I suppose I'm nervous a little over this digging turning out so well; do you suppose he is a spy?"

"How did you know we want a cook?" Lansing asked.

"The big man around in the café back there, I hear heem say you wanta cook. I come."

"He means Bob Shumway back in the settlement," Martin explained. "I guess he's all right; better take him up and try him out tonight. Only hold on, we can't call you Spaz—" Martin looked foolish as he tried to pronounce the name—"we'll call you 'Spat.' Get me?"

"Alla right; Spat," was the cheerful agreement.

Out of the crude store of provisions, Spat concocted a feast, and he was hired amid acclaim that wrinkled his face with smiles.

So he came to his service in the "diggings." The "diggings" had been located by Martin on one of his prospecting trips; it did not look valuable, but he was a man of the type who shares with friends, and he had called in the five others. To their surprise, after they had gathered a force of Mexicans and installed a little plant, the mine had suddenly given great promise. Three of them were to leave the next day in an effort to interest capital along the coast in their find. Lansing and Moore were to be left in charge. The matter of a cook had been a puzzle, for Ed Lein, who was going with the party, had done most of the cooking; none of them could "down" the "fuel" their Mexican cook had set before them. The coming of "Spat" was therefore welcomed.

Only to Martin did the new arrival appear suspicious. Fearful that word had leaked out that their find was a big one, Martin was ready to question anyone who, coming to the camp, endeavored to get into touch with the partners. He made no further objection to "Spat," however, than in his first questioning, and "Spat" was soon made to feel at home.

* * *

The third day after the departure of the three men on their errand to the coast, Moore came into the shack and called Lansing aside.

"There's something cookin' up down among those Mex, Sid. If they get into this shack, they'll get away with the plans and a big bunch of dust. Just as soon as they saw that Mart and the others had gone, and we kids were left in charge, they began to sputter among themselves in that blasted tongue of theirs. I couldn't get a word of what they were gabbin' about."

Lansing looked down into the gully, where a rude bunkhouse had been put up. He could see the subjects of their conversation busy cooking their evening meal. There was nothing suspicious about Lansing, and he tossed off his momentary anxiety with a laugh.

"They haven't got spunk enough," he said shortly. "You're getting homesick, Sam. Come in, and see what the wop has doped up for us."

While they were busy over the food, Lansing noticed that "Spat" had his hand done up in a clumsy bandage.

"What's the trouble, Spat? Been in a fight?" Lansing questioned.

"Me? No; the—the hammer with the sharpa edge—"

"The hatchet?"

"Yes; it cuta me."

"Let's see it later, Spat; fix it up for you."

When later Lansing was doing up the badly cut hand he used a bottle of antiseptic on which a skull and crossbones had been drawn by Martin with some realism. Lansing, noticing the Italian's interest and thinking it might be a good idea to warn him, explained the nature of the solution and the damage it would do if drunk even in small amount. That done, he gave no more thought to the matter.

The next evening, however, it was recalled to his mind rather sharply.

The two men found their food awaiting them on the table, but no "Spat" was in sight. They sat down, however, thinking he was somewhere about the shack or its surroundings. Moore had just taken a bite of meat and looked up with a remark that the meat tasted funny; Lansing, his mind going suddenly to the odorless antiseptic, which was also almost tasteless, but not quite, was about to speak his fear, when with the crack of a rifle along the slope, Moore raised a punctured arm down which the blood streamed.

With one rush Lansing slammed the door of the shack, swung his heavy gun from the holster on a knob near the door, and fired into the faces that appeared at the two windows of the shack. Only his quickness saved them. The dark faces disappeared, but the splintered wood near Lansing made it plain that it was only his swift firing that had caused their aim to waver.

A few moments more, and Moore's wounded arm was bandaged. He took his place at one window and Lansing at the other. The struggle was on.

The splinters flew about the windows as the lead hurled from behind rocks and boulders on the hillside found its mark; but by using care and patience, the two within managed to dodge death.

In one of the lulls, Moore turned his ashen face toward Lansing.

"I'm getting pretty faint, lad. But I'll stick it out as long as I can. It's a beastly shame—the dirty cowards; catch us that way." His eyes suddenly narrowed and glittered. "I tell you who's the bottom of this—that wop! He's been up here; he knows how we're fixed; he's to blame. I'd like to—"

A sudden rattle of reports cut short the snarling sentence, and for a time the two gave their attention to warding off what seemed another rush.

The shack had been placed, probably

by Martin's foresight, so that it commanded the slope down to the gully. Back of it, however, a cliff went straight up in an uneven manner, but in such a way that there was no method of escape. It was simply a case of staying in the shack until—

Lansing did not finish the thought. He knew the other partners would not be back for weeks, and as for any other help, he knew to even think of it was foolish. Their nemesis had been the dark-faced Italian, who, in some way or other, was evidently the tool of men who were working for the mine and the gold that had been gathered.

* * *

The moon came up, bright and clear, and the open place about the shack was flooded with the yellow rays. Lansing felt sure that they could hold the shack as long as the light stayed. If they held it on to morning, perhaps something might turn up, but he did not try to think what it might be.

There was no attempt made to rush the place, and hearing sounds down in the gully, he formed the theory that the Mexicans, serene in their number and confidence, would wait until daylight before they attempted another move. Once in a while a shot, cracking against the dry timber, told them that some were on guard. The knowledge that they were on the watch enabled Lansing to overrule Moore's wild schemes of dashing out and having it over. Lansing knew how simple a matter it would be for the hidden marksmen to pick them off as they stepped into the open space in front of the shack. Neither of them could possibly leave by either of the windows.

An hour passed or therabout; time was drawing them near to the answer it has for every question, the solution for every crisis. Moore was muttering as he leaned near his window weakly, and in his muttering the name of "Spat" was recurrent.

Suddenly Lansing, peering through a crack near the window edge, saw a spurt of flame higher up the slope, heard a wild death-cry, and caught the heavy shadow as a man shot into the air, spun around and vanished. He did not know what to make of it. Again there was a report, and with it, from behind the boulders Lansing's startled eyes saw other shadows break and run—four in number. Two other reports followed from the hillside, and two stopped in their pell-mell rush down the slope.

Astonished but alert, Lansing studied the rocky stretch in front of him. His keen eye caught sight of a dark head rising above a boulder; he leveled his gun, but paused; there was something familiar about the object of his aim. After the head came a body, and in a moment Lansing saw the short, squat figure of "Spat" scuttle from rock to rock, and come dashing to the shack.

Moore turned with a curse at the sound of "Spat's" voice asking to be let in, and he fingered the gray Colt in his hand. But Lansing silenced him and motioned him back, then opened the door.

In came the moon-swept figure of "Spat"; Lansing could see the smile as even the shadow of the shack covered it. "Spat" stepped in as unconcernedly as he had appeared on his first arrival.

He threw his gun onto the table. "Been have a hella time," he said briefly and wearily.

Lansing, after a quick glance through the open door, turned to him, while Moore, dropped weakly into one of the bunks, continuing to growl at "Spat."

"What have you been up to?" Lansing demanded.

"Me? I was here, a-gettin' the sup; you down the mine. Up come the Mex, graba me by the troat, tella me come or be—" "Spat" did a stabbing act in pantomime. "I go. I know if I don'ta go, keel me. I make da bluff, I am wid 'em, see? I go. They keep me there; time go by. I am feerful. I hear da shot. They come down; maka me cook. I cook—ya, I cook!" He laughed wildly, but there was joy in his laugh.

"How'd you get away?" Lansing asked, still puzzled.

"Spat" straightened up. "I make da food in a big pail; I meex in it while I cook a little antaseep—"

"A little an—Oh, I get you; you put in a little of that—" Lansing gasped and stopped as the full meaning struck him.

"Spat" had poured into the food by some

hook or crook a portion of the antiseptic, a deadly poison. In the excitement the Mexicans had been under, he no doubt had been able to make a thorough job. Their hot food, highly seasoned, would cover what little taste there was.

The poison was deadly. Lansing decided to go down to the bunkhouse. "Were they done for?" he asked quickly.

"Yes," "Spat" said reflectively, "ver' seeck."

As Lansing started down the slope, he glanced back and heard Moore's pain-filled voice say almost joyously, "Spat, you're a fighter! I'll bet you was a friend of Cæsar's back a thousand years ago! Shake, old boy!"

"Sure," "Spat's" soft voice came down to Lansing, "I know Cæsar; he sell da banan' in Dallas, sure—"

The rest Lansing did not catch, but as he went on he thought to himself that even if "Spat" had made a mistake in his Cæsar, he would have done good work in the famous Tenth Legion of the great Roman.

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# COVENTRY

### *By* EDWARD WILBUR MASON

KINGDOM of the victorious,
Country of the valorious
There is a strand
Neither in earth or in heaven
But always in mystic shadow—
A No-Man's Land!

Here flourish the priests and sages,
Here thrive the poets whose rages
Offended earth.
Here in the jubilant silence
They sing of the starry islands
Whence came their birth.

Here are the martyrs of beauty
Banished for love or for duty,
Or for their charms
Too bright for the eyes of others,
That should have oped for their brothers
Kind hearts and arms.

Here do the spirits whom sorrow
Seamed with wrinkle and furrow,
Regain their youth.
Yea, here is romance and glory,
And here are legend and story,
And deathless truth.

O wonderful unseen region,
O bourne of the weary legion,
Pursued of fate,
Some day from these vales of error
Shall I not flee in my terror
Unto thy gate?

# The Sixth Gift

by

## Agnes Mary Brownell

UPON a bit of country, wind-swept, sun-bathed or rain-washed, as it pleased the whims of the passing year, there settled, in an early day, a young man and his bride, and both at once found work to their hands. The land was fertile, and ere long a young orchard greened and blossomed and hung out globes of scarlet light; the meadow-land, through which ran a little brook, fed and watered sleek red and white cattle; the fields produced some fifty, and some an hundred fold, and rose bushes clambered up the window frames. And in the midst of it all came a little creaking sound—faint, slow, rhythmic—like a foot on a rocker; yet the man could hear it in his field; it sounded in his ears all day like magic music. It was the creaking of an infant's cradle.

Now in the country was at that time a band of fairies, whose employment was, at the earliest moment they heard of such an arrival, to assemble at the cradle for the purpose of presenting there the fairy gifts at their disposal—one only at each cradle—and to the selection of this one they bent their combined wisdom. The touch of one should convey beauty; of a second, riches; the third gave wisdom; the fourth, love; the fifth had the gift of courage. In all, there were six gifts.

Upon the middle of a quiet night these grouped themselves about the cradle of the first-born. The child slept.

"Ah, it hath gold hair—the eyes should be blue—that is good!" pronounced the Fairy of the gift of Beauty. (She herself was of the fair type.)

The Fairy of Wisdom intervened. "Looks are well enough—but to my mind, brains—"

"Hoity toity! for a girl—what would she find to do with them?" (this was all long ago, before the suffrage movement) interrupted the Fairy of Beauty testily. "What think the rest of you?" She waved them imperiously nearer.

"Had it been a boy—" muttered one regretfully (the Fairy of Courage), and cast her vote for Beauty. The others, for they were a pacific band for the most part, followed suit.

"Ah—well, methinks the forehead is too low for intellect," breathed the Fairy of Wisdom, just audibly (such a forehead in truth had the Fairy of Beauty). "Besides, who can tell—perhaps in a couple of years more—"

Strange indeed had been her fairy foresight. Scarce two years later they stood again about the same cradle. In it slept another infant. Beauty glanced carelessly its way.

"Dark!" she muttered. "I care not for dark beauties." (The Fairy of Wisdom was very dark.) And she turned away.

"It hath a fine brow!" cried Wisdom with delight. "What say you, Fairies, shall we not endow him with Wisdom?"

"Wisdom!" exclaimed another of the fairies, pushing to the front. "What's wisdom? Will it purchase a coach? (This, you remember, was before the day of the automobile.) Will it put up a mansion? Will it furnish a counting house?"

"I call you to witness," cried the Fairy of the gift of Wisdom, "here is the high brow of the Scholar, not the bulging knobs of the financier. This child is destined for for the writing of a great book. Think you not so?"

Beauty yawned. "Books—they are dull things," she said. "I read them but at night to induce sleep; but if it please you—" She ranged herself by the side of Wisdom.

But Love walked a little way apart. "What foolish baubles are these," she muttered, communing with herself. "Ah, well—they are a hardy stock."

* * *

It was even so. A third time they surrounded the cradle, which had a mended rocker; and ere the others could so much as cry out at the unfairness, she had put the magic of her touch upon the sleeping babe. "So—I destine thee to Love!" she cried; and forthwith they all crowded about the child, and kissed her hands that were colored like pink shells, and the pink petals that were her toes, and burrowed against her soft cheeks like roses, and went away with backward looks.

So when the fourth was born—a boy—the Fairy of Courage boldly followed the example of Love, and touched the child; and he opened his eyes and saw them clustered about, and had no fear for all their strangeness, but stretched out his little arms and would have adventured with them; but these fairies are not of that sort that replace human babes with changelings.

And likewise when the fifth was born, the Fairy of Riches met no dissent when she put her golden sign upon him. And this was the last time that all met at that cradle, for when the last and sixth lay there, all the fairies but one only had gone in haste to the next county, where many of the young folks had married and settled. So one alone, the smallest and least assuming of them all, stood by the cradle and laid most lovingly a tender hand upon the babe's head; and when it had lain there a time, she took up each of its little hands, and stood patting them, and bent and kissed its feet. And the babe in the shabby wicker cradle woke and tingled all over its tiny body with joy, as if the cradle had been of carven gilt and its coarse sheets of softest lace and linen. And seeing how soon the magic had worked, the fairy smiled and went away satisfied.

* * *

So now the household was all told; and of a summer day you might have seen them busy at their tasks—the Beauty lingered overlong at her mirror, ere she came down in the mornings; and the Scholar pored over his books so late at night that he always overslept; nor was it always convenient to give up the porch in summer and the parlor in winter to the suitors who buzzed about the two destined by the fairies to Love and Beauty. But one boy cared little so long as he could shake the pennies out of his bank every evening to see how they had grown in number; and the other, tramping the woods for game and adventure, with his gun slung over his shoulder, snapped his fingers at girls' doings. But the youngest of them all—a plain little brown slip of a girl—kept always a plate of food warming in the oven, against his late return; and she sat and sewed lace upon ruffles and worked patterns of embroidery for her sister the Beauty and the other who was even lovelier.

Sometimes her brother, the Bookworm, would toss her a scrap of knowledge from the heap he had piled up about him, till of the whole wide world he saw nothing but rusty parchment and the writing upon it. He had a sort of workshop and a bench covered with parts of fiddles and morning-glories and butterflies, the spirits of which he strove to transfer to his papers. Sometimes he let his little sister sweep his shop out for him, but he complained of the light and air she let in, and finally locked it up and kept the key. She wept at this, and the other brother tossed her a penny from his hoard (he was counting it over at the time), but he soon borrowed it of her on a pretence and forgot to return it; but let her polish his bank on cleaning days.

* * *

So time drew on, and one by one they all went away, except for the youngest. She stayed and closed her mother's eyes; and after years, her father's; and tended their low beds lovingly. Nor was she long alone, for Beauty, broken-winged, fluttered back one night under cover of darkness—Beauty no longer, but only a woman, poor and betrayed. Ere long the lovely sister died of her love, but lived again in the person of a little creature who played about the door. And in like manner the youth dedicated to Courage and great things lived in the triumph of a great and good cause, though he had fallen on an obscure field.

And one day a very dingy and shabby and snuffy old gentleman dismounted from a chaise at the door, and had conveyed to the old workshop sundry boxes and parcels done up in tea-lead and oilskins to keep their contents dry.

Very dry indeed they were—huge manuscripts in a crabbed hand (remember, 'twas before the day of the typewriter), and in his dusty cobwebby shop he forthwith stayed, and his high, shrivelled forehead and his long, lean nose, and his red, rheumy little eyes beheld nothing in the wide world but just what he had written in this book—till he was himself just dry parchment like to it.

And last there came, begging at the door, ragged, sodden and unkempt, but with a sack (which he affirmed was rags) on his back, another old man whom, when his sister recognized him, she would have made comfortable in his old room; but he would none of it, but descended to the cellar and placed bars against the narrow windows, and there unslung his bag, which gave forth a clinking sound (which he said was old iron). But he could not resist plunging his hands into it, and strange and yellow gleams struck out from the mouth of the bag (which he said was sunlight), and forthwith hung something dark and thick against the windows.

After many years, the fairy band who had once inhabited the country side, returned and stole quietly back to the scene of the wicker cradle. And on the gate-post perched a lovely motherless child who had been named for his soldier great-uncle; but as they ascended the path they heard a most mournful plaint from an eldrich old creature who could not see the beautiful child nor the smiling country, for her eyes were blind from much weeping for her own lost beauty.

And in an old shop nearby they saw a musty old creature whose veins ran dust, poking his sharp eyes and his sharp nose and his sharp bald dome into an old yellow book; while a clanking sound like chains came up from an underground chamber, accompanied by the monotonous counting of an old and rasping voice.

But the interior of the house was bright and airy as out of doors, and shone with a wonderful radiance; and on her knees by a fender, placing a saucer of milk for a most marvelous sleek and rotund Tabby, was as beautiful a little old lady as one might see in a life's journey.

And as for her surroundings, riches could not buy her treasures; her very brass fender, which had been her mother's, was more to her than gold.

Only one knew her—the one who had stood alone at her cradle. But the others marvelled at the wisdom that had rounded out her years to this fulfillment, and the courage that could withstand the unlovely spirits of her household, and the love which she radiated.

They looked strangely upon her and upon their fairy companion whose touch had had such magic in it.

"We wrought for Beauty and Wisdom and Riches, Courage and Love," they said; "thy gift was but an humble one, and lo, it hath gained for her all the rest!"

For the sixth gift was Content.

# Great American Humorists

## Artemus Ward

### by Bennett Chapple

HUMOR is the wireless telegraphy of thought; it travels in wave lengths and finds its readiest reading in those minds that are tuned in harmony with the humorist. A humorous writer or lecturer may appear silly to one person, while causing another to double up with laughter.

A study of the great American humorists shows clearly that the first requisite is to catch the distinctive vibrations of each personality, and then one finds himself rocking back and forth in the very ecstasy of mirth and joy. It is only necessary to recall the works of Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Ely Perkins, Petroleum V. Nasby, Mark Twain, Danbury Newsman, Hawkeyeman and Josiah Allen's wife to realize how varied and distinctive are the works of American humorists.

These great names mark as important an epoch in American literature as do the works of Whittier, Bryant and Longfellow among the poets, and Irving, Hawthorne and Cooper among the novelists. We seem to have no such humorous poets or story-tellers today. In the field of humor the quick rapid-fire, gasoline explosion, spark-plug brand of newspaper comics and moving picture antics furnish a spitting, sputtering substitute made up of flashes, but with little real substance upon which to base real wholesome enjoyment.

We will not quarrel with this new order of things, for there is consolation in the fact that we can, if we choose, drag our little humor-receiving apparatus back to the old-timers like Artemus Ward or Josh Billings and with a little adjusting connect up with them for a quiet chuckle or a real, reckless ride into laughter-land. An ingrowing automobile intelligence permeating our national life enables us to quickly detect if our explosions are too slow or too fast, and by the simple process of advancing or retarding the spark, we may regulate the speed and be on our way.

One of the greatest American humorists was Charles Farrar Browne, better known as Artemus Ward. He was born in the little village of Waterford, Maine, in 1834, and died in 1867 at the age of thirty-two. He came from old Puritan stock, and upon being asked concerning his origin, he was wont to reply:

"I think we came from Jerusalem, for my father's name was Levi, and we had a Moses and a Nathan in the family; but my poor brother's name was Cyrus; so perhaps that makes us Persians."

As a boy the humorist was full of happy wit and the family was not always spared. One night coming home in a driving snowstorm, Artemus went around the house and threw snowballs at his brother Cyrus' window, shouting for him to come down quickly. Cyrus appeared in haste and stood shivering in his night clothes.

"Why don't you come in, Charles? The door is open."

"Oh," replied Artemus, "I could have gotten in all right, Cyrus, but I called you down because I wanted to ask you if you really thought it was wrong to keep slaves."

Educated in the Waterford schools, the family circumstances soon made it necessary to apprentice him in the printing office of the Skowhegan *Clarion*, where he passed through the trying ordeals to which a printer's devil is generally subjected. On his fifteenth birthday he bade farewell to the *Clarion*, and we next hear of him in the office of the *Carpet Bag* of Boston, edited by B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington). Here under Shillaber he used to set up articles from the pens of Miles O'Reilly and John G. Saxe, and here he wrote his first productions in a disguised hand, slyly putting it in the editorial box, and the next day enjoyed the pleasure of setting it up himself.

Fond of roving, he soon left Boston, and as a journeyman printer made his way across Massachusetts and New York, finally accepting a position as reporter and compositor at four dollars per week in Tiffan, Ohio. His next jump was to the position of writer of sarcastic paragraphs in the columns of the Toledo *Commercial*, and later at twenty-four, he was employed on the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, receiving a salary of twelve dollars per week. It was here that he first decided to take the lecture platform and became the first humorist lecturer in the field. Many of his friends called him a fool for thinking of such a thing, and to them Artemus recited this little story:

"Wise Man—Ah! you poor, foolish little girl, here is a dollar for you.

"Foolish Little Girl—Thank you, sir, but I have a sister at home as foolish as I am; can't you give me a dollar for her?"

A companion in the *Plain Dealer's* office describes his writing table as follows:

"His desk was a rickety table which had been whittled and gashed until it looked as if it had been the victim of a flash of lightning. His chair was a fit companion thereto, a wabbling, unsteady affair, sometimes with four and sometimes with three legs. When writing, his awkward form presented a ridiculous sight: one leg hanging over the arm of his chair like a great hook, while he would write away, sometimes laughing in the excess of his mirth."

Before entering upon his lecture tour, he accepted a position with *Vanity Fair*, a humorous paper published in New York City, in which many of his best productions were given to the public, but the venture was not financially successful.

Referring to his experiences, he wrote to a friend as follows:

"Comic copy is what they wanted for *Vanity Fair*. I wrote some of it and killed it."

Tired of printing, he resolved to try the platform, whereon his Bohemian friends agreed that his fame and fortune would be made before intelligent audiences. He was in a quandary as to what should be the subject of his lecture. First he thought of calling it "My Seven Grandmothers," but finally adopted "Babes in the Wood," on which subject he addressed his first audience in New York City, having first "tried it on a yellow dog" in the suburban town of Norwich, Connecticut. Ward's lecture was announced by funny placards which flooded the city, reading:

"Artemus Ward will speak a piece." In the middle of his lecture he would hesitate, stop, and say:

"Owing to a slight indisposition, we will now have an intermission of fifteen minutes."

The audience looked in utter dismay at the idea of staring at vacancy for a quarter of an hour, when, rubbing his hands, the lecturer would continue: "But during the intermission, I will go on with my lecture."

His first book was published in 1862, entitled "Artemus Ward, His Book." Over forty thousand copies were sold, and a like success attended the sale of the three other volumes published later.

A second lecture was written entitled "Sixty Minutes in Africa," which was first delivered in Philadelphia. Describing the large map which hung back of him, the lecturer declared that the African continent abounded in various wonderful reptiles and flowers. "It produces," said he, "the red rose, the white rose and the *neg rose*."

With his pockets filled with money from his lecture, Artemus Ward journeyed to California. Previous to starting he received a telegram asking what he would take for forty nights in California. He immediately telegraphed back:

"Brandy and water—Artemus Ward,"

and the reply was published throughout California as a capital joke.

On returning from California he passed through Salt Lake City, and while there got data for his lecture "Among the Mormons," which was delivered to immense audiences throughout the country, and later taken to England with great success. His manner of delivery was grotesque and comical beyond description. His quaint and sad style contributed more than anything else to render his entertainment exquisitely funny, while the tickets of admission presented the most ludicrous ideas, as for instance:

"Admit the bearer and one wife."

While in England Artemus Ward became a contributor to the London *Punch* and was enthusiastically received in all circles. He died abroad while engaged in lecturing. In his will he made several bequests to his family, and left the balance of his property to the Asylum of Worn-out Brothers, with Horace Greeley as sole trustee. Even this was one of his practical jokes, for it was found he left nothing.

Later the printers of America built a monument to mark his resting place in the little old churchyard at Waterford, by each one setting a specified number of ems, the pay for which was devoted to that purpose.

In personal appearance Artemus Ward was tall and slender; his eyes brilliant, small and close together; his hair soft, straight and blond, and he wore a large mustache. His voice was soft and clear, and his gentle humor is still heard.

Many people still living remember his inimitable illustrated lecture on the Mormons, which was mostly about something else, as follows:

You are entirely welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to my little picture shop.

I couldn't give you a very clear idea of the Mormons—and Utah—and the plains—and the Rocky Mountains—without opening a picture-shop—and therefore I open one.

I don't expect to do great things here—but I have thought that if I could make money enough to buy me a passage to New Zealand I should feel that I had not lived in vain.

If you should be dissatisfied with anything here tonight—I will admit you all free in New Zealand—if you will come to me there for the orders. Any respectable cannibal will tell you where I live. This shows that I have a forgiving spirit.

I really don't care for money. I only travel round to see the world and to exhibit my clothes. These clothes I have on are a great success.

How often do large fortunes ruin young men! I should like to be ruined, but I can get on very well as I am.

I am not an artist. I don't paint myself though perhaps if I were a middle-aged single lady I should—yet I have a passion for pictures. I have had a great many pictures—photographs—taken of myself. Some of them are very pretty—rather sweet to look at for a short time—and as I said before, I like them. I've always loved pictures.

I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child I once drew a small cartload of raw turnips over a wooden bridge. The people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention. They said I had a future before me. Up to that time I had an idea it was behind me.

Time passed on. It always does, by the way. You may possibly have noticed that Time passes on. It is a kind of way Time has.

I became a man. I haven't distinguished myself at all as an artist—but I have always been more or less mixed up with art. I have an uncle who takes photographs—and I have a servant who—takes anything he can get his hands on.

When I was in Rome—Rome in New York State I mean—a distinguished sculpist wanted to sculp me. But I said "No." I saw through the designing man. My model once in his hands—he would have flooded the market with my busts—and I couldn't stand it to see everybody going round with a bust of me. Everybody would want one, of course—and wherever I should go I should meet the educated classes with my bust, taking it home to their families. This would be more than my modesty could stand.

I like art. I admire dramatic art—although I failed as an actor.

It was in my schoolboy days that I failed as an actor. The play was "The Ruins of Pompeii." I played the ruins. It was not a very successful performance, but it was better than the "Burning Mountain." He was not good. He was a bad Vesuvius.

The remembrance often makes me ask, "Where are the boys of my youth?" I assure you this is not a conundrum. Some are amongst you here—some are in jail.

Hence arises a most touching question—"Where are the girls of my youth?" Some are married—some would like to be.

A gentleman friend of mine came to me one day with tears in his eyes. I said, "Why these weeps?" He said he had a mortgage on his farm—and wanted to borrow $200. I lent him the money—and he went away. Some time after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me forever. I ventured to remind him of the $200 he borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought I would not be hard upon him—so told him I would throw off one hundred dollars. He brightened—

shook my hand, and said, "Old friend, I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality—I'll throw off the other hundred."

As a manager I was always rather more successful than as an actor.

Some years ago I engaged a celebrated Living American Skeleton for a tour through Australia. He was the thinnest man I ever saw. He was a splendid skeleton. He didn't weigh anything scarcely, and I said to myself, the people of Australia will flock to see this tremendous curiosity. It is a long voyage —as you know—from New York to Melbourne, and to my utter surprise the skeleton had no sooner got out to sea than he commenced eating in the most horrible manner. He had never been on the ocean before—and he said it agreed with him—I thought so! I never saw a man eat so much in my life. Beef—mutton—pork—he swallowed them all like a shark—and between meals he was often discovered behind barrels eating hard-boiled eggs. The result was that, when we reached Melbourne, this infamous skeleton weighed sixty-four more pounds than I did!

I thought I was ruined—but I wasn't. I took him on to California—another very long sea voyage—and when I got him to San Francisco I exhibited him as a fat man.

This story hasn't anything to do with my entertainment, I know—but one of the principal features of my entertainment is that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it.

My orchestra is small—but I am sure it is very good—so far as it goes. I give my pianist ten dollars a night—and his washing.

I like music. I can't sing. As a singest I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am.

The other night some silver-voiced young men came under my window and sang "Come where my love lies dreaming." I didn't go. I didn't think it would be correct.

I found music very soothing when I lay ill with fever in Utah—and I was very ill—I was fearfully wasted. My face was hewn down to nothing—and my nose was so sharp I didn't dare to stick it into other people's business for fear it would stay there and I should never get it again. And on those dismal days a Mormon lady—she was married—tho' not so much so as her husband—he had fifteen other wives—she used to sing a ballad commencing "Sweet bird, do not fly away!"—and I told her I wouldn't. She played the accordion divinely—accordingly I praised her.

I met a man in Oregon who hadn't any teeth—not a tooth in his head—yet that man could play on the bass drum better than any man I ever met. He kept a hotel. They have queer hotels in Oregon. I remember one where they gave me a bag of oats for a pillow—I had night mares of course. In the morning the landlord said, "How do you feel, old hoss, hay?" I told him I felt my oats.

I went to Great Salt Lake City by way of California. I went to California on the steamer Ariel. Oblige me by calmly gazing on the steamer Ariel—and when you go to California be sure and go on some other steamer—because the Ariel isn't a very good one.

When I reached the Ariel—at pier No. 4, New York—I found the passengers in a state of great confusion about their things—which were being thrown around by the ship's porters in a manner at once damaging and idiotic. So great was the excitement my fragile form was smashed this way and jammed that way—till finally I was shoved into a stateroom which was occupied by two middle-aged females, who said, "Base man—leave us—O, leave us!" I left them—Oh—I left them!

We reached Acapulco on the coast of Mexico in due time. Nothing of special interest occurred at Acapulco—only some of the Mexican ladies are very beautiful. They all have brilliant black hair—hair "black as starless night"—if I may quote from the "Family Herald." It don't curl. A Mexican lady's hair never curls—it is straight as an Indian's. Some people's hair won't curl under any circumstances.

The Chinese form a large element in the population of San Francisco—and I went to the Chinese Theatre.

A Chinese play often lasts two months. Commencing at the hero's birth, it is cheerfully conducted from week to week till he is either killed or married.

The night I was there a Chinese comic vocalist sang a Chinese comic song. It took him six weeks to finish it, but as my time was limited I went away at the expiration of two hundred and fifteen verses. There were eleven thousand verses to this song—the chorus being "Tural lural dural, ri fol day"—which was repeated twice at the end of each verse—making, as you will at once see, the appalling number of twenty-two thousand "tural lural dural, ri fol days"—and the man still lives.

PLAINS BETWEEN VIRGINIA CITY AND SALT LAKE.—This picture is a great work of art. It is an oil painting—done in petroleum. It is by the old masters. It was the last thing they did before dying. They did this and then they expired.

The most celebrated artists of London are so delighted with this picture that they come to the hall every day to gaze at it. I wish you were nearer to it—so you could see it better. I wish I could take it to your residences and let you see it by daylight. Some of the greatest artists in London come here every morning before daylight with lanterns to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it before—and they hope they never shall again.

When I first showed this picture in New York, the audiences were so enthusiastic in their admiration of this picture that they called for the artist—and when he appeared they threw brickbats at him.

There is the OVERLAND MAIL COACH—that

is, the den on wheels in which we have been crammed for the past ten days—and ten nights. Those of you who have been in Newgate*——and stayed there any length of time—as visitors—can realize how I felt.

The American Overland Mail Route commences at Sacramento, California, and ends at Atchison, Kansas. The distance is two thousand two hundred miles—but you go part of the way by rail. The Pacific Railway is now completed from Sacramento, California, to Fulsom, California—which only leaves two thousand two hundred and eleven miles to go by coach. This breaks the monotony—it came very near breaking my back.

The Mormon Theatre.—This edifice is the exclusive property of Brigham Young. It will comfortably hold three thousand persons—and I beg you will believe me when I inform you that its interior is quite as brilliant as that of any theater in London.

The actors are all Mormon amateurs, who charge nothing for their services.

You must know that very little money is taken at the doors of this theater. The Mormons mostly pay in grain—and all sorts of articles.

The night I gave my little lecture there, among my receipts were corn, flour, pork, cheese, chickens—on foot and in the shell.

One family went in on a live pig—and a man attempted to pass a "yaller dog" at the box office—but my agent repulsed him. One offered me a doll for admission—another, infant's clothing. I refused to take that—as a general rule I do refuse.

In the middle of the parquet—in a rocking chair—with his hat on—sits Brigham Young. When the play drags, he either goes out or falls into a tranquil sleep.

A portion of the dress circle is set apart for the wives of Brigham Young. From ten to twenty of them are usually present. His children fill the entire gallery—and more, too.

The East Side of Main Street, Salt Lake City, with a View of the Council Building.—The Legislature of Utah meets there. It is like all legislative bodies. They meet this winter to repeal the laws which they met and made last winter—and they will meet next winter to repeal the laws which they met and made this winter.

I dislike to speak about it—but it was in Utah that I made the great speech of my life. I wish you could have heard it. I have a fine education. You may have noticed it. I speak six different languages—London, Chatham, and Dover, Margate, Brighton, and Hastings. My parents sold a cow and sent me to college when I was quite young. During the vacation I used to teach a school of whales—and there's where I learned to spout. I don't expect applause for a little thing like that. I wish you could have heard that speech, however. If Cicero—he's dead now—he has gone from us—but if old Ciss* could have heard that effort it would have given him the rinderpest. I'll tell you how it was. There are stationed in Utah two regiments of U. S. troops—the 21st from California and the 37th from Nevada. The 20-onesters asked me to present a stand of colors to the 37-sters, and I did it in a speech so abounding in eloquence of a bold and brilliant character—and also some sweet talk, real pretty shopkeeping talk—that I worked the enthusisam of those soldiers up to such a pitch that they came very near shooting me on the spot.

Some of these Mormons have terrific families. I lectured one night by invitation in the Mormon village of Provost—but during the day I rashly gave a leading Mormon an order admitting himself and family. It was before I knew that he was much married—and they filled the room to overflowing. It was a great success—but I didn't get any money.

I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon of me while I was in Utah.

It was leap year when I was there, and seventeen young widows—the wives of a deceased Mormon—offered me their hearts and hands. I called on them one day—and, taking their soft white hands in mine—which made eighteen hands altogether—I found them in tears.

And I said, "Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness?"

They hove a sigh—seventeen sighs of different size. They said:

"Oh—soon thou wilt be gonested away!"

I told them that when I got ready to leave a place I wentested.

They said, "Doth not like us?"

I said, "I doth, I doth!"

I also said, "I hope your intentions are honorable—as I am a lone child—my parents being far, far away."

They then said, "Wilt not marry us?"

I said, "Oh—no—it can not was."

Again they asked me to marry them—and again I declined. When they cried:

"Oh—cruel man! This is too much—oh! too much!"

I told them that it was on account of the muchness that I declined.

Great Salt Lake.—The great salt dead sea of the desert.

I know of no greater curiosity than this inland sea of thick brine. It is eighty miles wide and one hundred and thirty miles long. Solid masses of salt are daily washed ashore in immense heaps, and the Mormon in want of salt has only to go to the shore of this lake and fill his cart. Only—the salt for table use has to be subjected to a boiling process.

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*The manner in which Artemus uttered this joke was peculiarly characteristic of his style of lecturing. The commencement of the sentence was spoken as if unpremeditated; then, when he got as far as the word "Newgate," he paused, as if wishing to call back that which he had said. The applause was unfailingly uproarious.

*Here again no description can adequately inform the reader of the drollery which characterized the lecturer. His reference to Cicero was made in the most lugubrious manner, as if he really deplored his death and valued him as a school fellow loved and lost.

These are the facts—susceptible of the clearest possible proof. They tell one story about this lake, however, that I have my doubts about. They say a Mormon farmer drove forty head of cattle in there once, and they came out first-rate pickled beef.

* * * * * * *

I sincerely hope you will excuse my absence—I am a man short—and have to work the moon myself.*

I shall be most happy to pay a good salary to any respectable boy of good parentage and education who is a good moonist.

A MORE CHEERFUL VIEW OF THE DESERT.—The wild snowstorms have left us—and we have thrown our wolf-skin overcoats aside. Certain tribes of far-western Indians bury their distinguished dead by placing them high in air and covering them with valuable furs—that is a very fair representation of these mid-air tombs. Those animals are horses—I know they are—because my artist says so. I had the picture two years before I discovered the fact. The artist came to me about six months ago, and said: "It is useless to disguise it from you any longer—they are horses."

It was while crossing this desert that I was surrounded by a band of Ute Indians. They were splendidly mounted. They were dressed in beaver-skins, and they were armed with rifles, knives and pistols.

What could I do? What could a poor, old orphan do? I'm a brave man. The day before the battle of Bull's Run I stood in the highway while the bullets—those dreadful messengers of death—were passing all aroung me thickly—in wagons—on their way to the battlefield.† But there were too many of these Injuns. There were forty of them—and only one of me—and so I said:

"Great Chief, I surrender." His name was Wocky-bocky.

He dismounted and approached me. I saw his tomahawk glisten in the morning sunlight. Fire was in his eye.. Wocky-bocky came very close to me and seized me by the hair of my head. He mingled his swarthy fingers with my golden tresses, and he rubbed his dreadful Thomashawk across my lily-white face. He said:

"Torsha arrah darrah mishky bookshean!"

I told him he was right.

Wocky-bocky again rubbed his tomahawk across my face, and said, "Wink-ho—loo-boo!"

Says I: "Mr. Wocky-bocky," says I, "Wocky—I have thought so for years—and so's all our family."

He told me I must go to the tent of the Strong-Heart and eat raw dog.* It don't agree with me. I prefer simple food. I prefer pork-pie, because then I know what I'm eating. But as raw dog was all they proposed to give to me, I had to eat it or starve. So at the expiration of two days I seized a tin plate and went to the chief's daughter, and I said to her in a silvery voice—in a kind of German-silvery voice—I said:

"Sweet child of the forest, the pale-face wants his dog."

There was nothing but his paws! I had paused too long! Which reminds me that time passes. A way which Time has.

I was told in my youth to seize opportunity. I once tried to seize one. He was rich. He had diamonds on. As I seized him, he knocked me down. Since then I have learned that he who seizes opportunity sees the penitentiary.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—I take it for granted you have heard of these popular mountains. They are regarded as a great success, and we all love dearly to talk about them. It is a kind of weakness with us. I never knew but one American who hadn't something—sometime—to say about the Rocky Mountains, and he was a deaf and dumb man who couldn't say anything about nothing.

But these mountains, whose summits are snow-covered and icy all the year round, are too grand to make fun of. I crossed them in the winter of '64—in a rough sleigh drawn by four mules.

This sparkling waterfall is the Laughing-Water alluded to by Mr. Longfellow in his Indian poem—"Higher-Water." The water is higher up there.

THE PLAINS OF NEBRASKA.—These are the dreary plains over which we rode for so many weary days. An affecting incident occurred on these plains some time since, and I am sure you will pardon me for mentioning it.

On a beautiful June morning—some sixteen years ago—

(Music, very loud till the scene is off.)

* * * * * * *

—and she fainted on Reginald's breast!†

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*Here Artemus would leave the rostrum for a few moments, and pretend to be engaged behind. The picture was painted for a night-scene, and the effect intended to be produced was that of the moon rising over the lake and rippling on the waters. It was produced in the usual dioramic way, by making the track of the moon transparent, and throwing the moon on from the bull's eye of a lantern. When Artemus went behind, the moon would become nervous and flickering, dancing up and down in the most inartistic and undecided manner. The result was that, coupled with the lecturer's oddly expressed apology, the "moon" became one of the best laughed-at parts of the entertainment.

†This was the great joke of Artemus Ward's first lecture, "The Babes in the Wood." He never omitted it in any of his lectures, nor did it lose its power to create laughter by repetition. The audiences at the Egyptian Hall, London, laughed as immoderately at it as did those of Irving Hall, New York, or of the Tremont Temple, in Boston.

*While sojourning for a day in a camp of Sioux Indians, we were informed that the warriors of the tribe were accustomed to eat raw dog to give them courage previous to going to battle. Artemus was greatly amused with the information. When, in after years, he became weak and languid, and was called upon to go to lecture, it was a favorite joke with him to inquire, "Hingston, have you got any raw dog?"

†At this part of the lecture Artemus pretended to tell a story—the piano playing loudly all the time. He continued his narration in excited dumb-show—his lips moving as though he were speaking. For some minutes the audience indulged in unrestrained laughter.

# Heart Classics of American History

## by George Lippard

### VIII.—THE DRUGGIST OF NEW HAVEN

LET us follow the varied and tumultuous course of the life of Benedict Arnold for forty-five years, and learn how the innocent and smiling babe, became the outcast of his native land. The course of this strange history will lead us to look upon two men:

First, a brave and noble man, whose hand was firm as his heart was true, at once a knight worthy of the brightest days of chivalry, and a soldier beloved by his countrymen; honored by the friendship of Washington—that man—Benedict Arnold.

Then, a bandit and an outcast, a man panoplied in hideous crimes, so dark, so infamous, that my tongue falters as it speaks his name—Benedict Arnold.

Let me confess that when I first selected this theme I only thought of its melodramatic contrasts, its strong lights and deep shadows, its incidents of wild romance.

But now that I have learned the fearful lesson of this life, let me frankly confess, that in the pages of history or fiction there is no tragedy to compare with the plain history of Benedict Arnold. It is, in one word, a Paradise Lost, brought down to our own times and homes and told in familiar language of everyday life. Through its every page, aye from the smiling autumnal landscape of Kennebec, from the barren rock of Quebec, or the green heights of Hudson, there glooms one horrid phantom, with a massive forehead and deep-set eyes, the Lucifer of the story—Benedict Arnold.

The man who can read his life, in all its details, without tears, has a heart harder than the roadside flint.

One word in regard to the infancy of Arnold.

You have doubtless seen, in the streets of our large cities, the painful spectacle of a beggarwoman, tramping about with a deformed child in her arms, making a show of its deformity, exciting sympathy by the exhibition of its hideousness? Does the poor child fail to excite sympathy, when attired in a jacket and trousers, as a little boy? Then, the gypsy conceals its deformed limbs under a frock, covers its wan and sickly face with a bonnet. And she changes it from today, making deformity always new, sickness, rags and ulcers always marketable.

There is a class of men who always remind me of this crafty beggarwoman. They are the journeymen historians, the petty compilers of pompous falsehood, who prevail in the vicinity of bookseller's kitchens, and acquire corpulence.

As the beggarwoman has her deformed child, so these historians, who work by the line and yard, have their certain class of incidents, which they crowd into all their compilations, whether histories, lectures, or pictorial abominations, dressing them somewhat variously, in order to suit the changes of time and place.

For example: the first English writers who undertook the history of Napoleon propagated various stories about his infancy, which, in point of truth and tragic interest, remind us of Bluebeard and Cock-robin. The same stories had been previously told of Alexander, Cæsar, Richlieu, and lately we have seen them revived in a new shape, in order to suit the infantile days of Santa Anna.

These stereotyped fables—the deformed children of history—are, in fact, to be found in every biography written by an enemy. They may wear trousers in one history, put on a frock in another, but still cannot altogether hide their original features. Cloak it as you may, the deformed child of history appears wherever we find it, just what it is, a puny and ridiculous libel.

One of these deformed children lurks in the current life of Arnold. It is the grave story of the youth of Benedict, being passed away in various precocious atrocities. He strewed the road with pounded glass, in order that other little boys might cut their feet; he fried frogs upon a bake-iron heated to an incredible intensity; he geared flies in harness, decapitated grasshoppers, impaled "Katy-dids."

So says the history!

Is not this a very dignified, very solemn thing for the historian's notice? Why did he not pursue the subject, and state that at the age of two years, Benedict Arnold was deeply occupied in the pursuit of Latin, Sanscript, Hebrew, Moral Philosophy and the philosopher's stone?

Because the latter part of a man's life is made infamous by his crimes, must your grave historian ransack Bluebeard and Cock-robin, in order to rake up certain delectable horrors, with which to adorn the history of his childhood?

In our research into Arnold's life, we must bear one important fact in mind: "After he had betrayed his country, it was deemed not only justifiable to chronicle every blot and speck in his character, but highly praiseworthy to tumble the overflowing ink-stand of libel upon every vestige of his name."

That he comes down to our time, with a single good deed adhering to his memory, has always seemed miraculous to me.

With these introductory remarks, let us pursue the history.

It was in the city of New Haven, on a cold day of April, 1775, that a man of some thirty-five years stood behind a counter, an apron on his manly chest, mixing medicines, pasting labels on phials, and putting poisons in their places.

Look well at this man as he stands engaged in his occupation. Did you ever see a bolder brow—a deeper, darker, or more intensely brilliant eye—a more resolute lip or more determined chin? Mark the massy outline of that face from the ear to the chin; a world of iron will is written in that firm outline.

The hair, unclogged with the powder in fashion at this time, falls back from his forehead in harsh masses; its dark hue imparting a strong relief to the bold and warrior-like face.

* * *

While this man stands at his counter busy with pestle and mortar—hark! There is a murmur along the streets of New Haven; a crowd darkens under those aged elms; the murmur deepens; the druggist became conscious of four deep-muttered words:

*"Battle—Lexington—British—Beaten!"*

With one bound the druggist leaps over the counter, rushes into the street and pushes his way through the crowd. Listen to that tumultuous murmur! A battle has been fought at Lexington, between the British and the Americans; or in other words, the handsomely attired minions of King George, have been soundly beaten by the plain farmers of New England. That murmur deepens through the crowd, and in a moment the druggist is in the centre of the scene. Two hundred men group around him, begging to be led against the British.

But there is a difficulty; the Common Council, using a privilege granted to all corporate bodies from time immemorial, to make laughing-stocks of themselves by a display of petty authority, have locked up all the arms.

"Arnold," cried a patriotic citizen, uncouth in attire and speech: "We are willing to fight the Britishers, but the City Council won't let us have any guns!"

"Won't they?" said the druggist, with that sardonic sneer, which always made his enemies afraid: "Then our remedy is plain. Come; let us take them!"

Five minutes had not passed, before the

City Council, knowing this druggist to be a man of few words and quick deeds, yielded up the guns. That hour the druggist became a soldier.

Let us now pass over a month or more. It is a night in May.

Look yonder, through the night! Do you see that tremendous rock as it towers up ruggedly sublime into the deep blue sky? Yes, over the wide range of woods, over the silent fastnesses of the wilderness, over the calm waters of Lake George and the waves of Champlain, that rock towers and swells on the night like an awful monument erected by the lost angels when they fell from heaven.

And there, far away in the sky, the moon, dwindled away to a slender thread, sheds over the blue vault and the deep woods and the tremendous rock, a light, at once sad, solemn, sepulchral.

Do you see the picture? Does it not stamp itself upon your soul an image of terrible beauty? Do you not feel the awful silence that broods there?

On the summit of that rock the British garrison are sleeping, aye, slumbering peacefully, under the comfortable influence of beef and ale, in the impregnable fortress of Ticonderoga. From the topmost crag the broad banner of the Red Cross swings lazily against the sky.

At this moment there is a murmur far down in the dark ravine. Let us look there. A multitude of shadows come stealing into the dim light of the moon; they climb that impregnable rock; they darken round that fortress gate. All is still as death.

Two figures stand in the shadows of the fortress gate; in that stern, determined visage, you see the first of the green mountain boys, stout Ethan Allen; in that muscular figure, with the marked face and deep-set eye, you recognize the druggist of New Haven, Benedict Arnold.

A fierce shout, a cry, a crash goes up to heaven! The British colonel rushing from his bed asks what power is this, which demands the surrender of Ticonderoga?

For all his spangled coat and waving plumes, this gentleman was behind the age. He had not heard that a new nation had lately been born on the sod of Lexington. Nor did he dream of the eight years' baptism of blood and tears, which was to prepare this nation for its full communion with the church of nations on the plains of Yorktown. "In what name do you demand the surrender of this fortress?"

In the name of a king? Or perchance in the name of Benedict Arnold and stout Ethan Allen? No! Hark how that stern response breaks through the silence of night

"In the name of the Lord Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

And floating into the blue sky, the Pine Tree banner waved from the summit of Ticonderoga.

You will remember, that the emblem of the new-born nation, at that time, was a Pine Tree. The Lord had not yet given his stars, to flash from the banner of freedom; an emblem of the rights of man all over the world.

That was the first deed of Benedict Arnold; the initial letter to a long alphabet of glorious deeds, which was to end in the blackness of treason.

# His Mission

by

## George Willoughby

FARMER BUDKEE came stamping into the house and deposited the groceries he had purchased at the village store on the kitchen table.

"Elizabeth," he announced to the tidy New England housewife, "there's a new religious 'spell' on the way. I heard about it at the store when I was waitin' for Sargent's clerk to count them eggs. They say it's sweepin' the country like a reg'lar cyclone."

"Mercy on us, that'll give Maria Simpson another chance to flop. She's been about everything that's come along so far. What's the new doctrine about?"

"Dunno. It has to do with a whole lot of preparation, and they tell as how the world's comin' to an end, and by Jerushy, if they ain't even gone so far as to set the day, jest like a weddin'."

"I want to know!" exclaimed the now thoroughly interested Mrs. Budkee.

"Yes, and some one of 'em has put out a 'feeler' about askin' to hold their meetin's in our grove the last few days afore the ascent. What d'you say?"

"Now, Henry Budkee, you've done all the decidin' ever since we was married, and you'll do it in this case whether I venture an opinion or not, but it does seem to me that we needn't be pestered with their shoutin's and goin's on."

"What's this you are talking about?" enquired Miss Eleanor, who was home from college spending the summer on the farm. "Whose 'goings on', mother?"

"Your pa has just heard tell of a new religious sect that's goin' to start meetin's, and he's undecided whether to let them hold their camp in our grove, where the Methodists and Baptists held theirn."

"By all means let them, father," urged Eleanor. "What's the harm? The hay is cut and there is nothing they can trample down crossing the meadow; and then, too, it would be so interesting just to be close by."

Farmer Budkee never could withstand his daughter's eloquence, and the matter was practically settled. "Well," he said, "I've got to do the chores. We'll talk it over at supper. Tell Pete when he comes from the cow lot to shut up the hen house, and water the horses when they get cooled off a bit."

Eleanor gave her father a playful shove across the threshold. "Get out, dad; we'll have it all settled by the time you get back." Catching up an apron, she quickly drew the strings about her neat, slender waist to assist in the preparation of the supper, her eyes glowing with enthusiasm. "I'm so glad they are coming, mother. You know Elbert Howells, the young man I wrote you about?"

"Yes," interrupted her mother, "you wrote about him so often that your pa and me was tempted to read between the lines."

"Well—" hesitated the girl, a pretty blush stealing over her averted face, "we are good friends. He is a fine fellow, and we used to talk together a lot, and—I became very much interested in his future.

The only thing, he had such queer ideas—"

"What's that got to do with the camp meetin'?" queried her mother with a suspicious glance.

"He's one of them." For a moment there was a trace of defiance in the girl's eye. "You know, mamma, he's just beginning to feel that he has a mission to perform, and, poor fellow, he's groping for that mission blindly. I wonder what makes boys so stubborn!"

"*Boy?* Is he as young as that?" asked Mrs. Budkee with a disconcerting smile.

"No, not young, mother, just *new*—new to the grasp of the world's problems."

"Wants to set everything right, from politics to religion, I s'pose," murmured the mother with an understanding sigh.

"Yes, that's it," confessed Eleanor. "Filled with the fever of doing things.

"Well, Eleanor, 'taint just right to make fun of anybody's belief, but I guess you're gettin' old enough now so that you can take care of your own ideas. Your Pa gets just as many set notions about hundreds of things.

As she finished speaking, Pete, the hired man, shambled across the doorway with two full pails of milk.

"Hev you heerd the noos, Mis' Budkee?" he asked excitedly, giving a respectful courtesy to Miss Eleanor. "Si Wilkins' man hollered over to me while I was plaowin' in the nor' eighty, and says he, 'There's a noo religious pot a-bilin'.' The hull blamed neighborhood daown his way is fer and against, and there's a young preacher-feller daown there that's sweepin' things like a whirlwind."

"What's his name?" asked Eleanor quickly.

"He didn't say as to that, Miss, but I c'n find out by askin' the milk hands in the mornin'. They come right through that section, and are fuller o' gossip than a ladies' sewing circle."

* * *

Farmer Budkee's grove was resplendent with maples and elms, stately and majestic, and underneath their projecting boughs a rough platform had been erected, and seats arranged by willing hands of former meetings. Old slabs with the hewed side up and peg legs inserted through the augur holes in the two ends made up the benches; and the platform, with its slanting roof covering a rough-hewn pulpit, was built of the same material. The elevation of the pulpit was sufficiently high to enable the speaker to see every part of the ground, and the shading boughs gave a clear resonance to his vigorous exhortations and the singing of the assembled audience.

Fringing the outer edge and underneath the benches, away from the trampling feet, blossomed little clusters of native flowers of the wood, valiantly lending their beauty to the scene in these days of momentous concern, for camp meeting time in the woods has a fragrance all its own, and Nature was most bountiful in bedecking for the occasion. Bright flashes of green, as the sunlight hit a fluttering leaf, came through the purple haze of the cool shade, and above in the treetops warbled the birds in the very ecstasy of life.

Farmers for miles around turned out. In some respects this was no different from a dozen other meetings which were held that summer. Surrounding the grounds were grouped the wagons, with horses unhitched and eating hay from the rear end of the boxes, entirely oblivious to the impending disaster which was to end things terrestrial. The old-fashioned spring-seats of the wagons were dull and uninviting, quite deserted except for an occasional watch-dog, who carelessly wagged the flies from his ear or blinked his eye in slumber. Playing about the wagons were the youngsters, old enough to investigate the unguarded contents of the lunch baskets, but too youthful to appreciate the coming end of the world any more than if it were a trip to Aunt Mary's.

Eleanor Budkee donned her prettiest gown and crossed the field to the grove where the meeting was in progress. As she picked her way through the stubble, she thought of Elbert Howells. Was he there? Clever and brilliant Elbert.

Slipping through a broken place in the fence, she nodded to a number of neighbors as she entered the enclosure. No sooner had she stepped within sight of the earnest, eloquent speaker than their eyes met. He had seen her. She sat down behind a little group, and aside from an almost imperceptible catch in his voice, the young preacher renewed his task of expostulation with a fervor and concentration that brought forth hearty "amens" and "hallelujahs." After the meeting, Eleanor waited for him to join her.

"Eleanor, where did you come from?" he began abruptly as if vexed at her intrusion.

"Come from?" she repeated. "I live just across the field. This is my father's grove."

"It is?" gasped the astonished Elbert.

"It certainly is," affirmed his companion, smiling, "and I've come to ask you to our home."

Elbert straightened. "I thank you, but I hardly—"

"We won't take a refusal, so don't say no, or make excuses," and she extended her hand in frank welcome.

Farmer and Mrs. Budkee welcomed the visitor with due regard as a friend of their daughter. While in the home, there was no word of conversation about the meetings. Under Eleanor's direction, Pa Budkee had grown voluminous and learned on college athletics. He knew all the names of the candidates for the rowing crew and the football squad, and just what each was expected to do. Elbert was a good talker and entered into the subject with his usual enthusiasm. At other times, Ma Budkee was quite verbose in her fixed opinions regarding teaching domestic science to young ladies before cramming them with Latin and Greek—another of Elbert's hobbies—and when Eleanor tried her hand at a few dishes to prove that the theory was put to practice in her home, the young preacher was enmeshed in as pretty a web of intrigue as ever a fair maiden wove.

The last evening of the eventful week found Elbert on the porch of the Budkee home lost in a reverie which ended in a long-drawn sigh. Eleanor had so suddenly filled his heart with a great, overwhelming desire that he found it extremely difficult to reconcile himself to the approaching end of the world. How could heaven itself contain greater bliss?

It was while in this mood that Eleanor came upon him as she rounded the corner of the house. She intuitively knew more of his struggle than she was herself willing to admit, and her heart went out to him. Although he had never spoken of his love for her, yet she knew—and waited.

"Where are you going, and may I join you?" he enquired.

"I'm going to Mrs. Wilkins' to borrow some brown sugar. Come along."

He accepted the invitation gladly. The moon shone brightly on the grassy meadows and the world never seemed sweeter. The solemn premonition which had held him as a vise, suddenly gave away.

"Eleanor, somehow I'm not as happy as I thought I would be—no, I oughtn't to say that. I dare not think of it, my mission is clear—but when I'm with you it seems—the whole thing seems impossible! I can't help it! I—I love you, Eleanor, darling!"

Eleanor paused a moment, then turned to him with a rapturous light in her eyes, her whole demeanor changed, the banter swept into oblivion; and the pale moonlight revealed a clinging, tender little girl, loving and being loved.

"Elbert, dear," she whispered finally, "your way or mine we'll be happy together."

"My own darling," breathed Elbert reverently.

At early dawn the next day the faithful ones assembled at the little country graveyard that they might join the departed in the ascent. Elbert Howells was there in the center of the group. Eleanor was there, too, sitting in the buggy at a respectful distance from the scene, waiting to bring Elbert home again. Several others ranged along the fence watching the awe-inspiring sight. Many had arrayed themselves in ascension robes of white, and the ghastliness of the spectacle was increased as the chanting and singing began.

The appointed hour came and went. The little band became restless. A man who had climbed a giant oak to be in advance of the rest slowly descended. The sun shone warm and bright over the eastern hills and a rooster in a neighboring barnyard crowed lustily. That settled it. With determined stride, Elbert Howells retreated to the carriage, and taking his place beside Eleanor, took up the reins as he said:

"You were right. I am a jackass. Geddap!"

# The Progress of the World's War

*(Continued)*

FRIDAY, October 1: The French during the last week of September captured one hundred and twenty-one pieces of artillery. Continued fighting on the Russina front seems to augur the check of the German forces.

SATURDAY, October 2: Germany makes counter attacks in the western field with new reinforcements; have been definitely checked. Great Britain reports the destruction of between fifty and seventy German submarines. In Belgium English airmen destroyed several trains and did other damage.

SUNDAY, October 3: The Russian minister is ordered to leave Sofia unless within twenty-four hours Bulgaria breaks with Austria and Germany and sends away the Austrian and German military officers. The German note does not disavow the action of the submarine commander responsible for sinking the Arabic. Naval officers declare that the Allan liner Hesperian was wrecked by a mine. Sixty-five French aeroplanes joined in an air raid into Champagne on October 2.

MONDAY, October 4: Ambassador Morgenthau at Constantinople informs the Turkish minister that unless the Armenian massacres cease, friendly relations between America and Turkey will be threatened. It is stated that M. Sambulivski, head of the agrarian party, told King Ferdinand of Bulgaria that his treaty with Austria-Hungary might cost him his crown and possibly his head. Forty thousand French and British troops were landed at Saloniki, Greece, fifty miles south of the Bulgarian frontier. Bulgarian troops are massed on the Serbian frontier. Bernsdorf is given full power to settle the Arabic controversy. The $500,000,000 loan is subscribed. The German advance in Russia is checked, lacking reinforcements to make up losses.

TUESDAY, October 5: Seventy thousand French troops landed at Saloniki, Greece, to aid the Serbians. The attack on the Arabic is disavowed by Germany. Italy changes its plan of capturing Trieste and will move to cut Trieste off from the rest of Austria. The Russians report the retreat of the Germans from the vicinity of Riga, and the repulse of the Turks in Asia Minor near Van. A prominent naturalist predicts a severe winter in the European war zone. Morgenthau is empowered to aid the Armenians at Constantinople.

WEDNESDAY, October 6: The Russian, French, British, Italian, and Serbian ministers to Bulgaria demand their passports. King Ferdinand of Bulgaria rejects Russia's ultimatum and demands the cession of Macedonia from Serbia. It is generally conceded that the French successes have given them practical control of the Champagne district.

THURSDAY, October 7: Two Russian cruisers bombard the Bulgarian port of Varna. The Austro-German army (four hundred thousand men) invade Serbia at several points north. Italy dismisses the Bulgarian minister.

FRIDAY, October 8: France warns Bulgaria that she will be held responsible for all Balkan troubles. Wholesale arrests of Russian sympathizers are made at the Bulgarian capital. Serbs strongly resist Teuton invasion. British ship San Melito from Tuspam for Rio Janeiro reports attack by unknown vessel; seven were killed and wounded. Greece protects Allied use of Saloniki port and railway. Denmark demands action to stop Armenian massacres.

SATURDAY, October 9: T. T. Timayenis, brother of the Greek consul in Boston, returns the order of the Royal Greek Cross conferred upon him by King Constantine, because he has become "the blind tool of the Kaiser."

**Sunday**, October 10: Serbians claim the defeat of an invading Austro-German army southwest of Belgrade with heavy losses. Austro-Germany takes Belgrade (Serbia) and advances inland. A secret treaty between Greece and Austro-Hungary made last July is uncovered. Bulgaria takes sides with the Teutonic invaders.

**Monday**, October 11: Bulgarian armies invade Serbia at several points east of Nish, and become active allies of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey.

**Tuesday**, October 12: Sweden and Denmark report the destruction of six German steamships by British submarines in the Baltic Sea in one day. Austro-Germans capture the Serbian city of Semendria, opening the railway to Nish and Constantinople. The Russians force the Austro-Germans in Galicia across the Stripa River.

**Wednesday**, October 13: A night raid of Zeppelins on eastern English counties kills forty-one civilians, fourteen persons connected with the military, and injures one hundred and fourteen others.

**Thursday**, October 14: Paris announces the annihilation of a Bulgarian force near Kraguetaz, Serbia. The German advance in Russia seems paralyzed and to have failed in securing a safe defensive base for future operations. Bulgarian bands are reported raiding Greek territory.

**Friday**, October 15: Great Britain declares war against Bulgaria, because of attacks on Britain's ally, Serbia. The Greek government informs Great Britain that its defensive alliance with Serbia does not call for intervention by Greece at present. The British losses in the Dardanelles total 96,899 men, 18,957 of whom were killed.

**Saturday**, October 16: The Germans make steady progress in Serbia. The Teutons set their losses at forty thousand wounded and twenty thousand killed to date. United States secret service shows that detailed plans and sketches of New York fortifications were sent to Berlin by German spies.

**Sunday**, October 17: French and English troops land in Greece, enter Bulgarian territory and attack the fortified town of Strumitza.

**Monday**, October 18: Major-General Sir Charles C. Monroe is appointed to succeed General Sir Ian Hamilton, in command of the Dardanelles.

**Tuesday**, October 19: Russia and Italy declare war upon Bulgaria. The capital of Serbia is transferred from Nish to Prizrend in western Serbia. The Bulgarians attempt to cut the railroads between the Serbians and Anglo-French forces, but are repulsed. France declares that formidable German attack near Rheims has been completely checked.

**Wednesday**, October 20: An Italian squadron blockades the Bulgarian coast. Stockholm reports four German steamers torpedoed by a British submarine in the Baltic. The British, Russian and French governments rush heavy fresh reinforcements to the Serbians.

**Thursday**, October 21: Great Britain formally offers to transfer the Island of Cyprus to Greece if she joins in the war on the side of the Allies.

**Friday**, October 22: Russians surprise a German force north of the Pritez River, capture 3,552 Germans and ten machine guns. The Germans make new advance on Riga.

**Saturday**, October 23: On the Italian frontier several Italian successes are reported. The bombardment of the Bulgarian coast from Dedeagach to Portolagos, a distance of thirty-eight miles, was begun by the Allies' fleet.

**Sunday**, October 24: Three attacks by Austrian aeroplanes on Venice did some damage, one destroying the famous ceiling frescoes of the Chiesa Degli Scalzi Church. The French and Serbian armies united at Krivolak to check the left wing of the Bulgarian advance.

**Monday**, October 25: Russia reports a continued fighting in the Riga region, but repulsed German attack. Viscount Bryce declares that the Turkish government deliberately planned to destroy the whole Armenian people.

**Tuesday**, October 26: Berlin claims advances on all fronts except in Serbia, where no advance is evident.

**Wednesday**, October 27: Two Austrian forts are taken by the Italians in the upper Cordva valley and the Plava zone. It is reported that Deputy Ilisco of the Roumanian Chamber has threatened Premier Bratiano of Roumania with death if Roumania does not aid Serbia. The Bulgarian government threatens Greece that if the Anglo-French and Serbian forces are driven back into Greece the Bulgarians will not respect Greek neutrality, but continue to pursue them.

**Thursday**, October 28: Four German yachts captured at Cowes including the yacht, Germania, the property of Dr. von

Bohlen, the head of the Krupp works, have been condemned by the British Prize Court. The British war office learns that four army corps were told off by the Kaiser for the invasion of England and quartered near the Kiel Canal ready to board a big fleet of warships and transports. For many weeks preparations have been made to checkmate this plan. British losses to October 9 totaled 493,294 officers and men; in France and Belgium 265,056 officers and men, killed, wounded, and missing. The expenditures of all the powers to October 20th is estimated at $24,801,000,000.

Friday, October 29: France lands one hundred and fifty thousand men at Saloniki to aid Serbia. Six German officers who fled from Norfolk, Virginia, were captured by a British cruiser.

Saturday, October 30: The French in Serbia take Strumitza and are advancing in Bulgaria. King George of England, injured by a fall from his horse, is still confined to his bed with severe bruises. Japan has become a party to the agreement of the Allies against a separate peace.

Sunday, October 31: Petrograd claims that in September alone Germany lost three hundred thousand in killed, wounded and prisoners, and Austria two hundred thousand in their Russian campaign. It is reported that the Trans-Siberian railway runs its trains night and day, bringing reinforcements and large quantities of war munitions from Japanese and American manufactures.

Monday, November 1: The Teutonic Alliance holds its lines almost intact with myriads of square miles of hostile territory in Belgium, France, Russia and Serbia, and gains the Bulgarian as well as the Turkish Alliance. Only in Galicia and the Carnic Alps and valleys of Austria some districts are held by Russian or Italian invaders. Greece is hesitating between an inert neutrality and the fear of German punishment should the Kaiser triumph. The Austro-German advance in Serbia is begun in earnest, but loses heavily. The French and English reinforcements at Saloniki are moving on Bulgarian strongholds.

Tuesday, November 2: Premier Asquith assures Parliament that despite mistakes and surprises, the eventual triumph of the Entente Allies is certain. Seventy thousand sick men have been removed from the Gallipoli Peninsula by the Allies.

Wednesday, November 3: French and British cavalry and riflemen are already operating in Bulgaria via Saloniki, and transports are reported as landing men at Kavala, farther east. The Russians repulse Germans in the Dvinsk area, the Allies repulse Bulgarians in early contests, and French and English submarines patrol the Sea of Marmora, cutting off transports supplying the Dardanelles defences. A new super-submarine, two hundred and fifty feet long, carrying four guns, is captured in the German ocean.

Thursday, November 4: The Greek government party is again defeated by the war party, but King Constantine still holds back Greece from aiding Serbia. Serbians fight desperately against hopeless odds. King Peter fights beside his subjects.

Friday, November 5: Teutons close in on Nish, the capital of Serbia. Greece refuses to keep her treaty of alliance with her sister states; Montenegro fights for Serbia; British report repulses of four Turkish night attacks on the 4th inst. General Aregorieff, commandant of Kovno, for insufficient preparation and absence from his post when the city was attacked, is degraded and sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment. Transport Kamazan is sunk in Aegean Sea by submarine, losing some three hundred men, chiefly Indo-British troops.

Saturday, November 6: General Kitchener's departure to the East will bring to a focus the Greek king's policy of war or peace. At last President Wilson sends his note to England declaring her blockade "ineffective, illegal and indefensible."

Sunday, November 7: Slight gains are reported on the western front, where artillery gnaws ceaselessly at the German trenches. Doctor Dumba says the United States could have brought about peace early in the war, but frittered away her prestige "in excellent English."

Monday, November 8: Pittsburg forwards ten thousand war horses for the Allies. Cholera is devastating Urumiah and other Armenian districts. Germans capture Swedish steamer Capella in Swedish waters. War orders placed by Allies in Canada and the United States total nearly two billions of dollars.

Tuesday, November 9: Italian liner Ancona sunk by submarine in Mediterranean near African coast, with loss of over one hundred men, women and children.

Wednesday, November 10: It is reported that a German plot to "bottle up" the American fleet in the Hudson River during the May review, and to escape with the German vessels there interned, was discovered and averted.

Thursday, November 11: The destruction of Machine Shop No. 4 of the Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, Steel Company, entailing a loss of millions of dollars, is attributed to German secret service activities. The war budget of Great Britain to November 10 aggregates 1,665,000,000 pounds ($8,089,123,000), and the approximate daily cost of the war from September 12 to November 6 was 4,350,000 pounds ($22,369,275.)

FRIDAY, November 12: A Swedish tramp steamer was fired upon by British cruisers off Atlantic City. French and English troops continue to muster in Saloniki. The American government investigates charges of conspiracy involving members of the German diplomatic corps in the United States. Winston Spencer Churchill resigns from English cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and takes the field as major of his regiment.

SATURDAY, November 13: The fact that war is being carried on in the United States by multitudinous German agencies is no longer in doubt. Arson, riot, and incidental murder repeatedly evidence the extent and resources of a power against which Americans seem to have no defence, or at least defenders.

SUNDAY, November 14: Count Wolf Metternich, the new German ambassador to Turkey, is on his way to Constantinople. Old or northern Serbia is practically held by the enemy, but in southern or New Serbia, King Peter still fights with his countrymen. The Montenegrins report repulses of the Austro-German invaders.

MONDAY, November 15: The three German war loans aggregate as follows: First war loan, $1,061,480,000; second war loan, $2,150,518,000; third, $2,880,438,000; total, $6,992,036,000.

TUESDAY, November 16: Over three million women and children in Belgium appeal for food and clothing. Russians in the Caucasus claim the dispersal of Turkish bandits, backed by Turkish regulars. French and Bulgars both claim successes in battle along the Crena River in southern Serbia.

WEDNESDAY, November 17: Hospital ship Anglia with three hundred patients is sunk by a mine in the English channel; nearly one hundred men, chiefly seriously wounded, perished. A Russian bombardment of Petraggo, a German station on the Baltic coast of Courland, is reported. The Italian bombardment of Gomizia, begun October 18, still continues. Roumania makes additional preparations for mobilizing her armies.

THURSDAY, November 18: British claim successful attack on the Dardanelles front. The United States claims that passengers must be made reasonably safe in any event, weather and other conditions considered. The two-million-dollar fire at the Bethlehem Steel Works is thought to be due to German or Austrian firebugs. Wild game has become a menace to crops in parts of France, and licenses to hunt are issued.

FRIDAY, November 19: Austrian seaplanes bombarded Venice. German aeroplanes raided Luneville, Alsace. No material damage reported. The Entente Powers secure from Greece the use of Saloniki as a base of Balkan campaign. Teutons hold most of northern and central Serbia.

SATURDAY, November 20: Zeppelin No. 18 bursts at Tondern, Prussia, while being inflated. Russia reports gains near Riga and Dvinsk, and several defeats of Turkish and Kurdish bands in the Caucasus and western Persia.

SUNDAY, November 21: Italian siege of Gorizia continues, a devastating bombardment and furious charges, with some gains of Austrian works. Heavy artillery fire by the French gnaw away German lines in Belgium and along the Somme in France.

MONDAY, November 22: Turkish transport with three hundred troops is sunk in Sea of Marmora by a mine, with nearly all on board. British seize American steamship Genesee, coal laden for Montevideo. Claim of irregular transfer from Teutonic ownership. Fierce fighting reported on the Dardanelles.

TUESDAY, November 23: A German dreadnaught in the Baltic is reported mined, with the loss of thirty-three men. Teuton Allies offer Roumania the cession of Bessarabia to join their alliance. Loss of British officers to date reported at 19,668 of all grades.

WEDNESDAY, November 24: Ten thousand men are reported fortifying the Isthmus of Suez from Port Said to the Gulf of Suez on the Red Sea. The Serbians repulse many attacks, but are steadily overpowered by numbers. Facts discovered that Captain Boy-ed, Naval attache of the German Embassy, disbursed two million dollars to aid German warships. Serbians continue to fight desperately while pressed southward by Teutons and Bulgars. Italian troops storm important defences of Mount St. Mihiel.

THURSDAY, November 25: Great consignments of heavy Japanese field guns are reported as received at Odessa on the Black Sea in preparation for the Russo-Balkan campaign. Germany again closes Swiss frontier from Basle to Lake Constance, reason unknown. The crowds seeking to purchase the French war-bond issue break all records, in size and investment. Jacob Schiff of New York opposes American investment in Russian loan.

FRIDAY, November 26: Petrograd reports repulses of the German armies along the line of the River Styr, in the Riga district. Germans are reported relinquishing considerable territory in the Riga-Dvinsk region to shorten a too extended line, previous to going into winter quarters. The Czar promises to send a large army into Bulgaria in aid of Serbia. Henry Ford, the millionaire auto manufacturer, invites one hundred and twenty-five leading citizens to join him in a peace pilgrimage to Europe. Governor-General Von Bissing exiles leaders of the Belgian bar for refusing to press German claims.

Saturday, November 27: Viscount Bryce discloses massacre of fifteen thousand helpless Armenians at Bitlis. Italians gain ground around Gorizia. Germans evacuate Mitau in Courland. The Russian Chamber of Commerce of America report the military executions of two thousand Russian prisoners at Debreshevsy, Hungary, because of their protest against the brutal murder of certain prisoners. All were sentenced to sixty lashes apiece, which wholesale punishment was resisted, and all were ordered out in companies of one hundred each and shot down, to be afterwards burned in masses. Two only escaped to tell the story.

Sunday, November 28: Over 160,000 men have been contributed by Ireland to the armies of Great Britain. The Kaiser contributes the copper roofing of his Danauschingen (German) castle to the munition factories of the Empire. Thirty thousand more Austrians reinforce the Italian war front on the Isenzo.

Monday, November 29: British report steady progress in the Kamerun, German colony. Earl Kitchener confers with French leaders at Paris. English government commandeers twenty million bushels of Canadian wheat. Nine hundred and fifty thousand Armenian Christians deliberately put to death by "Young Turk" government troops and Kurdish and other outlaws. A German submarine is destroyed by a bomb from an aeroplane off the Flemish coast.

Tuesday, November 30: The Kaiser visits Vienna and holds a conference with the Emperor Franz Joseph and other leaders. After capturing Ctesiphon in Mesopotamia, the British are compelled to fall back for lack of water supply. Rustchuk on the Danube is evacuated by its inhabitants as the Bulgarian authorities expect its bombardment by the Russians. Rumors of Roumanian alliance are common talk in Russia.

# LOVING AND LIVING

### *By* ALICE HAMILTON RICH

WHO is too young for loving,
The boy or girl of four?
Who is too old for loving—
Ask man or woman fourscore!

When is life worth living?
Is youth with unknown years
Reaching into the future
With hopes and alternate fears?

Love counts, not years, in loving,
Be they many, or be they few;
The child, and man and woman
Has eternity in view.

To the child this life seems ever
His own, and with it love;
To the man and woman, immortal
Is life and love above.

# Heart Letters

*The making of a book by the people is a most fascinating process. Thousands of letters were received every week when* Heart Throbs *and* Heart Songs *were in the making, bringing contributions and selections direct from the homes of the people. The beginning of the new book* Heart Letters *has been most inspiring, and promises to be the most fascinating book yet published. Next month we will print a large number of* Heart Letters *contributed by subscribers. Send in some letter that indicates the heart impulse of your favorite author or public man, or it may be some old letter in the garret written to mother or father during war times, or perhaps some love letter that tells a life story. When these letters are collected in one volume, you will have a bundle of human documents that never has been excelled.*—Editor.

DURING the greater part of his life, Samuel Johnson, the great English essayist, editor and lexicographer, suffered from great poverty, a scrofulous diathesis and a proud spirit which would not bend or break under any circumstances. In the later years of his adversity Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thrale made his acquaintance, and gave him for permanent occupancy a room in their Southwark mansion, where he was always welcome until after the death of the husband, when Mrs. Thrale fell in love with an Italian music master, who was so undoubtedly her inferior that no one could approve of her marriage to such an adventurer. The following is one of his last letters to an estranged friend:

*Dear Madam,*—

Since you have written with the attention and tenderness of ancient time, your letters give me a great part of the pleasure which a life of solitude admits. You will never bestow any share of your good will on one who deserves better. Those that have loved longest, love best. A sudden blaze of kindness may, by a single blast of coldness, be extinguished; but that fondness, which length of time has connected with many circumstances and occasions, though it may for a while be suppressed by disgust or resentment, with or without a cause, is hourly revived by accidental recollections. To those who have lived long together, everything heard and everything seen recalls some pleasure communicated, or some benefit conferred; some petty quarrel, or some slight endearment. Esteem of great powers, or amiable qualities newly discovered, may embroider a day or a week, but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and lost, but an old friend never can be found, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost. (After allusions to the DaVenants and Lord Kilmurry) . . . We all know that death should teach us; let us all be diligent to learn. Lucy Porter has lost her brother. But whom I have lost—let me not now remember. Let not your loss be added to the mournful catalogue. Write soon again too, Madam, your, etc.,

Sam'l Johnson.

THE Marquise Marie de Rabutin-Chantal de Sevigne (1626–1696), a cousin of the luxurious, quarrelsome, dashing Bussy, immortalized by Dumas in "Chicot the Jester," was the most charming, witty and entertaining of belles and correspondents. Her uncle, Christophe de Coulange, Abbe de Livry, became her guardian when only twenty-nine years old. She married Henri, Marquis de Sevigne, who, among many other follies, became one of the lovers of the famous Ninon de l'Enclos, and died of a rapier thrust from the Chevalier D'Albret. The following letter to Coulange, nineteen years later, when she was forty-five years old, gives a good idea of her style and spirit:

Paris, 15th December, 1670.

I am going to tell you of the most astounding, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most bewildering, the most unheard-of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unlooked-for, the greatest, the smallest, the rarest, the commonest, the most notorious, the most secret until today, the most brilliant, and the most enviable affair—an affair which we cannot believe in Paris, so how will you believe it at Lyons?—an affair which makes everybody exclaim with wonder; an affair which delights Mme de Rohan and Mme de Hauterive; an affair which when it is accomplished on Sunday, all who see it will think they see double; an affair which is to happen on Sunday, but which may not be finished on Monday. I cannot make up my mind to tell you; guess it; I give you three guesses. *Do you give it up?* (*Jetez-vous votre langue aux chiens?*) Well, then I must tell you. On Sunday M. de Lauzun is to marry at the Louvre—whom do you think? I give you four guesses, I give you ten, I give you a hundred! Madame de Coulange says this should not be difficult to find out. 'Tis Mme. la Valliere; not at all, madam; then 'tis Mlle de Retz; nothing of the kind—you are shockingly provincial. Ah, really how silly of us, say you—it is Mlle. Colbert; still less; then 'tis certainly Mlle Crequi; worse and worse. So, after all, I must tell you. On Sunday, then, he marries at the Louvre, by the King's permission, Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle de—guess what Mademoiselle. Why, faith, and by my faith, my pledged faith, he is to marry Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, the great Mademoiselle; Mademoiselle, the daughter of Monsieur; Mademoiselle, the granddaughter of Henri IV; Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Mademoiselle, cousin-german of the King; Mademoiselle, heir to the throne; Mademoiselle, the only wife in France worthy of Monsieur. There is a fine subject to talk about. If you exclaim, if you are beside yourselves, if you say that we have lied, that it is false, that we are joking with you, that it is a fine story, that it is a silly invention—if, in fine, you abuse us, we will excuse you; we have done as much before. Adieu; the letters which will come by the post will convince you whether we tell truth or not.

HERE is a love letter that was sent by a sculptor to a pretty widow, who supposed it was a pleasantry and discovered that it was from a lover who was partially insane:

*Divine Pebble,*—

Were you not harder than porphyry or agate, the chisel of my love, guided by the mallet of my fidelity, would have made some impression upon you. I, who have given every form to the roughest materials, had hoped that with the compass of reason, the saw of constancy, the fine file of friendship, and the polish of my words, I should have made of you one of the prettiest statues in the world. But, alas! you are but an insensible stone, and yet you fire my soul, yourself remaining cold as marble. Have pity on me; I no longer know what I say or do. When I have a dragon to sculpture it is Cupid that rises under my chisel. Dear column of my hopes, pedestal of my happiness, cornice of my joy, if you make me happy I will raise to you statues and pyramids. Tomorrow I will call for your answer.

AUGUSTE.

FROM a voluminous correspondence, Charles Dickens has selected this specimen of many begging letters:

*Sir*,—At the suggestion of a friend, I sent my book and sermons, and if you could send anything for them, or obtain any subscribers, I should feel deeply grateful; for through having expended all my time and means upon the gratuitous delivery of my sermons and lectures in the hope of doing good, I am left without a shilling. Unless I can immediately meet a £10 bill to finish paying for the printing, I shall be ruined. The thought makes me so ill I can scarcely write.

If you could in the smallest degree assist me in this great extremity of need, I should feel so thankful, and shortly repay you, for then brighter days would dawn upon me. I entreat you to grant my request, or a debtors' prison awaits me, and the disgrace would kill me. God grant that you may not refuse me, and may His blessing rest upon and all dear to you, prays yours truly,

DE———

28 ——— Street, S. W.
19 December, 1861.

Oh! save me from the sad fate that awaits me.

AND then the English novelist gives a resume of the many deceits practiced by the professional letter-writer:

The natural phenomena of which he has been the victim are of a most astounding nature. He has had two children who have never grown up; who have never had anything to cover them at night; who have been continually driving him mad by asking in vain for food; who have never come out of fevers and measles (which, I suppose, has accounted for his fuming his letters with tobacco smoke, as a disinfectant); who have never changed in the least degree through fourteen long, revolving years. As to his wife, what that suffering woman has undergone, nobody knows. She has always been in an interesting situation through the same long period, and has never been confined yet. His devotion to her has been unceasing. He has never cared for himself; he could have perished—he would rather, in short—but was it not his Christian duty as a man, a husband, and a father, to write begging-letters when he looked at her? (He has usually remarked that he would call in the evening for an answer to this question.

He has been the sport of the strangest misfortunes. What his brother has done to him would have broken anybody else's heart. His brother went into business with him and ran away with the money; his brother got him to be security for an immense sum, and left him to pay it; his brother would have given him employment to the tune of hundreds a year, if he would have consented to write letters on a Sunday; his brother enunciated principles incompatible with his religious views, and he could not (in consequence) permit his brother to provide for him. His landlord has never shown a spark of human feeling. When he put in that execution I don't know, but he has never taken it out. The broker's man has grown grey in possession. They will have to bury him some day.

Once he wrote me rather a special letter, proposing relief in kind. He had got a little trouble by leaving parcels of mud done up in brown paper, at people's houses, on pretence of being a railway porter, in which character he received carriage money. This sportive fancy he expiated in the House of Correction. Not long after his release, and on a Sunday morning, he called with a letter (having first dusted himself all over), in which he gave me to understand that, being resolved to earn an honest livelihood, he had been traveling about the country with a cart of crockery. That he had been doing pretty well until the day before, when his horse had dropped down dead near Chatham, in Kent. That this had reduced him to the unpleasant necessity of getting into the shafts himself, and drawing the cart of crockery to London—a somewhat exhausting pull of thirty miles. That he did not venture to ask again for money, but that if I would have the goodness *to leave him out a donkey*, he would call for the animal before breakfast!

BEGINNING his career as the traveling companion of Horace, the son of the famous Sir Robert Walpole, Thomas Gray, the amiable and accomplished poet and scholar, author of "Gray's Elegy" and other poems, eventually became professor of modern languages at Oxford. His life, a useful and happy one, was in keeping with the following tender and sympathetic letter to the Rev. W. Mason on the death of his wife:

*My dear Mason,—*

I break in upon you at a moment when we least of all are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say that you are daily and hourly present to my thoughts. If the worst be not yet passed, you will neglect and pardon me; but if the last struggle be over—if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness, or to her own sufferings, allow me (at least in idea, for what could I do were I present more than this?) to sit by you in silence, and pity from my heart, not her who is at rest, but you who lose her. May He who made us, the Master of our pleasures and of our pains, preserve and support you. Adieu! I have long understood how little you had to hope.

THE first African explorer to cross Africa from north to south and to determine approximately the great basin containing the sources of the Nile, Captain John Carrington Speke, was accidentally killed by his own gun while in the act of crossing a fence when out shooting near Bath, England. The ruler of Zanzibar thus wrote to condole with the father of a man whom he had learned during a period of intimacy and pleasant relations to admire and esteem:

In the name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful. To our distinguished and honored friend, Mr. Speke, may his glory be perpetuated. May he never cease to be protected from every misfortune and guarded from every ill afterwards. The reason of our writing this letter is to inquire after your condition. May God avert from us and you every adversity. Secondly, we have heard from the friend of all, Colonel Playfair, consul of the exalted Government, of what has happened to your son, our friend Captain Speke, and our heart is grieved not a little. May God bestow upon you resignation, and cause good to arise even out of misfortune. This is the way of the world. Anything that you may desire cf us, by the assistance of God we shall perform. Peace is the best conclusion. From your friend Majid, son of Sured, son of Sultan.

IT is evident from the following billet-doux from Susanna, Countess of Eglinton, to Andrew Fletcher of Salton, Lord Milton, and Lord Justice-clerk, that orthography was not very effectively taught two centuries ago, and that "cousins" insisted fiercely on their rights of correspondence:

October 30th, 1729.

*My dear Lord,—*

I have allmost broke my head with conjectors about the caus of your silence. Was I your mistress, jealoucie had broke my heart! What is the matter with you? Is it business or love that hes ingross'd you so entirlie? Are you such an arand husban that you wont writte to anie woman but your own dear spous? I wont poote you out of conceit with that prittie singular notion, but bege that you'l love me for her sake; remember that I'm her cusin and your humble servant. Adieu. This is my third letter without anie anser—

> "There is no hate like love to hatred turned,
> Nor annie furie like a woman scorned."

To the honourable Lord Milton,
at his house in Edinburgh.

THIS touching letter from Mary, the eldest daughter of Evelyn Pierpont, Duke of Kingston and the Lady Mary Fielding, a daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, who in 1712 married Mr. E. Wortley-Montagu against the wishes of her parents, is a pathetic appeal from a woman of great genius and strength of character to her lover. After a few years of married life they separated, and Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu became for the most part an alien resident in eastern lands, and notable on account of her adventures and genius:

I tremble for what we are doing. Are you sure you shall love me forever? shall we never repent? . . . Reflect now for the last time in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a nightgown and petticoat, and that is all you will get by me. . . . 'Tis something odd for a woman that brings nothing to expect anything; but after the way of my education, I dare not pretend to live but in some degree suitable to it. I had rather die than return to a dependency upon relations I have disobliged. Save me from that fear if you love me.

FOLLOWING is part of a letter written at the age of twenty by John Hay, just before the appointment of assistant secretary to President Lincoln, opened for him the splendid career in literature, statesmanship and diplomacy to which he attained, accentuates the truth of Longfellow's "My Lost Youth" founded on the refrain of the Lapland song:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

It tends to explain the apparent inconsistencies of Hay's tumultuous and yet practical and reliable character; the conflicting roughness of some of his character poems with the intense feeling and introspection of other and most intense, refined and inspiring utterances written to the author of "After the Ball," who had encouraged the young student to hope and try for better and greater things than were apparently open to him in his western home, it throws a softer light on the character of John Hay than that which generally attaches to the author of "The Mystery of Gilgal" or even "Little Breeches":

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.,
May 15, 1859.

*My dear Miss Perry,*—

On arriving here yesterday I was no less surprised than delighted to find a letter from you. . . .

It may seem somewhat strange to you, Miss Perry, that I, holding, as you know I did, the honor of a correspondence with you and Mrs. Whitman so high, and regarding it as so far above my own deserving, should have availed myself so little of the privilege so kindly granted. Let me make another admission, which may surprise you still more. Had it not been for the last note you wrote me, in which your goodness of heart was still so clearly visible, I should have probably never written to you again more than a sad acknowledgment of former kindness. But seeing your handwriting once more and meeting you in spirit again, unites in a manner the broken links of the chain that binds the past and the present. Let me request then the privilege of a reply, and the pleasure of a continuance of the correspondence. In the meantime I may only hint the reason of my silence.

I have wandered this winter in the valley of the shadow of death. All the universe, God, earth, and heaven have been to me but vague and gloomy phantasms. I have conversed with wild imaginings in the gloom of the forests. I have sat long hours by the sandy marge of my magnificent river, and felt the awful mystery of its unending flow, and heard an infinite lament breathed in the unquiet murmur of its whispering ripples. Never before have I been so much in society. Yet into every parlor my Daemon has pursued me. When the air has been fainting with prisoned perfumes, when every spirit thrilled to the delicate touch of airy harmonies, when perfect forms moved in unison with perfect music, and mocked with their voluptuous grace the tortured aspirations of poetry, I have felt, coming over my soul colder than a northern wind, a conviction of the hideous unreality of all that moved and swayed and throbbed before me. It was not with the eye of a bigot or the diseased perceptions of a penitent that I looked upon such scenes; it was with what seemed to me—

Thus far I wrote, and turned over the page and wrote no more for an hour. You have had enough of that kind of agonized confession, haven't you? An open human heart is not a pleasant thing. I wanted only to tell you why I had not written. It would have been easier to say it was simply impossible.

I am now at work. In work I always find rest. A strange paradox—but true. If my health returns, I do not question but that I shall work out of these shadows. If not, there is a cool rest under the violets, and eternity is long enough to mak eright the errors and deficiencies of time. . . .

Yours very sincerely,
JOHN HAY.

UNHAPPY Anne Boleyn, privately married to Henry VIII, king of England, January 25, 1553, was proclaimed queen and publicly married on April 12, although his previous marriage to Katharine of Aragon was not declared void until May 28. Not long after, in 1536, she was executed on Tower Green, and on the next day the marriage of Henry VIII with Jane Seymour was celebrated.

Following is the last letter written by Anne Boleyn to the king:

*Sir,—*

Your Grace's displeasure, and my imprisonment, are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour) by such an one, whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness and duty perform your command.

But let not your Grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And to speak a truth, never Prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Boleyn; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration, I knew, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object. You have chosen me, from a low estate, to be your Queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If, then, you found me worthy of such honour, good your Grace, let not any light fancy or bad counsel of mine enemies withdraw your princely favor from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant Princess, your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto, your Grace not being ignorant of my suspicion therein.

But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me) mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared.

My last and only request shall be that myself may only bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen who (as I understand) are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Ann Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any further, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in His good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May.

Your most loyal and ever faithful wife,
ANNE BOLEYN.

# BOOKS *of* *the* MONTH

STORIES and short poems devoted to themes of childhood, with its joys and woes, contributed by many of the well-known and famous people in England and America, make an interesting book of over three hundred pages, called "Little Verse and Big Names,"* collected by Mrs. Karl Roebling. The purpose of the book—to provide funds to care for poor children—should entitle it to the consideration of those who love both books and children. The illustrations are varied and interesting, and the artists include many well-known names, such as Charles Dana Gibson, Hugo Ballin and many others. There are also musical selections and, what is of much value, a collection of sketches concerning the contributors which affords a fine glimpse of the workers in different branches of art.

* * *

COUNTRY life is alluring, and the "back to nature" movement has been a boon to the people. The old farmhouse of our fathers has not been overlooked in the general regeneration, and in her book, "Remodeled Farmhouses,"† Mary H. Northend has given much interesting and valuable information for the guidance of those who are so fortunate as to be able to fix up one of these old houses artistically and yet in such a way as to preserve the original contours and the old-fashioned, comfortable features. There are interesting and detailed descriptions of many a regenerated old house, and many of them have curious history connected with them. The situation of the old-time farmhouses is usually most satisfactory, and in many instances picturesque, and if one is looking for a home in the country, they can be remodeled to make comfortable and harmonious homes. The illustrations in the book are rare and of great beauty, and depict rooms in real homes. Altogether, the book is invaluable.

* * *

RARE charm and a delicate sense of humor combine to make "Heart's Content,"* by Ralph Henry Barbour, a most fascinating book. It is an ideal romance, and takes one into the country with the hero, Allan Shortland, who is a unique character among the books of the year. Though possessed of sufficient fortune to enable him to enjoy all the "good" things of life, he chooses to get his pleasure in tramping. In other words, he is a "gentleman" tramp. He is the happiest man that it has been our good fortune to meet in bookdom in many a day. And his choice of a mate quite meets with our approval, for who could be better fitted for him than bright, winsome Beryl Vernon, whom he has sought diligently in all parts of the world for four years? A collision of passing gondolas, a touch of the hand in passing, a ring left in his hand—

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*"Little Verses and Big Names." Contributed. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $2.00 net.

†"Remodeled Farmhouses." By Mary H. Northend. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $5.00 net.

*"Heart's Content." By Ralph Henry Barbour Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. Price, $1.50 net.

that was all, but patience was at last rewarded when he wanders into Alderbury and sees her in her home. But she is sad and somewhat bitter toward the world of men, for an unfortunate affair with an Englishman had caused her to think that love could never be hers, and though yielding in the end, she was hard to convince. And so he found his mate and his cottage of dreams in the quiet little New England village, and we wish that all lovers may be so fortunate. The story tells of happiness, of its value to those with whom we are in contact. Besides the delightful story, the illustrations by H. Weston Taylor and the designs by W. S. Holloway are most beautiful. The volume is a holiday book of which the recipient might well be proud.

* * *

SO many stout folks want to get thin that Vance Thompson has gathered together a collection of Mahdah menus and recipes into a book called "Eat and Grow Thin."* Usually people are told what not to eat to get thin, but this book tells them what to eat, and gives the menus. The Mahdah method is as old as the hills, and it merely means to eat the right kind of food. The menus look very interesting, and it seems as though one could grow thin and still enjoy life, and in the bargain be happy and healthy.

* * *

IN "Woman and Home,"† Orison Swett Marden has shown fairly and carefully the position of the modern woman in the economic life of today. He touches on all the important questions concerning a woman's life, and it would seem to be a duty for thinking men and women to read carefully the arguments set forth in the volume. But, though he argues that, as woman's activities have gradually moved outside the home, it is but natural that woman should follow them, and should therefore be interested in economic affairs, especially those that affect the woman worker, still he thinks that to be a home-maker is to be engaged in the profession of all professions. He makes a forceful plea for the woman and shows that she is a most important factor in the life of the nation, and he thinks that men should exert themselves to add to the comfort and happiness of the home.

* * *

"GOD AND THE WAR," a new twenty-five-cent pamphlet by Professor Luther Townsend, D.D., smites the anvil of public thought with a mighty clang that rings out with startling effect, "God needs no justification or apologists." In a virile, orthodox interpretation of the Bible he shows that war is the stepping-stone of progress—that God having but promised eternal life to the believing soul has put men upon earth to master themselves in the divine plan. He warns America for its cowardice and selfishness in dealing with mighty world problems—and declares that the devastation that has visited Europe may some day be ours as a just retribution. Not everybody will agree with Dr. Townsend in his remarkable interpretation of the trend of the times, but his words ring with the conviction that holds the reader spellbound throughout its fifty-six pages.*

* * *

MANY a boy would like the opportunity offered Richard Gracen, when, left a poor orphan, with no money or home and in debt, his maiden aunt, Victoria Gracen, rich and living in his father's ancestral home, sends for him to come and live with her and share her beautiful home. His father's marriage had estranged him from his people, and Richard himself had been born and reared in poverty in Chicago. The interest in boys awakened in Miss Gracen, through her desire to do the right thing by her own boy, created a wonderful change in some hitherto unruly boys. We can recommend "The Obsession of Victoria Gracen"† as a good, wholesome enjoyable book for both young and old.

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*"Eat and Grow Thin." By Vance Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, $1.00 net.

†"Woman and Home." By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Price, $1.25 net.

*"God and the War," by Dr. Luther T. Townsend. Boston: Chapple Publishing Company. Price, 25c.

†"The Obsession of Victoria Gracen." By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.25 net.

# *A Visit with Carmen Sylva*

### *by Marguerite Rogers Young*

WHEN the eyes of the world are focused on the sweep of the Germans towards the Balkans, the memories of my first trip abroad are vividly recalled. The faces of those who have now taken their place in the cast of the great world tragedy come prominently to mind. The fair land of Roumania rumbling with wars and rumors of war, stands out like a lone little reef in an angry sea, while tempestuous waves and tides beat upon its shores.

In view of the great game that is being played by the crowned heads of Europe on the chessboard of war, I wonder how our geographies will appear in another five years when the Balkan situation, one of the precipitating causes of the war, has approached a settlement in the age-old contest between the east and the west.

Among the monarchs who today stand forth most vividly in the spotlight of the Balkan blaze are the late King Carlos, a Hohenzollern by birth, and his consort Queen Elizabeth (Carmen Sylva), a German Princess of the House of Weid and the reigning queen, Marie Louise, granddaughter of Victoria.

At a time of such deepened interest in suffrage in the United States, the power and influence of the women in the various courts of Europe still recall something of the power and traditions of the court of the Louis of France.

The first glimpse of her majesty, Queen Elizabeth (Carmen Sylva) was fourteen years ago on my first visit to Bucharest. The audience had been arranged for us at eleven o'clock the morning we arrived.

On entering the salon, I heard the strains of soft music and discovered that Her Majesty was at the piano, which was located on a sort of a raised platform at one end of the room, improvising a refrain that will never fade from my memory. On hearing us announced, she arose immediately in a queenly way, every motion indicating simplicity and graciousness, and at once came toward us, doing away with all the court formality. Papa, with his usual grace, kissed her hand and she kissed mamma and me on the cheek, exclaiming, "Oh! my American children, how glad I am to see you." The cordiality of her welcome made it seem like a family gathering rather than a court function.

Although a German princess, she spoke to us in English with no perceptible accent, and enjoys the distinction of being one of the most versatile linguists in Europe. She impressed me in much the same way that a hospitable, gracious American mother could, and I could scarcely realize that I was in the company of the queen whose name was known throughout the world.

Naturally the first attention was paid to the little girl of the party. I had just recovered from a severe attack of diphtheria in Constantinople, and she had been sending me telegrams every day with expressions of motherly concern, which had won my childish heart.

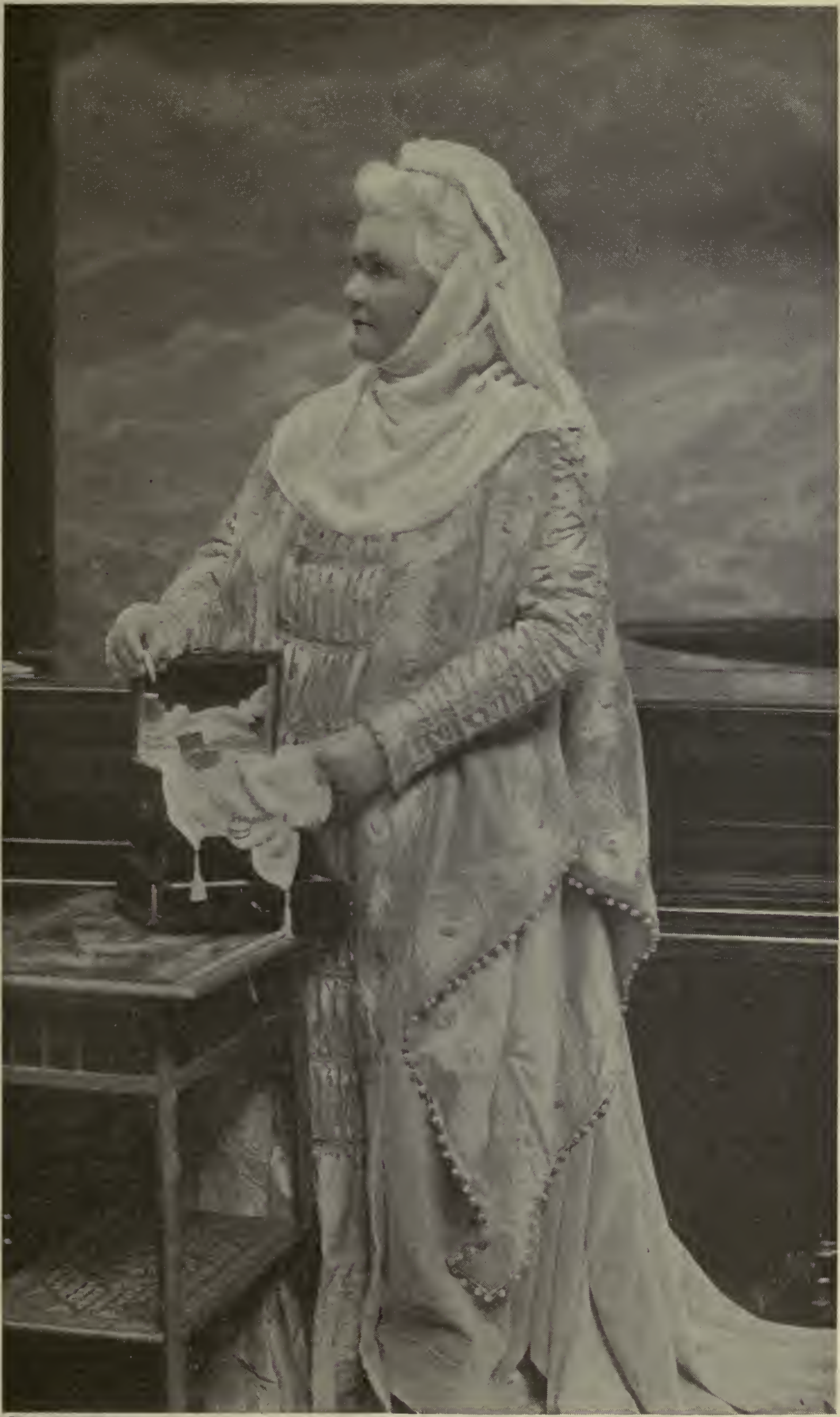


*Photo by Mandy*

CARMEN SYLVA

Later she took me on her lap and told me fairy stories and folk-lore, including Roumanian and German legends which always concluded with some good moral or loving thought. They were dream pictures and she seemed like the fairy queen of my childhood fancies. On discovering one day that she wore no crown, I once hazarded a question as to where it was. The Queen smiled a very sad smile and replied that the weight of it was always heavy upon her brow. I looked again, and still failing to see it—wondered.

Elizabeth was above medium height, with snow-white hair and beautiful complexion, rosy cheeks and tender blue, sympathetic eyes. She was gowned in white and as always wore a soft white crepe veil over her head, a living ideal of what seemed to me the perfect conception of the Madonna. One of my most beautiful remembrances of the queen was her majestic bearing as she walked across the room. Another was to see her entertaining struggling artists at her court in order that they might have the prestige of having played for Her Majesty.

On one occasion a flustered young soloist, in turning the pages of the music, scattered them on the floor in the midst of a most pathetic passage, and it looked for a time as if his first appearance was to be most unfortunate for the young artist, but Mamma Regina picked up the music from the floor, proving that her ideals of queenliness are, after all, embodied in service, and at that time she presented a picture of not only a queenly woman, but a womanly queen.

Think of my childish eyes seeing the queen in all the glamor of a court function and only a short time afterwards seeing her as much at home with her typewriter as at her piano and to think that on this typewriter she had transcribed the immortal poems with which she had enriched the world's literature.

* * *

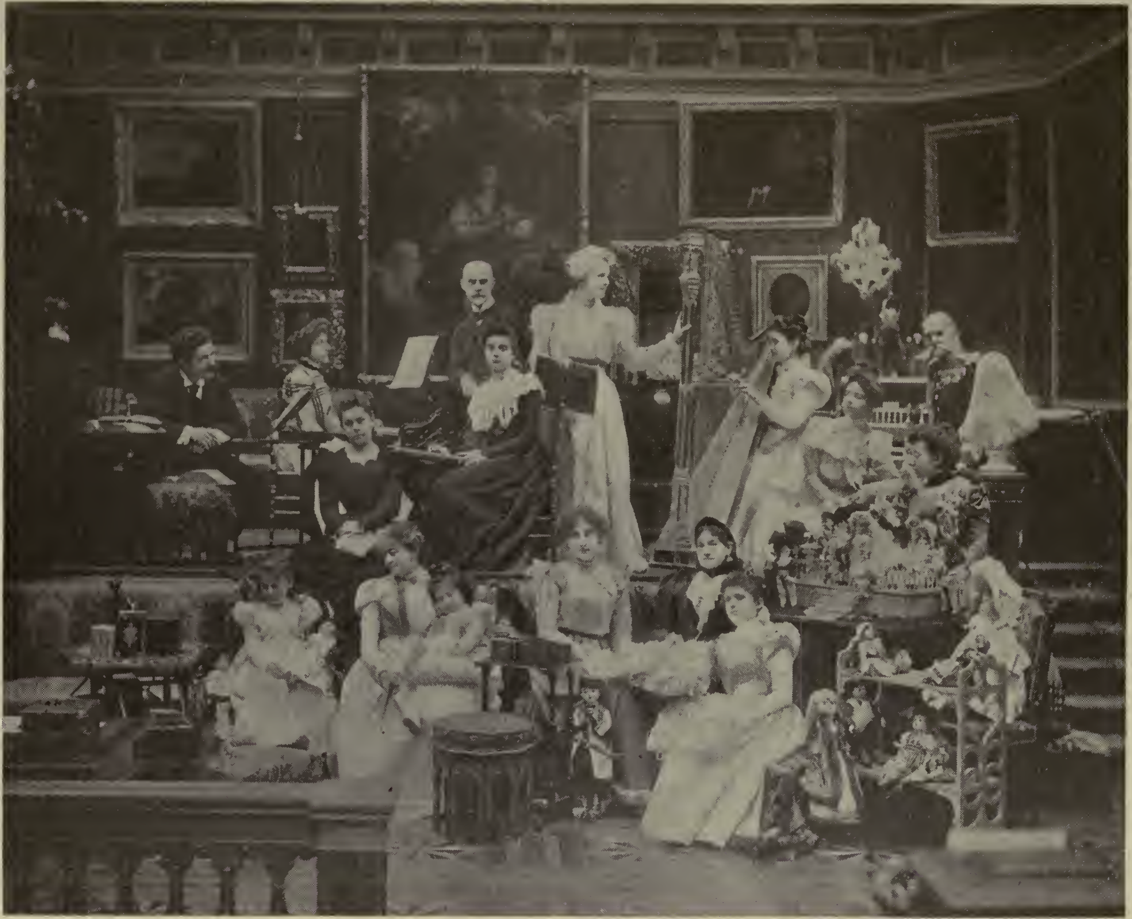
Her versatility was also revealed in her embroidery. Near at hand was the work of an altar cloth that she was providing for her church, and with the true feminine instinct we examined closely the deft handiwork. The monkish art of illuminating the text of both verse and prose was with the queen a pastime, and she did it because she loved it, yet it was an accomplishment that would have made the famous artists of Nuremburg envious.

When one learned of the daily life of Her Majesty one ceased to wonder that she had achieved so much. Early sunrise, winter and summer, found her up and doing with all the regularity and devotion of a sun worshipper. In living day by day she seemed to have her tasks well in hand, and in the early morning light, with the gentle glow of the approaching day, she began her work. Her democratic tastes were further indicated in her love of writing with a lead pencil rather than with the more aristocratic pen or quill. With this pencil she made notes of the sentiments that had been gathered, possibly, during the night, much as Ralph Waldo Emerson used to gather the thoughts of the day and weave them together into a philosophical comment or crystallize them into beautiful verse.

The story familiar to her people of how, when she first became queen, she visited the field of battle and helped to nurse the wounded, has much interest at this time when her country is surrounded by warring nations and her deeds are enshrined in the hearts of her people; for even as Dowager she remains an active influence in her beloved Roumania.

In casual conversation one was charmed with a voice of unusual resonance, for reading and reciting, and what a treat it was to hear Carmen Sylva read her own poems to a delighted and enthralled group. The facility with which she could read in French, English, or Roumanian, was astonishing, as she could read them with the same facility with which she read her own native tongue of German. My heart goes out to this beautiful Dowager queen, with world-wide sympathies and impulses, when the report of almost every hour brings her tidings which are tearing her very heart-strings asunder; and no matter what may become the fate of Roumania in the course of diplomacy, the beautiful character and majesty of Roumania's first queen will remain a rich heritage in the troubled history of the Balkan nation.

At this time I also had the very great childish privilege of having breakfast with



AN AFTERNOON WITH CARMEN SYLVA

On the original photograph is inscribed in the Queen's own handwriting: "Working for the doll show whilst I read to them. For Mrs. Young, who belongs henceforth to the group! Carmen Sylva"

*Photo by F. Mandy*

the present Queen Marie, who was then counted the most beautiful princess in Europe, and that distinction has not been dimmed in the passing years. She was of a different temperament from that of the Dowager Queen and loved the gay life of Bucharest, and although a granddaughter of Queen Victoria of England, and reared in England, she seemed to love the romantic customs and picturesque life of Roumania. She, too, as Queen of Roumania, must suffer the anguish of the bitter warfare that exists between her kith and kinsmen, the grandchildren of Queen Victoria, as the Kaiser, the Czar, and King George of England, the three opposing monarchs in the great world war, are related as she is related, to the late Victoria Regina, Queen of England and Empress of India.

The late King Carlos, husband of Carmen Sylva, lived to be one of the royal house to which the Kaiser belongs, that did not join in his ambitious plans. There is no doubt but that the events of the year must have hastened his death.

The first day I was at the palace I went into the conservatory to play with the little Princess Marie, daughter of the present queen, and while there a gentleman past middle age, covered with medals, came into the conservatory to speak with us. The little princess immediately stopped playing and kissed his hand. I followed her example, not knowing quite why, and he asked if I was the "little American," to which I replied in the simple affirmative, "Yes." He then said, "Were you sick in Constantinople?" to which I again replied "Yes." Not until later did I realize that I had been talking to the king himself, and should have addressed him at least with the salutation of "Your Majesty," but my companion, the young princess, did not seem to be as loquacious as the little American who hardly realized to whom she was talking and who saw behind the gorgeous array of medals and decorations only a kind, gentle, good-hearted man, the late king of Roumania.

The present King Ferdinand of Roumania was on a hunting trip at the time, but it was with his daughter that I was enjoying my playtime.

Was there ever a girl that did not love a doll? And imagine my delight, and how I must have clapped my hands when this fairy queen hostess, "Carmen Sylva," presented me with twenty-one. In my room were the dolls of all nations dressed as only a fairy godmother could have dressed them. Here was a peasant doll of Roumania, and there a little Dutch girl maiden from Holland; here the Grecian bride and the Russian Cossack; the Spanish girl; a miniature Carmen.

I soon had them on the bed, and it was such a wealth of possessions that I could scarcely make a choice; but I know one tired little head that rested on the pillow that night amidst the dolls that had been provided with such thoughtful consideration by the queen, who never outgrew her love of a child and the love of home and those immortal attributes associated with the Madonna, who realized that these dolls were not the mere furnishing of the room for the guest, but they were to be all hers, and were placed in her arms by the queen herself. You can imagine the delight and pleasure with which I carried away the twenty-one trophies as an expression of the affectionate regard of the Queen of Roumania for little children.

* * *

The closing scene of this memorable visit to the Queen of Roumania carries to a fitting finale my dream of the fairy princess. At an early hour one winter morning, with snow on the ground, there awaited us at the door six beautiful cream-colored ponies, a gift from the king of Sweden, all caparisoned, and drawing an equipage that would have been fitting for Prince Charming himself, and as we whirled away down the hill from the castle, to the music of sleigh-bells, I felt that indeed we had had a glimpse of real fairy land; and as we passed the peasants on either side, they would uncover their heads and salute, and I felt that I, unlike Cinderella when she went to the famous ball, was enjoying my magic equipage when departing.

# "The Spell of Belgium"

## An Appreciation by

## Mitchell Mannering

AMID the avalanche of literature pouring from the press on subjects pertaining to the war-tragedy over-seas, "The Spell of Belgium"* has a fund of pertinent information given with a charm that marks cosy hours in reading. Mrs. Isabel Anderson, the wife of Mr. Larz Anderson, former Minister to Belgium, and later ambassador to Japan, has written a number of charming books, but she has inspired a deep and heartfelt interest in the little country of Belgium that compels attention from cover to cover. The story in simple narrative form, is in a way almost in itself a complete history of Belgium brought down even to the awful disasters of the present day. Mrs. Anderson has been prominently identified with Belgian relief work, and entertained Madame Vandervelde when soliciting help for the needy in Belgium. In view of this, it is not to be wondered at that the book fills a need of the hour. It is elaborately illustrated with paintings and pictures in color that seem to have retained the very spirit and atmosphere of the Flemish and Walloon landscape. From the frontispiece, showing the Grande Place and Belfry at Furnes, to the last illustration—a portrait of Madame Vandervelde, the four hundred and more pages of text are well spiced with charming illustrations and incidents. A complete map of Belgium, in colors, is also included.

The author begins by telling how she accompanied her husband to his new post as Minister to Belgium, and describes most attractively the meeting with King Albert and Queen Elizabeth. Her description of court functions is graphic and interesting. The succeeding chapter gives a glimpse of diplomatic life such as one does not find in many books extant, because it is intimate and flashes the picture vividly before the reader. She tells of a visit to the summer palace at Laeken:

> We passed through tunnels of blooming flowers, and there was no end to the astonishing glory of color and beauty. Here and there were little grottoes with mirrors, and fountains plashing; then more alleys, and another great house all aflame with azaleas. Steps led to the door of a pavilion. Here it was that King Leopold II had died. Our progress was not rapid, as the King and Queen stopped frequently to speak to different people. But we finally made the tour and returned to the great rotunda, where I felt as if I were standing in an unreal world, inside a giant soap-bubble of many colors.

The atmosphere of "Brussels before the Battle of Waterloo" pervades the chapter on "Brussels before the War," and one could not but stop to draw the contrast between that episode and the scenes of today. There is a picture of Eugene Ysaye, the famous violinist, and we are reminded that Beethoven's father was a Belgian, and that since the beginning of the war, the statue of the great composer has been taken out of the German Hall of Fame.

The story of the real life of the Belgian country is given so vividly that one cannot resist reading on and on through the pages without using a book mark. She tells the history of the Duchy of Flanders, and reveals that the title of the dukedom now rests upon the shoulders of the little twelve-year-old son of King Albert.

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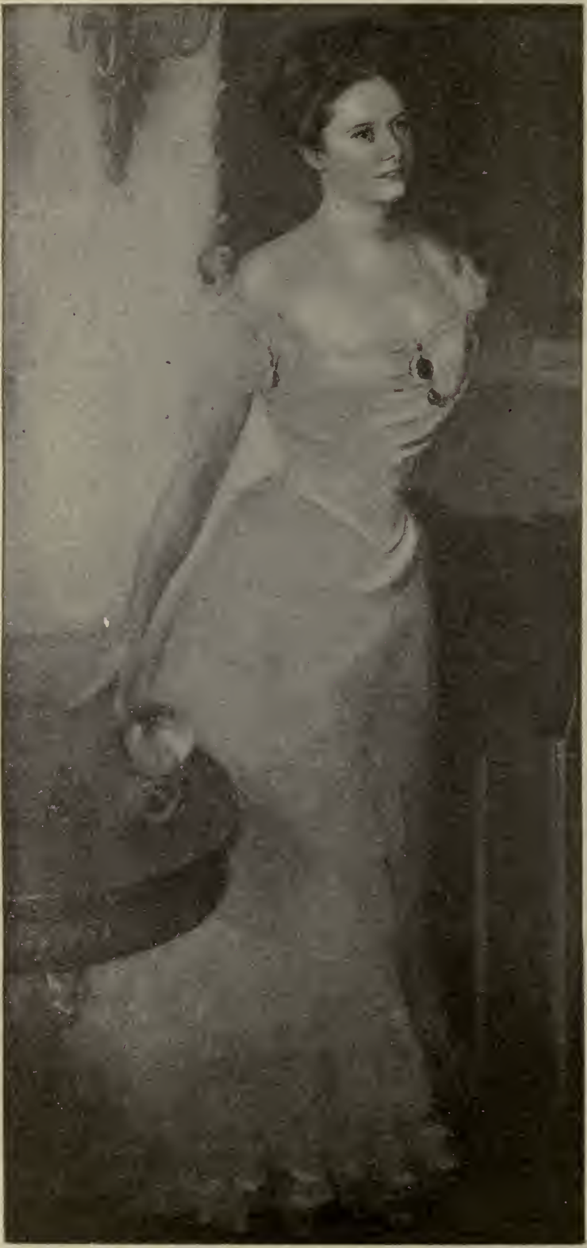
* "The Spell of Belgium." By Isabel Anderson. Boston: The Page Company. Price, $2.50 net.



MRS. LARZ ANDERSON

In "Battling for a Kingdom," Mrs Anderson recalls the ball in Brussels on the night of June 15, 1815, at the house of the Duchess of Richmond. While the dancing was still in progress, dispatches were brought to the Duke of Wellington, with the information that Napoleon's forces had crossed the frontier. The Duke immediately called for a map, and upon looking it over carefully, said: "Napoleon has humbugged me. He has gained twenty-four hours' march on me. I must fight him here." He put his nail on the map, and the scratch that was left has been fittingly termed "the first scar of Waterloo." This is an indication of how the book teems with anecdotes of historical and timely value. She tells of the production, fifteen years later, of Auber's new opera, "Musette de Portici," when the Italian tenor made such a strong appeal to the people that they at once caught up the words of the refrain and rushed into the streets singing:

A mon pays je dois la vie,
Il me devra la liberte!

The revolution was here begun in most dramatic, if not operatic fashion, through which Belgium took its place among the European powers. Its constitution made it one of the freest countries of the world, with representative government, freedom of the press, trial by jury, freedom of education, and complete religious tolerance. Although a Protestant, Leopold proved a most excellent king of a Catholic country, and the treaty of 1839 with Berlin was the one which was thrust aside as a "mere scrap of paper." It was Leopold I whom the present King is said to resemble strongly. It

COUNT EGMONT'S TOWER, HERZELE

OLD HOUSES ON THE SAMBRE, NAMUR

was usually felt in Belgium that January is the month that brings ill luck to the royal house, but this time it was in the hot flame of August days that the destruction of the country was consummated.

The story of King Albert's boyhood is given a most interesting biographical touch. As a child, he little dreamed of wearing a crown, and he was interested, early in life, in mechanical and engineering problems, in shipbuilding and aviation. While in America in 1898, he made a thorough study of railroads under the tutelage of James J. Hill, and enjoyed his early days in traveling *incognito*. He was early familiar with automobiles, and the story is related how he was being driven by a chauffeur in the early part of the war, and observed that he was rapidly nearing the German trenches. He directed the man to turn back, and after the second order had proven unavailing, the King rose and shot the chauffeur, pitched him over into the road, and drove on to his destination. Later proof was found on the man attesting his intention to betray his King to the Germans. Long before the war, King Albert was known as "the people's King," and his Queen is also noted for her practical humanity. Her gentle and kindly work in the Flemish land wrapped in the heavy mist of fog, and with now the addition of war's dread shroud, will long enfold her name with the glory which attends the gratitude of a people.

The little Crown Prince, at the age of thirteen, was taken to the trenches by his father, and the mother's protest was met by the answer: "I have to teach him how serious a thing it is to be a King."

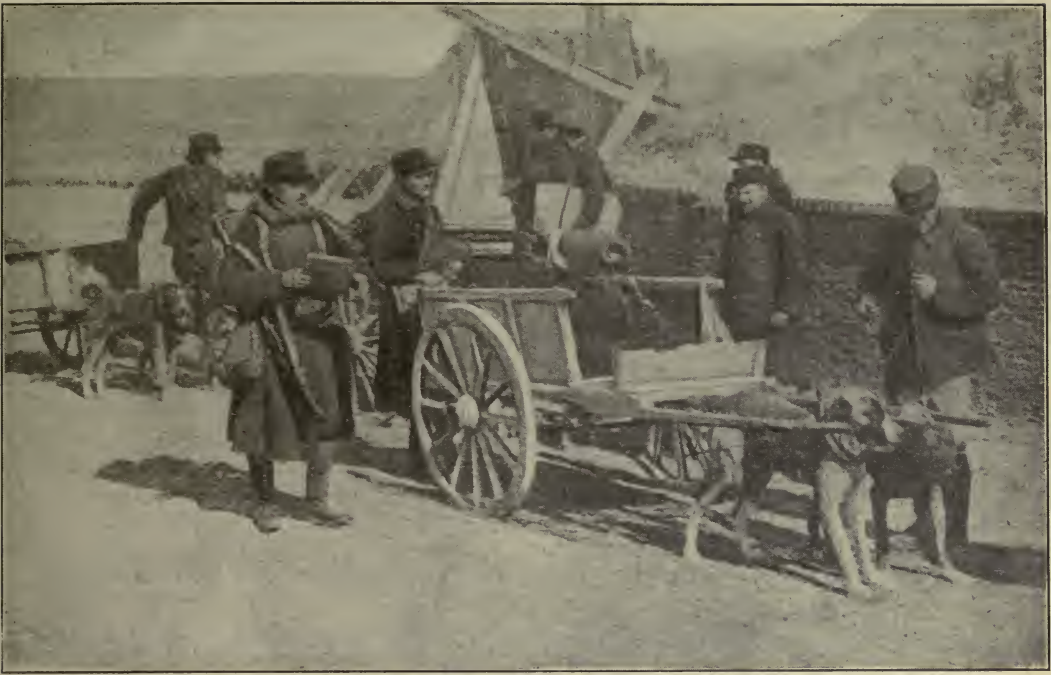
The chapter that tingles with information pertinent to the day is the one in which is told the story of politics and plural voting. It contains information that is startling in showing what advances Belgium had made. M. Vandervelde has said of his country, "It constitutes a laboratory of social experiment." Mrs. Anderson gives a brief outline of the system of plural voting:

> Every male citizen of Belgium who had reached the age of twenty-five years was qualified to cast—and by law must cast—one vote. Every man in Belgium of thirty-five who had children and paid at least one dollar a year income tax, might cast two votes, while those without children would get this second vote if they had real estate amounting to four hundred dollars, or twenty dollars a year income from state securities. Any man who had filled a public position, who had a profession, or who held a college diploma, was entitled to a third vote, or to two in addition to his first manhood suffrage. This third vote could also be obtained by a property qualification. No one might have more than three votes in all. This was the way it would work out in an individual case: A workman at twenty-five receives one vote. He marries, becomes the head of a family, and at thirty-five receives a second vote. Then, if he buys a house—even if it is mortgaged—he gets a third. It can easily be seen how such a system might encourage thrift and industry, and even responsible citizenship.

She shows how the soil of Flanders, while almost useless blowing sand, has been reclaimed by the rotation of crops, what the government has done to encourage and help farming in the country districts, and also of the wonderful success that has been achieved through co-operative societies.

The chapter on tapestries would constitute a book in itself, and it is almost an authoritative "last word" when Mrs. Anderson discusses this topic. She tells of the primitive and later painters of Belgium, and also of the country's eminence in the world of letters. Maurice Maeterlinck has been hailed as the Belgian Shakespeare. Eugene Demolder, Gregoire le Roi, and Emile Verhaeren, are given their share of praise for reflecting glory upon their native land.

She tells of motoring in Flanders, and creates a new setting for the legends of Antwerp. She describes the Walloon country, and in "A Last Word" very modestly tells the story of how the New England committee which did its work under the inspiration of the author, collected $300,000 in cash and $100,000 more in goods, beside three shiploads of food and clothing which left Boston harbor. The last portrait in the book—that of Madame Vandervelde—is a likeness of a woman whose tour of this country will never be forgotten. It will ever be associated with the memory of the work accomplished by her simple and effective earnestness in telling the story of her people. The fact that the author herself has been so active and so unselfishly devoted



SINCE THE WAR BEGAN, DOGS HAVE BEEN OF GREAT SERVICE IN DRAGGING THE MITRAILLEUSES

HOUGOMONT

to the cause of Belgium even adds to the irresistible fascination of "The Spell of Belgium." The volume sweeps the horizon—touching history, legend, triumphs in painting, music, science, and showing why the "spell of Belgium" exists from events that have gone before. The book is far more than entertaining and instructive—it is inspiring in its purpose—and preserves a record of Belgium that has a wide appeal for children as well as grown-ups; for it is in writing for children that Mrs. Anderson has achieved her notable triumphs. And more than any other one book, this dainty volume from the pen of an American woman reflects a world-wide sentiment of today, that no matter what may be suggested in terms of peace, one thing that the world at large will be insistent upon without reservation, and that which reflects the almost unanimous sentiment of America—German and native-born Americans alike—is the restoration of the integrity of Belgium, no matter what the cost may be to the victorious or the vanquished.

# BUILD ME A HOUSE

### *By* EDWIN LEIBFREED

O SOUL, build me a house of dreams,
And roof it with the stars,
With walls of awe and azure beams,
And ether bolts and bars.

A house of joy, O Life, build me,
With windows vision-wide;
With friends of mirth and ecstasy
To neighbor on each side.

O Love, build me a house of hope
Where happiness dwells free,
And set it on the sunny slope
Of thy heart's hill for me.

O Faith, build me a house of prayer
With words that cry unsaid,
And rear to heaven a perfumed stair
On which my dreams may tread.

O God, build me a house of rest,
And hallow it with sleep;
Be Thou the one Celestial Guest
My happy house would keep.

Let music wake me in the night
When this old house is still,
And let me feel a presence bright
That all the place would fill.

Then give me strength to say farewell,
And look in Love's dear face,
And own that it was good to dwell
In such a wonder place.

Then let me hear the victor's song
That sweeps through Azrael's gate,
And greet the Friend within the throng
Who closed my house of fate.

# A Commercial Vision That Became Real

### by Edward B. Brown

AN automobile that is most appropriately named is the Overland, and after making two trips across the continent within three months, my appreciation of the aptness of its title naturally increased. On one of those trips, I stopped off at Toledo, where this car is made, and found one of the largest automobile factories in the world, employing fourteen thousand men, and making complete autos from start to finish—or, to be exact, manufacturing everything except the tires.

New factory buildings are now being added to the plant which was purchased some years ago by a young man, on his way from Indianapolis to New York. He had heard about the old Pope-Toledo plant, and stopped off at a junction, made a detour to Toledo, inspected and bought the plant in *one day* and reached New York the next, where he had the transaction legalized, and was able to realize enough money from the sale of the material purchased with the plant, to cover the entire bill. It was one of those instances in real life which may well be designated as the turning point in the development of a great industry.

Mr. John N. Willys is recognized as a dominant figure in the manufacture of automobiles. His business career began when he was only nineteen, in the State of New York, and he has maintained a pay roll ever since. Bicycles claimed his attention, and later, as a salesman for motors, the vision came to him and he saw clearly into the future and realized the wonderful opportunities which were to accrue from the development of the automobile.

His ambition was to perfect a machine that had all the appearance and advantages of a high-priced car, and that would sell within the reach of people who were neither rich nor poor, but who were sufficiently blessed with worldly goods to be able to enjoy the comforts of life, and many of its luxuries.

The popular price seemed almost revolutionary, but the philosophy of John N. Willys has proved, as usual, to be well founded. The Overland is referred to today as the most widely advertised of motor cars, and this publicity was declared by Mr. Willys to be the reason why the Overland could be sold at a price that would be prohibitive, and would mean a loss to the majority of manufacturers. In his quiet, easy way, with a twinkle in his blue eyes, Mr. Willys points out that widespread advertising has made it possible to market his new, Model 83, Overland at a medium price. He overheard a remark in a smoker one day, to the effect that Overland advertising "must cost about $200 for every car." The facts are that this surmise was absolutely preposterous, as the actual advertising cost per car on the Overland was less than two and a half per cent last year, this year is less than that, and next year will be materially less—due to increase of production.

JOHN N. WILLYS

The policy of John Willys in his business is to make the quantity of his production spread all overhead so that the item of advertising per car is so small, that the buyer pays for but little more than the actual material and labor, plus a reasonable profit, which, because of the large production, is a very small amount for each car. The foundation stone of modern business, as interpreted by Mr. Willys is: First—quality of product and value to the customers; second—volume of production. Take two cars of equal mechanical and structural worth—one car of limited production and the other built in large quantities—the latter can always be sold at a lower rate. Raw materials are naturally furnished at lower prices to the manufacturer who buys and produces in large quantities, for the price by many tons or carloads is always a paying transaction in itself as compared with small purchases. This principle is not sufficiently taken into consideration by some buyers who believe that extensive advertising means a higher price; but as Mr. Willys has so aptly put it in epigram: "The price of an article to the consumer can be made low, in proportion as the advertising produces quantity sales."

"The results obtainable from advertising," says he, "depend largely upon price, which necessarily makes it imperative to have the price as low as a reasonable profit will permit, when the plan is predicated on profit from volume rather than profit per unit." Now can you conceive of a more succinct statement?

The Overland factories reflect everywhere the energetic and businesslike personality of John N. Willys—the working conditions and surroundings in the factory are of the best, and are given consideration even before the executive offices. The interior finish is of oak, plainly and simply treated, but every detail for the comfort and health of the working force has been sedulously considered and provided.

A brief interview with the builder and

head of this vast industry, is always an inspiration. Simply human and wholesome, and practically effective; the character of the maker was never better reflected in a machine than that of John Willys in his Overland and Willys-Knight cars. The Overland is a proof of the great benefit the customer derives from advertising—aside from a reasonable price—and that is a *guarantee of standard quality*. Advertising may sell a poor article for a short time, but it cannot continue to do so on a profitable basis, and it is axiomatic that successful advertising must be backed by sterling goods. Mr. Willys has believed in concentrating and focusing his exploitation, and for that reason has largely used newspapers as a medium for advertising, but he does not overlook the fact that in order to be generally conceded a national reputation for any article, the manufacturer must use magazines and periodicals of country-wide circulation. The measure of success which has followed in his intrepid and courageous advertising campaign is best evidenced by the fact that sixteen thousand automobiles of the nineteen-sixteen model had been sold and delivered as early as May, 1915.

Mr. Willys is one of those quiet men who make statements of importance in a simple off-hand way, and has never failed to make good his prophesies. When he said, last year, that he would be making six hundred cars a day, he knew exactly whereof he spoke, and now with a thousand a day it is more than probable that his dream of the Overland being one of the most widely-used and popular automobiles on the market, will soon be realized. He is a "natural born" leader and creator, and had he not achieved distinction in the business world, he would undoubetdly have entered the public service, but whatever his vocation, he would have been known throughout the nation through his constructive imagination and the ability to bring his ideas into a practical realization through the sheer power and force of his dynamic energy.

# WHEN IN DOUBT—SMILE

## *By* ELMA PARKER KIRK

WHEN in doubt—smile!
And, this way, care beguile.
For life is full of sunny ways,
And heaven sends earth such perfect days,
So, when in doubt—smile!

When in doubt—smile!
For others work awhile;
For God's love radiates o'erhead,
Not *all* your plans and hopes are dead,
So, when in doubt—smile!

When in doubt, smile!
Reward comes afterwhile;
For friends are yours if, in their need,
You give to them in golden deed,
So, when in doubt—smile!

# *From Karlsbad to New York in Forty Days*

## *by Alexander H. Revell*

(CONCLUDED)

*In these times, a twelvemonth has made history. A little over a year ago, Americans were making their way from Germany as the war cloud gathered. Among the experiences of Americans abroad at the time of the declaration of war, this of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander H. Revell is most interesting. Mr. Revell was prominent in organizing the movement of looking after the Americans, and the thrilling account of his trip from Karlsbad to New York in forty days is now history. Looking back upon it in the light of one year, it already has the glow of reminiscence. The details of this trip will be analyzed and scanned when the chronicle of the greatest war ever known is written. Mr. Revell has certainly performed a service that will be appreciated by historians in preserving the details and very atmosphere of the thrilling events associated with the overture of the world's great war tragedy. The description has the intense interest of a continued story, and we have already published two instalments in the November and December issues for the readers of the* NATIONAL, *who will feel a great interest in the experiences of an American in making his way across the war zone as the thunders of Jove began to shake the world. In the presence of tragic events, small details are generally lost. The large events cast them in the shade, although to many who are in the conflict themselves they are none the less interesting. Here, then, we have a more intimate side, containing as it does, the lighter as well as the stronger thrills that may come in the experience of a family at a pivotal time—just one such time in a life*

THERE were thousands at the train to see us off—hotel people, officials, the American consul and friendly Germans. The train started on time. There were thousands all along the route through Nurnberg—crowds at every street, windows filled, to extend a warm goodbye to the departing Americans. In fact, the entire trip was the same way. An example was at Rudenheimer, the center of the wine district; there was an American flag about thirty-five feet long extending from the windows of the depot. It gave the appearance of a great ovation. Young ladies with flowers and eatables, all without cost, were there to welcome and bid good-bye. Some of the passengers were permitted to take kodak pictures. This was *verboten*, but strange as it was, no objections were made.

We went through our old automobile trip district—Neustadt, Mainberhein, Kitzengen. How different it all is! Here we are in comparative safety, guarded as though we are of the royal blood, that no harm should come to us, while then, but why repeat? We had a diner—good news for all! We did not sleep much in our cramped quarters. Of course no clothing is removed—just making the best of it for two days and nights.

TUESDAY, August 19.

But now comes a sad story. Seemingly the things that wring one's heart shall really not be over until we get to Holland, and then what?

In the morning about eight o'clock we stopped at a small station for a few minutes. Our train had been heralded along the entire route. People did not know it was practically a sealed train, checked out by the police and military authorities, not only of Nurnberg, but by orders from Berlin.

The various conductors would be selected—military conductors, under orders similar to the one I had, and additional orders we knew nothing about.

At the place above referred to there came a German Jewish family (no small children, however). How they got to the train I never knew. Mr. Steindler and I, both Americans, one a Jew and the other a Christian. However, this had never figured in any way in all our conferences and arrangements, neither nationality, race, religion, had ever been thought of—we were all Americans.

The conductor would not permit them to touch the train. The head of the family and the woman pleaded, and when they saw Steindler, they thought they were saved. Steindler soon saw in talking to the conductor that it would be as useless as it would have been to take the train to Paris. The man pleaded with Mr. Steindler in German, whispering something in the Jewish faith. I must say that, moved as Mr. Steindler was, he acted as only a sympathizing man could, with information, kind words, etc., but the conductor had his orders. The family had to stand back. The train moved on.

I believe that if the conductor had not seen them and they had gotten on, it would have been worse for them. I will explain. A few miles further on, three persons, two men and one woman, claiming to be Americans, got on the train. No one saw them but a train guard, who, although thinking they were of the party, was still in doubt, and reported it to the conductor. The train started. The unfortunate three were found and turned over to the police in a little out of the way place. What became of them we will not know—no doubt sent back. The incident was reported to us after it was all over.

At Frankfort two women boarded one of the cars. No one saw them as they looked much like the rest of the party, with little American flags pinned on their coats. Neither the military conductor nor any guard saw them.

Someone told me and I immediately went to them. They had temporarily taken seats in the compartment of one of our families.

I took them to a little compartment, which for the moment was not occupied, the occupants being in another part of the train. I closed the door and asked for passports, etc. They proved to be a Mrs. Clara and Miss Pauline Schumacher—mother and daughter—of New York City. Their papers were as good as anyone's except they were not of our party and not properly certified out of Germany by the military and police, and therefore, strictly speaking, not entitled to stay.

DISPLAYING THE AMERICAN FLAG IN A GERMAN TOWN

The train moved on. At this time I

did not know they had not been seen by a guard.. I determined to take the chance, told them to have their tickets ready, and I would watch the attitude of the conductor when he came through. I could soon see if they had been seen, so I stood at the door and gave the usual assurances to the conductor and he passed on.

I requested the ladies to say nothing, merely act like the rest of the party, and I believed it would be perfectly safe. They were both very sensible, and it was all quite successful. Afterwards I explained all this to Judge Newburger and Mr. Steindler, and they approved of the action.

Then, at a place near Frankfort there was much commotion, for there was a party of eight or ten Americans who had been admitted through the gates for the purpose of taking this train.

This all came about because some of the station masters (very few) failed to understand the orders, which had all been sent on in advance. When I saw them they had, with the assistance of a station porter, got on the train and gone through a car and were out on the platform again. The conductor had seen them and had gone to the station master to demand an explanation for his action. It was too late to help them. One will understand this if one knows anything about German system and discipline.

The committee, therefore, only came into the matter for the purpose of helping to save them from worse trouble. Being so large a party as to be easily seen, had the train started while they were on, the conductor would have had them put off at the next place and placed in charge of the police. What their troubles might have been then, we didn't know. Everyone was sorry, for the party were all nice looking people. Before they were made to understand the situation their remarks were quite intemperate, to say the least; that is for any to make who are in trouble; but no one in such a situation can appreciate the deep tragic feeling, and what may be said should be forgotten.

When they came to understand the real situation, as they did before the train started, that we, as a committee, could not put them off or take them on, but were only trying to explain and save them worse trouble, they apologized. But I think most of those on the train felt as badly as those left behind, when the train once more moved onward in its quiet deathlike way. At no time did we go more than about twelve miles an hour.

The conductor, who had gone to the station master, got on the last car as the train moved, and the committee then had another conference with him, telling him that if he would say the word, we would discommode ourselves and make room for other Americans further on, but he told us that he would have had to put the last party off and in the hands of the authorities at the next place. Although he was a kind-looking and acting man, he did not propose to disobey orders and perhaps get the entire train side-tracked for instructions from Berlin.

* * *

Another strange thing happened. There was a man, a German-American, who came through the station gates with the larger party—they all had tickets. As I understood, he did not know the others, and fearing trouble with so large a party, he went toward the rear, quietly boarded the train, took a seat and said nothing.

After the train started, it was reported to Mr. Steindler. I did not see him or know anything until later. Mr. Steindler handled the situation as I did the one of the two ladies, and we took him through.

At Cologne we went around the city for some reason known only to the authorities. Approaching Cologne, and after leaving it, there were evidences of great preparation for a possible defense of that city. Trenches erected and in process of erection—enormous military preparations and organization—soldiers marching every which way, many actually crossing each other.

This reminded us of the movement at Nurnberg, which is a central German city. Troops were constantly crossing each other, some coming from the east going west, others from the west going east. I wondered at this seeming waste, and was informed by a German whose statement I credited that these were regiments of the frontier sections, moved from their own section, or frontier, to some other, the explanation being that in times of peace the frontier people of any two countries become very friendly; they intermarry. They do various acts of neighborly kindnesses, and there would be a war percentage lost by letting these regiments fight their half friends rather than their hated enemies.

This looked reasonable, but not being a war strategist, I put it down here for its appearance of value rather than my knowledge thereof.

Everything that pertained to war, except actual fighting, we saw about us: troops rushing in large numbers to the front; hospital preparations; armament; ammunition supplies; great yards filled with automobiles; facilities of every kind for offense and defense; corps of engineers; aeroplane corps; batteries of artillery; private houses turned into temporary hospitals, flying the Red Cross flag, and many ambulances in use.

Strangely enough, after the experiences of the Americans at Frankfort, who were not permitted on the train, and the call the military conductor made on the station master, there were no more efforts at any point to board our train, nor did we see anyone who desired to do so. I think the wires had been put to work.

Notwithstanding this, I was requested at one o'clock in the morning, when we were somewhere near the frontier between Germany and Holland, to come out of our compartment and help locate a spy, in the garb of a clergyman, and a woman accompanying him. A telegram stating they were on our train had been received by the authorities.

I at once became fearful that it was our little German American whom we let stay on the train, as he had a fine appearance, not unlike a minister. The telegram stated the couple were in a compartment and gave the number thereof. The occupant of that compartment we all knew as having been at the Grand Hotel for many days, and was properly checked out by the police; but imagine his feelings and that of others in that compartment when fate selected that one compartment as holding the enemies. It was an hour of intense worry for him.

We ultimately satisfied the officials as to this portion of the information being a mistake, but the couple could not be located, so I went to my compartment to get a little more sleep.

Later I found when we got to the frontier, the officials found the couple hidden in the diner. Whether or not they had paid the waiters or cook to help them, I don't know. This, of course, was denied by these men. The couple were taken away and handed over to the authorities before we left the frontier. We can only imagine what happened to them.

We arrived at the frontier about two o'clock in the morning, and the train was detained there until seven o'clock in the morning on account of the so-called spies.

WEDNESDAY, August 19.

Crossing the frontier was only interesting because of the vast number of soldiers we saw, who all had a pleasant wave of the hand and a smile for us.

The train left the frontier at seven o'clock, on into Holland—Dutch became the language we had to meet. Germany and the tremendous tragedy her people were taking part in were behind us at last. After all, great as had been our vicissitudes, I felt ours were as a sand in the ocean beside hers.

We know naught of the merits of this war—information is so uncertain; statements and counter-statements of vague ambiguity, misleading, partial, prejudiced; lies stated as facts, and facts distorted from mole-hills into mountains of exaggeration, that confusion dominates the mind, and easy, rational thinking is impossible.

"Good-bye Germany" we say. We are not going to give expression to any hopes or fears. Ours is a neutral country, as we understand it, but I may say in all propriety, I doubt if there are ten in our party of two hundred who do not feel, that all things taken in fair consideration, Germany did all she could for us. The terrors of the peasant inhabitants and small villages, where they were daily losing their sons, brothers, and other loved ones during those first weeks of mobilization, the very hottest sections of which we passed through, should not warp the judgment as to the real feeling of the rank and file of the people of Germany, not only toward Americans, but to the helpless of other nations, caught in this untimely way, between her borders.

* * *

We arrived at the first Holland station and could see evidences everywhere of war preparations—"home defenses" they called it, and we, who thought it would be all over in leaving the frontier, began to wonder what neutrality meant.

At the station, preparations began for the examination of the luggage of the entire party. Our passports were hastily looked at at the frontier. I found an officer who spoke a little English and asked him if the paper I carried meant anything in Holland. He read it, called up two or three others, and addressed me as the "Impressario." We had a conference.

It resulted in placing a certain mark in chalk on the car, indicating that all baggage was examined, and the train could proceed to Amsterdam. There we arrived about 11.30 A.M. of the second day after leaving Nurnberg. Our clothing had not been removed since we left, and we were a sorry looking lot, but we were happy.

Alighting from the train with our small baggage, we were escorted by guards through the crowds to the dining room of the station to this room, I presume, because the crowd was too great to care for, in the way intended in any other room. Our papers were then requested, and immediately a crowd of our compatriots gathered around a little table to answer all sorts of questions. Seeing an official select another little table, I was the first at that one to hand my papers over and asked him to read my "open sesame" (safe conduct paper), but he only paid attention to my passport. By the time he completed my Holland pass, it had taken just ten minutes. This table alone had twenty Americans around it, and I saw it would take until six o'clock to put the entire party through.

Hearing that Mr. Murphy, the American consul, was in the crowd, doing all he could, I found him and requested that he find the principal man and compel him to read my "open sesame." We found him and demanded in the name of decency, and in a high voice, that he stop long enough to read.

All was confusion. But Murphy was angry, and so was I, and the perspiring official read. We could afford to be angry in a neutral country. It was our chance to let off steam at last. The inspector, after reading my paper, stood up and uttered one word—"telephone," and started out of the room, Murphy and I after him. Chasing down the platform of the station, we came to the Telegraph and Telephone Department. He called up the chief of police of Amsterdam and I held the paper in front of him while he read.

The chief then ordered him to obtain the word of honor of Murphy to give him the names and Amsterdam addresses of the entire party and let us go.

We all went back to the dining room. There we pledged the names of all, to be delivered some time during the afternoon. Both of us stood on chairs and announced the result and what was to be done. There was loud cheering, and on we went to our respective hotels.

After a bath and luncheon, I went down stairs. Met many of our train friends, all fine and pleasant people, and of course the bombardment of questions opened anew, the principal one being, "What are you going to do?"

I found I could not think in my usual way—bad or good as my usual way is. I was vague in my responses, careless as to going anywhere or doing anything, so different in fact that I recognized that I better see the American consul, register our names and then go to bed. There was a let down of mind as well as responsibility. At the consulate's office there was a large body of our friends already assembled. They opened the way for the "Empressario," as Mr. Murphy said he would like to see me as soon as I arrived.

Of course we wanted to know anything worth knowing, and the crowd allowed me to ask questions. Under excitement and need, my drooping, sleepy spirits and wabbly mind returned to something like normal. We learned much. Personally I found that Secretary Bryan had made inquiries for us a week or ten days prior.

I left the Consulate, promising to come back the next morning, returned to the hotel and went to bed.

Before going to my room, however, Mr. Wallach, of New York, a member of the party, asked me if the committee would not take charge of the matter of chartering a section of a ship together, if such a thing were possible.

I told him it was a good idea—that he could count me in, but some of the others, including himself, must take it up as I was "all-in" and going to bed. He said "all right," and that he would speak to others at once.

We slept until 7.30, then dressed and went down to dinner.

Mr. Wallach reported that each party or family was so doubtful of what could or would be done, that he could make no headway—much, also, would depend on money conditions in Holland.

I found that Judge Newburger and several others had decided to make the trip to Rotterdam, starting early next morning to ascertain exact conditions as to what could be had in steamship accommodations. Little or nothing could be ascertained in Amsterdam. I suppose because the thousands of Americans who had their eyes on Holland directed their efforts on Rotterdam, the principal sailing port. I asked these gentlemen to see what they could do for me, as well as others, and call me on the 'phone at twelve o'clock (noon).

M. and I took a walk after dinner through the most popular streets in Amsterdam. Little evidences of war, or preparations of war here. Except for the large number of soldiers out for a good time, it looked like a huge fair. Thousands of people of all nations—thousands of Americans. The theatres were open, the picture shows, cafes with music, men, women, young fellows with their sweethearts—even children helped to swell the crowds, and with the yelling of war news by the newsboys, we felt like being in the midst of a modern Coney Island.

We returned to the hotel, hoping to receive answers to cables that were sent on our arrival to our family, to Germany, Paris and London. None were there. We had sent several cables and numerous telegrams. We never received a word in response except from Thompson.

We did receive a cable that had been directed to Mr. E. Clarence Jones, asking about us. This came through Rotterdam, where Mr. Jones did not go, nor did he intend to go, and this cable only adds to the mystery of such things. How and why was such a cable sent to Mr. Jones? Mr. Jones sent it to us because he heard we were in Nurnberg. It was forwarded to us from there.

Before leaving Amsterdam some of our traveling companions called on me. A testimonial or resolution of thanks, etc., had been hastily arranged, and it was presented to me amidst much good feeling.

Thompson sent word that our family knew where we were. I think I sent a dozen telegrams to Thompson at Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle) and received two in reply. Now to bed.

THURSDAY, August 20.

I awoke at seven o'clock after a most refreshing sleep. When I awakened I felt a change from the careless don't-care spirit of yesterday. Without waking M., I got up, took a cold bath, dressed, and was fit for fighting once more. Out on the street I was an early bird without a worm to catch.

Cook's tourist offices opened at nine o'clock, the American consul at the same hour, etc., so I took a long walk and back to the hotel for breakfast.

I was the first customer at Cook's, and decided to reserve accommodations for London tonight, so that if the steamship situation from Rotterdam is bad, we will go on to London at once. Cook had no ocean steamship accommodations—could only take our names, which we did not leave.

Then to the consulate, when I put the direct question to Mr. Murphy, as I did in my telegram to Ambassador Gerard, "Do you think it wise to remain in Holland and await our chance to sail from here, or move on to London?"

"Well," Mr. Murphy replied, "Mr. Revell, if you put it that way, I think it best to move on."

I then went to the bank, changed my remaining German money at a large discount, and on to the Cunard office. Here I found they had just received a telegram from the main office in response to some inquiries, that they could sell two berths for gentlemen, one in with three other men, and one with one man in a first-class stateroom on the upper deck on the Campania sailing from Liverpool September 5. This, I saw at once, let M. out, but I said to the pleasant clerk I might deal with him or make some arrangement if he would telegraph and see if by any chance he could secure the entire first cabin.

* * *

My thought was that if I could get a mortgage on something I would stand a better chance of getting an edge in if I went to London. He said it would be no use telegraphing, as the answers seldom came through in less than twenty-four hours.

I asked if a telegram could not be paid for at a higher rate and receive prompt attention and the answer paid in the same way. "Yes, but it would cost three times more than regular."

"Very well, send it off, ask them to make a combination, if possible, so that we could take the entire outside stateroom." I would come in two or three times during the afternoon for the response. In the meantime, hold both places.

Then back to the hotel to await telephone from Rotterdam and report all information to my friends, as I have had no secret channels of information or action apart from the others.

I had received a telegram from a friend in London, telling me that London was almost normal and frequent sailings. This I showed to my friends.

There was no telephone from Rotterdam up to one o'clock, so we went to luncheon, leaving word with the porter just where he would find us. Nothing came up to three o'clock, either to the families of the two men who went, or to me, and then I concluded to act, as I determined the men were sitting in the offices of the Holland-American Company waiting for something to be given up on some of the sailings within a month.

No word came from the Cunard people regarding my sailing, so I took copies of the telegram and a letter from the agent to the London office. I thought it best to arrive at the Cunard office, London, with credentials, etc., and I was not mistaken. The train started on time and was full to overflowing.

Again toward the Holland frontier were evidences of preparation for trouble on a huge scale, and we were indeed glad to be on our way from the continent.

We arrived at Flushing at twelve o'clock, midnight. Arriving at the boat, the huge crowd, probably three hundred, advanced on the purser's office, to find that each had to sign a paper, giving a history of his life. I had secured two staterooms by telephone, but was about number fifty in the line. It was one-thirty o'clock when I reached the little window and secured the coveted staterooms. At and near the staterooms were some of my friends who had gotten their assignments before me; there was "wailing and gnashing of teeth," for the staterooms were all about alike. Ours were inside cabin, about as large as good-sized dry goods boxes. We had arranged for first-class compartments in Amsterdam. What class these are in ordinary times, I do not know.

Back to the purser I went, but must take my turn, and a full hundred or more ahead, so after a wait of three-quarters of an hour, I decided to turn in and make the best of it, as we were "dead to the world" and could sleep in a barrel. I was placed in one of these boxes, and M. and the maid in the other. It did not take long to undress and roll in.

I was just about to doze off when something sliding on a chute slid just about over our boxes. In ten seconds another, and I decided they were coaling the boat. They coaled every night and sailed in the morning. It was 2.30 o'clock. I stood it for about fifteen or twenty of those chutes, each one seeming to enter one side of my head and out on the other.. I then arose, dressed completely and found some of my compatriots outside as angry as I, and asking if it were h—l or purgatory. Again I went to the purser and asked if for money I could do better, and the answer was "No." Back to the rooms to ask if M. could stand it. She said there was nothing else to do. I told them I would sleep on deck. Just then a cabin boy passed and I engaged him for a "gulden" to show me the way to the Hotel New Zeeland. A "gulden" is forty cents, and the boy jumped at it—so through the docks, the coal, the cars and the station we went, and into the hotel. Three men were sleeping in the hall; several in the dining room. We awakened a man in what looked to be a kitchen, who told us everything was taken; we could have some chairs in the dining room.

Back to the boat; three o'clock. The purser was unoccupied at last. I said I just wished to ask one question. Sleepily he asked, "What is it?" And I replied, "I am just going to the deck to sit up for the rest of the night or morning. If the King or Queen of Holland found themselves stranded by chance in Flushing or Folkstone, and desired to make a trip on this splendid looking ship, would you put them in a couple of boxes, such as you gave us, with a coal shute over their heads?" "Oh, no," he answered, "we would give them the imperial suite."

I shall not go into my exclamations of surprise, etc. I secured the suite to the amazement of the purser and paid the price he demanded—three pounds.

It was a beautiful suite of rooms, extending across the entire front of the ship, a bath tub and room as large as in a hotel, walls covered with damask, brass beds, a sitting room, etc.

I went back to our hole, got M. and the maid up, and with the assistance of all the ship's stewards and stewardesses, who were awake, for now everyone wanted to help the Americans who were rich enough to take the Imperial suite, we moved in and all slept soundly until ten o'clock.

### FRIDAY, August 21.

Before having breakfast, I remembered the Americans in Amsterdam who were coming the next night, and sent a wire, as I ascertained that a really good hotel was located at Flushing, facing the sea, and only ten minutes from the depot. As the boats do not start for England until eleven o'clock A.M., I strongly recommended them to go at once on arrival to the hotel and have a good night's sleep and fine breakfast, and then to the boat.*

There were about twenty-five of our Nurnberg colony on the boat, all refugees seeking the same haven. The channel was smooth, as fortunately it always is when we cross. We invited all to come to the Imperial Suite for tea at five o'clock to meet the King and Queen of Holland. "All dressed up and nowhere else to go," we made a great party, for all came.

We arrived at Folkstone at seven o'clock, our passports examined quickly and then on to dear old London—Victoria Station in about two hours. It looked exactly the same as when we entered it six weeks ago.

I don't know what we expected, but would not have been surprised at anything. We were met by a friend, and leaving the delighted maid to look after the luggage, we took a taxi and were off for the Ritz. On the way our friend assured us that everything was on in London the same as ever. Naturally business was off and evidences of war would be seen by the soldiers in the streets and at the various recruiting stations. The advance British armies had landed in France, etc.

The Ritz received us much as always; we had excellent rooms and soon retired.

### SATURDAY, August 22.

Awoke at seven-thirty o'clock and a cold bath was a wonderful renewer of life and energy. I was soon out to locate the value of our new situation and secure accommodations for America. First to the Hamburg-American offices to see about a transfer of our tickets to some other company, or the cost thereof. The place was closed, boarded up solidly in big black boards, and all signs removed except a notice on the door, "All business suspended in London until further notice."

Then to the rooms of the big American committee in the Savoy Hotel. I was too early (as usual), but there was enough movement to obtain all the information I wanted. In the Transportation Department, they could give me no encouragement as to sailings; might give us something on Monday, stated in much the same tone as though they had said the same thing to others days before; would take our names and report if an opening showed up.

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* I saw members of the party afterwards in London. They were delighted to tell me they did this. Later they had heard my reasons and were very thankful.

I didn't leave the names—it would be useless, but I registered, hoping thereby to hear from friends, etc.

Then to the huge bulletin board, but found nothing of interest to us. From my hour's work, however, and interviewing some Americans stopping at the Savoy, I decided that the mortgage on the Campania berths looked good to me, and I went to the Cunard offices. There were fifty to seventy-five Americans there ahead of me. It looked as though I was in it for the balance of the day.

I noticed an old lady who was just finishing with a young clerk, so I started a conversation with her, ascertaining much from her, that she had found in making her arrangements. When the clerk came back to hand the papers to her, I made my usual advance as always by the question, "May I ask just one question?" and the wedge did its work.

I showed my letter and copy of telegrams from Amsterdam regarding the berths, and in a few minutes I was informed that I had the entire first class room for 120 pounds ($600). The price was unusually high, but I secured it at once, the sailing being on the Campania September 5.

By the way, at the Savoy, I had met friends, guests of that hotel, who had been there three weeks and had as yet secured nothing. This, of course, helped me for quick action.

In the afternoon M. and I took a ride around the center of London; found all things moving as usual, and it was an enormous relief, after the troubles we found everywhere on the continent. We went to the hotel, took a light supper, retired until Monday morning, as we did not believe the strain would stand for always without breaking.

### SUNDAY, August 23.

The rooms and rest for us all day, but toward six o'clock the call of the city and the street was too much for us, so we went out for a ride. All over the city again. How strange it seems to be free once more —no restraint whatever, although England is at war. Can hardly appreciate it at all —never once to be stopped and asked for passports, or other means of identification; free to do as we please—go where we please—write letters and seal them—telegrams and send them—talk as much as we wish. What does it mean? What makes the tremendous difference? Never since we left the boat at Folkstone have we been stopped or even looked at suspiciously. I carry my passports along and shall probably do so until we get to the United States, but it is habit and not necessity.

On this ride, being Sunday afternoon, we have seen large crowds of people, especially around Buckingham Palace, and the soldiers at other points, but they are attentive to their own business—not to ours. In fact, we feel slighted. After nearly a month of unusual attention we have suddenly become "small shot in a big gun."

### MONDAY, August 24.

Did very little. Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McKenna (brother of the Home Secretary) called, and asked that we go down the next day to Bramshott Meadows, Liphook, Hants, for a few days of country, and we accepted.

### TUESDAY, August 25.

At three o'clock the McKennas called for us and off we went through as beautiful a stretch of English countryside as we ever saw—a distance of about fifty miles, and in two hours we were sitting at tea in a quaint cottage, several hundred years old, situated in a nook, sequestered from the north winds and made comfortable for "all year round."

In America I notice we want the open heights to build our houses upon. Here they take advantage of slopes and of woods.

On pleasant days they live in the open—that is outside, whilst on cold, dreary days they are more protected from the wind and weather.

In the evening we all visited at the home of Theodore McKenna, another brother of Reginald McKenna, Home Secretary. Two boys from this home had gone to the front, and another a handsome young fellow of eighteen, will go into training next week. For the few days before leaving he was having the time of his life with his youthful sweetheart. The mother bears it with wonderful fortitude—no word of complaint did I hear. If she lets down, I am quite sure no one knows it. Who can ever estimate the value of her contribution to the war? Undoubtedly the women are all terribly anxious, but they do not show it beyond being very anxious for news as they sit knitting various articles that soldiers can use.

WEDNESDAY, August 26.

We had a splendid rest and night of sleep in the quaint, quiet old house, and another delightful day in the country.

THURSDAY, August 27.

After luncheon, we motored back to the city and had the McKennas with us to dinner, and to a patriotic play, appropriate to the times, called "Sir Francis Drake," given by Sir Beerbohm Tree.

FRIDAY, August 28.

London day by day, waiting patiently for our boat.

SATURDAY, August 29.

The same.

SUNDAY, August 30.

Went out to Windsor to visit Miss Elsie Janis, who, with her mother, are occupying a small but beautiful houseboat and garden on the Thames River. With them, we rowed down the Thames in the afternoon to visit Laurette Taylor, the actress. With her husband, the playwright, they have a beautiful place near Windsor.

Miss Janis is the star in the most successful play now in London. Back to London in their motor and again we saw some of England's most picturesque scenery.

MONDAY, August 31.

Through the assistance of our friends, I received passes for the Members Gallery in Parliament today. This is the last day of the session, and all the members of the cabinet, including the prime minister, will be present. It is going to be interesting.

The Parliament chamber was full. Once more I was impressed, as I have been in the past, with the dignified, quiet, orderly methods of this legislative body. There was no oratory, no gestures, no waving of the British flag, no screaming of eagles, and no request for "leave to print."

All the work was in reference to the war, and it was discussed in the same voice, spirit and tone, much the same as they might discuss an issue of bonds for twenty-five or fifty millions of dollars.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, asked for an adjournment for two weeks, in order that all friction might be avoided during that time, the conduct of affairs to be left in the hands of the cabinet.

Representatives of various factions made favorable speeches.

John Redmond made a speech in which he stated that notwithstanding the adjournment at the present time, they would expect action later on the Home Rule Bill. This has already been passed.

One cannot sit in this chamber and not feel that there is to be found the representatives of one of the greatest, if not the greatest empire in the world,—strength, position, and power predominates everything. The atmosphere is surcharged with it. I cannot imagine what would occur if the tone and quality of some of the speeches I have heard in the House of Representatives in the United States, were to suddenly find an airing in this place. It would be worse than a thousand Zeppelin bombs thrown among them.

The statement of the Prime Minister, asking for an adjournment was tremendously strong in its simplicity and briefness, —probably seventy-five lines of newspaper printing. I can imagine, even the President of the United States, deeming it necessary to present an address, under like conditions, would require at least three columns in the newspapers to impress his fellow countrymen, yet with no better results. And this is not intended, nor is it an uncomplimentary reference to our chief executive. Americans seem to demand it, but they are wrong. Everything that should be said, was said by the Prime Minister.

I left feeling that certainly the development of civilization throughout the world, would never be hindered by the attitude, influence or action within that great body, and that England's influence on the world has been, whilst protecting self, that of encouraging uplift to all nations.

TUESDAY, September 1.

How happy we shall feel when Saturday comes and we walk on the boat to sail for

America. Some of our friends are having a hard time getting steamer accommodations. October sailings are now the only assurances for the better steamship lines; all say how lucky we are. We think there was a bit of good luck coming, after the experiences and risks of the weeks at the front.

I was in the White Star office this morning, and there were four lines deep around a counter at least eighty feet long. Some worry!

WEDNESDAY, September 2.

Americans coming into London every day. Very few from Paris, but all who can, are coming. The "Paris papers" (English and French) are now delivered four days late. Telegrams to Paris require about three days to answer,—no answers to letters. While London continues on her normal way, the strain of conflict and rather indefinite information is becoming noticeable. Never was a nation in a crisis, more determined than are the British. I know they are preparing for three years or more ahead, so far as fresh troops and armament are concerned.

However, as we are in position to make a kind of comparison, we cannot refrain from so doing. Compared with the preparation and enthusiasm of Germany, some of which we so recently witnessed, it looks to us as though England has no adequate realization of the "game she is up against."

However, it is not easy for an American to understand the slow-moving, steady, determined qualities of the average Englishman. Time alone will tell. No more can an Englishman understand our terrible, but too often, inaccurate swiftness once we make a real start on an important matter.

Little by little, the reality is forced on us, that we are face to face with the most tremendous thing of all ages. The human mind can hardly grapple it. Soon the entire continent, with the possible exception of Spain, must be involved, if not directly, then indirectly. And what of the finish? A new map of Europe,—however victories go,—people emancipated, regardless of where the victories lie. The beginning of new histories,—of new alliances; of new fortunes of life and property; the ruin of millions of people; the breaking up of home ties in millions of homes that were happy less than two months ago. Heavy must be the burdens of those whom history may prove are responsible for the terrific conflict.

FRIDAY, September 4.

I spent most of the day chasing about to see if I could get the two thousand dollars my firm deposited with the United States government to be delivered to me. I was informed if I did not get it before sailing, it might be a long while before we received it at home. I found I could get it, but only in English pounds(four hundred). I can buy a draft on New York for that amount, receiving $1960 (our money) so I decided to take chances on the money at home, thereby saving $40. I shall not need any additional money here. The London banks gave us all we required on our letters of credit.

SATURDAY, September 5.

The train moved out of Huston Station at 9:15 o'clock A. M. in two sections. Many left yesterday for Liverpool, so as to be sure to get their places on the boat. Everything went smoothly, and the boat sailed on time at 2:50 P. M.

Our stateroom can hardly be called first class, although in comparison with hundreds of others, it is a palace. Some of the places are very bad, and there are many complaints heard on all sides, but nothing better can be done. Every spare foot is occupied. Many will sleep tonight in the lounging room, the writing room and on deck, rather than go near their cabins.

About 3:30 P. M. the ship halted to take on a large number of passengers from the Teutonic, which boat was suddenly called off yesterday by the government for military service. This must have been a bitter disappointment for the passengers of that ship. The delay caused to us, lost us the tide necessary to float our boat, and we had to stay at anchor in the river, where we were until about nine o'clock, before renewing our journey. But now at last we are on our way, and are going at a good speed.

The Campania is twenty-two years old

and would hardly be selected as a first class ship. It was sold a few months ago to another steamship line but is now held by the Cunard Company for a few trips by contract. All are arranging to do as well as possible, under the circumstances, and all are delighted to be on the way to America.

We are at the second table in the dining room. We were offered places at the Captain's table but we thought we would stand a better chance for a good time at some other table. After dining, I think we were right. Captains' tables are rather dull affairs.

It is a beautiful night, full moon, and everything looks auspicious for a good voyage, so far as weather is concerned. Now for our stateroom.

SUNDAY, September 6.

The decks were full quite early as those on the lower decks found the air and accommodations so bad that they remained up as long as possible, and came out at daybreak.

In sea travel, under ordinary conditions (normal) walking on the deck is very popular. Here it is next to impossible to do it with comfort. The decks are narrow and not intended for two rows of chairs,—such is the jam of returning refugees. All want chairs on deck, and few will take the chance of wending their way through, for the chairs are placed in every which way.

Some one said he would rather motor in Germany in August, 1914, than risk a walk on the deck. During the day, besides the regular sailor outlooks, there were hundreds of eyes gazing into the distance for enemies to our peace and comfort, but only one ship,—a tramp—flying our flag, was seen.

The usual interest of our unusual experiences continue tonight for all port holes are heavily curtained. The decks are dark and the passengers move about like phantoms in a forest, each one getting out of the way of others, and of chairs, much as a phantom might appear to avoid the trees.

The main hall, like others, has two small side lights. These are covered with a green cloth, through which sufficient light comes to penetrate about ten or fifteen feet,—just enough to see the stair-case.

The ship does not carry the regulation light, or lights, in front or rear, so naturally there is one element of risk not usual to ocean travel.

The men's cafe is bright within, with its usual supply of lights, but on the windows inside are very heavy, thick dark blankets, through which the light cannot penetrate.

Taking all this, and the ship being painted a war gray, one has a situation calculated to excite and keep many on the anxious seat until they see the Statue of Liberty.

I took a few sandwiches at eleven o'clock at night to a young lady on deck, who was stretched out on a blanket and pillow. She intends to sleep there, if possible, until compelled to go below by the sailors when they wash the decks. She, with her aunt, have inside cabins on "D" deck, which in ordinary times would be second class, and poor at that. Now it is first class, as there is nothing but first and third class on this ship. The third class is steerage.

I understand there are some very nice people in the steerage, but as the rule regarding third class is very strict, they are kept to a restricted place on lower decks.

I have arranged for the lady above referred to, to sleep in the lounge.

MONDAY, September 7.

Fortunately the weather continues fine. We dislike to contemplate the condition of this crowded old craft, if we have bad weather, and the general health of the passengers does not remain good. The food is good, if not excellent, and from this quarter I hear few complaints. At our table, for six, I think I have already told about half of the stories I ever knew, and seemingly they pass for new ones, while those I hear in return are new to me. So it is, stories very many years old do their duty over and over again, if the groups are new.

I have arranged, by the influence of a small tip, for another lady to sleep in the lounge tonight.

Mr. Will Irwin, a writer for a magazine, delivered a talk tonight in the dining room, on his experiences going to battle in a taxi in Louvain. It was exceedingly interesting and the dining room held no less than four or five hundred glad of an opportunity to hear him. As we were on an English ship, there were many criticisms afterwards, as many think he is pro-German.

TUESDAY, September 8.

Rain and cold, but the sea is still calm. We sleep each morning until about eleven o'clock; at least we try to sleep. Then I take a good bath of cold sea water in a marble tub that is dark with age and use, but none the less clean. After this I feel immense.

I dress for dinner every evening, and I must say that caring for oneself and going to the trouble to be fresh and clean in body and personal appearance, even under adverse circumstances, is a very valuable contribution to health, comfort, and freedom from worry.

WEDNESDAY, September 9.

The ship is making an excellent run, and although we did not expect to be in before Sunday, we now hear we may be in Saturday afternoon. This pleases all, as without disparaging the bridge that takes us across, we shall all be glad to be off.

M. has not been herself for a few days. I think the nearer she gets to home, the more she will let down, as she certainly has carried herself in a brave way all through our troubles, and there is likely to be a reaction.

THURSDAY, September 10.

A stoker was buried at sea during the night. No one seemed to know how or of what complaint he died.

Then some one reported that a German cruiser chased us during the night, and that we were headed for Halifax. If true, which I feel sure 'twas not, we have changed again for we are surely headed for New York now.

FRIDAY, September 11.

The spirits of the passengers are rising the nearer we come to home. The weather is magnificent and the Campania is voted not so bad after all.

SATURDAY, September 12.

The last day on board, as it is said we dock at six o'clock. Tried to send a wireless, but no traffic whatever in that direction. The operator is there still and on duty, but only for detection of news or information for us or any others, and to warn some other boat or station if we are in danger.

Early in the morning the steamship La France and steamship St. Louis loomed up in the distance behind us, and it was a splendid sight. Three steamers leaving the other side on the same day, a week ago, all sailing in to New York together! The La France overtook and passed us about noon, we keeping ahead of the St. Louis. We had friends on both ships and at times we were not more than a quarter of a mile apart, yet we could not communicate with them.

After all our vicissitudes, to look again at the Statue of Liberty in the bright sunlight, was a pleasure of a kind never realized before, and never to be equaled again. This is no reflection on the statue. Even New York's monumental buildings, ordinarily an eyesore to me, looked like the most artistic works of art. And the excitement in landing! And welcomes from thousands of voices! American flags everywhere! And I recalled the words of Van Dyke:

"O brave flag, O bright flag
O flag to lead the free;
The glory of thy silver stars
Engrailed in blue above the bars
Of red for courage, white for truth,
Has brought the world a second youth,
And drawn a hundred million hearts
To follow after thee."

The Customs' regulations, however, put a shadow on our joy. Tired and weary and homesick as we were, with little or no chance to buy anything abroad, it did seem to all that the Customs' authorities could take some chances and arrange to let us through quickly. We were just two hours on the docks; others were much longer. The police department and military in Holland treated us better, and Holland was on a "near-unto-war" basis.

However, we had dinner at the Plaza

Hotel at 9.30 o'clock with my brother John and my son Alexander, who came down to the docks to join the happy thousands in a reception to the returning refugees.

And thus endeth our journey. Since that Monday morning, August 3, when we left Karlsbad, we traveled as fast as we were permitted. And we reached New York Saturday, September 12. Under ordinary conditions, arranging in advance for a sailing on a fast steamer, the trip from Karlsbad to New York could be done in seven or eight days. We did it in *forty* days. A record. Don't you think so?

(Copy of resolutions referred to that was presented at Amsterdam)

AMSTERDAM, August 20, 1914.

*Whereas*, we the undersigned desire to express our appreciation to

MR. ALEXANDER H. REVELL,
MR. DAVID M. STEINDLER
and
JUDGE NEWBURGER

for their untiring efforts in our behalf, for the brotherly hands that have guided us safely from the scene of warfare on towards our home shores,

They have striven, not alone to make our traveling replete with every comfort, but at all hours were they ready to help us out of all our difficulties,

*Therefore* we do this day gratefully affix our names and pray God *to do unto them as they have done by us.*

Capt. and Mrs. Lee Mayer, J. J. Steindler, M. U. Wallach, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. G. and Pauline H. Wallach, Miriam Fisher, Laurence Tudell, Mrs. Roswell Miller, Miss Dorothy Miller, Mr. Charles Miller, Mr. Roswell Miller, Mr. and Mrs. E. David, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Armstrong and Miss Armstrong, Miss Elizabeth P. Brewer, Miss Adiline H. Cook, Theodore L. Hern, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Lippman, Mrs. L. Mohr, Miss Edna Mohr, A. Stern, Mrs. L. O. Plant, Hortense S. Plant, Blanche E. Plant, Hannah Newburger, Mrs. Sol. Binewauger, Mrs. Jacob B. Duh, Helen E. Duh, Gertrude G. Strachan, Marguerite Benary, Claudia Klein, Blanche T. Prince, Margaret Prince, Aline Prince, Mrs. C. F. Berry, Miss Emily Fisher, Miss Lottie Fisher, Miss Tillie Fisher, Mrs. John R. Bullard, Miss Edith G. Richards, Mrs. Edwin Norton, Mrs. Clara Schumacher, Miss Pauline Schumacher, Mr. Leon Friedman, Mrs. Leon Friedman, Miss Lillian Friedman, Mrs. Eva K. Jonas, Miss Sadie Jonas, Mrs. D. Emil Klein, Miss Claudia Klein, Miss Norma Klein.

One hundred and fifty others the voluntary committee in Amsterdam was unable to reach.

*SYNOPSIS: On July 18, 1914, Mr. Revell and his party arrived in Karlsbad. Rumors of war were rife, and after war was finally declared they immediately decided to leave for America, and chartered an automobile to go to the frontier. A country in a condition of war is hardly safe for foreign travelers, and Mr. Revell encountered many obstacles. They were stopped innumerable times to be searched, and at last the automobile was taken in Neustadt for military purposes. Throughout, the members of the party, though burdened with anxiety, kept up a cheerful appearance. At Neustadt they met Prince Castell of Bavaria, a true gentleman, who helped them out of their difficulties by sending them back on a military train to Nurnberg. Other stranded Americans were gathered here, so Mr. Revell finally organized a meeting to discuss ways and means of leaving the war-stricken country. At last a special train was provided, with consent of the imperial authorities, to take the party to Holland. A notice was given them, which stated that the passengers underwent police supervision before leaving Nurnberg, which seemed to promise that they would not be molested, though this did not prove to be the case.*

## FRIENDSHIP

Old friends are the great blessings of one's latter years. Half a word conveys one's meaning. They have memory of the same events, and have the same mode of thinking. I have young relations that may grow upon me, for my nature is affectionate, but can they grow old friends? My age forbids that. Still less can they grow companions. Is it friendship to explain half one says? One must relate the history of one's memory and ideas; and what is that to the young but old stories?

—*Horace Walpole.*

# When Love Passed By

I WAS busy with my plowing
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "forsake thy drudging;
Life's delights are few and grudging;
What hath man of all his striving,
All his planning and contriving,
Here beneath the sky?
When the grave opes to receive him
Wealth and wit and honors leave him—
Love endures for aye!"
But I answered: "I am plowing.
When with straight and even furrow
All the field is covered thorough,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I was busy with my sowing,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "give o'er thy toiling;
For thy moil thou hast but moiling—
Follow me where meadows fertile
Bloom unsown with rose and myrtle,
Laughing to the sky;
Laugh for joy the thousand flowers,
Birds and brooks—the laughing hours
All unnoted fly!"
But I answered: "I am sowing.
When my acres all are planted,
Gladly to thy realm enchanted
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I was busy with my reaping,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "thou planted'st grieving,
Ripened sorrows art thou sheaving.
If the heart lie fallow, vain is
Garnered store. Thy wealth of grain is
Less than Love's least sigh.
Haste thee—for the hours fast dwindle
Ere the pyre of Hope shall kindle
In life's western sky."
But I answered: "I am reaping.
When with song of youth and maiden,
Home the hock-cart* comes, full-laden,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I had gathered in my harvest
When Love passed by.
"Stay," I called—to her, swift speeding,
Turning not, my cry unheeding—
"Stay, O Love, I fain would follow,
Stay thy flight, oh, fleet-winged swallow
Cleaving twilight sky!
I am old and worn and weary,
Void my fields and heart—and dreary,
With thee would I fly.
Garnered woe is all my harvest,
Sad ghosts of my dead hopes haunt me,
Fierce regrets, like demons, taunt me—
Stay!—I follow!"
Love passed by.

—*Solomon Solis Cohen, in "The American Israelite."*

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*"Hock-cart," provincial English for the last cart of the harvest.

# Oxygen—A New Industry

by

## A. Cressy Morrison

AMONG the marvels tending to show that the progress of science and civilization is uneven, and that development in some ways is often long delayed, is industrial oxygen. It may well cause wonder and astonishment that some things, such as wireless telegraphy, are tremendously ahead, while other more obvious and extremely useful things, such as oxygen, are just entering commerce. The world generally does not know that the oxygen industry exists. From nothing ten years ago, the production of oxygen has grown to be a great business and a very important factor in industrial development.

Why is it that oxygen, which is the most abundant element—constituting one-half the weight of the entire earth and its atmosphere—oxygen, which as a free gas constitutes one-fifth of all the air we breathe—oxygen, which is eight-ninths of the weight of all the water on land and in all the oceans—oxygen, which constitutes forty-eight per cent of the crust of the earth and which is found in all animal and vegetable structures, should be unavailable to us except in chemical combinations or mixtures, hampering its utility, until the last ten years. Oxygen is one of the most active chemical agents. It's the basis of every fire, whether it be on the hearthstone or setting the world alight in conflagration. The twenty-one per cent of oxygen in our atmosphere roars through our blast furnaces and with equal facility furnishes the gentle warmth in our baby's breath. Without oxygen the oceans would cease to roll. The fixed hydrogen of all the water released would seek the upper atmosphere and would perhaps escape the clutch of the earth's gravity entirely. Without oxygen carbon dioxide would cease to be. Blessed carbon dioxide, the breath of the vegetable kingdom, without which no plant can live. Without the plants, there would be no coal to warm us, and without oxygen, had we coal, it would remain inert carbon, for no fire would burn. Yet, ten years ago oxygen was really just born to commerce, though known since Joseph Priestley's time. It has been weighed and measured; its combinations have been understood for a long, long time and in the laboratory and in other small ways it has been separated, purified, and confined, but when we speak of commerce, we mean the ordinary purchase and sale, the transportation and broad use.

Oxygen, with all its practical possibilities of usefulness understood, was not secured in quantity until the present century and our most generally active chemical element has thus awaited, amid the amazing advance of the world, leashed in chemical combinations or lost in infinite admixtures, until some superb intelligence should unlock the bonds which held it or still the mixed atoms of the air and sift the oxygen out. It has now taken its place and is doing its part in the world's advancement.

Certain chemicals are found which hold oxygen, as in a sponge; if heat is applied, the oxygen will be released as though the sponge had been squeezed; allow the mixture to cool in the atmosphere and the oxygen of the air would fill up the pores of the sponge again; apply heat and again the oxygen would be released. This process of securing pure oxygen was known as the chemical process. This method had long been known and is still in use in special cases, but it has yielded to another well-known process by which the vast quantity of oxygen locked up in water is released. Where an electrical current is transmitted through water under certain conditions, from one pole to another of an electrical apparatus, the water is dissociated into its elements and nearly all of the hydrogen of the water is attracted to one pole, and nearly all of the oxygen to the other. When this process is skillfully accomplished, oxygen may be secured in large quantities of commercial purity, and hydrogen is secured in twice the volume at the same time. This is known as the electrical process. This process has great commercial application, and yet in turn is yielding to still another method of production, which has surpassed it.

* * *

The air we breathe is composed of one-fifth oxygen and four-fifths nitrogen. There is no chemical combination to be broken down in this case, for the two gases are simply mixed. The proportion is the same everywhere and the problem is to separate the mixture. It is perhaps more difficult to make this separation, however, than it would be to separate the black from the white grains of sand on the seashore, for you can at least see these grains, whereas the atoms or molecules of the gases can neither be seen nor separately felt, and what is more, they are flying constantly at ten times the rate of the fastest express train. The atoms must be captured, the rapid motion must be brought to a complete standstill, then they must be forced to pick themselves out of the mixture, and one set of molecules forced to step forward and depart while the other stays behind. All this has been accomplished. The molecules and atoms jostle each other, quarrel, some get confused and go wrong, while others hesitate too long and do not get away at all, but the net result is that out of one hundred molecules left behind, ninety-nine are oxygen and one is nitrogen; thus practically pure oxygen remains. How are these molecules forced by man to so accurately obey his orders?

Many persons question the value of pure science. It may be said that science is knowledge, and knowledge, in the long run, is power. Power commands utility and utility advances civilization. When it was discovered that a compressed gas when released from its confinement lost some of its energy in working its way out, and that this loss of energy took heat away from the gas so that it was a little cooler when it emerged than it was when it started, it might have been said that this apparently useless little fact was pure science. Yet in this fact lies the means by which oxygen may be captured and the molecules ordered to advance in kind and separate themselves.

It is useless to go into the complicated though scientifically simple process of producing liquid air. Suffice it to say that by compressing air and releasing it under certain conditions, taking advantage of the law mentioned above, the air becomes cooler. This may be used to cool the air coming into the apparatus which in turn releases still cooler air, so that by successive compressions and expansions at last the air becomes so cool that the lowest temperature ever recorded in the Arctic would be like a breath from Sahara to it. The mixed gases of the air become liquid just as the steam drops back into a liquid when the boiler becomes cool. It is in this liquid where the rapid motion of the molecules has been brought to a practical halt and where certain characteristics of the two elements manifest themselves.

When oxygen and nitrogen are put to slumber in this way, one awakes more easily than the other. At the first breath of heat, nitrogen awakes and disturbing its bedfellow somewhat, hustles away and begins its merry dance, speeding and whirling in greater rapidity as the temperature rises. Nitrogen has escaped and left oxygen behind. Oxygen would soon awake, also, but before it has opened the peep of an eye, it is seized by the ingenious hand of man and awakes, only to find itself alone and imprisoned. This process is known as the Linde air process for the production of oxygen, and by this process the commerce of the world is supplied in usable form with untold quantities of oxygen of great purity and within the reach of unnumbered industries which are clamoring for our most abundant, most active, and hitherto least available important element.

Was there ever an industry launched with so abundant a raw material everywhere at once as atmospheric air? Was there ever an industry where compression and expansion approximately balances each other so that while theoretically you have almost perpetual motion, the amount of power required is modest. The magic of Aladdin's lamp is almost paralleled by the pistons, the valves and the intricate piping of a modern oxygen plant. Aladdin could accomplish by means of his genii marvellous things, but he was obliged to rub the lamp: so that manufacturer of liquid air must move his pistons and his valves and the genii known as heat silences the molecules into slumber as he departs and arouses them to activity by his return.

* * *

Oxygen, to enter into commerce, must be put in proper packages for shipment. Its bulk must be reduced and it must be held tightly. Oxygen is, therefore, thrust into steel bottles and crowded so close that the molecules almost touch each other. One hunded feet is put into one foot of space and the elastic oxygen resists, shoulders, and struggles to escape, exerting a pressure of eighteen hundred pounds on every square inch of the steel container. The bottle, however, holds secure and is shipped to factory, mill, shop or mine, there to be released that it may serve some useful purpose. Over two hundred million (200,000,000) cubic feet of oxygen were used in the United States last year.

Oxygen is a life-giver, and in all instances where its action has been understood, or where it could be obtained, the physician has found it available in bringing back the fluttering spark of life in those who are on the very edge of the Great Divide. It has been used to make easier the administration of anesthetics. If it had been cheap enough and available enough, a widespread use might be found in adding oxygen to the air breathed by consumptives. The great use, however, of oxygen, and the use which has developed the industry, is in connection with acetylene in metal working. There is a vast field of research open to any investigator who will endeavor to discover new uses for oxygen. From forty cents and fifty cents per cubic foot, the price has fallen until now it may be obtained in quantity at two cents per cubic foot or less. This change makes it available in hundreds of processes where the price was before prohibitive. Any engineer, chemist, or physicist who knows of this change in price will grasp at once its significance and will be well aware that every cent the price has declined contains possibilities of widely extending use.

If oxygen is indebted to acetylene, acetylene is indebted to oxygen. It is the wonderful chemical affinity which these two gases have for each other which leads to the most ardent love-making in chemistry. If oxygen and acetylene are brought together in the right proportions, and ignited, they combine instantly, and instantly change to carbon dioxide and water vapor, but in effecting the combination, they release heat so that the flame almost parallels the electric arc in temperature and is the hottest flame in chemistry, 6300 degrees Fahrenheit. Such intensity of affection communicates itself to whatever this flame plays upon—steel melts and tries to run away; obstinate platinum does the same; aluminum runs more quickly than either, but forms a crust so stubborn that it takes 5200 degrees Fahrenheit to reduce it from the oxide to aluminum again, but yield it must.

If two pieces of steel are placed together and the flame is played between them, the sides of the metal melt down and the metal of one piece mingles with that of the other, and when the flame is removed they cool into a solid piece and a file drawn across the place melted will not disclose where they are joined. In a moment it will be seen that broken parts of machinery, big and little, may be literally melted together again and become as one.

Great industries have been built upon the use of this flame. The blowpipe in which they are combined fits the hand;

the flame is but a finger point and yet no metal can resist it. A new tool is born in metal-working. The broken shaft of a steamship may be welded in its place; the thin edges of a kitchen boiler may be joined without rivets and the day may come when the armor plate of a battleship may be welded so that the whole armor may be a continuous piece. The work of oxygen and acetylene does not cease here, however, for the process can be reversed. If metals can be melted together, steel can be cut apart, not melted apart, although this is possible, but really cut.

Everyone has heard the musical whir of the circular saw and has seen it eat its way into the log, removing the particles as it advances and throwing out the sawdust. The log is cut by the saw. If the oxy-acetylene flame is played upon the edge of a piece of steel or a billet of steel, the temperature almost immediately arises to white heat. If, then, oxygen is released in a thin jet upon this brilliantly heated surface, it literally burns the steel. While the saw coarsely removes large grains of sawdust, the oxygen jet seeks the molecules of the steel, combines with them, and traveling as rapidly as the molecules can fly, the oxidized metal is carried out in a brilliant shower of sparks closely resembling the sawdust thrown out by the saw. As the oxygen cuts its way into the metal, the torch is moved backwards, and shortly the cut is seen identical in every respect with the cut made by the circular saw in the log and in a minute, perhaps, a piece of steel a foot square has been cut in two and one end drops with a thud. It was thus the battleship Maine was cut to pieces and removed from Havana harbor. It is by this process that lives are saved where people are imprisoned by fire.

In the Eastland disaster, the metal sides of the Eastland were so cut and scores of people released. These lives were utterly dependent upon this wonderful new means of severing steel. The implements known as blowpipes, through which oxygen and acetylene rushes to its meeting and destruction for the benefit of man, may be had for a reasonable price, and the gases acetylene and oxygen for less. Every railroad shop, most foundries, all important metal working establishments, repair shops, garages, and others have learned of this wonder-worker and are using it in increasing and more and more remarkable fields.

The day is coming when the oxy-acetylene blowpipe will be as common as the blacksmith's forge. This new tool which makes so many short cuts in industry will soon be as common as the planer and the lathe. The beauty of it all is that the whole apparatus is within the reach of the small user; there is and can be no monopoly, and the gases, oxygen and acetylene, are now available everywhere at all times and are among the common articles of commerce.

# CLIMBING

O RESTLESS days of boyhood time,
That bid the boy to scale and climb,
While parents shudder in their shoes
At things they once themselves would choose.

No tree too tall, no scaffold bare
But what invites him for the dare,
To try his growing wings on high—
Wings made to cling, if not to fly.

God gives the boy desire to climb;
God builds his courage for the time;
Should he fall out of Life's vast swing,
He's got the strength and knack to cling.

—*Bennett Chapple.*

# Ye Pilgrims to Beverly

## *and to the*

## *Industrial City of the United Shoe Machinery Company*

### *by William H. Walsh*

"WHAT shall be done to the man or woman, or the party, whom the city of Boston delights to honor?"

The time-honored answer is: "Take him or them out to Beverly, to the great industrial plant of the United Shoe Machinery Company."

It matters not whatever else the city or state might do for the distinguished guests, or whatever the occasion of their coming, the reply holds equally good. The Governor of Massachusetts might welcome them at the State House to "this glorious old Commonwealth," the Mayor of Boston might tender to them "the keys of the city," and the Boston Chamber of Commerce might appoint a reception committee to welcome the "stranger within our gates," but it is "a hundred to one shot" that somewhere on the program we shall find a trip to Beverly and to the United Shoe Machinery Company plant as the crowning event of the occasion.

The underlying thought which prompted this policy of "open sesame" at the big factory may have been good business, or "enlightened selfishness," as Louis A. Coolidge describes the "welfare work" at the Beverly factory; but the result has been entirely satisfactory. It is more than justifying anticipation. It is demonstrating to the world just what the plant of the United Shoe Machinery Company is and what it has accomplished.

A striking example of this fact was had recently when, as the guests of the Chamber of Commerce, the members of the Honorary Commission of China, composed of the most prominent merchants and bankers from the Celestial republic, were taken to Beverly and made welcome in characteristic fashion.

Nor were they the first distinguished visitors from the Orient, for as far back as October 25, 1909, a body of Japanese business men, whose mission to the United States was similar, was received and entertained at Beverly by the United Shoe Machinery Company.

In all, fully one hundred thousand people have visited the plant since 1904. Visitors have come from all parts of the world. They are as likely to hail from London or Berlin or Petrograd as from New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago. Sometimes they come as individuals, but more often as organizations, and their mission is always the same—to inspect one of the world's greatest industrial enterprises.

#### NEWSPAPER EDITORS FIRST ON THE GROUNDS

One of the first parties to visit the plant was the Massachusetts Press Association, headed by that ubiquitous and versatile journalist, Miss Floretta W. Vining, and numbering about thirty editors. For purposes of reference and because this was the first catalogued party to visit the plant—May 23, 1906—their names are here given, as follows:

President, George C. Fairbanks, *Bulletin*, Natick; vice-presidents, Harris M. Dolbeare, *Item*, Wakefield, and J. C. Brimblecom, *Graphic*, Newton; secretary, W. J. Heffernan, *Leader*, Spencer; treasurer, J. S. Smith, *Standard*, Rockland; Charles C. Doten, *Old Colony Memorial*, Plymouth; Theodore P. Wilson, *Star*, Winchester; George W. Prescott, *Patriot*, Quincy; Albert Vitum, *Times*, Beverly; William F. Jarvis, *Journal of Education*, Boston; John D. H. Gauss, *Observer*, Salem; I. M. Marshall, *Cricket*, Manchester; C. J. McPherson, *News*, South Framingham; J. F. Bittinger and F. W. Bittinger, *Old Colony Memorial*, Plymouth; F. A. Kahew, *Greenfield Recorder;* Albert F. Hunt, *Item*, Newburyport; William H. Hills, *Journal*, Somerville; Miss Floretta W. Vining and E. A. Griffiths, South Shore Syndicate; W. A. Woodward, *News*, Milton; George W. Southworth, *Chronicle*, Needham; W. W. Pease, *Tribune*, South Framingham; James D. Haggerty, *Daily Times*, Woburn; G. W. Stetson, *Leader*, Medford; Charles A. King, *Citizen*, Beverly; and J. F. Carey, *Observer*, Plymouth.

At the time of their visit the plant was running a day and night force, employing some 2,600 hands, and had a weekly payroll of over thirty thousand dollars. The factory itself was then only partially completed, but nevertheless the party of newspaper men and women found enough to not only interest, but to deeply impress them. They were welcomed by Superintendent M. B. Kaven, and Assistant Superintendent George H. Vose, who made the delegation thoroughly "at home," and took them for a tour of the works. Expressions of wonder and admiration at the immensity of the buildings, their perfect system of ventilation, their strict cleanliness, their precautions against fire, and the hundred and one other details that at once strike the visitor were heard on every side, and the verdict of the Massachusetts editors was one of unqualified approval. Incidentally, of course, they inspected the machines in operation, with all their complex mechanism, and with their hundreds of skilled operatives at work, realizing that they were looking upon about everything that can be used in the manufacture of shoes. The women of the party were especially interested in the provision made for the comfort and convenience of the women employees, and expressed their astonishment and gratification over a well fitted rest room, with cushioned

UNITED SHOE MACHINERY COMPANY PLANT AT BEVERLY window seats, tables where they can eat their luncheons, individual lockers, and adjoining toilet and bath rooms. The features that commended themselves particularly to the men folks in the arrangements for comfort of the employees were the dining room and cuisine and the emergency hospital, where, like everything else about the factory, the details were all thoroughly well planned, scientific and modern.

The progress of the work on the big plant at Beverly during this visit is plainly suggested by one of the editors who, writing of the tour, said:

> Large as the works are, they are too small already for the business done, and an addition of sixty per cent is now being made. This will mean the employment of nearly two thousand more men. Beverly at present cannot provide accommodation for them all, and a special train is required every day to bring a thousand from Lynn, Swampscott, Salem and nearby towns, while special electric cars bring hundreds from other localities. The company is making arrangements to provide homes for a considerable number of its employees on a tract of land near the factory and overlooking a great reservoir owned by the company, which is capable of holding twenty-five million gallons of water.

Needless to say all this, and a great deal more, has since been done, which it is not the purpose of this article to relate, but which describes the points the observer will note on a tour of the big shops, spacious clubhouse and other attractions at Beverly.

This clubhouse, it should be observed, belongs to the workers. It was given to them by the company. The cost was something over thirty-five thousand dollars. It is managed by the United Shoe Machinery Athletic Association, composed of about two thousand members, each member paying one dollar a year in dues. Here are bowling alleys, billiard and pool tables, a huge reading room, cheered with a fireplace and the latest magazines, a dining room, a special department devoted exclusively to the use of the women (although they share the rest of the club with the men), a dance hall, a perfectly appointed theater, bath rooms and all the accessories in addition.

This visit of the newspaper men was but the first of many, for visiting journalists have long ceased to be a novelty at Beverly, and no body of men or women are more cordially welcomed.

### VISIT OF THE JAPANESE COMMERCIAL DELEGATION

Several delegations of various kinds "came, saw" and were honored and entertained at the Shoe Machinery plant during 1906–07 and '08, but the first extraordinary visitation was made October 25, 1909, when the Japanese business delegation, numbering one hundred and thirty-five, paid Beverly a visit, which they characterized as among the most pleasant and profitable of the whole two months which they had passed in this country.

The party was composed of the richest and most notable commercial men of Japan, including Toshio Matsumura, assistant mayor of Osaka; Michio Doi, president of the Osaka Electric Lighting Company; Bokushin Oi, member of the House of Representatives; Kinnosuke Kamino, banker and member of the Nagoya Chamber of Commerce; Heibei Sakaguchi, silk merchant of Osaka; Sakutaro Satake, president of the Tokio Electric Lighting Company; T. Kadono, vice-president of the Nagoya Chamber of Commerce; and Singoro Takaishi, secretary of the Osaka Chamber of Commerce.

With the party were Senator (then Congressman) John W. Weeks, a member of the reception committee of the Boston Chamber of Commerce; L. A. Coolidge, also of the reception committee; C. H. Hyde, Tacoma Chamber of Commerce; O. M. Clark of Portland, Oregon, Chamber of Commerce; H. Z. Osborn of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce; Jackson S. Elliott and Professor Paul Goode of the University of Chicago.

Vice-president (then Treasurer) George W. Brown of the United Shoe Machinery Company, had charge of the delegation, and on their arrival at Beverly did the honors. With Superintendents Kaven and Vose and a score of expert guides, they accompanied the distinguished guests on a tour of the works.

Just here we may pause to call attention to the courtesy of the New England Shoe and Leather Association, who though in no way connected with the reception committee of the Boston Chamber of

Commerce, nevertheless furnished the Commissioners with a very neat and artistic descriptive pamphlet, giving them valuable information about "the world's shoe and leather district." Included in the pamphlet was an interesting and instructive statement entitled "Where the world's finest footwear is made," from which the following is taken:

> You are now in the heart of the world's leading leather and footwear center, the district where the largest quantity and the highest quality of American boots and shoes are manufactured, and whence they are distributed all over this continent, and to many foreign countries, including your own delightful land of flowers and courtesies. In Lynn are made what corresponds to your getas, zoris and tabis by machines that are almost human in their action and complexity.
>
> In Beverly are made those machines in the largest factory of its kind in the world. You will be shown how they are made and will be told how they are being used in half of the civilized countries of the globe; and you will marvel and think deeply, for it is one of the most wonderful things of the twentieth century—this magnificent factory, and the remarkable machines it produces. Nothing you have thus far seen in America is as truly wonderful as this American shoe factory and the machinery with which it fashions its beautiful footwear.

Fortunately for the better understanding of the machinery at the United Shoe Machinery Company's plant, the Commission had just come from the Sorosis factories in Lynn, where they inspected every detail of the manufacture. But while it was noticed that the Japanese took only a casual interest in the architecture of the Beverly plant, they were manifestly interested in the details of the machinery itself, and keenly alive to everything that went on inside the big factories. Time and again they lingered about some particular machine, and plied their guides with all sorts of questions as to the technique of the manufacture or the mechanism and its application. One of the Americans in the party was heard to remark that "the Japanese are as courtly and polished as a Parisian, and in asking for information about the salient points of the shoe machinery industry evinced remarkable intelligence."

The record shows that there were fifty-eight members in this Japanese party, thirty-nine of them commissioners, who with their entourage, both Japanese and American, made a large and distinguished company. The House of Peers was represented by one member, and the House of Representatives by seven members, while mayors, bankers and others engaged in large business enterprises completed the party.

### BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURERS AT BEVERLY

It was in 1907 that the pilgrimages of the boot and shoe manufacturers to Beverly began, President Sydney W. Winslow of the company issuing the first invitation to the shoe and leather men of Massachusetts. Other pilgrimages of a similar nature followed the same year, and the visits to the factories have continued ever since.

Shoe and leather men in attendance at the periodical International Shoe and Leather Association, on the occasions of their "Market Fairs" in Boston, have made it a custom to motor down to Beverly and to the "Industrial City" for an inspection of the company's plant. These parties numbering two hundred or more, come from many states, and Canada and Europe as well, and they number the trip to Beverly as among the most delightful of their experiences.

### SIXTH INTERNATIONAL SHOE AND LEATHER WEEK FAIR

The biggest event of this kind occurred on the seventeenth of June, 1914, on the occasion of the sixth National Shoe and Leather Market Fair, when about two hundred and fifty visitors went to Beverly and inspected the factories.

The trip was made in automobiles, and the members of the party included shoe and leather men from all branches of the trade. Starting from Mechanics Building, where the Fair was held, the route took the party by way of the beautiful boulevard, passing Revere Beach, thence along the ocean front to Lynn, Swampscott, Salem and along the grand stretch of ocean driveway that resembles nothing so much as the road from Cannes, France, to Monte Carlo, and finally to Beverly and the grounds of the United Shoe Machinery Company.

SIDNEY W. WINSLOW, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED SHOE MACHINERY COMPANY

To describe the "doings" of the shoe men from the time they "landed" at the company's club-rooms until they bade good-bye to the "Industrial City," would be simply a description of all the excursions of similar bodies at various times.

The Boston *Herald's* description of the shoe experts' visit to the plant at that time gives a clear idea of the inspection and shows how they enjoyed it. It says:

> All made a thorough inspection, and the words of praise for the work the company has done in Beverly might well have delighted the superintendent who took charge of the program.
>
> One of the most remarkable departments of the factory is the stock room, and here expressions of wonder were more frequently made than anywhere else. Over one hundred

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KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS NATIONAL

thousand catalogued parts are carried in this immense room, and over twenty-one million parts are sent out annually.

The room where seventy inventors work steadily on the improvement of present machines, and the industrial school where over fifty boys are taught to be machinists, are centers of interest.

The Museum, containing nearly two hundred machines and thousands of devices showing the evolution of the manufacture of shoe machinery, held the attention of most of the groups for a long time.

Besides all this there were the great floors where hundreds of machines are visible at once, and where one can be amazed much easier than one can be enlightened. Comments on the remarkable lack of noise from such a tremendous plant, on the presence of splendid light and air and the well-nigh perfect sanitary conditions, were heard on every hand. The hospital, with every modern surgical equipment, including an X-ray machine, was also an object of special interest. In addition, there were the power house, with its gigantic boilers and mechanical stokers; the foundry, with its compressed air system; and the immense restaurant on the second floor of the building.

A prominent and characteristic feature of this gathering was the large number of retail shoe dealers who were present from many widely divergent sections of the country, and who were profoundly interested and impressed by what they saw. Perhaps the one thing that impressed the retailers was the fact that it was on the ability and capacity of this establishment that each retailer and each manufacturer depended for the making and retailing of shoes.

As one retailer put it, "It was nice and commendable to know that the company was considerate of its employees, that its work rooms and all other arrangements were sanitary, that the company took a keen interest in welfare work, and that the employees had a clubhouse much more luxurious than the ones in which the average shoe retailer claimed membership, but all of these things are overshadowed in importance by the tremendously larger fact that the company is efficient in supplying the shoe factories with the latest and best machinery, that it is improving this machinery all the time, and that it carries a large stock of duplicate parts for all of its machines so that any break may be quickly repaired, and the shoe factory be kept running to ship the shoes at the time ordered."

Another retailer said that he regarded it as of some importance to him that all manufacturers, large and small, were supplied with machinery on equal terms, because it enabled him to select the individual lines that struck him most favorably, with the knowledge that even if his manufacturer was small, he stood even on machinery and could make the goods if he could make the samples.

In the fifty-two automobiles which carried the men from the Shoe and Leather Fair to Beverly on this occasion were visitors from Brazil, France, China and Australia, as well as this country and Canada.

### INTERNATIONAL CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE

One of the most interesting delegations which visited the plant was that of the delegates from the Fifth International Congress of Chambers of Commerce. This visit was in connection with the sessions of the Congress which were held in Boston, and was made on September 17, 1912. There were about one hundred automobiles

CONVENTION, BOSTON, AUGUST, 1913

and from three hundred and fifty to four hundred delegates in the party, which included representatives from fifty foreign countries and also from every state in the Union.

The start was made from in front of the Copley Plaza in Boston. After a delightful trip along the North Shore, the cavalcade drew up in front of the factories and were cordially welcomed by President Sydney W. Winslow, Vice-President George W. Brown, and Treasurer Louis A. Coolidge of the United Shoe Machinery Company, preparatory to a tour of inspection.

The delegates from all nations were headed by Louis Canon Legrand of Mons, Belgium, President of the Congress, who on alighting from an automobile and responding to the welcome of President Winslow, spoke admiringly of the surroundings and the architecture of the buildings. After the introductions, the party was divided into groups and trained guides and interpreters were detailed to accompany them over the plant.

Business men from all large nations of Europe and Asia, speaking more than a score of different languages, were divided into different groups, and in so far as was possible, a guide speaking the particular tongue was assigned to the group. One and all were impressed with the magnitude of the plant and the complexity of the work, and comment was freely made upon the sanitary conditions and the general cleanliness of the plant. The system of guiding the delegates through the works was such as to show each of the machines which are used in the making of a shoe, "dependent links in a connecting chain," and all working in perfect harmony, so as to give the visitors a perfect idea of the process. The groups from Germany, England and France plied their guides with questions concerning the economy of the plant. They were somewhat amazed at the rate of pay which is the highest average wage paid in Massachusetts in large industrial concerns.

Not only were the guests impressed with the perfection of the great shops, the complex shoe machinery and the elaborate welfare work for employees, but they continually emphasized their delight over the completeness of the equipment, which as President Legrand himself remarked, "took in every detail of what a modern factory of the kind should be."

Not a little interest was manifested in the section devoted to the industrial school, where it was explained to the visitors the mechanics of a later day were acquiring their practical knowledge of the shoe machinery industry. They were pleased to learn that it was this school which was declared the first real success of its kind by the commission of the State of Wisconsin, which made a tour of the country investigating the industrial school problem.

Following the inspection, the visitors whirled off to the clubhouse of the employees, where the inspection ended with the distribution of beautifully illustrated booklets descriptive of the "Industrial City" printed in English, German, French, Italian and Spanish.

### KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, TWELVE HUNDRED STRONG

While the majority of the delegations to Beverly have been either boot and shoe men, or people in allied business or trade, there have been many conventions of fraternal and kindred organizations who incorporated a visit to the plant as part of their official program. Such a one, for example, was the delegation of Knights of Columbus which visited the factory, the club house and athletic field on August 4, 1913. They numbered over twelve hundred and represented every section of the United States and Canada. The occasion of their presence in Boston was the National Convention. Many prominent men, including Congressmen, senators, representatives and business and professional men, were of the party, and the delegation was distinctly a representative one. As usual they were met in Beverly by officials of the company and by expert guides who conducted them through the plant, explained to them the marvellous shoe machinery, and for more than an hour acted as their escort on the tour through the sixteen buildings of the huge industry.

One thing which particularly interested the delegation and called forth comment and commendation, as showing the possibilities of shoe machinery trade, was the small, old-fashioned, one-story building familiarly known as a "ten-footer," in which Freeman Winslow, Jr., the father of Sidney W. Winslow, the president of the United Shoe Machinery Company, engaged in the business of making shoes by hand. This little old wooden building reposes on the grounds, back of the factory, with its sixteen massive concrete structures towering alongside, compelling the comparison of the pigmy and the giant. In this quaint little shop Sidney Winslow gained his first knowledge of the shoe business. The guide explained that President Winslow had it removed from Lynn, its original site, to its present location, strengthened and revamped so that it appears today precisely as it did in the days of the Civil War.

A distinguishing feature of the Knights of Columbus party was not only that it was the largest that had visited the plant, but also afforded the taking of the largest group photograph ever made at the club house, if not in the state. Many delegates had come from places in the far West, and to some of them the menu served at the luncheon was in the nature of a distinct novelty, inasmuch as it included lobster a la Newburg. One of the diners was overheard to remark that he "had never eaten so delicious a bird," and he wondered whether it was "a wild or a tame fowl." Another feature was the fact that nearly all the visitors were accommo-

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SHOE AND LEATHER MEN, MEMBERS OF THE INTER
OCCASION OF THE MARKET FAIR

dated with automobiles, and as they numbered over twelve hundred it was estimated that at least three hundred touring cars were banked on the grounds at one time. From 10.30 until noon a continuous stream of automobiles was observed coming up the driveway to the grounds, and it was the general remark that it was the largest body of autos ever seen in Beverly.

The party was addressed at the clubhouse by Mayor H. A. MacDonald of Beverly, Grand Knight J. F. McKenna and Rev. J. F. Curran, representing the Beverly Council. Treasurer Coolidge spoke a welcome to the assembled knights.

### MAYORS OF MASSACHUSETTS AT THE PLANT

As bespeaking the "open sesame" of the United Shoe Machinery Company's hospitality at Beverly may be mentioned the visit of the Mayors' Club of Massachusetts who were guests at the factories on May 27, 1914. They were met at the station in Beverly by Mayor MacDonald and several of the officers of the Shoe Machinery Company, who had provided automobiles, and driven to the factories, where the guides took them through the plant, over the athletic field and to the clubhouse. Speech-making was in order, and former Mayor C. F. Lynch of Lawrence, president of the Mayors' Club, acting as toastmaster, thanked the company for their hospitality and spoke in terms of commendation of the factory surroundings and of the conditions which prevailed throughout the plant. He dwelt especially upon the spirit which characterized the organization.

Mayor Curley of Boston, introduced as "the young mayor of the first city in the commonwealth," sounded a note as striking as it was unexpected. He said:

> It has been with intense interest that I have just witnessed the exhibition of moving pictures depicting the manufacture of Goodyear welt shoes on a series of intricate and wonderfully made machines. The pictures were both entertaining and instructive, and in a measure manifest the work being accomplished by this great industrial institution, the United Shoe Machinery Company.
>
> The evolution of the shoe from the most ancient times to the present day typifies the successful development of the shoe machinery industry in the hands of men of great capacity, liberally possessed with brains, ability and determination to succeed despite difficulties which large industries are obliged to encounter in this day and age. The steady growth and magnificent progress of the United Shoe Machinery Company are due largely to the splendid management and organization, and its effectiveness in the shoe industry is a matter of pride for the citizens of Massachusetts.
>
> Today as you were conducted through the

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NATIONAL SHOE AND LEATHER ASSOCIATION ON THE
IN MECHANICS BUILDING, BOSTON

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MAYORS' CLUB OF MASSACHUSETTS AT BEVERLY

enormous plant all were duly impressed, it being impossible to ignore the compelling features of the factory, the excellent conditions under which the employees busied themselves, the sanitary surroundings and numerous conveniences for their comfort. I sincerely wish that it were possible that every public man, especially our state and national officials, visit this industrial institution that they might grasp at first hand the grand work that the United Shoe Machinery Company is striving to do, that the benefits it affords its home community, the state, and eventually the nation, might be comprehended. The policy of the state and national governments would no longer persevere in the channels recently closed; second-hand information would no longer be accepted in substitution for facts; bitter and unfounded attacks would be constituted a crime. The government, instead, would throw about beneficent companies of this character a protecting arm, warding it from abuse, suits, and legal entanglements which it now places in its path, that its energies be allowed to develop and be conserved for larger and more highly efficient industry.

New England cities and towns are dotted with shoe factories, owned by whom? By the young men of New England, small manufacturers who have prospered and developed under the liberal policy of the United Shoe Machinery Company, and today many of them are beyond the state of immediate financial worry. Not alone have the organizers of this corporation been successful and made successful men, but it has enabled the many who have patronized it to share its success.

The United Shoe Machinery Company has been the subject and target of attack by the many who have striven to hinder it these many years, and it has succeeded in proving its worthiness to respect and success. It stands as the exponent of a large and continuously growing industry which has its rightful home in New England

Incidental to the day's program the city executives were given a genuine "Movie" entertainment, for motion pictures were shown of the "Growth of the Shoe" from prehistoric times, followed by an exhibition of the making of modern footwear. This feature, together with the moving pictures illustrating the various athletic and social events of the workers' annual field day was greatly enjoyed.

The mayors and ex-mayors of Massachusetts cities who participated in the inspection were: Herman A. MacDonald, of Beverly, James M. Curley of Boston, J. J. Shaughnessy of Marlboro, Joseph F. Cosgrove of Marlboro, William J. Gannon of Medford, Lewis H. Toomey and Charles S. Taylor of Medford, W. L. MacDonald and Thomas F. Kearns of Waltham, M. A. Scanlon and C. F. Lynch of Lawrence, Dennis J. Murphy of Lowell, Charles Grimmons of Somerville, A. H. Linscott of Woburn, F. O. Hardy of Fitchburg, George Louis Richards of Malden, John S. Kent of Brockton, John L. Harvey of Waltham, A. T. Newhall of Lynn, Timothy W. Good, H. J. Cunningham, Edward A. Counihan of Cambridge, J. Henry Gleason of Marlboro, Wallace L. Gifford of Salem, George H. Fall of Malden, John J. White of Holyoke, and John O. Hall of Quincy.

### CITY CLERKS ENJOY AN OLD-FASHIONED SLEIGH RIDE

Another group of city officials who enjoyed the hospitality of the company last year was the Massachusetts City Clerks Association, who, after inspecting the plant, were regaled for the post-prandial exercises, with the usual moving picture lecture by the company's publicity department. As a closing number on the day's program, the clerks discussed legislation of interest to themselves as city officials. Secretary of State Donahue was the guest of honor of the association.

This pilgrimage occurred February 19, 1914, and the weather conditions compelled a radical departure from the conventional method of driving from the factory to the clubhouse in automobiles. The roads had not been broken out, following a heavy snow fall, and as an emergency measure Assistant Superintendent George H. Vose had provided two goodly sized country pungs, each drawn by two horses. Settees were placed in each sled, the bottoms heaped high with straw, and to an accompaniment from the tinkling of the bells swinging from the horses' necks, and the laughter and shouts of the highly-pleased city officials, the party ploughed through the drifts in a blinding snowstorm to the clubhouse.

For capacity in enjoying themselves perhaps no delegates equaled the visitors, who on three occasions represented the New England Association of Commercial Executives, the Pilgrim Publicity Association, and the Boston Chamber of Commerce.

### COMMERCIAL EXECUTIVES SAW PRESIDENT TAFT

The Commercial Executives were first, their visitation occurring on the seventeenth of September, 1911. They had come direct from Parramatta, in Montserrat, the summer home of the Chief Executive of the nation, and had been accorded a personal greeting by President Taft. Their tour of the plant of the United Shoe Machinery Company included an inspection of the factories and the grounds, guided by Assistant Superintendent Vose and his assistants, Messrs. McClusky, Carrico, Hatch and Pearl of the works, and incidentally the distribution of souvenirs.

### PILGRIM PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION A "LIVE WIRE"

The Pilgrim Publicity delegates composed of both men and women, proved to be socially a royal good company, and in point of rollicking spontaneity they were certainly "all to the merry." An hour was spent in the customary inspection of the plant, and then all hands proceeded to the clubhouse where, after a brief interval spent in rest and observation, they adjourned to the athletic field. Meanwhile they paused on the clubhouse steps long enough to have their pictures "took." Assembled on the field they at once "picked" nines and arranged for a ball game between the married men and the single men. No sooner was the game over, to the evident satisfaction of all hands save the umpire, than the visitors participated in a number of strenuous sports, among them the "ginger ale race," "pipe" race, "newspaper" fight and the "rooster" fight, to the accompaniment of roars of laughter, and the strains of the United Shoe Machinery Band. Following the games, the guests adjourned once more to the clubhouse, where Major P. J. O'Keefe, president of the association, delivered a brief talk, outlining the work which the Pilgrim Publicity Association is doing, commending the company for its plant,

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PILGRIM PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION AT BEVERLY

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BOSTON CHAMBER OF COM

and the employees for their beautiful clubhouse and athletic grounds. He said:

The Pilgrim Publicity Association is essentially an advertising association. Its mission is the extension and certification of advertising as the most effective method for the effectual promotion of the business of New England. Its members are men trained in business and publicity methods, earnestly desirous of arousing a new spirit in the community. The members of this organization believe in New England, and the upbuilding of its important interests is the aim and object of the Pilgrim Publicity Association.

### BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE A "SOCIAL CATACLYSM"

The Chamber of Commerce outing and clambake, held at the "Industrial City" on September 17, 1914, the first, by the way, that ever occurred there, will go down in history as the most consequential ever, and an event to be remembered. A very clever description of the holiday was given in the Boston *Post*, and the chronicler of these memoirs herewith publishes the story in full, with apologies to Paul Wait, the writer of the account:

If the poet laureate of the Boston Chamber of Commerce had written a poem yesterday on the occasion of the first annual outing of the Chamber, which was held on the athletic grounds of the United Shoe Machinery Company at Beverly, he undoubtedly would have plagiarized and written, "A little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the best of men."

### WAS SOME LARK

However, the poet laureate department of the Chamber of Commerce is yet to be established, so let it be said by an ordinary reporter that when a special train pulled out of the North Station shortly after one o'clock yesterday afternoon, it carried five hundred members of the Chamber of Commerce out on a lark.

And it was some lark. C. C. Gilman, one of the committee and probable candidate for poet laureate when that office is established, characterized the day as a social cataclysm.

### J. RANDOLPH ON STAND

For those who can scarcely believe it, let it be said that the dignified President of the organization, J. Randolph Coolidge, Jr., wore a yellow sign in his hat that read "Pickpocket," and played a slashing game of ball at second base. And let it further be confessed that Joseph Maynard, Henry S. Dennison, John Mason Little, and J. A. McKibben figured in a disgraceful assault upon Umpire Fred E. Mann, who gave them just provocation.

This assault was quite one of the features of the day and occurred during the game of ball (two innings) between the chairmen of the Chamber and the Board of Directors.

### WHAT CAUSED IT

The directors were at the bat and President Coolidge had just swiped a smasher to deep center field. Mann didn't attempt to analyze the situation, but at any rate he discovered all of a sudden that there were five men running around those bases ahead of President Coolidge. The chairman couldn't exactly figure how five men could occupy three bases, so when the umpire allowed all men to score and then evened it up by calling Coolidge out, both teams started for him.

For five minutes Mann fought them all single-handed, and not finding work enough here, he proceeded to clean up the spectators until he had the whole Chamber licked.

Anyway the directors won the game, 30 to 2, in spite of the fact that the chairmen say they won it 6 to 2.

From then on things began to move with bewildering effect. While another ball game started between the lawyers and doctors, a tennis tournament was going full swing over on the fine United Shoe Machinery courts. Over on the golf links thirty golfers had gone

MERCE OUTING AT BEVERLY

mad as they whacked and chased the overgrown pills all over the field.

All the time a band was bumping out merry music. There was everything but a balloon ascension.

For those who were already panting from too much exercise, a moving-picture show showing how a shoe is made, brought them back to health up in the clubhouse. Still others went over to the big plant of the company, where they were shown through the factory.

### AH! A SAVORY ODOR

And all the while out under a dozen big tents in the center of the field in front of the clubhouse there came the tinkle of dishes, while savory odors joined with the breeze in play.

Here a sea barbecue was in the process of construction. The construction turned to destruction at five o'clock, when all hands sat down to a rip-snorter, old-fashioned clam-bake.

Bushels of clams and lobsters, corn, fish, chowder, salad, chicken and all the fixings melted like snow on the tables. And when it was all gone and each member of the Chamber who weighed five pounds more than when he sat down had left the tables, a voice sounded out of the dusk, "Is there anybody in the crowd that can start a Pope Hartford?"

### MERIGOLD AFTER BUSINESS

A rush was made for the machine, where A. J. Merigold, who, by the way, had won the golf tournament in the afternoon, was found lying under the machine, while Walter Smith, with an artificial Russian beard covering his face, was tugging madly at the wheel. Merigold coming out from under the machine as the band played "Get Out and Get Under," mounted the hood and announced to the gathering that he was willing to take any or all the members into Boston by auto at two dollars a head.

In a flash a rush was made, and the machine was buried under a pile of humanity. Twenty-five men were aboard and the machine actually bent under the weight.

However, when the parade started for the station at seven o'clock, the twenty-five had been reduced to seven, and as the machine crawled along the road, it made more noise than the band.

The last event of the day scheduled was a tug of war between teams captained by C. C. Gilman and Walter Smith, but it did not come off, inasmuch as the two teams had eaten too much.

In its place enthusiasm was created when it was announced that Stanley E. Newton and David B. Ogden had cleaned up everybody in tennis, and would meet on the B. A. A. courts later in the week to play for the championship.

Then the band played, and a lot of big boys marched back to the special train which was ready to take them back to Boston.

Those responsible for the bang-up day were President William Duane, Vice-president George W. Gates, Secretary-Treasurer George A. Smith of the United Shoe Machinery Athletic Association; E. P. Brown, manager of the United Shoe Machinery Company; Colonel F. G. King and M. B. Kaven of the same company; John F. O'Connell, E. W. Pierce, F. W. Ganse, W. A. Griffin, G. W. Franklin, E. C. Johnson, J. M. Swift, E. H. Shuman, C. C. Gilman, W. E. Smith, W. Palmer and C. A. Palmer.

So successful and altogether enjoyable was the outing here described that the committee of the Chamber this year decided that the "social cataclysm" should again be held at Beverly, and Thursday, July 22, was accordingly selected as the day of days. Suffice it to say that the occasion was characteristically merry, and from the time of the arrival of the several hundred pilgrims on the athletic grounds the celebration was one of unbounded hilarity and great enjoyment. It was, in fact, a repetition of that of 1914.

### AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION

The American Bankers' Association were numbered among the visitors to Boston who availed themselves of the hospitality of the United Shoe Machinery Company and spent a day in inspecting the plant. There were many ladies in the party, which numbered about two hundred, and on their arrival at Beverly they were met by Treasurer Coolidge, who with a corps of assistants, took charge of the party and escorted them through the different departments of the factories, explaining incidentally the varied and interesting processes of the work. Moving pictures were afterwards flashed on the screen at the clubhouse and afforded much amusement. Altogether the affair was pronounced a success in every way.

Photo by Notman, Boston

AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION AT BEVERLY

### THE MASSACHUSETTS BOARD OF TRADE

Four hundred members who compose the Massachusetts Board of Trade selected Beverly last May for their annual meeting place. *The Three Partners* described this visit as follows:

Arthur A. Forness, chairman of the reception committee, with a large corps of assistants, greeted the people upon their arrival. With the parade of forty-five automobiles from the station to the factory came many automobiles from the Weymouth Board of Trade.

There was a visit to the manufacturing departments, the foundry, the big power plant, the industrial school, where the city and company co-operate in the finest type of a vocational school in the country, the immense stock room, and scores of other interesting points. The new water-cooling system, the recently installed sprinkler for fire protection, the hospital, completely equipped, and other evidences of the up-to-dateness of the plant all proved interesting and instructive to the visitors. Just before noon the party left the factory, the United Shoe Machinery Company presenting handsome souvenirs of the plant.

When the visitors were boarding the cars, moving-picture men were busy filming the scene, and then a short run was made to the clubhouse of the Athletic Association, off McKay Street. Here the clubhouse and grounds were placed at the disposal of the visitors.

A short business session was held in the hall. John H. Corcoran, of Cambridge, president of the State Board, presided. The address of the afternoon was by George F. Willett of the Norwood Board of Trade, on "The Application of Business Principles to Civic Affairs." Following the business session, a lobster dinner was served in a marquee set up on the velvety lawns adjoining the clubhouse.

Following the dinner there were cheers for the Beverly Board of Trade and the United Shoe Machinery Company, and appreciative votes for the happy program planned for the entertainment of visitors. There was a busy whirr as the motors of machine after machine rolled up the broad boulevard and guests boarded the cars for a whirl through the business and factory district, the water front, and then down along the picturesque North Shore. Every visitor was provided with a guidebook, which carried a most complete description of the various points of interest along the route. Many occupants flaunted pennants which told of their home town organizations, and this lent a bit of color to the parade.

Organizations represented at the meeting and inspection of the plant were the Abington Board of Trade, Arlington Business Men's Association, Boston Board of Fire Underwriters, Boston Chamber of Commerce, Boston Fruit and Produce Exchange, Boston Market Gardeners' Association, Boston Music Trade Association, Boston Stationers' Association, Boston Wholesale Grocers' Association, Cambridge Board of Trade, Chicopee Board of Trade, Dedham Business Men's Association, East Bridgewater Board of Trade, Fitchburg Board of Trade and Merchants' Association, Framingham Board of Trade, Gloucester Board of Trade, Lynn Chamber of Commerce, Haverhill Board of Trade, Lawrence Board of Trade, Leominster Board of Trade, Lowell Board of Trade, Malden Board of Trade, Mansfield Board of Trade, Marlboro Board of Trade, State Fire

Insurance Union, State Pharmaceutical Association, State Wholesale Lumber Association, Middleboro Commercial Club, Milford Board of Trade, Natick Commercial Club, Needham Business Association and Board of Trade, New Bedford Board of Trade, New England Dry Goods Association, New England Hardware Dealers' Association, New England Shoe and Leather Association, Northampton Board of Trade, Norwood Board of Trade, Paint and Oil Club of New England, Peabody Board of Trade, Pilgrim Publicity Association, Quincy Board of Trade, Boston Real Estate Exchange and Auction Board, Rockland Commercial Club, Salem Chamber of Commerce, Massachusetts Society of Master House Painters and Decorators, Somerville Board of Trade, Stoughton Board of Trade, Boston Team Owners' Association, Weymouth Board of Trade and Whitman Board of Trade.

### FRA ELBERT HUBBARD A VISITOR

Every magazine writer knows the value of style in writing, providing there is reality, vigor and clearness in the stuff submitted.

Elbert Hubbard was a master of a beautiful style. It was at once original, forceful, argumentative, clear, convincing and philosophical. Both in his writings and his speeches, or "talks," all these qualities were remarked and commended. That was one reason why the philosopher from East Aurora was so justly celebrated, and so universally popular. Another reason was that he was known to be unafraid. Not content like the majority of men to go through life looking only at the surface of things, or the superficial aspects, he was always ready to dig down into the heart of reality and to strip the mask of duplicity, deceit or hypocrisy wherever and whenever found. Equally ready to give credit for industry and economy, as to blame idleness and extravagance, whether in the individual or the corporation, he was always eager to uphold big business when it was conducted on reason. He was wont to say that "when I uphold big business, it does not mean that I justify big business in grinding its employees and the public. But big business maintains payrolls, sure and certain. And payrolls mean houses, trees, flower beds, schools and everything that makes for permanent excellence."

It was quite natural then that Elbert Hubbard in his world-wide search for something worth while to write about along the line of greater efficiency and big business should stumble upon the United Shoe Machinery Company and be interested enough to visit the factories at Beverly.

And so it is that on the first of May, 1913, we find the sage of East Aurora, in company with Mr. Coolidge, the treasurer of the United, and Edwin W. Ingalls, a celebrity in the shoe trade, visiting the works. Needless to say the Fra manifested the keenest interest in the many details of the plant. But even more absorbing to Mr. Hubbard than the factory work was the human side of the organization—the clubhouse, the employees' social organization, athletic clubs and out-of-door activities. At the time of the visit, government activities were being directed against large corporations throughout the country, and I recall Mr. Hubbard's comment that national disturbance by the politician and demagogue of such an organization as the United Shoe Machinery Company working in effective, constructive harmony—not only in business, but pleasure as well, was—to quote the old French saying "worse than a crime—a blunder"—a blunder by men who did not know and who would not see!

Mr. Hubbard was a student of detail. The small trivialities that often escape the lay mind appealed vividly to him. Hence during this "little journey" he would frequently stray off to some secluded spot to investigate a detail in some machine or method of work.

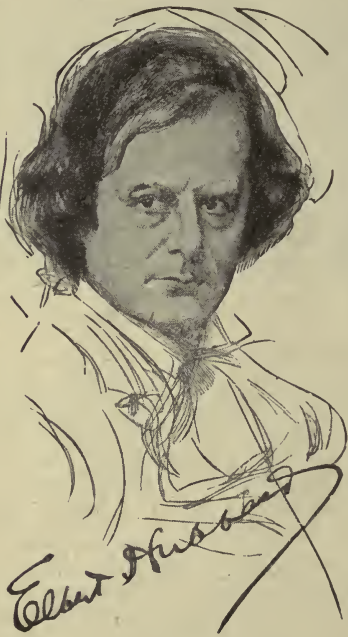
Mr. Hubbard's costume, as he walked through the factory, attracted not a little attention from the workers—who must have wondered who this man of notable presence was—with large brown felt hat, rather the worse for wear, gray soft shirt and collar, flowing black bow tie and "baggy" trousers. Mr. Hubbard's attire, as always, bore the ear-marks of genius.

At lunch Mr. Hubbard was, as usual, most abstemious, despite the excellent repast that was prepared, contenting himself chiefly with a little toast and milk —the best diet, as he said, to work or play on!

To various heads of departments, throughout the factory, Mr. Hubbard presented copies of his immortal "Message to Garcia"—not that they needed its moral lesson, he said, but simply as a souvenir of the occasion.

Mr. Hubbard always carried a baseball with him for exercise—to pass with his secretary at intervals during the day when the circumstances permitted. He exhibited the ball to the caretaker of the clubhouse with the remark that he would have to miss his ball game today—all the more painful when such an athletic field was near at hand.

The inventors and their private experimenting rooms were of deep interest to the visitor, who perhaps saw here a mental relation to his own constructive work in the literary field. He referred to the inventors as the pulse of the factory—whose new ideas, plans and experiments were the vital source of machinery life.



Mr. Hubbard was especially warm in his praise of the general layout of the buildings—for comfort, convenience and efficiency, a tribute to be appreciated from a man who had visited practically all of the largest factories in the country during the past dozen years. To him it was a "sunlight factory," with an attention to sanitary and hygienic conditions which he considered unequaled.

Summing up his impressions—Mr. Hubbard said at the time that the factory in work and in play represented human, whole-souled co-operation. It was this "team work" in business that always most vividly appealed to the Fra, and he never afterwards tired in lectures or writings of quoting as one of the best examples in the business world the employees of the United Shoe Machinery Company. Here, for example, is an extract from one of his lectures in which he mentions the United Shoe Machinery Company as "a good specimen brick of modern co-operation":

> Here is a concern that supplies machinery to shoe manufacturers on terms that make it possible for men of moderate means to go into business and compete with all others.
>
> The maker of the machinery joins hands with the shoemaker.
>
> The United Shoe Machinery Company have made three-dollar shoes possible.
>
> The scrap heap absorbs the profits of many manufacturers. They buy machinery, and alas, it is soon out of date. Then they have to buy the new and best in order to keep up with the procession, and this means discarding the old.
>
> But with shoe manufacturers, no yawning almshouse via the scrap-heap route awaits.
>
> The industry is on an eminently safe and prosperous footing.
>
> And there is one thing very sure! Americans are better shod, and this at less expense, than any people the round world over.
>
> Consumers have every reason to be thankful to the United Shoe Machinery Company.
>
> And there are two parties who always and forever speak well of the United Shoe Machinery Company. The first are the people who work for them; and the second are those who use their machines.

### THE CHINESE HONORARY COMMERCIAL COMMISSION

Reverting again to the visit of the Honorary Commercial Commission of China in June, 1915, it is sufficiently noteworthy to remember that this body of distinguished foreigners paid their visitation at a time when all Europe was at war, and when their own republic was scarcely recovering from the alarm of the Japanese invasion. It was the confidence felt in the recovery of business, and the leading part which the two neutral nations would take in laying the foundation for more reciprocal relations, which made the visit all the more significant. All the world knows the story of their excursion to Beverly, how the Chinese delegation were intensely interested in the giant industry, all the while plying their guides with questions as to the age of the machinery and that of the employees; the number and utility of patents; the relative amount of work done by women; the possible number of shoes in the output for a given machine; and the relative value of the arrangements for the welfare of employees. It was observed that the Chinese, by comparison with the Japanese delegation which had previously visited the factories, seemed to be about equally alert to the extraordinary advantages which were offered in the way of efficiency and economy. President Cheng-Hsun Chang, the venerable leader of the party, spoke in special praise of the arrangements of the emergency hospital, and likewise of the wonderful system of the factory throughout.

The delegation were afterwards taken in automobiles to the clubhouse of the athletic association where the inevitable group picture was taken and lunch served. While there, Vice-President Brown of the United Shoe Machinery Company, who, from his visits and experience in China, was particularly well versed in the lore of the Chinese, delivered a short address of welcome, and the Publicity Department presented the moving picture of the "Making of a Shoe," an abbreviated edition of the one being shown at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. President Duncan of the National Cotton Manufacturers' Assotion made the point that he hoped the visitors were sufficiently impressed, and could rely upon goods of any sort purchased in the United States.

Li-Chi Chu, secretary of the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce, made the response for the Chinese, saying among other things that America must get over the impression that the Chinese are not a purchasing nation. Contrary to the general belief, he said, the people of China quite generally wear shoes.

The thing that pleased the delegation of foreigners especially were the decorations of the clubhouse itself, the wall back of the stage being tastefully decorated with the flag of the Chinese Republic, which, in turn, was draped with the Stars and Stripes, while at the opposite end of the hall was a large flag of the Chinese navy. The tables, too, were appropriately decked with miniature flags of the two nations.

Following is the personnel of the Commission present on this occasion:

Cheng-Hsun Chang, president of the Commission, merchant having branches in Straits Settlement, Sumatra and Java, member of the National Council, Pekin; proprietor of large winery at Chefoo.

Chi-Cheh Nieh, vice-president of the Commission, representative of Chinese General Chamber of Commerce, Shanghai; proprietor Heng Foong Cotton Manufacturing Company; director Cotton Mill-Owners' Association, Shanghai; interested in large iron works.

David Z. T. Yui, honorary secretary of the Commission, executive secretary, lecture department of the national committee of the Y. M. C. A. of China.

Lim-Pak Chan, silk merchant and proprietor Cheong Chan Exporting Raw Silk Company; president Marine and Fire Insurance Company of China, Ltd., Canton; comprador of Hong Kong-Shanghai Banking corporation of Canton.

Shen Chen, manufacturer of lacquer and cloisonne, Peking; proprietor Te Yuan Heng Lacquer Ware Company and Te Chang cloisonne ware factory, Peking.

Li-Chi-Chu, secretary Chinese General Chamber of Commerce and Shanghai Hangking railway, Shanghai; personal secretary to Cheng-Hsun Chang.

Yen-Peo Huang, vice-president Educational Association of Kiangsu Province, Shanghai, ex-commissioner of education; is in America principally to study educational institutions.

Sing-Ming Kung, director Fou Deng Flour Mill and Hui Chang Machine Manufacturing Company, Shanghai; shipbuilder.

James H. Lee, representative electrical works, Hangchow; manager, importer and exporter of all electrical machinery and appliances, Lee Brothers' exporting and importing company, Shanghai; largely interested in electric light properties. Not a government appointee to the Commission.

Huan-Yi Liang, president Sue Kow Shan government lead mine, Hunan; also Mining and Smelting Company, Changsha, Hunan.

Chao-Hsin Pian, cotton merchant; commercial agent in Europe and America representing Lung Chu and Lung Shun piece-goods dealers, Tientsin.

Kuan-Lan Sun, manager Tung Hai Agricultural Company, advisory officer Nantung Agricultural Society; largely interested in the study of agriculture.

S. C. Thomas Se, coal merchant and assistant manager, Kailan Mining Administration, Tientsin; Cornell graduate, brother of the Chinese minister to England; largely interested in coal and cement properties.

Chia-Chang Woo, senior secretary, minister of agriculture and commerce, Peking; representative of the minister of agriculture and commerce.

Hsieh Yu, tea merchant and director Huichow Tea Trade Union; prominent exporter.

Ying-Ming Chang, personal secretary to Cheng-Hsun Chang, chairman of the Commission.

Accompanying the Commission were J. B. Densmore, acting secretary of the Department of Labor, Washington, D. C., and E. T. Williams, Chief of the Bureau of Eastern Affairs, Washington.

The writer of these memoirs has no intention of giving a detailed history of all the visitations to the Beverly plant, confining himself to a description of the more notable. Otherwise we should not omit to relate the "doings" of a score or more which, while sufficiently interesting and instructive, either lacked numbers or were in the nature of a repetition of the organizations above enumerated. Among these, however, should be mentioned the Providence Association of Mechanical Engineers, the Regal Shoe Company employees, the Branch officers of the United Shoe Machinery Company, the National Industrial Traffic League, the Massachusetts Tax Collectors' Association, Young Men's Christian Association Physical Directors, Daughters of Pocahontas, Chicago Chamber of Commerce, Somerville Board of Trade, Massachusetts State Board of Trade and General Liu-Chin-En and entourage of the Hanyang Arsenal of China.

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THE MEMBERS OF THE HONORARY CHINESE COMMISSION AND BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OFFICIALS, GUESTS OF THE UNITED SHOE MACHINERY COMPANY AT THE EMPLOYEES' CLUBHOUSE, BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS

### SAM SAM CELEBRATIONS

No history of the visitations and celebrations at Beverly would be at all complete that did not contain more than a mere mention of "Sam Sam," the annual affair which stands as the red letter day in the annals of the United Shoe Machinery Company's employees. It is, as has been truthfully said, "as popular as either the Brockton or Rockingham fair," and almost as generously patronized. As a description of one "Sam Sam" day is pretty much the same as another, we may be pardoned if we take that of Saturday, August 14, 1915, as a fair illustration of the others. Indeed it was an exceptional celebration, for in addition to the perfect weather which seems always to crown those occasions, there was the added incentive of the visit of the Governor of Massachusetts, to gladden the event. His Excellency Governor David I. Walsh appeared late in the day, bringing the greetings of the commonwealth, and expressing his own hearty congratulations to employer and employee on the "splendid gathering" and the "wonderful picture of this annual field day." It was but natural that after looking over the field itself, and taking in at a glance the joys of the celebration, with the picture of approximately twenty thousand men, women and children in holiday attire, giving him a glad greeting, the Governor should feel pleased and happy to be among them. He had come there from the dedication of a Spanish War Veterans' monument in Gardner, and had traversed approximately eighty miles in an open automobile, but notwithstanding seemed as bright and cheery as though it were an every-day affair. His coming was announced to the assembly by a salute fired by a squad from the Second Corps Cadets, under the command of First Sergeant W. G. Dockum, all of whom are employed at the Beverly plant. To Henry J. Cottrell, who had been a classmate of Governor Walsh at Holy Cross College, had been delegated the honor of presenting His Excellency to the assemblage, which had gathered on the broad lawns in front of the clubhouse. The Governor was received with a prolonged outburst of applause, and spoke in part as follows:

I was very glad to be able to accept the invitation of the officers of the United Shoe Machinery Athletic Association to be present today, for it was a keen disappointment to me not to be here last year. And now that I see what a splendid gathering this is, I am more than happy to be with you.

Of course, in common with most of those who are interested in the relations between employer and employee, I was aware that the United Shoe Machinery Company employees had a clubhouse, given to them by the Company, but I did not realize that it was such a beautiful building, or that it was surrounded by so many acres of ground devoted to such a wide variety of sports. And although I had heard of "Sam Sam," too, I had no expectation of seeing such a vast assemblage. The whole thing is greatly beyond what I had imagined, and I wish to congratulate the men behind this movement on their great success.

### WELFARE WORK A SERVICE TO STATE

But there is a great deal more to be said than that. For, although you may not realize it, a great benefit is actually being done to the Commonwealth. Relief is given to the suffering through the activities of this association, with the sympathetic encouragement and co-operation of the company; relief from possible poverty is afforded a large number of men who find employment with the company and who might not be able to find employment elsewhere, and so the State of Massachusetts is not called upon, as it might be, to aid in the support of these men and their families.

In recent years it has come to be accepted as part of the duty which every employer of labor owes to his employees to look out, as far as possible, for their comfort and well-being. This welfare work is as much a service to the State as it is to humanity. I doubt if you can find anywhere in this Commonwealth another industrial organization that is doing the work the United Shoe Machinery Company is doing for its employees.

I have traveled all over the State, but I have found no company doing welfare work on such a large scale as is your company. I must congratulate its officers, on behalf of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, for this splendid work.

There is a publication issued by this association called *The Three Partners*—the three partners being Capital (the employer), Labor (the employee) and Society or the Public. The title is splendidly illustrated by this company and its relations to the public should be a guide to every business enterprise. For we are all interested in—we are all partners in—every industrial enterprise which has its home within the borders of our State.

### MUTUAL HONESTY BETWEEN EMPLOYEE AND EMPLOYER

Now, I am an employee, a workman, though not with union hours. I am employed by the people of this State, not to sit at a desk, not to make machines in a factory, but I am a compensated employee hired by the people to do the work of government. And I would not be worthy of hire unless I knew something of that for which the people hired me.

I wonder if you have thought about the qualifications necessary to make a good employee? First of all, it requires honesty, mutual honesty between employer and employee, as well as honesty in the employee himself. Both are on an even basis. Your employer entrusts you with the tools, instruments and material from which come the finished product. You have these things to work with and they are given into your care to earn your living with. In return you prove your honesty to your employer by laboring faithfully and diligently and caring for those things which he entrusts to you. And he is honest with you by giving you a fair price for what you produce.

The second qualification is intelligence. You must know how to use the tools and materials entrusted to you and must use your knowledge to the limit of your ability and do the work mapped out for you properly. For your employer has a right to expect that the expensive raw materials which he entrusts to you to be transformed into something useful shall be handled correctly.

### RIGHTS OF THE INVESTOR

The next fundamental is capacity. You know what your employer wants done, and you must show him how quickly and how well you can do it. You must co-operate with him and give him a fair and adequate return for the compensation he gives you. Your honesty, your intelligence, and your capacity is what he counts on as a return for the materials he entrusts to you and the opportunity he affords you to earn a living. Carrying out these mutual obligations honestly, employer and employee become two good partners in the trinity, faithfully serving the third member—the Public.

And I ask that the employer take the public into its confidence and show that the money and opportunity with which it entrusts him for investment receives a fair return. For the employer must be as square with the public as with the employee. He must lay all his cards on the table and must honestly and earnestly co-operate with his two partners.

I believe your employer understands his obligations to the other partners, for the company has been most successful, and this gathering is a speaking testimonial to the spirit which pervades the organization. I again congratulate you on behalf of the Commonwealth and wish you and the company success and prosperity in the future.

I wish that this wonderful picture of this annual field day, with your Governor addressing this vast gathering of employers and employees, might be sent broadcast throughout the land. It would be a revelation.

Immediately following the address, the Governor, accompanied by the reception committee, officers of the association and representative officers from the Beverly plant and the Boston office, went to the home of P. R. Bosworth of the United Shoe Machinery Company to rest and partake of an informal luncheon. There, too, at the post-prandials, Governor Walsh spoke of "the splendid co-operative spirit," which was everywhere manifest in the day's celebration and in the great industry of the United Shoe Machinery Company.

The visit of the Governor, however, while the crowning event of the "Sam Sam" celebration, was only an incident of the gala occasion, for "from early morn till dewy eve," and long after, under the glare of myriad lights, there was something going on every minute of the time. The crowds lingered until after ten o'clock, when the last of the bombs, roman candles and set pieces which made up the fireworks display were discharged.

The celebration opened as usual with an auto and motorcycle parade through Beverly, Danvers, Peabody and Salem, followed by the inauguration of the sports on the campus, and the opening of the "Midway," where vaudeville and all sorts of popular "side shows" were the order of the day.

Prominent officials of the United Shoe Machinery Company took part in the celebration, notably Louis A. Coolidge, treasurer; E. P. Brown, general manager; and Colonel F. G. King, head of the Goodyear Department, as well as many other department heads.

Nor was this particular "Sam Sam" day the only occasion when Governor Walsh visited the plant at Beverly. True to the promise which he had given at that time "to make a visit to the factory and a thorough inspection of the plant," he chose Monday, September 20, as the day for his visit.

Accompanied by Henry T. Cottrell and J. F. O'Connell, head of the Publicity Department, he arrived at the plant at about four o'clock, and was received by Vice-Presidents George W. Brown and J. H. Connor, Treasurer L. A. Coolidge, E. P. Brown, and Sydney Winslow, Jr., of the United Shoe Machinery Company, who, with other officials, were awaiting his coming. Following His Excellency's inspection of the factories, and his informal greetings with the employees, the party were driven to the clubhouse, where, after an informal repast, the Governor was called upon for a speech, and he delivered it in his most felicitous vein, paying the broadest and most generous compliments to the United Shoe Machinery Company.

Mr. George W. Brown was the host of the occasion, and in introducing the Governor expressed his regret that Mr. Sidney W. Winslow, the president of the company, could not be there to welcome him, owing to the celebration of his sixty-first birthday at home. He concluded by telling His Excellency that he was at liberty to make any criticisms of the company that he felt warranted.

The Governor said:

I do not know what I could say better than "You are delightful hosts." When I say that, I say all. If you invited me to your house, you would not ask me to pick out the most expensive furniture, and so, like the good host that you are, you let me observe what I would. I did observe a great modern industrial plant. I saw a great concern. I saw that the moneys there invested were being safeguarded. I saw in this modern industrial plant consideration of human lives. You showed me the modern idea of what constitutes a successful business; you showed me

GOVERNOR DAVID I. WALSH

the heart of the corporation, the thought you have for human lives, and for the welfare of those entrusted to your care. I was not so much concerned about your great industrial creation as I was about the safeguarding of the people of your State. I am concerned with the health and prosperity of every man, woman and child employed, and when you showed me what you had done for the contentment, health and prosperity of the people, I was delighted.

### AN ESTABLISHMENT OF CONTENTMENT

I have seen a new phase of the industrial life of our State, and this great establishment of contentment has been built up during a period covered by my lifetime and the lifetime of many of the men here. Whenever I go to the textile cities of Massachusetts I have shuddered. The poverty in Fall River is appalling. I have often thought that the cartoons in the newspapers exaggerated, but when I saw the lines on the faces of the children in the textile cities, I felt that these cartoons were not overdrawn.

### HIGHEST PERFECTION IN INDUSTRIAL LIFE

But you have shown me today the highest perfection in industrial life, and you who know me best know that I do not say what I do not believe, and such things as this I would shout from the housetops.

I sincerely hope that the financial side is as prosperous as the side you have shown me today, and you have shown me a side of our State industry that makes me proud to be a Governor of Massachusetts.

But better than the ventilation and preventive facilities at your hospital and other institutions in your plant which have a tendency to relieve suffering and pain, I was impressed with the contentment shown on the faces of all. Mr. G. W. Brown pointed out to me with pride that little shop in which the father of President Winslow and the grandfather of the young Mr. Winslow present here tonight made shoes, and alongside and overshadowing it towered your enormous modern factory. But the greatest thing you showed me were the faces of the human beings employed there. There were intelligent faces, healthful bodies and contented minds. And, when you told me of the average working wage of over sixteen dollars per week, as contrasted with the textile wage, I was convinced that you men, who were instrumental in forming this industrial hive of contentment, did a great service to our people and our State, and I congratulate you, Mr. Brown, as your Governor, that, in the lifetime of a human being like yourself—in thirty years—you have seen this revolution of conditions in the world in which you are interested, and I know that, in your heart of hearts, both you and Mr. Winslow are more gratified at the progress made in the betterment of humanity than you are at the financial returns you have been able to give to thousands of people who have shared in your company's prosperity.

Companies like yours are subject to abuse. No man can rise one inch without being subject to abuse. No great industrial organization can rise one inch without being subject to abuse. You must expect it. But bring these men to your plant, show them the conditions here; show them your payroll; show them the clean, intelligent men and women, and that is the answer to all abuse that comes to your corporation. No man who has the ability to rise can be freed from the criticism of his fellow-man; and you, my friends, who know as well as I the frailty of the whole human family, know that the successful man is always a mark for calumny. But what care you!

The consciousness that you have protected your employees and stockholders, as has been done nowhere else better, must be your reward. May the strength, vitality and energy of you older men, who organized this great concern, descend with your ideals unimpaired to the younger men who are to succeed you. And so I have no criticism but words of praise, because, as I say, I wish that all Massachusetts could see what the Governor has seen here today—clean human beings working in contentment. You have reasons to be proud, and, if the State temporarily appears not to note what you have done, the consciousness that you have done well, that you are doing your best, which, sadly enough, is lacking too often, is immediately visible on the faces and in the surroundings of your workers, and that must be your solace.

That not once in the history of your organization has industrial strife visited you must be a source of satisfaction to you, Mr. Brown; and I repeat, not only am I impressed with your financial success, but with what I have seen here today, and I was critical and wanted to see everything.

You are to be congratulated because of the consideration you show your employees and because of the co-operation which they give you.

You have all been exceedingly kind to me. I have seen you at play on your annual "Sam Sam" or Field Day, and I have seen you at your benches. There is no difference between the happy, contented faces in the field and the happy, contented faces in the workshops. I can only say to each one of you that I, as Governor of the people, am pleased with the success you have shown me in demonstrating these things, and I trust and hope, Mr. Brown, that the men who succeed you will do as well in the next thirty years as you have done in the past; and when some other Governor comes in the future as I have come on these two occasions, that he will be able to note that as much advancement has taken place as during my lifetime.

After the Governor had spoken, Superintendent Kaven told of the spirit of co-operation and good-fellowship that existed in the factory among all the employees.

Sidney W. Winslow, Jr., added a few words of welcome.

Those present were: Governor Walsh, George W. Brown, J. H. Connor, L. A. Coolidge, M. B. Kaven, S. W. Winslow, Jr., John J. Heys, George H. Vose, F. T. Wentworth, H. J. Cottrell, John F. O'Connell, J. B. Hadaway, A. C. Spencer, W. R. Hurd, 2d, F. E. Alger, Walter Measday, P. R. Bosworth, J. M. Lynch, H. C. Farrell, T. Lund and State Detective Horrigan, assigned to Governor Walsh as bodyguard.

### THE SALEM FIRE

The great conflagration in Salem on June 25, 1914, was an event which put the facilities of the Industrial City and the officials of the United Shoe Machinery Company to a severe tax, and meant a visitation to the grounds of hundreds of the stricken people. It was a disaster calling for prompt relief, an emergency that demanded quick and decisive action, and the company showed its efficiency in the most approved fashion. A relief committee was immediately formed at the factory, and word was sent to Salem by special messenger asking that families in need of homes be sent at once to Beverly. This message was followed by a squad of automobiles, sent over the road at an emergency speed, and they returned laden with the homeless ones—mostly mothers with young children. The employees' clubhouse was thrown open to them, cots and other emergency equipment having been provided, and everything done that would tend to the comfort of the unfortunates. Moreover, the big restaurant in the factory was fitted up with long tables, and from Thursday night until late Saturday afternoon the refugees were transported to and from their meals in automobiles.

Approximately five hundred employees of the United Shoe Machinery Company had their homes in Salem, and after caring for the first groups of the homeless, the factory committee turned its attention to their own unfortunates.

*Three Partners* goes more into detail in describing the thoroughness and efficiency of the emergency measures:

> The condition of each family was investigated and arrangements were made to furnish all who were in need with orders on Beverly stores for coal, furniture and clothing. A thorough search was instituted in Beverly for tenements and flats, and arrangements were made for bringing to Beverly all those who wished to settle down there, together with their belongings.
>
> In addition to the work of the committee, the employees at the factory subscribed to the general fund over $1,500, which was collected within a period of three or four days.

Assistant Superintendent Vose, who headed the committee on the part of the company, stated that 650 people were being cared for under its direction, and in this number were represented 157 employees whose homes were wrecked by the fire. Of these, eighty-two were heads of families, representing, all told, 410 people. It was stated at the time that the Company expended upwards of fifteen thousand dollars in its work of rehabilitation.

Referring to the "relief measures" at the time of the fire, the Lewiston, Maine, *Sun* makes this significant comment:

> One of the interesting features of the relief measure in Salem is the efficient systematic methods followed by that wicked old trust just over in Beverly, the United Shoe Machinery Company.
>
> Apparently some of the business-like principles that have gone to earning that organization's millions are now applied to the spending of the relief thousands.

### "CRADLED" IN MASSACHUSETTS

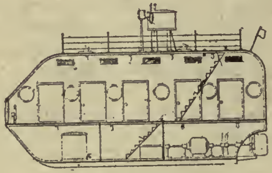
Here our "little journey" reaches a rest, not an end, for the narrative of pilgrimages to Beverly, and to the plant of the United Shoe Machinery Company, will go on as long as the plant itself exists, and as long as the people evince a desire to go there, a curiosity to see how the big industry is conducted—"how they make the machines that make the shoes"—and how they conduct "a big machine shop where they make other machines which they use to make the shoe machines."

The distinct field of the United Shoe Machinery Company is the industrial field. It is an educational institution of efficiency, and by the spoken word and the printed page, as well as by the giant, practical mechanism of the shops themselves, it will endeavor to carry its message to all that "have ears to hear and eyes to see." Its field of endeavor is the world, but it counts it as not the least of its inspirations that it was cradled and nurtured in Massachusetts.

# Wonders of Today

## A Story of New and Notable Inventions

THERE are all kinds of life boats. This one is evidently not for surfmen who launch their boats anywhere that boats can live, nor is it fitted for lowering from a torpedoed ship. It must therefore be for use from a harbor or inlet, or the deck of some vessel with means and time to launch it. A stoutly framed boat of two decks, engine room, provision room, storage battery room, motors, and a main cabin just below the top deck with many doors leading into the cabin through the sides of the boat, a conning tower, searchlight, etc., make up a very top heavy structure, short and with no apparent symmetry. Thomas F. Shanahan of Jersey City, New Jersey, is the patentee.



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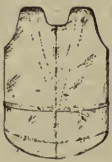
ANOTHER breast-plate of the many intended to stop long range rifle-bullets and shrapnel, consists chiefly of steel chain rail imbedded in raw cotton and leather, and faced with canvas, leather or metal or layers of all three. Other combinations are claimed including one wholly of metal much like those of the French Cuirassiers. The inventor is Jan Kurek of Woodlawn, Pennsylvania.



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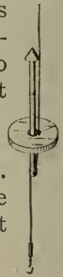
FISHERMEN are offered a fishing-bob whose disc-shaped float contains a movable stem, to the top and bottom of which the line is attached so that the line is always nearly taut and a bite is quickly indicated by the disappearance of the stem or signal-rod. Jacob G. and Elza T. Tussing of Columbus, Ohio, have evolved this new variety of an ancient device.



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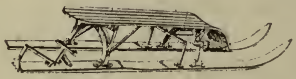
NEW coasting sleds utilize two skis instead of the usual narrow runners, which by suitable shafts, cross bars and links can be so rocked as to change the direction of the coaster, which thus partakes of the features of the sled, ski and toboggan. Leo R. Bourdon and Allen P. Bourdon of Woodstock, Vermont, are the patentees.



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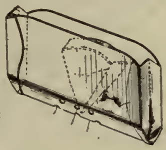
PAPER lemon squeezers with which you can squeeze your lemon, remove the seeds, decant the juice and throw the exhausted fruit away, are the gift of Frank

Carroll of Juneau, Alaska, to long-suffering humanity. A paper bag and lemon-squeezer combined is something of which we have never even dreamed, and as Artemas Ward once quoted through the medium of a supposed small boy,

> "Profits and kings desired it long, and died without the site."



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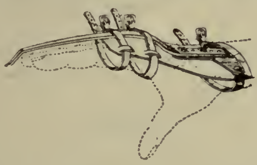
THERE is still much need of hand-husking even by farmers who own effective machines, and the use of a steel blade to open out the closely-fitting husks has been recognized by Charles Morton Bobbitt of Alma, Nebraska, whose wrist-fastened, hand-protecting steel guard and point is herewith illustrated.



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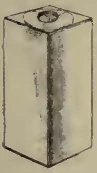
HERE is the new paper rectangular milk bottle, having an orifice of much the same shape and proportions as the ordinary milk bottle, and patented by John R. Van Wormer of Toledo, Ohio, and is of course, destroyed as soon as emptied. Assigned to Weis-Van Wormer Company of Monroe, Michigan.



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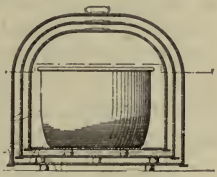
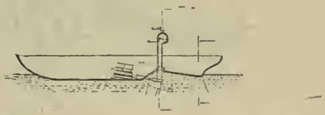
THE housewife is offered a fireless cooker in which the pan or pot containing the food to be cooked rests on a base of three metallic plates with an air chamber between each, and is covered by three metallic, bell-like covers similarly insulated. The device seems likely to be a convenient, effective and sanitary apparatus for fireless cooking in the modern kitchen. Hugo Mock of Brighton, New York, is the inventor.



A SPEED boat whose propeller shaft thrusts from a motor placed about mid-length of the boat, and plays into a break in the outline of the bottom, deepest at amid-ships and gradually sloping to the stern post is the invention of Carl H. Fowler of New York. The same device is intended also to propel flat-bottomed boats in very shallow waters as shown in the lower illustration. As will be seen the screw when at rest barely touches the surface of the water which rushes in to fill the vacuum caused by its rotation.



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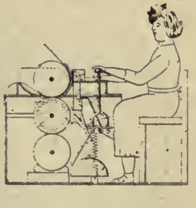
NOW there comes into the market the typewriting toy doll, which by the operation of concealed mechanism, turns out a printed sheet in imitation of typewritten matter. It is the invention of M. M. Schwarz and Belle Scheuer of New York City.



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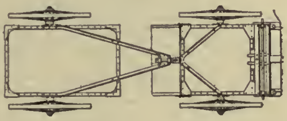
STRONG and safe couplings by which trains of two or more carts or other vehicles can be drawn by one motor or team are the invention of Theophilus Brown of Moline, Illinois, assignor to the Deere and Company corporation.



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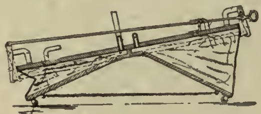
FRETZ THEDSEN of Dike, Iowa, appreciates the comfort of that distinctively American institution, the rocking chair, and realizing how much "lost motion" is supplemented in hot weather by fan agitation, has "evolved from his inner consciousness the idea of a bellows attachment" supplying air during rocking motion of said chair and directing the air against the occupant of said chair "when so disposed," as Sairey Gamp would say. At other times it is comforting to learn that "locking means" to render said bellows inoperative will place the most inveterate and powerful rocker in "innocuous desuetude."



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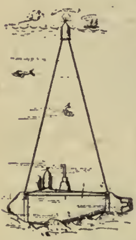
BY means of a buoy attached to a cable bridle which extends from the ends of a submarine, and capable of taking it up to the surface from a considerable depth, a disabled undersea boat may make known its helplessness and enable wrecking vessels to raise it to the surface. Patented by Walter H. Amberger of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



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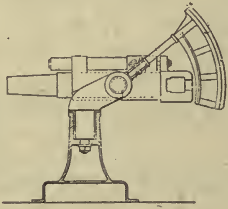
REVERSIBLE shoulder rests and stocks so combined as to be readily secured in either of two opposite positions, enables the gunner at a quick-firing or machine gun to adapt his piece to be sighted at ordinary ranges or objects almost overhead. Patented by Oscar Knoch of Essen-on-the-Ruhr, Germany. These were assigned to the Krupp concern and are probably now in use.



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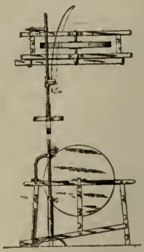
NO longer is it necessary for the farmer to watch anxiously and hold gingerly the long scythe taking edge slowly from the heavy grindstone, while from time to time he apostrophizes the unhappy small boy who acts as the motive power of the combination. Christian Knudsen of Boise, Idaho, patented last July a holder for axe or hatchet, scythe or machete, which will hold any article firmly in position and will allow it to slide along the grinding surface.



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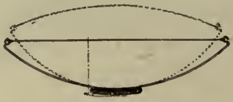
THE boys will be interested in a powerful bow with a steel spring for a hanlde. Eben F. Enos of Salem, Massachusetts, is the inventor and has originated a very effective bow, which does not depend on wood for its elasticity and force.



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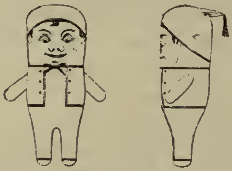
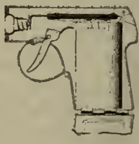
THIS "ornamental design for a doll" is patented (for seven years) by Gifford W. Cooley of Plainfield, New Jersey.



Heavy damages and fine and imprisonment may be inflicted on the unregenerate copyright thief of this artistic and valuable art-treasure design.

* * *

A POCKET flashlight resembling in form an automatic pistol with its dry battery in the handle, and shut off or turned on by a trigger. It should be a convenient and possibly effective burglar or foot-pad discourager. Anker S. Lyhne of Bridgeport, Connecticut, is responsible.



# Paderewski's Plea for Poland

## by Morris Lombard

SYMPHONY HALL, Boston, has seldom witnessed a more impressive scene than the performance, given on a December afternoon in the glow of the Christmas-tide of 1915, by the world's greatest pianist, the celebrated Ignace Jan Paderewski. It was not a mere concert or a rendition of masterly playing; it was the expression of a soul with all the poetic feeling of a native of Poland.

On the stage at Symphony Hall, without even a flower or an ornament, stood the majestic Steinway, awaiting the touch of the master. The hall was packed to the doors, and the lights were dimmed, suffusing the scene with a soft-dreamy twilight, and as Paderewski entered, a lull came over that vast multitude, as though with his very appearance, he had begun to draw with him each separate spirit, through the long, intricate ways, and beautiful scenes he was about to picture to them.

I was with critics, and with those who knew music and the art of piano playing. Among them was Professor Stasny of the New England Conservatory, a pupil of Liszt, and companion of Paderewski's student days in Strasburg. When Liszt's immortal B Minor Sonata was finished, Stasny jumped to his feet and cried, with an enthusiasm that was most impressive: "Liszt would have loved to have heard that. Perfection at last, boy!"

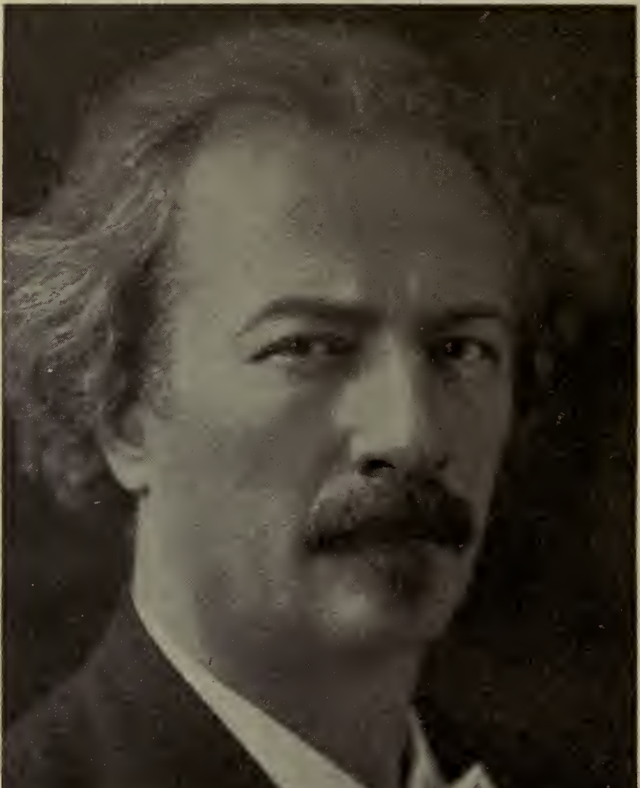
He responded to encore after encore, and every minor note carried a cadence that reflected the heart of the man with fine bushy hair and gray eyes, never looking at his audience; the master made the voice of the Steinway ring now with the softness of the lute, now with the witchery of the harp of the Grecian days, now with the scream and crash of the battle in the trenches.

I was in the green room, and he came out time and time again, tired and worn, but still he responded because he felt that people who loved music so well had within them a real soul.

When he came from the last response, exhausted and dripping with perspiration, great white tie awry, he had the appearance of one that had gone through a great task. He turned to me with pathetic weariness and said: "Oh, if I could only get the people to understand. If I could only paint for them with words the picture of suffering Poland!" Then I understood. It was not only the wonderful technique of a great musician who had thrilled his vast audience, but the palpitating patriot soul of a man voicing the pathos of his needy people.

* * *

In a room nearby was Madam Paderewski, working with the same intensity as that of her husband, selling the dolls for her people in Poland. When I heard the stories of Poland told by a young man who had recently arrived from there, that scarcely a child of tender years remains in Poland, I thought of the supreme pathos of selling dolls to help Poland, when in that land there are but few children left



IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI

to hang up their stockings at Christmastide. That is why Paderewski lingered, and responded again to the encores. He just wanted to make his plea for his people in Poland, and yet, just because no one passed the contribution box, they did not realize that his soul cried out to them through the medium of the piano, for help for the needy in Poland.

In England, after months of earnest work, he was rewarded with bounteous help for his people, but in our own United States, this master of the piano, this artist whom everyone worships, has not been given the assistance which his heart craves. That is why this article is not a musical critique, but speaks of the human side of the boy born in Podolia, Poland, who little dreamed of the future awaiting him. Now, at the age of fifty-five, having made his debut at twenty-seven, he has the world at his feet. His every hour in every day is filled with engagements from coast to coast, and as he was leaving on his travels, after that wonderful triumph at Symphony Hall, he again expressed the hope that he would be able to reach the hearts of the American people, and win from them the help he craved for his needy country. "If I could only speak with my voice as well as use my fingers on the keys, could plead for Poland, my beloved native land, if America only knew the distress of that country," he said, "her heart would break, and burst forth with the generosity that was showered on bleeding Belgium."

Now, if the United States of America is sincere in its neutrality, should not that neutrality be expressed in help for the needy of one side as well as the other? The spirit of the Red Cross, and the spirit of the Christmastide should prompt every man, woman and child to send to Ignace Jan Paderewski, care of the Polish Victims' Relief Society, Aeolian Building, New York, at once, a contribution for Poland. You had paid your admission to hear him play, and he has given you good measure and brimming over. Why not imagine that you are just going to an extra performance of Paderewski at Christmastide, and send on the price of just one admission, that may be given to the remaining children and people of bleeding Poland, with its traditions of sorrow and oppression?

Wherever there is an American home that boasts a piano, it seems as though one little contribution ought to be made to the people who have furnished the world masters of the pianoforte, and respond with something at once, while the strong winds blow across the plains of Poland, where gaunt famine and want of food and clothing are felt, as never before.

Paderewski's plea for his people of Poland in their dark hour of distress, is to me one of the most powerful presentations of the masterfulness of expression of genius in the full blaze of its power, feeling and devotion, to help others. That is why I have suggested sending your contribution to Ignace Jan Paderewski, care of the Polish Relief Society in New York, that he may have the concrete evidence that the music which enthralled you also struck a responsive chord and awakened emotions worthy of the great-hearted and generous people who stand ready with open hand to help Poland in her hour of dire need.

* * *

# A Power in Modern Advertising

### by William Eliot Merrill

ALTHOUGH he still insists upon being a young man, Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr., of Boston—who responds to the name of "Nat" by the way—is one of the world's pioneers in modern advertising. He can give us much information as to the many books he has prepared under various titles, but we have found him very modest concerning the activities of a most interesting career.

The first school of advertising ever established in the world was managed by Nat Fowler, Jr., who might well be called "the original advertising man." At the age of fourteen he published a little magazine while attending the Roxbury Latin School, and in 1880, when only twenty-two, he established, edited, and published the *Pittsfield Daily Journal*, and was then credited with being the youngest daily newspaper owner and editor in the world. The *Light* at Worcester, Massachusetts, was his next undertaking in the field of journalism.

More than a thousand syndicate, newspaper and magazine articles have appeared in ten thousand newspapers and other periodicals with his name attached, and even during the past two years nearly three hundred syndicate articles have been published. Advertising and selling plans for business houses that do an annual business of more than a billion and a half of dollars are the product of Mr. Fowler's pen, and he has also written books enough to fill an ordinary library shelf, including books that would make almost a complete business library in themselves.

In a recent article in the *Journal of Education*, Mr. Fowler has embodied information that ought to be made a theme of study in public schools. He insists that the things we hear and see are likely to be lifelong reminders, and that the efficiency of the little red schoolhouse was greatly owing to the absence of a sharp dividing line between the teacher and the pupil.

In connection with Burdett Business College and the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, Mr. Fowler has established a Laboratory of Business, upon stages especially adapted for the purpose, set with realistic stores, salesrooms, warerooms and offices, in which he renews the old Shakespearian saying that "the play's the thing."

Upon the stage several hundred of our leading business and professional men and women, with members of the classes, act out scenes from real business. Heart-to-heart talks are held between employer and employee, and practically every phase of business is illustrated. The result is certainly Fowleresque and therefore distinctively effective.

Some of his most interesting books have been widely and most favorably criticised, but notable among those that cover a very wide field is his "How to Obtain Citizenship." It covers five distinct phases of national life, and has been read by more distinguished publicists than any book printed in recent years. "The Art of

Letter Writing" covers both literary and business experience.

"The Art of Story Writing," "The Hand Book of Journalism," "One Thousand Things Worth Knowing," and "The Art of Speechmaking," an invaluable collection of diplomatic information, are all original and valuable works of reference. "Getting a Start" excites an enthusiasm that the average story writer rarely arouses.

"How to Get Your Pay Raised," "How to Save Money," "How to Get and Keep a Job," "How to Sell," and "Practical Salesmanship" deal with the average man, his relations to his customers and employers, and the best methods of attaining success. "Gumption," the effective title of a live book, pictures the ambitions and activities of a Cape Cod boy on his first trip from home and what he did in the Middle West. "Starting in Life" suggests very practical methods of selecting a calling, and has been favorably commended by the highest authorities. Among the famous advertisements that he has written, the "Rock of Gibraltar" involved an expenditure of $25,000 for the original.

A recent article in the *Saturday Evening Post* listing the pertinent questions that he put to business men include the following:

Should he go to college?

Should he stick to the country or try the cities?

Should he embark in business for himself, if he sees a fair chance?

Or should he stay with the house that employs him for a larger salary?

What should he do?

Is strict honesty necessary to business success?

What vices of character bring about the largest number of failures?

In response to these inquiries, Mr. Fowler shows that a boy should go to college, but should never be forced there; that the Bible and Shakespeare are still the greatest and basic books, and that extravagance is the cause of failure in thirty-three cases to one resulting from other causes.

If there is a phase in modern activities that has not been covered by some one of Mr. Fowler's books, it has not been discovered up to date. The fact that so many prominent men take part in his Laboratory of Business proves that it touches not only in an academic, but a practical business way the proper methods of doing business. There is something fascinating in the style in which his books are written. They have all the virility of a newspaper heading.

Nat Fowler's personality is as attractive as his teachings, and his wide experience in originating up-to-date advertising entitles him to the distinction that has been given him of being a "doctor of advertising," and during the activities of his fifty years, he has accomplished more than any ten men in the same line a century ago. He has done almost everything but write poetry, but there is the very poetry of motion in his strenuous business memories, and the success which he has met in so many lines of original effort.

*Photo by Marceau*

NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, Jr.

# Law Made Interesting

By

### Myrle Wright

MEMORIES of the old village law office are recalled every time I see a leather-bound law book. I seem to see that little office where the books stood in formal array, and before the books sat a lawyer who afterwards reached the eminence of chief justice of the state—with his feet on the table and a law book in his lap. The devotion of that young lawyer was a foreshadowing of his gradual rise, for he seemed to love his books, and to pat Blackstone and Kant on the backs as he put them away for the time. He used to invent imaginary cases, and one day, when a boy, I peeped in and found him making an eloquent plea before a visionary jury.

Robert Treat Whitehouse, in his practice of the law, found that one work was very badly needed in his profession, viz., a treatise on equity procedure dealing with the practise of the states in which legislation differs. Then for years he pursued the work of making such a treatise, with the devotion of a scientist in his laboratory, searching for the light of truth.

Thousands of books have been received for review, but there was something about these books that insured them special attention. They were placed on the top of the desk with other handsome leather-bound treatises of erudite wisdom. I do not know that I shall ever read them as carefully as the other books, but they are evidently works of especial interest for those lawyers who make a specialty of that higher branch of the law which deals with rights and wrongs not provided for by the common law, and partaking most of that ancient saying, "Law hath her seat in the bosom of God."

The preparation of this work was the outgrowth of the necessity observed by the author in his practice. He found that previous works on equity practice in all the states were often inadequate on points of practice as established by the statutes of some one particular state. This difficulty he has solved after years of hard work, with the assistance of competent editors and brother practitioners in all the various states having separate and distinct equity procedure. The work, which is already a standard, furnishes a practical, up-to-date treatise for equity practitioners, who must deal with equity cases in those states that differ somewhat from their own in equity practice and decision.

The work is free from the heaviness of a compendium of decisions, but includes the analysis of important cases and the latest decisions in all the state and Federal courts. Its traditional legal ordonnance of three volumes covers three distinct phases. The first volume deals with the pleading and practice, carried out in a text that is simple, succinct and clear, and I felt while scanning it that I could almost practice law myself, and the incidental matter is placed conveniently in the footnotes. The second volume combines the rules and statutes of the several states brought right down to date. In the third volume is contained nearly thirteen hundred forms and procedents for the state and Federal courts.

There are hundreds of reasons, naturally, why every lawyer should have these books, especially in the seventeen states having separate procedure, of which it treats. These states are:

Alabama
Delaware
Florida
Illinois
Maine
Maryland
Massachusetts
Michigan
Mississippi
New Hampshire
New Jersey
Pennsylvania
Rhode Island
Tennessee
Vermont
Virginia
West Virginia

But it has simmered down to twelve good and sufficient reasons why no lawyer can afford to be without "Whitehouse's Equity Practice." It is especially adapted to both student and professional alike, and is the busy man's index.

It is one thing to write a book, but it is another thing to print it, but these books were printed by Callaghan & Company, Chicago, who make a specialty of law books. In this establishment where the work of ten years of Mr. Whitehouse and his assistants was taken up and put in shape, there is a library of law books which they have printed, which, if put in a single row, would cover three miles of space, or 15,940 feet.

The myriads of words, the changing shades of meaning and definition; the dealing with the natural disputes that arise from the physical, social and political contact of human being with human being, often strikes fire, and more and more the necessity arises for close, careful and logical reasoning, especially in courts of equity practice. The very word itself expresses a high ideal of justice, and I was proud to know my friend, the careful, studious Whitehouse, whose very name suggests the home of the highest executive of the nation. In school the boys used to say that "Whitehouse will go to the White House." Mr. Whitehouse hails from the State of Maine, where he was born in 1870, making him now only forty-five years of age. He was educated at Harvard University and took his degree of Bachelor of Laws from Harvard. He served from 1900 to 1904 as attorney for the state for his county of Cumberland, and was then appointed by Roosevelt United States attorney for the District of Maine, in which capacity he served for a period of eight years under Roosevelt and Taft. In 1900 he published his first work, in one volume, entitled "Equity Pleading and Practice in Maine," which became the standard work on that subject in that state. This was followed, as a result of his experience as prosecutor, by a work on "Directions and Forms for Criminal Procedure in Maine." As an avocation Mr. Whitehouse is much interested in philanthropy, and is at the present time president of the State Board of Charities and Corrections for the State of Maine. He has a large law practice both in the state and federal courts, and makes a specialty of equity. Although his practice keeps him busy in the court room, yet busy man that he is, he has found time to fill three law books, which will rest on my desk in full view, and gather dust as all law books do, and yet may some day, in one single sentence, furnish a phrase or solve a problem that will be of the utmost importance to the editor or his associates. The lawyer readers of the NATIONAL, at least, will have a sympathetic appreciation of what confronts the average editor in trying to review a plain, dignified, erudite law book.

*Photo by Hanson, Portland*
ROBERT TREAT WHITEHOUSE

# Keeping a Home Budget

By

## Earl G. Manning

WHAT more appropriate subject to consider at the beginning of a new year than household economics and some system to increase savings and meet the problems involved in the increased cost of living?

Where is there a household in the wide United States which at some time or other has not been pinched for the want of some absolute necessity? There is hardly a family which has not felt sorry over the inability to pay for what it justly needed or had contracted for.

Thousands of men and women are today seeking for a way to so adjust their expenses that they will not exceed their income. It seems a very simple matter to do this and yet they seem not to know how to make the start.

According to the records of the reliable mercantile agencies only one out of every ten business enterprises really succeed. Singularly enough this is exactly the percentage which applies to individuals.

Lincoln once said that God must have loved the common people because he made so many of them. It hardly seems necessary though that such a large percentage should have to be failures to produce a hardy, rugged individual or a well-established business.

Yet such is the case. Everyone of us should take this matter to heart. We are living with the ultimate hope of better things, more luxury, perhaps, or the possession of a home, an automobile, or any of the various accessories which make life the more worth while.

Now, shall we be the steam roller or shall we be rolled upon? It amounts to practically that.

What is it then that makes one man a success and nine others failures. That is a question that a great many men have tried to solve and as yet we have no solution which is applicable to everyone.

In studying the successful men and the business institutions which have survived business panics and the test of time, it has been observed, however, that all of these men or institutions have been conspicuous for their attention to details. Nothing is too small not to merit a searching inquiry as to whether it is best fitted for the use to which it is to be put.

Here, it seems to me, is a possible key to their success.

Most of us have heard the time-worn expression, "Save the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves," and there must have been some good reason for this saying having lived for so many years.

These successful men have looked to the pennies and the pennies have amounted to dollars and the dollars have brought lasting success.

Now, as for you and for me! What does this faculty for being able to know where the pennies go, uncover? Just this.

The ten-percent class who have been able to live well and who have a balance at the end of the year have seen the necessity of giving attention to details. We can all do the same if we will.

Let me give you an idea of how it can be done. There are six general channels of outgo in the home budget. They are food, rent, clothes, operating expenses, advancement, insurance and savings. Under these various heads are various subheadings which will be noted in a table which will follow.

Have you any idea of how your income should be distributed? Have you any idea how much money might be saved if the income was distributed properly? Most men have not.

* * *

Two or three years ago, taking advantage of all the collected data which was available from thoroughly reliable sources, and making a point of supplementing it with personal researches, I collected data enough to evolve an average home budget of men whose incomes run from $1,000 to $5,000 a year.

This table shows an average of a large number of budgets on each income and represents what men have done and are doing. This table ought to be interesting to you. It is based on the average American family of today of two adults and two children.

Let me show you how to apply it to your own case. Let us assume that you are living on an income of $2,000 a year. Whether you have ever given any actual thought to it before or not, let us sit down now together and figure out how it may be done.

Let us start with the column Insurance Saving, just because this is the key to the whole situation. How much are you saving? "Well, let's see," you might answer, "I've got five shares of co-operative bank—that's $60 a year. I've got $5,000 twenty-payment life insurance—that's about $150 more. I guess that's all I save except now and then my wife manages to put a few dollars in the bank out of her allowance."

"Now," I say, "let's look at the table of what thousands of men on your income are doing. The average amount they are saving is $300 a year. What about you? Can't you save as much as that from your salary?"

You'll probably answer as nine men out of ten do, "Why, I don't know whether I can or not; I guess I can't."

Of course you can't until you have some idea of what your cost of living amounts to. So I am going to make a little suggestion to you. Let's take your $2,000 income and substract from it the amount of the insurance and savings average. This would leave $1,700. Now, your problem lies in apportioning this amount equitably among the other five headings in accordance with the method of living you wish to pursue. Now we come to the consideration of these five headings. Let's take rent first, because it is usually a fixed item, measured either by a certain amount of yearly taxes and incidental improvement expense, if the house is owned, or by a flat monthly rental if the home is rented. The table says the average man is satisfied to pay $400 a year or $33 a month. But you might say, "Oh, I couldn't possibly get a rent for such a figure as that," or "I wouldn't live in the neighborhood where rent would be as low as that." Possibly these objections are sound. If so, then apportion the amount you do wish to pay, bearing in mind that what you choose to pay over the average in rent must be cut down on the other items of expense.

Next take food, operating expense, clothes and advancement, and apportion what you feel you can legitimately get along on. Then add up the total and see how it agrees with your balance after deducting insurance and savings—that is $1,700.

If you have never done this before, unquestionably you will have to do a little guessing, but if you establish some kind of a standard, a beginning is made. Also, if you can't immediately increase your savings, have it in mind as the objective point to reach. After you have made your standards in the various sub-headings, divide them so as to put the figures on the weekly or monthly basis, as suits the method by which your income is paid. Then get an expense register which will incorporate the items as noted and begin to keep a record of how you spend your money. Of course it will be a few months before you can get enough data to strike any correct average of what you can reasonably expect to accomplish, but that soon adjusts itself and you will be surprised to see your savings of the year have increased.

*Editor's Note*—Mr. Manning has evolved an expense register known as the Manning Home Budget, published by the Chapple Publishing Company, and at a nominal cost of ten cents can be procured by writing the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Boston. This budget will enable you to record your expenses in conformity to the following table:

### THE LIVING COST OF FAMILIES, AVERAGING TWO ADULTS AND TWO CHILDREN

SHOWING AN ECONOMIC DIVISION OF YEARLY INCOME
BY AMOUNT AND BY PERCENTAGE

| YEARLY INCOME | Food | Rent | Clothes | Operating Expenses | Advancement | Insurance and Savings |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **$1,000** | **$300**<br>30% | **$200**<br>20% | **$100**<br>10% | **$150**<br>15% | **$100**<br>10% | **$150**<br>15% |
| **1,200** | **330**<br>27.5% | **300**<br>25% | **150**<br>12.5 | **150**<br>12.5% | **100**<br>8.3% | **170**<br>14.2% |
| **1,500** | **375**<br>25% | **300**<br>20% | **150**<br>10% | **225**<br>15% | **200**<br>13.3% | **250**<br>16.7% |
| **1,800** | **400**<br>22.2% | **400**<br>22.2% | **200**<br>11.1% | **270**<br>15% | **240**<br>13.4% | **290**<br>16.1% |
| **2,000** | **450**<br>22.5% | **400**<br>20% | **250**<br>12.5% | **350**<br>17.5% | **250**<br>12.5% | **300**<br>15% |
| **2,500** | **500**<br>20% | **400**<br>16% | **250**<br>10% | **450**<br>18% | **450**<br>18% | **450**<br>18% |
| **3,000** | **550**<br>18.3% | **500**<br>16.7% | **325**<br>10.8% | **550**<br>18.3% | **450**<br>15% | **625**<br>20.8% |
| **3,500** | **650**<br>18.6% | **575**<br>16.4% | **475**<br>13.6% | **575**<br>16.4% | **500**<br>14.3% | **725**<br>20.7% |
| **4,000** | **675**<br>16.9% | **600**<br>15% | **500**<br>12.5% | **625**<br>15.6% | **600**<br>15% | **1,000**<br>25% |
| **5,000** | **725**<br>14.5% | **700**<br>14% | **650**<br>13% | **750**<br>15% | **775**<br>15.5% | **1,400**<br>28% |

#### EXPLANATION OF HEADINGS

*Food*—Groceries, meat and fish, man's lunches.

*Operating expenses*—Servant's wages, telephone, laundry, fuel and ice, light, household equipment, fire insurance, incidentals, carfare.

*Rent*—Rent, taxes, interest on mortgages, repairs and upkeep.

*Clothes*—Anything to wear.

*Advancement*—Charity, tuition, books and magazines, music, travel, social clubs, amusements, lectures, vacations, doctor bills, medicine, gifts, automobile, loans.

*Insurance and savings*—Investments, savings, life insurance, accident insurance, health insurance, mortgage payments.

For families with more than two children the item "insurance and savings" will be diminished somewhat; the items "food," "clothes," and "operating expenses" being correspondingly increased. Where there are less than two children, or none, the item "insurance and savings" should be increased proportionately. Children up to twelve years are usually considered about six-tenths of one adult; those over eighteen as an adult.

# LET'S TALK IT OVER

IT does no good for the editor to run his fingers through his hair and think he is thinking, when he struggles to pen a greeting at the beginning of the year without the conventional "Happy New Year." There is something in these words that completely expresses all good feeling and good wishes on this occasion. What is more wonderful than the simple word "happy," expressing the adjective as well as objective ideal in every life? What more can you wish than happiness? The new year will consist of three hundred and sixty-five days of varying sunshine and shadow, for hours of both joy and sorrow will come; then why not emphasize the loving wish that every new day of the new year bring some new joy, for we never seem to have enough of real old-fashioned joy, the feeling of satisfaction that comes with the knowledge that you have real true friends and are able to do something for others. Those who have their own great afflictions understand the word "sympathy," and in their thoughts, deeds and actions do more in an unconscious way than they can realize. There is not a person who thinks a happy thought that is not subconsciously helping someone in a struggle for an ideal.

* * *

WE hang up the new calendars and throw the old ones in the waste basket, and wish that we might have the gift of prophecy to look into the crisp leaves of the coming year and read our horoscope. The printed figures are like the Sphinx. With the holidays all gayly marked in red, why can we not have a calendar with every date printed in the warm glow symbolical of heartsome days?

Naturally, there is one date that the Editor is going to ask you to remember. On the first day of every month of the coming year we hope that the NATIONAL MAGAZINE will greet you, and that you will have at least an hour or an evening with the contributors and editor of the NATIONAL, with the hope that you will never lay aside a copy of the NATIONAL without feeling the earnest impulse involved in its making, to bring just a little new happiness somewhere, in some way, in the new days of the new year and make every reader think more of himself or herself in measuring their own abilities and ambitions.

So here's to Nineteen-sixteen—divisible by four—a fully developed leap year, with the suggestion that peace and prosperity may yet come to the nations with leaps and bounds, and make this glorious old earth ring with new joys and happiness all the new days of the new year.

* * *

HISTORIC Temple Place in Boston has been to me a spot of especial interest for many years, for it was here that the *Youth's Companion* was published in the old days. Well do I remember soliciting subscribers and sending in seventeen cents extra for postage and packing to secure a premium. Little did I think then that I would find myself in later years in a palatial little candy shop on Temple Place, munching chocolates and thinking of sweet things. In recent years the candy shops have become an institution in the United States, and the sweet tooth of the country has developed rapidly.

The candy shop on Temple Place is one of the artistic and dainty little shops that attract customers. Finished in Circassian walnut, with indirect lighting, with one of Gallagher's paintings in the rear, shown through a pane of window glass, a most effective setting for the landscape scene, the allurements here are irresistible, and there never seems to be a time when the little shop is not filled with customers.

There is provision for sodas and sundaes and all dainties, with tempting names that have been created as refreshments for women on shopping expeditions. The show cases beneath the counters are illuminated, and one could not enter the store without feeling impelled to take something home in the dainty packages provided.

Such fascinating little rest places as this make shopping more pleasant to the American woman. Durand's is located in the center of the busy shopping district of Boston, and is a harbor of refuge for those who have a sweet tooth to indulge themselves. A staid and sedate lawyer, who would not care to be seen by his friends eating candy at midday, was standing near buying packages to take home, in the meantime, like the old farmer at the cracker barrel, sampling each product before it was "wrapped." Besides, Mr. Man had his own little package in his pocket, munching away as contentedly as a schoolgirl at recess.

In modern retail business, the artistic small shop is successfully combatting the overpowering momentum of the department stores, for the people are beginning to realize that merchandise bought in these little shops where the quality is specialized, is just a wee bit better than goods handled on the tonnage plan.

* * *

OLEOMARGARINE is a comparatively new food product, not having been discovered until 1870, yet its use has grown by leaps and bounds until it is estimated at the present time the world's annual consumption of this product is from 1,500,000,000 to 2,000,000,000 pounds of which only about 145,000,000 pounds annually are consumed in the United States.

Oleomargarine has been misrepresented to the public to a greater extent than any other food product. It is a pure, wholesome, digestible and economical food product manufactured from the choicest materials in factories which are conducted under the supervision of United States government inspectors, whose duty it is to see that the factory and utensils are kept clean, processes of manufacture sanitary, and only suitable and wholesome materials used.

These materials are oleo oil and oil pressed from beef suet, neutral, a similar product made from the leaf of the pig, a vegetable oil (cottonseed or peanut oil) and milk products comprising milk, cream and sometimes butter, according to the grade of oleomargarine produced. These materials are used in one form or another in households every day, which seems sufficient comment on their wholesomeness and food value. They are churned together, crystallized by contact with ice water, and then salted and worked by the same process as is used in salting and working butter, and packed for market.

The United States government is a very large buyer of oleomargarine, using it exclusively in many of its institutions, which is significant of the attitude of the government chemists on the value and desirability of oleomargarine as a food.

Ever since its introduction in this country, its manufacture and sale have been seriously hampered by legislative restrictions designed ostensibly to protect the public against fraud, because the product was made so good it was difficult to detect it from butter. These restrictions have been both state and national.

Some of the earlier state legislation required that oleomargarine should be colored pink or prohibited its manufacture altogether. The United States Supreme Court held that while states had the power to make laws regulating the sale of any food product, that these laws of a prohibitive nature were unconstitutional. They were followed in a number of states by further restrictive legislative action, which in some cases was very drastic; a number of these laws prohibit the sale of oleomargarine, even of a natural color, requiring that it be absolutely white, which necessitates a bleaching process in the case of some of the materials. Some of the other states have special license laws imposing a tax on the retail dealers handling the product of from ten dollars to one hundred dollars each per year; another has an original package law, while a large number have laws requiring certain brands and signs. To the last two classes of legislative enactment no objection can be raised.

The national government in 1886 levied a tax of two cents per pound on all oleomargarine and required licenses for manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers. In spite of this law and the various state regulations, the business continued to grow, and in 1902 the present National law went into effect taxing uncolored oleomargarine one-quarter cent a pound; artificially colored, ten cents a pound, and requiring licenses costing as follows:

| | Per Year |
|---|---|
| Manufacturers | $600.00 |
| Wholesale dealers artificially colored oleomargarine | 480.00 |
| Retail dealers artificially colored oleomargarine | 48.00 |
| Wholesale dealers uncolored oleomargarine | 200.00 |
| Retail dealers in colored oleomargarine | 6.00 |

In this connection it is a well-known fact that all this legislation, national as well as state, has been secured by commercial interests who believed in prohibiting oleomargarine or hampering its sale, they were throttling a competitor.

It is also interesting to note that all national legislation has been secured under the guise of a revenue law, but that it don't produce revenue is shown by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue in his annual report for 1914:

> This law is in urgent need of revision, as has been previously pointed out, it being unsatisfactory from both an administrative and revenue standpoint, as the cost of enforcement is undoubtedly much larger than the collections made thereunder.

It seems to us that the time has arrived when our oleomargarine laws should be revised and that there is no excuse for any restrictions except such as will require the sale of the product on its own merits.

If oleomargarine is made so good that legislation is required to prevent its sale for butter, if it is clean, wholesome, nutritious and economical, it clearly has a high and legitimate place among our standard food products.

* * *

THE universal popularity of the photoplay indicates an interesting phase of the kaleidoscopic changes in these swift-moving times. It is now recognized as the most universally popular form of amusement in the world. There will always be differences in music, literature, and art, but all the world loves a picture. The impulse of the child to lie upon the floor and study pictures by the hour is never quite outgrown. The moving pictures came just at the right time to supply all peoples with a uniform and economic form of amusement. The "movie" enthusiast includes all sorts of people, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, wherever the eye can focus and follow the action of pictures that are often more expressive than words. The facts and figures in connection with moving picture development is nothing short of startling. It has already become the fifth largest industry in the United States. All of this has gathered like an avalanche, within the past ten or fifteen years. The evolution and perfection of the moving picture have created almost overnight a revolutionary change in methods of communication. What the ancient hieroglyphic was to the Egyptians, the hippodrome to the Greeks, the Coliseum to Rome, and the printing press to the education of the masses, the moving picture has become in the twentieth century that is only beginning to reveal its all-pervading power and influence.

With almost the celerity of the moving reel, the business has developed without precedent or tradition to guide or direct. It was a new thing and a hazardous undertaking at the beginning, and like new towns and other new developments, it attracted all sorts of people in its exploitation.

WE would like to obtain copies of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for May, 1906, July, 1908, and September, 1913, as our files of these numbers are exhausted. If any of our readers have these to spare, will they kindly communicate with us?

* * *

PEOPLE who visit New York vainly imagine they have "seen New York" when they walk up and down Broadway, to and from their hotels and visit the theaters and places of business—but they haven't begun to see or comprehend New York. I discovered what to me was New York, when I went down to the East Side and saw the streets filled with the Jewish merchants of the Ghetto. It was a revelation of a novel type of American ethnology. There were babies laughing and crying; young girls, laughing and gay and just as they appear in pictorial scenes, I saw them stop in front of the store windows and gaze on the bridal dresses. There was the swagger and sway of Yiddish dandies and "leading citizens," and they seemed to be as happy, important and contented as the people who are pictured in those idealistic creations, where all is serene and fascinating. At all events they are not lonesome.

I found myself wandering around through the thickly crowded streets until I came to "High School No. 62." Here there were hundreds of boys playing indoor sports. Upstairs there was a gathering of high school boys and girls and their elders listening to a lecture delivered by Mr. W. H. Purdy on "Julius Caesar." The lecture was a drama in itself. The speaker gave the story of Julius Caesar as I never heard it before. It was illuminated with selections from Shakespeare's play. He finally called attention to the fact that for some reason or other Shakespeare had not done justice to the immortal Caesar.

Mr. Purdy is president of the New York Oratorical Society and is an elocutionist of rare power. On the stage, entirely bereft of scenery environment, he gave lifelike renditions of Brutus, Mark Antony, Cassius and the immortal Caesar.

After this lecture I felt just as if I had been to a great theatre, and had seen the tragedy of Julius Caesar as in the days of Edwin Booth. The young people caught the subtle touch of humor and sarcasm that would have baffled even a high-brow Boston audience. The attention of the people from the East Side of New York, where over ninety per cent of the attendance are Hebrews, shows that they are utilizing to good advantage the public school system of America.

Mr. Goldberg is superintendent in charge of the meetings and a man who is, indeed, enthusiastic in his work.

These lectures are held several times throughout the week in the schoolhouses of New York City, and anyone who thinks that the metropolis of the country is not doing its duty by the school children is greatly mistaken. These courses of lectures are a unique indication of the broad interest taken in the school children of the great metropolis. Mr. Purdy's lectures are given all over the country, and although a busy banker, he indulges himself in giving these readings and lectures.

* * *

IN this age wonders never cease. A few decades ago, three or four thousand feet of oxygen were used in the country chiefly in research laboratory experiments, and now over two hundred million feet a year are manufactured and used in the oxy-acetylene blowpipe, and as a last resort to sustain life when the lungs are no longer able to secure sufficient of this life-sustaining gas from the air. Oxygen is shipped in metal cylinders weighing one hundred and seventeen pounds and containing eight pounds of gas, costing $2.00. Hydrogen is shipped in the same form of cylinder, and weighs only eight ounces. Oxygen and hydrogen are the chief components of water, oxygen being about eighty-seven one-hundredths of the whole.

Railroad men were discussing rates one sizzling day in July, some arguing that oxygen cylinders should be returned when empty in the same way as beer casks, although it took 234 pounds of container to get eight pounds of oxygen or eight ounces of hydrogen to its destination.

The grim humorist in the corner insisted that for such hot weather, this seemed to be something of a hot air proposition, and that he, for one, was going home.

# Anticipating Telephone Needs

When a new subscriber is handed his telephone, there is given over to his use a share in the pole lines, underground conduits and cables, switchboards, exchange buildings, and in every other part of the complex mechanism of the telephone plant.

It is obvious that this equipment could not be installed for each new connection. It would mean constantly rebuilding the plant, with enormous expense and delay. Therefore, practically everything but the telephone instrument must be in place at the time service is demanded.

Consider what this involves. The telephone company must forecast the needs of the public. It must calculate increases in population in city and country. It must figure the growth of business districts. It must estimate the number of possible telephone users and their approximate location everywhere.

The plant must be so designed that it may be added to in order to meet the estimated requirements of five, ten and even twenty years. And these additions must be ready in advance of the demand for them — as far in advance as it is economical to make them.

Thus, by constantly planning for the future and making expenditures for far-ahead requirements when they can be most advantageously made, the Bell System conserves the economic interest of the whole country while furnishing a telephone service which in its perfection is the model for all the world.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

***One Policy*** ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

## LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

*FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.*

### REMEDY FOR EARACHE

BY MRS. A. J. N.

Bake a large potato soft and break it open, put a thin piece of gauze over it, and bind it over the ear as hot as can be borne.

**To Kill Cutworms**

Dissolve one heaping tablespoon of concentrated lye in two quarts of hot water. Add enough cold water to make ten quarts and water plants.

---

### USES FOR TURPENTINE

BY L. V. V. D.

Turpentine is one of the best disinfectants. It heals cuts, sores, bruises and sprains. With the addition of black pepper, it will kill bedbugs. It will remove paint from clothing.

**Cream Foundation Candy**

One and a quarter pounds of confectioner's sugar, one tablespoonful of water, the white of one egg, and three teaspoonfuls of vanilla. This candy may be mixed with chopped dates, nuts, figs, or candied fruits, and will be found equal to the finest French candy.

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### A PLAITED RUFFLE

BY J. M. B.

After ironing the starched ruffle flat, remove needle and shuttle from your sewing machine, adjust the ruffler attachment, and run the hem of the ruffle through. Your ruffle will look exactly like new.

**Moth Preventive**

Into fancy little bags about an inch and a half square put dried sassafras bark and place the bags among bed clothing and other places where you fear moths.

---

### GINGERBREAD (SOFT)

BY E. S. J.

Mix together one egg, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup shortening, one cup molasses, one tablespoon vinegar, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon ginger. Add one cup boiling water, one teaspoon (heaping) soda, three level cups flour, measured after sifting. Do not add more flour. Bake half an hour in slow oven.

---

### SOME USES FOR KEROSENE

BY MRS. R. E. P.

If kerosene is rubbed on stoves before putting away for the summer, they will not rust.

If your sewing machine becomes stiff and gummy, oil with kerosene, run rapidly without thread, wipe well and oil in usual manner.

Very dusty furniture or woodwork may be wiped with cheesecloth, well wrung out in kerosene. There will be no floating dust.

# KRANICH & BACH
## *Player Grand* PIANO

*Music's* CROWNING *Achievement*

All the richness of tone, all the musical values that have established the pre-eminence of the 50-year-old Kranich & Bach Grand Piano are embodied in this new instrument—the only *Player* Grand that satisfies the cultured musician's demand for tonal beauty and artistic playing possibilities, and that also gives to the novice the fascinating joy of playing good music without practice. This is the only player grand piano in which the self-playing mechanism can be hidden when the instrument is used for manual playing.

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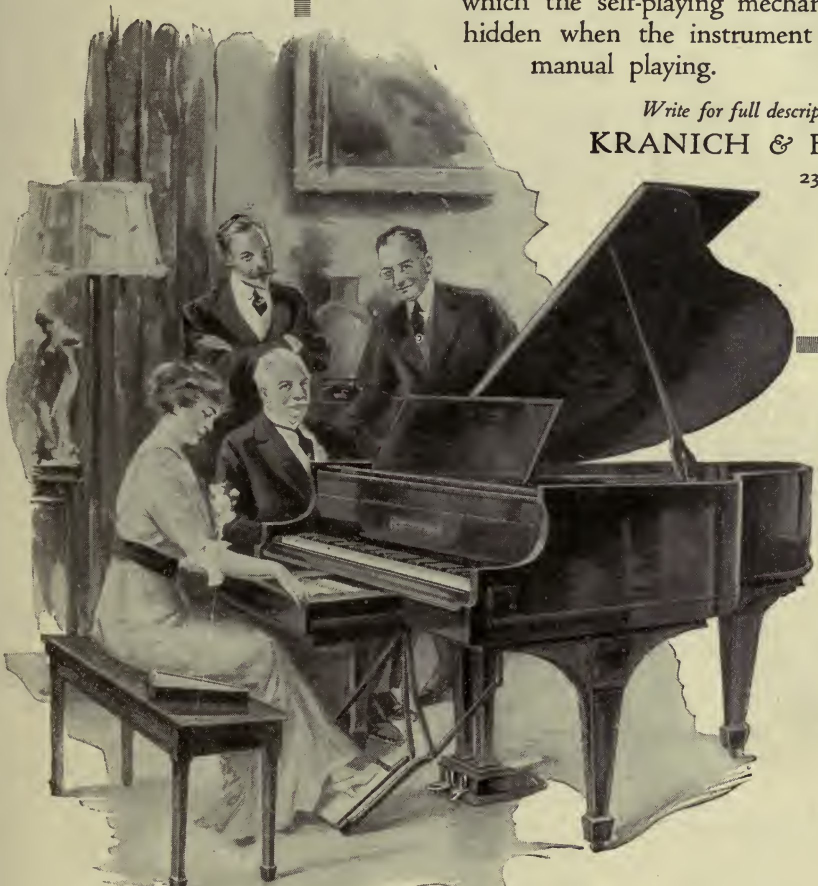

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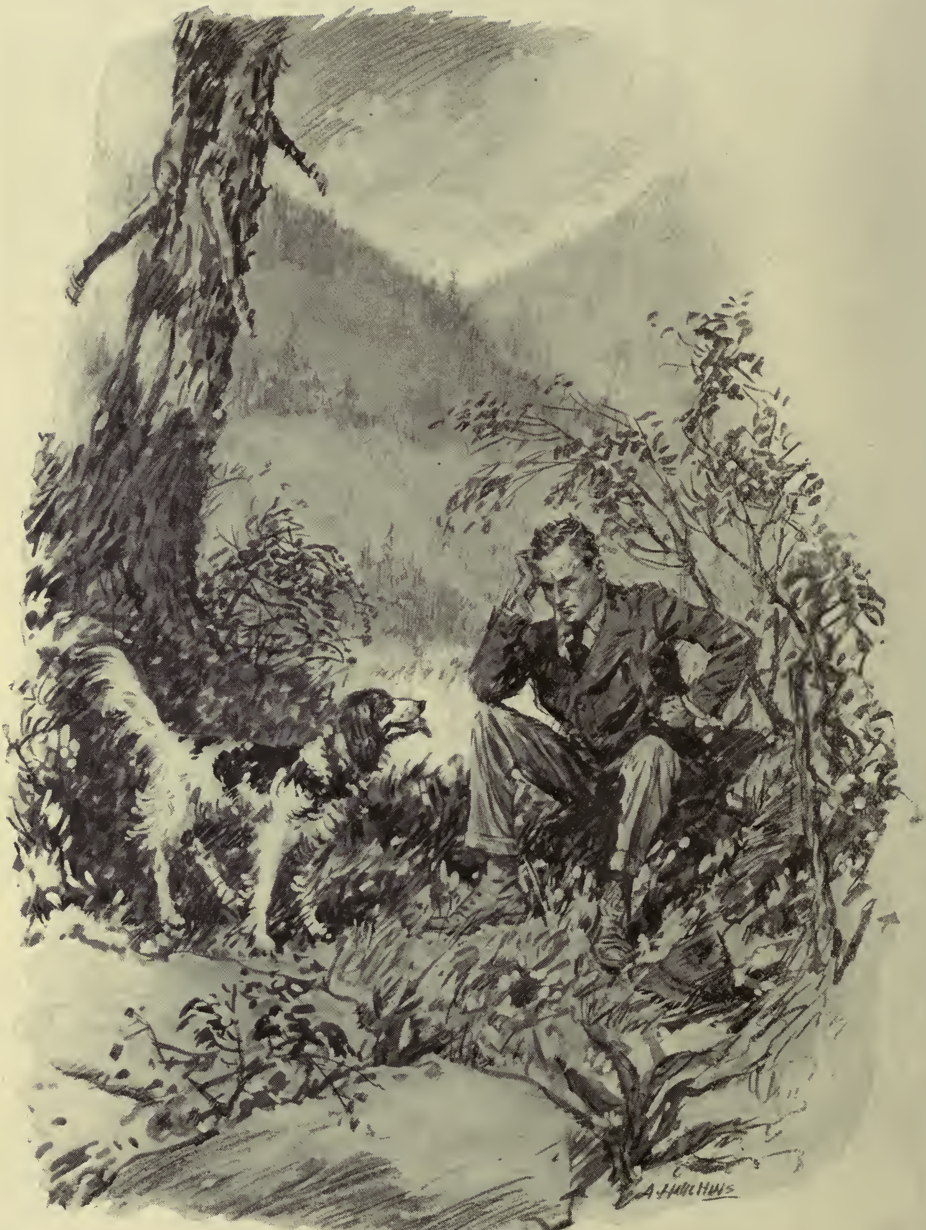

*He was only an ignorant dog, but he watched his master unswervingly. The man felt the canine gaze*

(See page 895)

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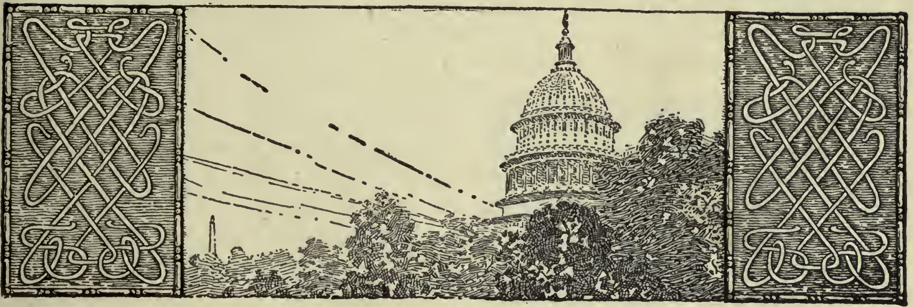
NATIONAL MAGAZINE



# AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

### BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WITH the President "swinging about the circle," a tradition of second-term aspirants, making speeches for "preparedness," and incidentally launching his candidacy for renomination, the word "preparedness" has taken on a new and broader significance in these days than formerly. It covers a multitude of varying policies. Some opponents insist that the President has not only felt the serious necessity of preparedness as expressed in the bills now before Congress, but that the politicians favorable to his candidacy have felt that his speeches now will insure preparedness for the campaign later on.

Politics makes strange bed-fellows, and the political lines are pretty apt to be crossed, and some possibly short-circuited. No sooner does the President leave on his trip than Democratic Congressmen gather and denounce "preparedness" in public meetings at Washington, with the approval of former Secretary of State, William J. Bryan. In public utterance, the President thanks the leader of the Republican party, Mr. James R. Mann, for his support on "preparedness." There you are—which is which?

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PREPAREDNESS is acquiring a latitude that is difficult to define. The word never sounded quite so ponderous, and the activities of Washington during the first three months of the year—which are the birth months of a number of the presidents of the United States—seem to be inspired by some of the numerous meanings of "preparedness."

The subject appeals to the supporters of the various candidates, for the primaries begin in March, to continue in hot succession until a month before the June conventions. Nearly all the states have primary laws, and little Vermont is to settle the question this year by referendum. The various primary laws are a queer complication. In some states, the voter is required to state definitely whom he supports, and the delegate must have a written letter from the candidate stating that he is permitted to support him. This is the present law in the state of Ohio, which has furnished a number of presidents, but this primary law may successfully serve to shut off the supply of future presidents from that state.

Social activities are ablaze, but even there "preparedness" creeps in, for plate dinners are now not unusual things to see, where the numerous and segregated courses of the ancient and honored table d'hote are combined, giving the hungry diner a visual and victual demonstration of food rather than form. At one prominent dinner party, there was served the plebeian beefsteak and onions and nothing else—even the gay oyster was banished.

One speaker at the dinners is assigned to respond to the sentiment of "preparedness," and he prepares for the talk by dangling his napkin, taking a drink of water and clearing his throat—that's preparedness, so that the guests will know that "we have with us tonight" the gentleman who will speak on "preparedness."

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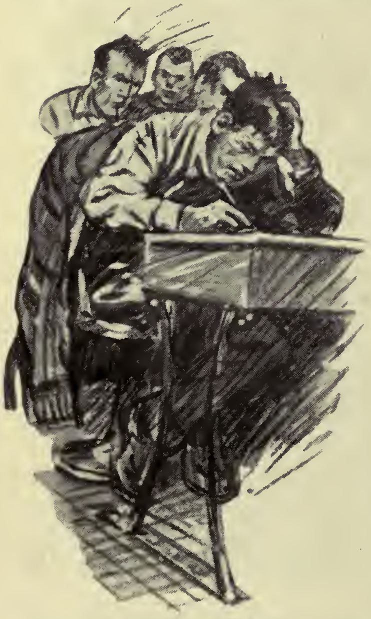
INSTEAD of allowing the making of American citizens to rest in the hands of unscrupulous politicians interested only in the votes they may cast, the applicant for American citizenship finds the naturalization bureau at Washington ready to assist him. To that end the government is interested in night schools for foreigners. During a recent visit to Detroit I found that over eight thousand students had been enrolled the first week in the night schools, where less than twenty-five hundred were enrolled a year ago. It has been impressed upon the foreigners that American citizenship means something more than the mere right to vote. They have come to understand that they must read and write and become acquainted with some of the functions of government or they are usurping privileges to which they are not entitled if they vote.



The emigration for the year to the United States has dropped from over a million to less than two hundred thousand, which has served to enhance the opportunities of those who have already lived in America three or four years. With the dawn of peace will likely come a flood-tide of emigration unparalleled in the history of the country, and it is vitally important that the foreign residents of this country be qualified to help in the great work of assimilation.

Managers of great industrial institutions realize that they have the responsibility of making good citizens as well as that of making good materials if their establishments are to continue permanent and profitable in every way. The very evil that injures the government in the lack of proper assimilation of its citizenship becomes a menace to the successful operation of factories.

MINGLED, if not mangled, were the feelings of the senators when the announcement was made that Hon. Louis D. Brandeis was nominated for the Supreme Bench. Republicans insisted that the President was preparing to play politics with the appointment, while some Democratic senators felt that there was material in their own party to fill the vacancy in the Supreme Court, to say nothing of the big opportunity that offered itself in returning the honor to Judge Taft in appointing a justice of opposite political faith.

Second sober thought indicated that it would be better policy to permit the President to have his way, because he will need the alliance of the Progressive following of Mr. Brandeis in the coming campaign, if he loses the support of Mr. Bryan. One phase of the appointment met with approval, and that was that he had recognized the Jewish race with an appointment to the Supreme Court. Mr. Brandeis is at the head of the Zionist movement in this country, and has never failed to make a dent in things he has undertaken, but his closest friends would class him first and foremost as a special pleader—an advocate who was especially concerned with one side of a case rather than one with judicial temperament—a lawyer who has given his time and services where he felt that the government needed help.

HON. LOUIS D. BRANDEIS
Nominated by President Wilson as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Lamar

Whether the appointment commands the confidence of the country, such as a Supreme Court appointment should, remains to be seen. Mr. Brandeis received nation-wide prominence in the Ballinger-Pinchot case, the action to secure cheap gas for Boston, and shorten the working hours for women. He has an exhaustive grasp of at least one side of the railroad situation, and while he is regarded as so radical in his views, for that reason he did not become a member of President Wilson's cabinet—the atmosphere of the Supreme Court may modify this apparent controversial prejudice.

Mr. Brandeis was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1856, of German parents, was educated in the public schools and later graduated at the Harvard Law School. He has never held a state or national office of prominence, but has won national fame in being retained in movements that have affected enormous saving to the people, as indicated in his fight on industrial insurance methods in New England, and providing a way for savings banks to handle insurance at a great saving. He actively supported Woodrow Wilson in the campaign of 1912, and has been counted a leader among the Progressives, with strong leanings towards Democracy as represented by Woodrow Wilson.

AT the time of his appointment, Mr. Brandeis was in Washington to argue before the Supreme Court the Oregon case for a ten-hour day, and the William Filene Sons, Boston, case, involving questions as to the extent of necessary proof by lessors as to the liability of guarantors for leases in cases of insolvency, is one of the few private cases he has taken. In the Oregon case, Mr. Brandeis and his sister, Miss Josephine Goldmark, collaborated in preparing a brief dealing with the physiological and psychological effects of fatigue upon women which left no answer at the bar of humanity to the indictment of employment through limitless hours.

Mr. Brandeis, on the bench, may or might become a conservative of conservatives, because of his genius and passion for getting at facts, and being able as a justice to view the facts on the other side, which a special advocate would naturally not observe in the ordinary processes of a case tried in the court.

He has been more prominently identified with hearings than any attorney in the country, and it is felt that his broad experience in these matters might give to the Supreme Court one member who had a most exhaustive knowledge of all the details and ramifications of modern business, and corporations, with which he had much to do in organizing in the earlier days of his professional career. Years ago, I asked a prominent banker for the name of one of the best lawyers in Boston, and the prompt answer was "Louis D. Brandeis," and that opinion has never been modified to any great extent, even if some of his radical views were not approved.

WHILE it has been conceded generally that Woodrow Wilson will be renominated at St. Louis, there are rumors afloat now and then that he will remember that one-term declaration in the Baltimore platform and retire, and that his strength will be thrown to Speaker Clark. But William Jennings Bryan still continues to keep in touch with affairs at Washington in a most assiduous way. The memories of the Baltimore convention are recalled when the simple and effective alliteration "We win with Wilson" was able to check the required two-thirds vote going to Speaker Clark. There is an opening of old sores here and there to settle political scores, but the outlook is that the voters in the primary states and the convention states will be kept busy from now on in selecting delegates for the June convention.

SIDELIGHTS are often thrown upon events as they pass in a chance conversation that escape the chronicle of history. When I met Colonel James Morris Morgan, formerly of the Confederate navy and Egyptian army, in Washington as he dropped in at the Riggs Bank, the conversation started with the mention that he had a suggestive name, recalling Morgan the buccaneer, Morgan the Confederate raider, and Morgan the king of finance. The Morgan in this case has been a world traveler, and related a curious coincidence that was revealed in Melbourne, Australia, when he arrived to serve as Consul General in 1885. A dinner was given him by Sir Henry Loch to cover the formalities. In introducing his guest at the banquet Sir Henry, while playing upon the name of Morgan, related how during the Civil War, the ship on which he was returning from Australia was held up by the Alabama, and described the young Confederate officer, a mere slip of a boy, who came aboard to examine the ship's papers. As he finished his story Colonel Morgan arose and said:

"I beg pardon, Sir Henry, but that ship was not the Alabama."

"Oh, but I am positive it is so recorded in my diary," replied his lordship.

"Do you remember that the slip of boy you referred to was given some ginger cake brought up in a brown bag from the cabin?" the Colonel continued.

"Yes, I do recall."

"Well, I was that slip of a boy. You thought it was the Alabama, and we wanted you to think so, but the Alabama at that time was plowing her way toward the South Atlantic ocean, and we gave out the information to the British ships gratuitously in order that the Alabama might escape to the Orient seas."

Sir Henry Loch was astonished to find that the guest of the evening was the young Confederate who had raided his ship twenty years before; but now, years after, he had to amend the ship's log and insert "Georgia."

Sir Henry Loch with Sir Harry Parks were captured in China in the early years and taken through the country and shown to the people in a cage as wild animals, chained, caged, and fed as if they were curious and dangerous beasts of the jungle. Their experience was altogether a thrilling adventure interwoven in the unwritten history of opening the Celestial empire. Colonel Morgan was a great friend of Rear Admiral Charles E. Clark, commander of the Oregon during the Spanish War. He entered the Confederate service as a boy scarcely fifteen, and served during the entire war in the Confederate navy. He had many exciting experiences in the various cruises, incidentally running the blockade and eluding the Federal blockaders.

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UPON a return voyage from South America, Colonel Morgan was pointed out as a man named Morgan representing a bank with twenty millions of dollars in deposits. A little Nicaraguan lad approached him delightedly one day with the query—thinking, of course, that he must be the one great Mr. Morgan of New York—"How does it feel to have twenty million dollars?" The lad could not understand that a man representing twenty million dollars could be any other than the owner of that amount. This same notion gathers in the heads of supposedly more intelligent people in the United States, who look upon every man directing a corporation and handling millions of dollars as though he were the actual owner of a cash box containing all coin equal to the value of all the bonds and stock or even liabilities—indicated in the annual report. The simple proposition of representing wealth and possessing wealth is a differentiation which many people are unable to make, and the lad from South America who had never been away from his native shores was possessed with the same curiosity that many feel when they see a man who is supposed to represent millions, and wonder just how he feels to own so much coin. The surprise then comes when they find that, instead of possessing the millions, the millions possess them, and that very little cash appears in the computing of fortunes. Colonel Morgan, in collaboration with Admiral Clark, has published an interesting book, "Prince and Boatswain," of which over five hundred copies were recently ordered by the Navy Department, and the book is written in that same cheery style with which the Colonel meets and greets his friends in Washington. There is always an interesting story coming when he drops in here and there in the regular routine of everyday life, and narrows his eyes for a reminiscent glance—and out pops the story without a dull or leaden pause in the yarn told in good old sailor fashion.

JAMES R. MANN
Who takes his relaxation in his garden, trimming his shrubs and trees, many of which now grace homes of the south side of Chicago

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THE Senate contains a sextette of presidential possibilities for the Republican nomination, and among these is Lawrence Y. Sherman from Illinois, whose friends contend that he has many of the simple and effective qualities of Abraham Lincoln.

The presidential bee does not seem to be so actively buzzing about the House. Here is James R. Mann, with his iron gray beard and keen eyes, just going about his duties, and quietly watching proceedings. Last summer I met him on his farm in Chicago soon after his return from Hawaii, and he was a real farmer that day, with his skin browned "to a turn." Attired in full farm regalia—and it showed hard usage, too—he was trimming his trees and making ready for crops. Since he began farming in South Chicago he has helped to beautify many a home with his nursery stock, which he raises only to give away. If there is any man who has proven his power with trees and shrubs and flowers, it is this Republican leader. He knows how to make them grow, and then he knows how to give them away. Thousands of trees are growing in the south side of Chicago, because of the hard, unrelenting sweat of the brow and toil of James R. Mann. Trimming up a little fruit tree or a Democratic congressman makes no difference to Mr. Mann—he is right there with the snippers.

There are still many friends who insist that the man who is conceded by all those familiar with legislative work of all parties to be one of the most capable and able legislators ever in the House of Representatives should be considered presidential material. In this, as in everything else, Mr. Mann throws aside all that seems bunk and is giving out the committee assignments for his party with an eye to developing efficient legislators.

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DELEGATES TO THE PAN-AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS GROUPED OUTSIDE THE PAN-AMERICAN BUILDING AFTER THE OPENING SESSION

It seemed to complete the picture to find "Uncle Joe" there with his kerchief snugly set in his left hand pocket; Nicholas Longworth beaming as he thinks of the election returns in November; and William B. McKinley, whose splendid ability and legislative record have brought him back to continue the legislative work that was interrupted by the avalanche of 1912. The appearance of these familiar faces makes it seem like a real old-fashioned Congress this session. The new members are naturally watching their opportunity to develop and receive copious counsel and advice from the older members who have solved the problem of knowing how to come back.

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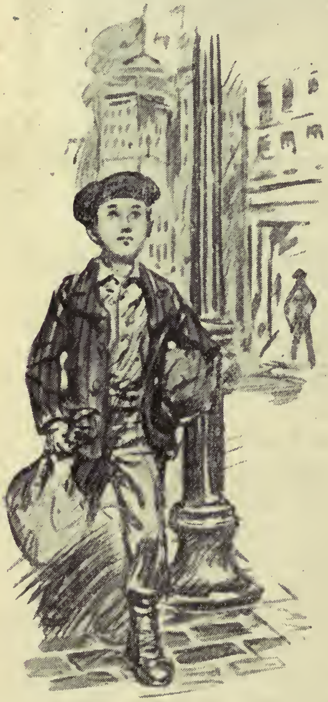
THE word "preparedness" has come to have a new meaning in these times. It first crept in as a sort of justification for an increase of military strength. Preparedness, however, is a big, broad word, and is now being utilized not only in reference to military defense, but for other activities in life; for it is the man who is prepared and trained for the work who seems to be able to grasp the opportunity when it presents itself.

The preparedness program of the President, given out in detail, is likely to be shot to pieces with the relentless suggestiveness of the big guns for which the measure provided. There is an undercurrent of feeling that preparedness is a question about which one should be fully prepared to talk. The problem before the Congress is, Is the country prepared for "preparedness," and will it prepare a candidate for victory and defeat in fall elections? "That is the question" that the political Hamlets are discussing these days—"to be or not to be" prepared, and prepared—for what?

On one thing the country agrees, and that is, if we are to have an army or navy, it should be efficient and adequate; but as to the details of bringing this about, and the avoidance of preparation on the basis of some foreign nations, that is where the rub comes, and is just where the four hundred and eighty-five congressmen begin to differ, and the ninety-six Senators are not always acting under mutual consent.

The members from the coast states are naturally more keen than those of the Middle West, who cannot fully appreciate or comprehend the feelings of the people living along the coast who are more likely to feel the shock of exploding shells or bombs. It is because of this that the suggestion has been made by Colonel Roosevelt and others to move the powder plants further inland and insure protection of plenty of ammunition in case war suddenly comes upon us. One thing is certain, however, the situation will be threshed out thoroughly and Admiral Fiske's remarkable report on the navy a year ago apparently is being re-read widely.

Every mail brings to nearly every Congressman some new suggestion or some fresh angle on the subject. Some of the constituents are even keen enough to send forward resolutions, prepared resolutions on preparedness and collateral subjects. It would seem at times as though Congress should be inclined to taboo war subjects, and give us some needed legislation to relieve the tariff situation. That is "preparedness" that will count when the war is over.



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IN 1888 an English boy ran away from home with the intention of going to Australia. While waiting for a ship at Liverpool he became fearful that he would be picked up and returned to his parents. Finding that a boat was about to sail for America, he obtained passage on it and in due course of time arrived in New York. He had health, intelligence and ambition—also $1.75, but this lack of money did not daunt him, and he started on his career filled with enthusiasm for his new-found home. After picking up odd jobs of work, he finally moved on to Philadelphia, where he was employed as a timekeeper by a firm of contractors. In England he had been a clerk in a dry goods store, but when he changed countries he also changed his vocation, and in the course of a short time he was recognized as a very good carpenter. Apparently destiny had selected him to become one of the greatest builders of America. A few years later this young Englishman, Harry Wardman, arrived in Washington; in 1898 while working at his trade as carpenter, he secured his first contract, and in company with Edward McAleer began the construction of a small house. Four thousand additional houses and apartments were to follow, but young Wardman, though enthusiastically hopeful, had never dreamed of such great accomplishments.

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AT the suggestion of returning springtime, interest is revived in the sights and scenes associated with the name of Abraham Lincoln, especially as his February birthday is celebrated. This is emphasized as the work proceeds on the great two-million-dollar Lincoln Memorial in Potomac Park. The books concerning Lincoln continue to pour from the press and the public is ever keen upon "something new."

With an elderly man who was in Washington at the time of Lincoln's arrival until his tragic passing, I walked over the many spots in the Capital City, where he recalls having seen the towering form of Abraham Lincoln in life. We walked to the site of the Emory Hospital, stood on the spot where the famous inaugural addresses were delivered in the White House, and in the White House grounds we visited the places where it was said that Lincoln had visited.

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MISS OLGA SEYMOUR
Though only seventeen years old, she has completed a successful tour of England as a singer and is expected to do the same in this country

Out to the Soldiers' Home we drove, and there looked into the very house and room where he used to go for an evening's rest after the hot and scorching days in Washington. There was the spot where he used to embark for a trip down the Potomac. There was the side of the street where he was wont to walk, the church which he attended, the pew in which he sat and the trees he planted. On down Tenth Street to Ford's Theater, and the place on the curb where he alighted at the arched doorway on that fateful night, and the inside of those very walls where he for the last time was conscious in life.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
From a photograph taken by Brady in 1864

Across the street is the little house where his great soul passed from its earthly moorings. The memory of the footsteps of Abraham Lincoln are treasured, and his life and career find appropriate setting in scenes associated with the days when in life he carried upon his shoulders the fate of a nation divided against itself.

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THE month has been a lively record of conventions in Washington. Proceedings of the Women's Peace Congress were varied by the testimony of Miss Jane Addams before the military committee, which suggested another aspect of the problems of peace than that discussed in Congress. Some of the Ford party sailed from Holland for home while the convention was in session. The greetings by wireless indicated the feelings of the peace promoter. Following the adjournment of the Peace Congress, the women's section of the Navy League assembled later in the month in Washington. The call was made by Mrs. Dewey, wife of Admiral Dewey, and the meeting was held in the New Willard Hotel with a membership of more than three hundred women present. Mrs. Dewey is governor of the women's section of the league, and among the guests from far away was Mrs. Sidney Ballou, governor of the women's section of the navy league in Hawaii. One old philosopher insisted that these various conventions are a sort of a process of preparing public opinion with an idea of helping to mould the thought of the country and in that way assist Congress in reaching a result in their deliberations. The representative government in delegating work to special experts appointed and possessing the full and unmeasured confidence of the people for the specific work assigned was not wide of the mark in its conception of the ideal of a true democracy.

OVER my desk is a photograph of Borglum's famous statue of Lincoln. It represents the great emancipator sitting on a low bench, where his long legs, long arms and tall form are shown to even better advantage than in a standing posture. The very wrinkles of his coat, the classic outlines of his head show in a manner that has never impressed me on any other statue. It seems peculiar that the noted statues of Lincoln should have been made by the younger sculptors who never had the pleasure of seeing him in the flesh. This Borglum statue is not so much the mere reproduction of the physical form but the stoop of the shoulders, the position of the necktie, the expression of the mouth, seem to breathe the spirit of Lincoln's greatness.

As time recedes, the crass imperfections in the physical Lincoln, familiar to those who met him in life, are removed, and are supplanted by the subtle, immortal phase of his personality.

A view of Borglum in his study reveals a sculptor without the usual shock of long hair, flowing tie and velvet coat. Instead one sees a clear-eyed business-like man, who looks as though he knows what he is about. He has recently been given a commission for carving a pictorial history of war scenes in a gigantic frieze, chiseled out of a rock on the side of a mountain. This is work appropriate to the genius of Borglum, who aspires to do great things. Now he has all outdoors for his studio, and the virgin rock waiting for his chisel. Down there he will leave a work that will be as permanent and distinctive in its way as the Colossus of Rhodes or the Sphinx of Egypt.

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GUTZON BORGLUM IN HIS STUDIO

THE question of utilizing "movies" in the public schoolhouses of the city of Lynn has suggested that the photoplay is not the only product of the film. It has been used to illustrate processes of manufacturing and instructions to workmen; it has been used for educational purposes, and when the discussion of this subject came up in the cloak room at the Capitol, it was suggested that some time a "movie" screen might be seen hanging over the Speaker's desk in the House, with a machine clicking behind the clock opposite, portraying to the assembled solons some graphic event. Shades of Webster, Clay and Calhoun!

It was insisted that the most effective speeches in Congress were a succession of pictures. What would be more interesting to preserve in government archives than moving pictures of eminent statesmen, revealing their walk, smile, little mannerisms and expressions so that future generations could see "what manner of man" was this or that noted personage who could otherwise make his bid for fame only in cold type. What a treat it would be for our descendants a hundred years hence to see on the screen, walking up and down the corridors of the Capitol, twenty future Presidents of the United States, showing how they tip their hats, how they smile, or how they frown. It would furnish another interesting phase to the sights of Washington!

This recalls a talk I had with an eminent scientist at the Cosmos Club, in reference to the immortality of modern science. In his home he has a moving picture machine, and is preserving pictures of the children at different ages, and of his wife and mother as they sit at the fireside reading, or move about the house and garden. Here are pictures that will be priceless. Then there is the phonograph where mother's voice is recorded, and with these pictures of her moving about, does it not seem that science has at last triumphed in immortalizing at least the visible form and voice of loved ones?

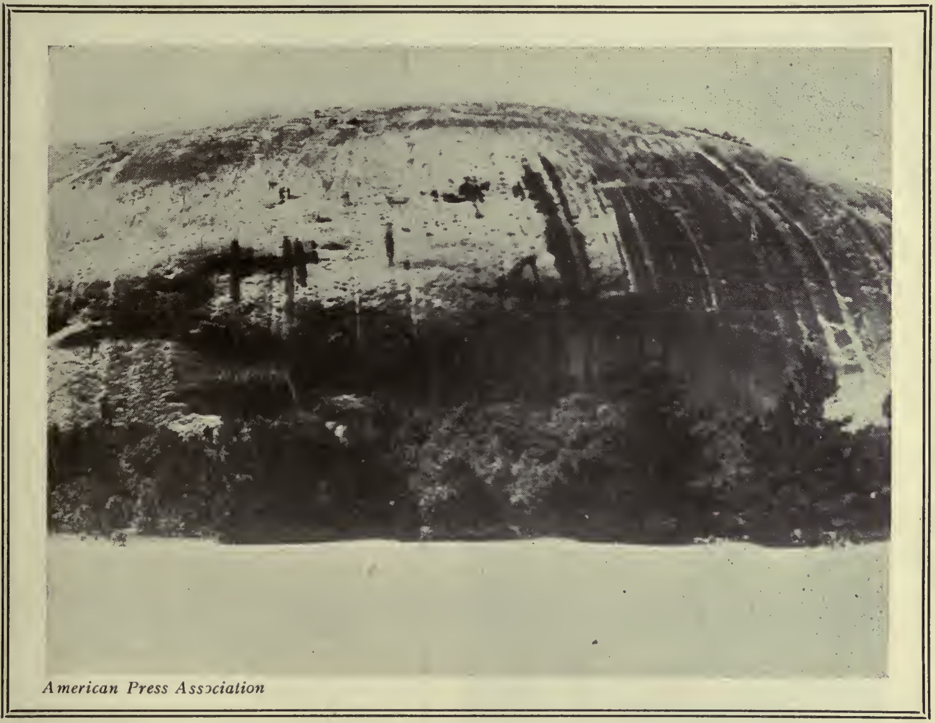
WERE there a "movie" reel of Senator J. Hamilton Lewis with his distinguished bow, true to the manner and method of taking off his gloves and laying down his cane, people might wonder, a hundred years hence, just who J. Ham Lewis was. Interest in the movements on the screen would be intensified in proportion to the contrasts afforded by the men and women in the great mass of "the passing show," the daily panorama of public men, as they people the avenues and corridors at Washington.

HAVE you met the young person of today with his specific and expressive "believe me!"—spoken with a peculiar inflection and carrying a significance practically unknown a few years ago? When a word or phrase such as this becomes popular, then the student begins to look up his records to find out "how that started."

It was in the cloakroom, where Senators of the old school were using the time-honored and stately phraseology of the days when men wore cravats and ruffled vests, that the young congressman from the West startled them with his breezy "Believe me, I am going to cut out the lunch hereafter." His elder colleagues looked at him in wonderment and asked if he really thought that they weren't going to believe him and whether this expression anticipated incredulity on the part of the auditor.

"No," elucidated the man from the south, " 'believe me' is only the product of dreams. You know, in dreams you are always smothering relatives, running from fierce animals, or doing some other unbelievable thing, and when you tell about it with that almost tragic phrase, 'believe me' the impulse, becoming general in the mental attitude, has gradually drifted into the custom of using that phrase for emphasis.

"Talking about dreams, you know the dream philosophers insist that people live as much when they are asleep as when they are awake, and that the dream can only at best be a fringe of experiences that we have known, but a dream has never been caught in the process of formation. Scientists insist, however, that the mind is active while the body sleeps, and that dreaming is only a process of the mind resembling a moving picture film, in which pass in quick succession events that may or may not present a continuous story."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STONE MOUNTAIN, GEORGIA
On this huge mountain of solid rock Gutzon Borglum will chisel the history of the Confederacy in figures forty feet high

While this discussion was going on, and the wood in the grate burned low, the natural result was a little heavy breathing in one corner, which indicated that one of the solons had fallen asleep during the philosophic debate. A rollcall was threatened on the floor, and the young congressman retreated with the same words with which he had entered: "Believe me, this is the dullest old place I ever knew. Think of the stories we have read about the light and scintillating wit of the cloakroom!"

DEPARTMENT reports which have awakened lively interest during the past few months, have come from the Department of Commerce. The staggering increase of the totals of our export trade is no longer a sensation. More than twenty nations are represented by visitors to the United States, who are making their headquarters at the branch offices of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. Many of them are members of foreign firms seeking to make purchases here, others are members of large commercial houses abroad. To care for the many foreign visitors flocking to this country, the Bureau is dealing with buyers as well as sellers, and acting as a medium of introduction between them. As the wants of buyers are made known they are given the information to facilitate and to promote the transaction of business. While the popular notion prevails that most of our exports are munitions of war, the facts show that there is a wide variety in the goods sought, including machinery, clothing, foodstuffs, textile products of all sorts, with over $7,000,000 worth of leather goods alone exported during the last seven months to the credit of Uncle Sam, an idea of the scope of trade may be suggested.

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DR. TRYGVE YENSEN

Assistant in the engineering experiment station of the University of Illinois, whose discovery of a new method of producing iron will save that industry fifteen million dollars a year. The method used by Dr. Yensen consists of melting electrolytically refined ore in a vacuum, reducing the impurities thus far below any point that has been reached by previous investigators

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THE ghost of the shipping bill has been stalking in the corridors of Congress all summer, and now it will come before Congress as a special business proposition. The United States, second in export and eighth in merchant marine, presents a contrast before which the best laid plans present greater difficulties. There is little Norway, with a seagoing merchant marine double the size of the United States, and yet we do twenty-two times as much export business as this little country. The analysis of opinion of commercial organizations of forty-three states indicates that out of a membership of 180,000, about 20,000 favored the government shipping bill, and to assert that this turn of opinion coming from the inland states was dominated by shipping interests, was, of course, absurd. As the experience of the LaFollette Seaman's bill crystallizes, it looks as if something radically different from what is thus far proposed by the people is needful for the rehabilitation of the merchant marine.

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LAYING CORNERSTONE OF AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR TEMPLE
In the presence of government officials, national and local trade organizations, congressmen and several hundred interested spectators the cornerstone of the American Federation of Labor Temple at Washington, D. C., was laid by Samuel Gompers (x). The principal address was made by Secretary of Labor Wilson

ONE little word inserted in a political platform changed the route of the Panama Canal. It was first decided to build the canal across Nicaragua, and in the Republican platform of that year the late Mark Hanna was influential in having the phrase "Isthmian Canal" substituted for "Nicaraguan Canal." Then, even after Congress had been committed to the Nicaragua route, Senator Hanna proceeded to reverse the vote in both the Senate and the House. It is difficult for an American today to realize how the stupendous superiority of the Panama route was not only not realized at that time, but vigorously attacked from every side. The natural water courses over the Nicaraguan route, which it had been proposed to utilize, gradually dwindled in importance as the size of the ships increased, and today it is realized that to construct a canal across Nicaragua of the dimensions now adopted at Panama would have entailed a sum that would have made the project practically impossible.

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AFTER making the rounds of some of the Departments, lingering at the Capitol and dropping in at the Executive Office in Washington, following the custom of nearly twenty years, I felt impelled to go to the Red Cross headquarters. One could not help noting the contrast in the present aspect of the work compared with that of a few years ago. There is

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SARA BERNHARDT

Who never quite recovered from the shock following the amputation of her leg last February, is reported to be dying in Paris. On December 5 she became seriously ill and her physicians reported she was suffering from congestion of the lungs. She is 71 years old a cheeriness in these activities that seems like a gleam of sunshine in the pall of world conflict. While armies are killing and wounding and destroying, there is, happily, an efficient organized effort to cure and help, give and mend. As the millions of soldiers increase, the demand for doctors and nurses and curative agencies must keep pace with the killing. While the engines of war have been developed to an unprecedented effectiveness, we are reminded that the greatest triumphs of the twentieth century were made possible by the devotion of medical experts and the advance in hygiene and sanitation which marks the real progress of civilization—no matter how many times we slip back in other directions.

*Photo by Mrs. George F. Richards*

FIFTH CAVALRY READY FOR A FIELD DRILL

RECENT reports of the serious condition of Madame Sara Bernhardt recalled the career of a French artiste perhaps as universally known today as that of Joan of Arc. In her many tours in America, the "divine Sara," without speaking a word of English, has enthralled her audiences by the sheer force of her personality and artistic genius. Whoever heard her perfectly modulated voice in cadences that thrilled and seemed to reach the very heart without being impressed? Her spoken lines seemed to possess that indefinable timbre between the speaking and the singing tones. Her hands, those long, slender, beautiful hands, and the way they were used was an art in itself, and that upturned, spirituelle look, all bore the hallmark of genius. Ever since the amputation of her leg last February, she has been failing, but in spite of her three-score years and ten, her words of ringing patriotism for La Belle France suggest something of the power of the Maid of Orleans.

She understood the psychology of an audience, and there never was a day that Paris, or France, or even the world, were not talking about her when she wanted to make them talk. We have all heard of the time that she exhibited to her visitors the coffin in which she slept at night as a rare bit of boudoir furnishing. The sight of the gruesome couch brought a shiver and shudder, another manifestation of the temperamental genius that insisted on doing things differently from other people, and defying the grim spectre of Death in the full bloom of her power and fame.

HARRIS & EWING
WASHINGTON D.C.

OPENING OF THE SECOND PAN-AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS, DECEMBER 27, 1915

# The Second Pan-American Scientific Congress

### by

### The Editor

LITTLE did the distinguished members of the Buenos Aires Scientific Society realize when they inaugurated a series of intellectual gatherings of a somewhat exclusive character, calling together Latin Americans, that out of it would come such a momentous event as the recent Congress held at Washington, where, for the moment, under the great political events that are shaping themselves into definite form on this continent, science was brushed aside, and Pan-Americanism, through the utterances of President Wilson, and other distinguished leaders, reigned supreme. It was a veritable peace gathering of the thinking men of the new world, who applauded the inspired remarks of Secretaries Lansing and McAdoo, Elihu Root and John Barrett, Ambassador Suarez Mujica, and others, forgetting for a time the original purpose of the Congress, inspired by the general cordial feeling and the need of that unity which the European war has made so imperative. The very fact that over a thousand scientists from all the Americas attended the sessions, in itself made this Congress the most notable of the times.

More important than any international convention ever held in the United States was this Congress which has just closed. For the first time in history, the leading representatives of South American states agreed that they understood the United States as never before. This was not an expression of idle banquet talk, but earnest and sincere individual opinion. It was important because the convention was in session for a sufficient length of time, and their travels covered so wide an area as to give the delegates from the South American countries a broad and comprehensive idea of the United States and its busy people. During the convention, which continued from December 27 to January 8, and covered several important cities, the delegates had ample opportunity to know the American people not only in a business and governmental way, but also to experience the home and social side with which they could not come into contact in former hurried visits.

An impressive feature of the Congress was this social aspect. The homes of Washington were thrown open, and the delegates were received with the hearty welcome which the South American prizes above all else. The plan to have the delegates visit the homes was the idea of Director John Barrett and Assistant Secretary of State Phillips. In the social functions the natural poise, grace and culture of the South Americans was in splendid evidence. The South American knows how to bow, how to grace a conversation or a social evening, for at home they make a point of cultivating the graces of life, learning foreign languages, and making business what it should be—the incidental instead of the dominating phase of existence.

* * *

On noting the ease and facility with which the average South American delegate

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VENEZUELAN DELEGATION

(*Left to right*) Jose L. Andara, Rafael Gonzalez Rincones, official delegates; Minister Santos A. Dominici, chairman of delegation; Vicente Lecuna, official delegate; Luis Churion

BRAZILIAN DELEGATION

(*Front row, left to right*) Dr. Vital Brazil, delegate; Ambassador Domicio da Gama, chairman of delegation; Antonio Carlos Simoens da Silva, delegate. (*Center row left to right*) Mme. Ruth de Siqueria Campos, Misses Alvarina Brazil and Vitalina Brazil, Luis Betim Paes Leme, Jose Rodriguez da Costa Doria, Vicente Licinio Cardoso, delegates. (*Back row, left to right*) A. G. de Araujo George, Rodrigo Octavio de Langgaard Menezes, Pedro de Siqueria Campos, Feliciano Mendez de Moraes, delegates

could slip into evening clothes, and grace a function, the sturdy American delegates were convinced that there are some things that they have yet to learn. When it was first suggested that Washington homes be thrown open to delegates, there was a raising of eyebrows, as much as to say "What for?" After the plan was inaugurated, and the delegates so graciously entered these homes, more invitations came than there were delegates to supply guests.

As Secretary General, John Barrett, director of the Bureau of American Republics, had worked for many months to perfect the organization of this congress. The delegates from South America included not only men of business, but eminent educators, and those who have a potential influence in molding the opinions of their several countries. The United States had five hundred delegates, and the papers that were read at the meetings displayed the thought and cumulative knowledge of the best thinkers of all the countries represented. The benefits of the Congress will accrue, not only from the better acquaintance established between the nations of the Americas, but also from the permanent friendships that have been formed.

The scenes in and about the New Willard Hotel in Washington during the convention made one think of some capital of Europe. In the dining room it was plain to see that there were representatives from nearly every nation. Washington was decorated with the flags of "All America," and during this time the Spanish language prevailed

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CUBAN DELEGATION

(*Front row, left to right*) Rafael Maria Angulo, Simon Sarasola, Aristedes Agramonte, Jose Comallonga, Sr., Mariano Gutierrez Lanza, Juan de Dios Garcia Kohly. (*Center row, left to right*) Luis Montane, official delegate; Miss Baralt, Moises A. Vieites, official delegate; Luis A. Baralt, delegate; Miss Agramonte, Jose Carlos Millas y Hernandez, official delegate. (*Back row, left to right*) Miss Baralt, Luis A. Baralt, Jr.; Judge Arthur R. Thompson, aide to delegation; Mme. Frances P. de Agramonte

ECUADOREAN DELEGATION

(*Left to right*) Joaquin F. Cordova, Victor M. Penaherrera, official delegate; Gonzalo S. Cordova, chairman of delegation; Rafael Penaherrera, secretary of delegation; Gonzalo Cordova, Jr.

as never before. The thorough and systematic arrangement of the Congress as to registration and issuance of bulletins day by day was perfect; as a young man from Colombia observed, "The people in the United States do things before you can think twice—they make up their mind to do a thing, and then they dispatch."

Many a delegate who came with a mere smattering of English, such as "good morning," "thank you," and "excuse me," found himself really indulging in a conversation before he left. Then the fact that the delegates had their wives, daughters and sisters with them gave the convention a real domestic aspect, which made its results at once far-reaching and enduring. For there are no people on earth who seem to be more devoted to the family hearthstone and its traditions than the average South American.

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COSTA RICAN DELEGATION

(*Left to right*) Guillermo E. Gonzalez and Joaquin F. Montufas, attache and secretary, respectively of the legation of Costa Rica on special mission; Minister Manuel Castro Quesada of Costa Rica, official delegate; Miss Maria de la Guardia; Julio Acosta, minister of foreign affairs of Costa Rica and head of the legation on special mission; Miss Maria E. Gonzalez; John Bassett Moore, delegate; Miss Liliam Pinto; Eduardo J. Pinto, chairman of delegation; Miss Maria Julia Gonzalez; Miss Berta Pinto, J. Rafael Oreamuno, delegate; Manuel de la Guardia

Various sessions were conducted in different parts of the city at the same time, and each one vied with the other in attracting attention.

When Vice-President Marshall, in the absence of the President, at the opening session of December 27, under the chairmanship of the Chilean Ambassador, president of the Congress, said: "To protect all and to exploit none, is the latest interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine," the Latin American delegates led in the vigorous applause.

The meetings at the Pan-American building and Continental Memorial Hall of course attracted the largest crowds. The address by Secretary Lansing made a deep impression as also did the memorable address delivered by President Wilson in Continental Memorial Hall on the evening of January 6, which closed with the following words:

> You see what our thought is, gentlemen, not only the international peace of America but the domestic peace of America. If American States are constantly in ferment, if any of them are constantly in ferment, there will be a standing threat to their relations with one another. It is just as much to our interest to assist each other to the orderly processes within our own borders as it is to orderly processes in our controversies with one another. These are very practical suggestions which have sprung up in the minds of thoughtful men, and I, for my part, believe that they

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ARGENTINE DELEGATION

(*Left to right, standing*) Cristobal M. Hicken, Tomas S. Varela, Agustin Mercau, Emilio E. Dagassan—all delegates. (*Left to right, seated*) Juan B. Ambrosetti, Ernesto Quesada, chairman of the delegation; Rear Admiral Juan B. Martin

DOMINICAN DELEGATION

(*Left to right*) Armando Perez Perdomo, minister to the United States, and chairman of the delegation; Mme. de Montolio and Andreas J. Montolio, delegate

are going to lead the way to something that America has prayed for for many a generation. For they are based, in the first place, so far as the stronger States are concerned, upon the handsome principle of self-restraint and respect for the rights of everybody. They are based upon the principles of absolute political equality among the States, equality of right, not equality of indulgence. They are based, in short, upon the solid eternal foundations of justice and humanity. No man can turn away from these things without turning away from the hope of the world. These are things, ladies and gentlemen, for which the world has hoped and waited with prayerful heart. God grant that it may be granted to America to lift this light on high for the illumination of the world.

But perhaps the most notable speech and one listened to with wide interest, was made by Gonzalo Mejia of Colombia, who touched upon the important incident arising out of the building of the Panama Canal. He said in part:

This is the time when the unification of all the interests of the New World is uppermost in the minds of thinking men. The Pan-American Union, under whose auspices we are met, is the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual bond that binds us all into one homogeneous brotherhood of nations. This is my conception of Pan-Americanism and that is why I have come to address you despite the fact that for twelve long years the relations between my country, Colombia, and the United States have not been all that we have wished them to be. Colombia, as you all know, was despoiled of the Isthmus of Panama, the most valuable portion of her territory.

Both the administration of Mr. Taft and the present administration of Mr. Wilson have acknowledged the wrong done to my country and have endeavored to right it. On the sixth of April, last year, there was signed a treaty by which the United States repaid the injury done to its weaker sister republic, in so far as that injury was susceptible of material reparation. That treaty now awaits the approval of the Senate of the United States, and of course everything that I have said relating to the opportunities offered to American enterprises and to American energy is predicated—so far as Colombia

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NICARAGUAN DELEGATION

(*Left to right*) Damaso Rivas, chairman of delegation; Antonio L. Areaga, delegate; Emiliano Chamorro, minister of Nicaragua; J. Alberto Gomez, Alejandro Cesar, delegates

SALVADOREAN DELEGATION

(*Left to right*) Minister Rafael Zaldivar, chairman of delegation; Mme. de Zaldivar, Mme. Rafael Guirola, Rafael Guirola, official delegate is concerned—upon the ratification of that treaty; upon the resumption of the century-old friendship so wantonly destroyed, and a friendship that Colombia in the face of all her sufferings is still anxious and willing to continue in a true spirit of Pan-Americanism.

Secretary McAdoo, in addressing the section of Finance and Commerce, referred to the important financial problems of the day, and to the financial congress held last June. He said:

> In the matter of public finance all the republics of the American Continent have much to learn from one another, and I hope, as I confidently expect, that as a result of the interchange of experience and the faithful observance of common ideals, this congress will be able to give a new impulse and a wiser guidance to the financial administration and fiscal policies of the republics of America.

Another notable address delivered at the convention was that of Santos-Dumont, the Brazilian aviator, who won the plaudits of Europe when the conquest of the air was a new thing. Here in America he was encouraged to make the first public address of his life, and he expressed the opinion that if the United States could place confidence in him to make an address, he felt that he was coming here again to gain that same self-confidence. His prediction of the future of aviation brings new hope to the countries of South America that are mountain-bound, for this is really the only practical means of transportation by which they can come in close contact with the rest of the world.

* * *

All my life I have been attending all kinds of conventions, but the personnel of this convention was a most striking feature. There was no question as to whether the countries of South America had sent us of their best. Their ambassadors and ministers all took prominent parts, especially Senor Domicio Da Gama of Brazil, Senor Don Eduardo Suarez Mujica of Chile, president of the Congress; Senor Dr. Carlos M. De Pena of Uruguay; Senor Don Federico Alfonso Pezet of Peru, and this ancient country sent Dr. Julio Tello, a descendant of the royal Inca family. Then there was Dr. Tomas Varela, from Argentina, with its cosmopolite population, and notable representatives from Venezuela, Cuba, and all the Central American countries. They were simply captivated with the welcome which almost every citizen of Washington gave them in unstinted measure. From Argentina came Dr. Ernesto Nelson, well known in Boston for his interest and earnest efforts in behalf of the education of his young countrymen, the well-known scientist, Dr. Juan B. Ambrosetti, and the eminent engineer, Senor Agustin Mercau. Senor Don Federico M. Quintana, her charge d' affaires, is a descendant of General San Martin, her liberator. The brothers Monteverde, one distinguished as an educator, and the other in engineering, were sent by Uruquay; and from Colombia came General Carlos Cuerva Marquez, an enthusiastic admirer of the achievements of the United States, and Senor Gonzalo Mejia, the son of a Colombian banker. Mr. Mejia has solved the problem of transportation in his country by providing a hydroplane to make the journey between the coast and Bogota on the straight and shallow Magdaleno

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SENOR EDUARDO SUAREZ MUJICA
Ambassador of Chile and president of the Congress

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COLOMBIAN DELEGATION

(*Left to right, standing*) Franz Hederick, Phanor J. Eder, official delegates; Rafael Alvarez Salos, Gonzalo Mejia, delegates; Calixto Torres Umana, official delegate; Leopoldo Montejo, Francisco Escobar Campusano, Miguel Triana, delegates. (*Left to right, seated*) Tulio Ospina, official delegate; Mme. de Urrutia, Francisco Jose Urrutia, delegate; Mme. Alicia G. Hederick, Miss Matilda Ancizar, Eduardo Rodriguez Pineres, official delegate

River over seven hundred miles in twenty hours, a journey that now takes twelve days. This means of transportation over the mountains of South America, by aeroplane, is a distinct innovation, and who knows but what this method will surpass the railroads of our own country for quick and general communication.

In fact every name on the list is that of a man notable in some line of endeavor. One thing that impressed the people of this country was the liberal amount of names which the South Americans possess, and most of the delegates could boast a title. There was General Legitime, the former President of Haiti, with his daughter.

* * *

After the Congress, the party made a tour under direction of the American Express Company, which has already become the American "Cook's," visiting Baltimore, Philadelphia, Princeton, New Haven, New York, and Boston. The itinerary, which was made up of descriptions and illustrations of the cities to be visited, were printed in both Spanish and English. A special train was provided, and the party greatly enjoyed the novelty in their palace "hotels" on wheels.

The party, en tour, was under the direct charge of Mr. John Barrett, but when they reached New York, he was taken ill and could not continue, so the remainder of the trip was conducted by Assistant Secretary of State Phillips.

When they arrived in Boston, which marked the closing scenes of the Congress, they just seemed to feel the full fruits of the two weeks' acquaintance, and Mine Host Fogg, of the Copley Plaza, had even his bell boys trained to speak Spanish, to give the delegates a greeting that made them feel at home. The party was separated into a number of groups during the morning; the physicians visited the Harvard Medical School and hospitals nearby, others in the party visited places of interest at Cambridge, and the women were at the Agassiz Museum. One large group was taken to Memorial Hall, where many of the students were at dinner. The Glee Club, in the gallery, delighted the visitors, at their entrance, with a rousing Harvard cheer. The Widener Library was next visited, and here was waiting Professor Archibald C. Coolidge to welcome the guests who had been personally escorted about Harvard by President Lowell.

A group picture was taken on the main stairway of the library, with Assistant Secretary of State Phillips, President Lowell, Major Henry L. Higginson, Mr. Bacon and Mr. Quesada in the center. On account of the many different languages spoken by the visitors, it seemed like reenacting the scenes from the Tower of Babel, but the expression on the faces rather precluded any prophecy of discord. In the historic Harvard Union Club a luncheon was served, and Mr. Robert Bacon, former Secretary of State, delivered an address in Spanish, which was most heartily applauded by the delegates. A response was made by Dr. Victor Maurtua, and also Dr. Hector Velasquez, delegate from Paraguay. President Lowell delivered the address of welcome at the Union, which was followed by an address in Latin by Professor Albert A. Howard.

Thence to the custom house, where from the tower they viewed Boston, and marveled at the things they saw. A large number of the delegates took occasion to visit the plant of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

Among the party were Dr. Antonio Carlos Simoens de Silva of Brazil, a distinguished scientist and sociologist; Dr. Victor Maurtua, a former member of the Peruvian Congress and at present in the diplomatic service, and a well-known writer and Mrs. Maurtua; Dr. Alejandro O. Deustua, a philosopher and author from Peru; Dr. Julio Tello, a Harvard graduate; Dr. Ricardo Coyburu of Callao; Madame Carmen de Pinillos, a writer of short stories in the Spanish language and a lecturer on South American topics, and Dr. Mejia, a well-known Colombian inventor. They were presented with "Heart Throb" books, and copies of the magazine, and a most interesting discovery was made that some of the number had for a long time been subscribers of the NATIONAL.

After an inspection of the building, Dr. Maurtua in the name of the visitors spoke as follows:

*Mr. Chapple:*

We have been delighted at our visit to this place where your splendid ideas are put into books and periodicals. We have admired your great mechanical facilities, the general air of efficiency and activity in this busy place and we congratulate you and your co-workers, who must be indeed worthy of you, upon your well-merited success. It is particularly interesting that you should have achieved this by your own energy and perseverance and we will always remember with great pleasure this visit. We wish continued success and we shall tell our friends in our respective countries about the NATIONAL MAGAZINE and its truly Pan-American character.

Then each of the others made an address with true Spanish politeness, which made the editor blush furiously, although he did not understand a word. He learned, however, that the one great word in Spanish that supplies the meaning of our hearty "hello" is "salud."

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MADAME CARMEN DE PINILLOS
A writer of short stories in Spanish and a lecturer on South American topics

At the Chamber of Commerce dinner at the Boston City Club, President Louis K. Liggett welcomed the delegates as "representatives of that ideal of the larger internationalism for which we are all hoping and working—ambassadors of science, of engineering, of architecture, of economics and all the liberal arts of humanity, which know no national bounds, whose field is mankind, whose territory is the world, and whose product is civilization." He said further that "the idea of Pan-Americanism, if it is to be all it ought to be, required intellectual leadership in all of our American republics quite as much as it requires political and commercial leadership."

Amid strains from "Carmen" and "La Paloma" all began to feel quite Spanish as the delegates were escorted to Beacon Hill, where the lights were blazing at the State House, and the Cadet Band, in white and blue uniform, took up the strains of the music. Here they were received in the historic Hall of Flags, by the Governor and his staff, Mrs. McCall, and Mayor and Mrs. Curley. The scene was a brilliant one, and during the reception the band played the national airs of many of the Pan-American countries. The guests entered by the Beacon Street door, through Doric Hall to the Hall of Flags, the women being escorted to the receiving group by members of the Governor's staff. Hon. William Phillips, Third Assistant Secretary of State, stood at Governor McCall's left and announced the name of each of the guests. After the reception the visitors were taken back to the Copley-Plaza, where a dance was provided for them by Mrs. Louis K. Liggett, in the tea room.

Then followed the inevitable salutations and "good-byes." The baggage was gathered, and the procession entered the special train at Trinity Place, which was awaiting, with its dining cars and palace cars all resplendent with flowers and decorations. It was a happy lot of faces that looked from the windows as they waved good-bye to dear old Boston town, and they felt that this was indeed a fitting and crowning climax to one of the most notable trips and conventions that had been scheduled in the United States of America for many years. They were loath to leave Boston, and remained on the platform saying *adios* over and over again, their whole enthusiastic and emotional natures simply ablaze with the appreciation of the warmth of Boston hospitality. And to think that the most demonstrative hospitality of all their tour should have been in Boston town, noted for its coldness and aloofness, but you can't tell these people that Boston is cold and aloof after the reception they received in the good old town, which seemed to have an atmosphere of understanding and a spirit of appreciation of the distinguished visitors.

* * *

Great visions were unfolded in these conferences, which were conducted in Spanish and English, and the one lesson of the whole undertaking is that in every school of the United States the Spanish language ought to be taught. Why not be able to greet them in their own language, and let them know that the citizen of the

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PERUVIAN DELEGATION

(*Left to right, standing*) Gonzalo N. de Aramburu, Isaac Alzamora, Jr.; Ignatius J. Costigan, of Washington, aide to delegation to see to visitors' entertainment; Carlos Morales Macedo and Julio C. Tello, official delegates. (*Left to right, seated*) Miss Luisa Morales Macedo, Isaac Alzamora, chairman of delegation; Mme. de Deustua; Ricardo Goyburu, delegate; Mme. Olive M. de Tello; Alejandro O. Deustua, delegate

United States has some ideas and ideals extending beyond that of merely making money or transacting business, and that the culture and splendor of ancient Spain, when she was mistress of the world, so well preserved in the South American republics, will have its full recognition in its influence on modern thought in the progress of civilization, as that of even English, French or German?

The convention was truly an awakening, a renaissance, as it were, of the value and influences of the country which had so much to do with the early discovery and development of all the Americas. It was plain to see that our neighbors from the South do not like to be called "Latin-Americans." To be correct, they are no more Latin-Americans than we are English-Americans, French-Americans, or Irish-Americans—and while we are made up of the different nationalties, we all feel that we are entitled to the name of Americans. In our own country, where we speak the English language, we would not like to be called "British-Americans." The logic of these objections is apparent.

In an address before the law section of the Congress, Dr. Elajandro Alvarez, counselor for the legations of Chile in Europe, declared that Pan-Americanism is a practical and effective reality, and not, as some believe, an abstract proposition. Dr. Alvarez called attention to the fact that international law has not changed for centuries, while other sciences have shown great progress, and pointed out the necessity for bringing this particular science up to date. The real foreign relations of the nations, and not decisions or doctrines of mere theoretical value, should be kept in mind, he said, and its study should include as basic principles diplomatic history, treaties, arbitral awards and similar matters.

There was a vote of formal approval taken on the references of President Wilson to the Monroe Doctrine, and many of the delegates characterized the President's utterances as "a true definition of Pan-Americanism." The President, in his address, said it was a duty on the part of the United States to prepare for the defense not only of its own rights, but of those with whom it had made common cause, and spoke of the evolution of the Monroe doctrine into "a full and honorable association of partners between ourselves and our neighbors in the interest of all America—North and South."

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HONDURAN DELEGATION

(*Back row, left to right*) Fausto Davila, official delegate; Carlos Alberto Ucles, chairman of delegation. (*Front row, left to right*) Luis Landa, Romulo E. Duron, Guillermo Campos, Ricardo J. Urrutia, delegates; H. I. Hazeltine, United States Consular Service, aide to delegation on entertainment

HAITIAN DELEGATION

(*Left to right*) Leon Dejean, Edmond Hereaux, F. D. Legitime, Horace Etheart, delegates; Eberle Fermin, official delegate and Charles Mathon, chairman of delegation

Pan-Americanism is spreading within Latin countries, it became evident at the Congress, and it is said that countries such as Chile and Peru, whose relations have been strained since the war of 1879, are now endeavoring to show toward each other a concrete example of Pan-Americanism.

The issues most widely discussed during the Congress related to matters other than scientific—the Monroe Doctrine, the value and growth of democracy, the belief that this hemisphere is dedicated to the rule of the people, and that the people of both continents should act in sympathy with that belief, and in co-operation to that end. Preparedness and equal rights, mutual interests and co-ordination of efforts to a reciprocal understanding were all popular rallying cries which found prompt applause and full understanding.

From a scientific standpoint, the Congress was also a remarkable success. The Spanish word *ciencia* embraces a larger field than its English equivalent, and is applied to all classified knowledge. Some of the leading scientists of the Americas, and several hundred of our foremost men of thought, took active part in the meetings, over eight hundred papers were presented, and of these, five hundred abstracts were made in both languages. The results of these deliberations, when published, will be of great value to all America.

Not the least notable phase of this conference was the work of the Women's Auxiliary. Papers on a wide range of topics were read before the conference, and great credit for the success of this feature is given to Mrs. G. L. Swiggett, wife of Dr. Glen Levin Swiggett, Assistant Secretary General of the Congress.

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PARAGUAYAN DELEGATION

(*Left to right*) Antolin Irala, Luis Migone, delegates; Eusebio Ayala, chairman of delegation; P. Bruno Guggiari, official delegate; Juan F. Perez, delegate

BOLIVIAN DELEGATION

(*Left to right, standing*) Elias Sagarnaga, Alberto Gutierrez, delegates. (*Left to right, seated*) Miss Raquel Goytia, Miss Elina Sagarnaga, Mme. de Gutierrez

In 1921—five years hence—the next meeting of the Congress will be held in Lima, Peru, and the time and place carry every assurance of another most successful meeting.

* * *

The Congress was divided in nine sections, which includes: Anthropology, with Dr. W. H. Holmes, Head Curator, Smithsonian Institution as Chairman; astronomy, meteorology and seismology, with Dr. Robert S. Woodward, Ph.D., President Carnegie Institution of Washington as Chairman; conservation of resource, with George M. Rommel, B. S., Chief, Animal Husbandry Division, Bureau Animal Industry, Department of Agriculture, as Chairman; education, with Philander P. Claxton, Commissioner of Education, as Chairman; engineering, with W. H. Bixby, Brigadier General, U. S. A., retired, as Chairman; international law, public law, and jurisprudence, with Dr. James Brown Scott, J. U. D., Secretary, Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, as Chairman; mining, metallurgy, geology and chemistry, with Mr. Hennen Jennings, C. E., Former President, London Institution Mining and Metallurgy, as Chairman; public health and medical science, with William C. Gorgas, M.D., Sc.D., Surgeon General, U. S. A., as Chairman; commerce, finance and taxation, with Dr. L. S. Rowe, Ph.D., President, American Academy of Political and Social Science, as Chairman.

The honorary president of the Congress was President Wilson, and His Excellency Senor Don Eduardo Suarez Mujica, Ambassador from Chile, was the president. Secretary of State Lansing and the Latin-American Diplomatic Corps acted as vice-presidents. The executive committee was formed by William Phillips, Third Assistant Secretary of State, chairman *ex officio;* James Brown Scott and William H. Welch, president National Academy of Science, as vice-chairman; the Hon. John Barrett, Director General Pan-American Union, and the chairman of the nine sections. The organization officers were John Barrett, Secretary General; Glen Levin Swiggett, Professor of Romance

Languages at the University of Tennessee, assistant secretary general, with the following assistant secretaries: Harry Erwin Bard, J. D. Fitz-Gerald, Stedman Hanks, John Vavasour Noel, Maddin Summers, Benito Javier Perez Verdia, Lorimer C. Graham and Woodson P. Houghton. In addition there was a corp of delegation aides, headed by Boaz W. Long, United States Minister to San Salvador, and a corps of delegation aides for the women, with Mrs. Francisco J. Yanes, wife of the assistant director general of the Pan-American Union, as the executive.

* * *

The mention of the subjects discussed by these thousands of scientists, would, in itself, seem to indicate the wealth of thought bestowed on this Congress. In the section of Education, Senor Rodrigo Munoz Oribe, surveyor and professor of mathematics in the University of Uruguay, furnished a most lucid insight into the teaching of the dreaded mathematics in the schools; and the educational value of endowment for public schools, was the subject of a most interesting paper by Mr. John A. Brashear of Pittsburg.

The ancient science of astronomy still has its pertinent application to modern science, and the discussion in this section by Dr. Santiago I. Barberena, director of the National Observatory of the Republic of El Salvador, on the principal geophysical basis of modern seismology, was a most significent one.

In reading over the subjects of the addresses, and the authors, it would seem to the average reader, fully as unintelligible as a foreign language, for here were discussed such subjects as the "organization of macroseismological observations" in America, by Count Montessus de Balore, director of the seismological service of Chile. The addresses were not so formidable as the titles.

Between sessions, there was an expression of appreciation given on every hand of the generous assistance given the eighty-one official delegates representing twenty-one Latin-American Governments including their families, which made up a party of 129, and besides this, there were forty-six so-called unofficial delegates representing scientific societies, institutions, etc. The Carnegie Endowment has been most helpful in crystalizing this effort, for the officials most generously co-operated and many of the most valuable delegates were furnished their expenses of $1,000 for each person. This was in addition to the $85,000 that was appropriated by the United States Government.

There was a sub-section devoted to discussion of Pan-American topics, at which Mr. L. O. Howard, Chief of United States Bureau of Entomology, presented a paper on the international need of a sound scientific service in economic entomology. To show that the mental attitude of all countries is about the same, is the discussion of the development of the saving habit by means of the establishment of the postal-savings bank in the Argentine,

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CHILEAN DELEGATION

(*Left to right, standing*) Alberto Korner, delegate; Daniel Armanet Fresno, secretary of delegation; Dario E. Salas, official delegate; Jose Maria Galvez, delegate; Ramon Salos Edwards, Arturo E. Salazar, Teodoro Muhm, official delegates. (*Left to right, seated*) Enrique Cuevas, delegate; Julio Philippi, vice chairman of the delegation; Moises Vargas, delegate

MEXICAN DELEGATES

(*Left to right, standing*) Toribio Esquivel Obregon, Joaquin D. Casasus, Benito Javier Perez-Verdia, delegates. (*Left to right, seated*) Miss Beatriz Esquivel Obregon, Mme. de Casasus, Miss Laura Esquivel Obregon by Senor Dr. R. Fitte of Argentina, indicating that this was one of the great things the South American republics had to learn, as well as our own United States.

Dr. P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, and Dr. Ernesto Nelson, National Inspector of Higher Education of Buenos Aires, were the principals in a discussion of what should be the primary and secondary purposes of education. Dr. Nelson's paper was along radical lines, and attacked the entire system of organized education as consisting of memoriter work.

Senor Horacio Echegay of Santiago de Chile discussed at length "The attitude of the government in the matter of national forests," in which he urged that forestry be given some attention in the public schools—a suggestion well for our own country to consider.

In the astronomical discussion, it was plain to see that the South American representatives were most thoroughly conversant with their subject, for Senor Don Constant Lurquin, director *observatorio meteorologico del Instituto Medico of Sucre*, Bolivia, and Senor Don Jorge Alvarez Heras, in charge of the meteorological service of the National Observatory, Bogota, spoke with authority on these matters.

In the Red Parlor of the New Willard was held the sessions in regard to medical research, and a most interesting symposium on cancer was presented by Dr. Leo Loeb of the Washington University, St. Louis. The discussion showed how this subject is enlisting the attention of scientists the world over. Dr. N. A. Solano of Panama, discussed etiology and prevention of tuberculosis from the sociological standpoint, and Dr. R. A. Lambert of Columbia University, New York, gave the result of his investigations on tissue culture in cancer.

Right across the street at the Ebbitt Hotel was another session seriously considering the discussion of government monopolies and internal revenue systems, by Prof. Carl C. Plehm of the University of California, Berkeley.

When Dr. Manuel Gamio of Mexico, inspector of archaeological monuments, spoke it was like a glimpse almost into prehistoric days, for, by a study of the ethnological elements of the country, he showed that the Indian has never been considered so far in the making of the laws of the country.

One of the most significant addresses of the entire Congress was that delivered by Hon. Elihu Root, whose trip to South America was the overture toward the movement which crystalized at this Congress. His address was entirely extemporaneous,

DR. VICTORINO MARQUEZ BUSTILLOS
Acting President of Venezuela

but indicated the clear-headed thoughtfulness of the man who typifies the modern solon, for did he not, in a few hours, create a form of government and the laws for the United States' insular possessions.

> All of the hundreds of thousands of pages, said Mr. Root, that have been written upon international law by private individuals, go for nothing unless governments accept them. A wilderness of text writers one has to wander through in endeavoring to get at what the law of nations is, and all that they wrote is of no consequence except as it exercises a force in bringing about action and agreement by the governments of the earth. This process must have both private initiative and governmental sanction.

The second Pan-American Congress extended over a longer period than any convention ever held in Washington for years, and New Year's Day was celebrated with zest by all representatives of the foreign nations. The new year resolutions were taken amid scenes reflecting old customs of many nations.

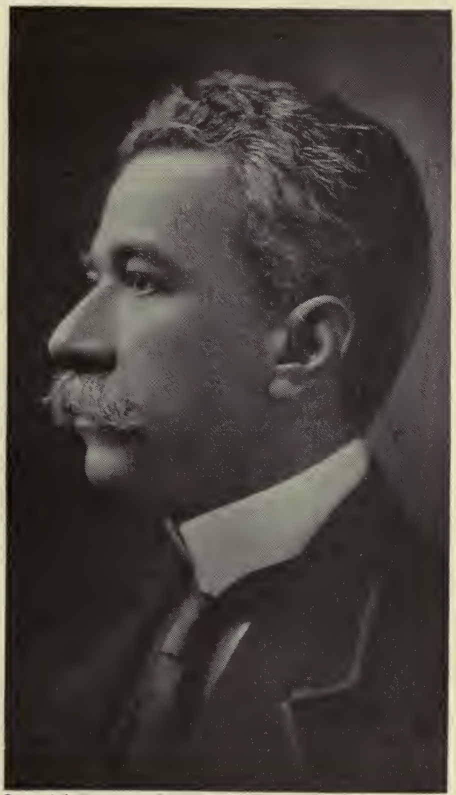
It was most interesting to hear the paper read by Eduardo Monteverde, professor in the National University of Montevideo, discussing "The essential object of the education of women," and it could scarcely be reprinted as an argument in favor of suffrage, for he dealt with the question more from a physical standpoint, insisting that the physical education of women is deficient in all the ideals of higher education for women.

When Prof. H. C. Frankenfield of the United States Weather Bureau presented his discussion, bright and early one Monday morning, on "Sleet and Ice Storms in the United States," he could point to the storm outside, in demonstration of his argument. The climatic setting was complete.

Aluminum conductors for electric transmission lines was the subject of an address by Mr. Thomas Varney of the Aluminum Company, Pittsburg. Merchant marine is a subject that has been identified for many years with the name of Louis Nixon of New York, and his paper on this question was received with much interest.

It was refreshing to find so many able law students in the South American countries. This was demonstrated by papers from Lic. Rafael Maria Angulo of Cuba, Dr. Carlos Bravo of Colombia, and Dr. Antonio Dos Rios Carvalho of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, the latter presenting "*Le Dictature Republicaine et le Gouvernement Bresilien,*" a title which I would not even attempt to pronounce.

Mining was also given special attention, and an address by Mr. Carl Scholz, president of the American Mining Congress, Chicago, and one of the world experts on the subject, opened the eyes of the foreign delegates as to what could yet be done by mining development in the older and more settled countries.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HIS EXCELLENCY, DOMICIO DA GAMA
Ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Brazil and president of the Brazilian delegation to the second Pan-American Scientific Congress

"The Mental Hygiene of Adolescents" was the title of a paper by Dr. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, while "A safe and sane milk supply" was read by Dr. John Weinzirl, of the University of Washington, Seattle. And this is only an indication of the infinite variety of the discussions.

Hon. Franklin K. Lane, as Secretary of the Interior, was naturally keenly interested in the mining and metallurgy sections, and he greeted the delegations as "scientists in glorious battle," and said that "the real battle of the centuries is not between men or between nations or between races. The one fight, the enduring contest, is between man and physical nature."

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GUATEMALAN DELEGATION

(*Left to right, standing*) Ramon Bengochea, Rodolfo Robles, Jose Matos, delegates. (*Left to right, seated*) Antonio Batres Jauregui, delegate; Minister Joaquin Mendez, chairman of delegation; Adrian Recinos, official delegate

URUGUAYAN DELEGATION

(*Left to right, standing*) Miss Maria Teresa Monteverde, Mme. Anita de Monteverde. (*Left to right, seated*) Juan Monteverde, official delegate; Eduardo Monteverde, delegate: Adolfo Berro Garcia, delegate

"What the United States Government has done for Anthropology," was a paper presented by Mr. F. W. Hodge, in charge of the Bureau of American Ethnology, and in this discussion the Ambassador from Peru, Senor Federico A. Pezet, stated the case for his country. "The Sources of Cuban Ecclesiastical History," was an address by Right Rev. Charles W. Currier, Bishop of Hetalonia.

"Some Results of Aerological Observations" were related by Prof. W. R. Blair of the United States Weather Bureau, and this was followed by an interesting discussion on "Peruvian Meteorological Observations," by Dr. C. F. Brooks of Yale University. "The Fenal Doctrine of Polar Calms and its Disproof in Recent Observations," was taken up by Prof. W. G. Hobbs of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, and "The Position of Meteorology Among the Sciences," by Mr. C. F. von Herrmann of the United States Weather Bureau, Atlanta, was a subject of increasing interest from a commercial as well as a scientific standpoint.

From delving deeply in scientific subjects, came the discussion of "The Relation of the Quantity of Water Used to the Quantity of Crop Produced," by John A. Widtsoe, president of the Agricultural College of Utah. Mr. Charles R. Mann, of the Carnegie Foundation, read a most interesting paper on "The Study of Engineering Education by the Joint Committee of the National Engineering Societies," and Dr. Paul Bartsch of the National Museum, Washington, D. C., made an eloquent plea for pre-medical education in biology. The subject of "Agricultural Education in County Schools" was taken up by Mr. Harry L. Russell, dean of the University of Wisconsin, Madison, and Mr. Herbert J. Webber, dean of the College of Agriculture, Berkeley, California, presented a most absorbing discussion of "Graduate Instruction."

In glancing over the subjects of the various papers, one could almost feel a familiarity with the sciences and the long and at first unpronounceable words. "The place of industrial education in the system of public schools of a self-governed people," was discussed by Mr. Eugene Davenport of the University of Illinois College of Agriculture, Urbana, and Mr. Elliott H. Goodwin, secretary of the United States Chamber of Commerce, asks, at some length, the most pertinent question: "Is there a profession of business, and can we really train for it?" The proper use of business experts from the business world in class instruction on domestic and foreign commerce, was presented in a symposium of five-minute talks by His Excellency, Senor Don Carlos Maria de Pena, minister from Uruguay, His Excellency, Senor Don Joaquin Mendez, minister from Guatemala, W. S. Kies of the National City Bank, New York City, and J. J. Arnold of the First National Bank, Chicago, followed by fourteen others, among whom were former secretary of the treasury, Hon. Charles Nagel of St. Louis, Hon. Henry D. Flood, chairman Foreign Relations Committee; Mr. James Brown Scott, secretary Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Washington, and Hon. Wilbur J. Carr, director Consular Service, Washington.

Dr. Glen Levin Swiggett, Assistant Secretary of the Congress, to whom much credit is due for its success, in his title of professor of romance languages of the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, delivered a most notable address on the value of Spanish in the study of engineering.

Perhaps one of the most charming lectures of the entire congress, was that delivered at Continental Memorial Hall, by Dr. John A. Brashear, entitled "An Evening's Journey Among the Stars," which was illustrated by many stellar and other slides, including several taken in South America.

The subject of the railroads was not overlooked, and this session was presided over by Mr. Fairfax Harrison, president of the Southern Railway, as chairman. And this emphasized one thing that excited the wonder of the guests—the American railroads without even a sympathetic glimpse into the views of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

"Education of women as related to the welfare of children" was discussed by Dr. Julia Lathrop of the Children's Bureau, Washington, and Miss Lutie Stearns of Milwaukee, answered the question of "What library asks of the educated woman." Miss Enriqueta Compte y Rique of Uruguay, discusses "Should a single school be the local unit of administration in the district or in a wider sphere of action?" It is strange how these smaller countries seem to be absorbed in educational subjects which are of all-absorbing interest to a nation of the size of the United States. "The education of women as measured in civic and social relations," was ably handled by Miss Sophonisba P. Breckenridge of the University of Chicago, and Miss Susan M. Kingsbury of Bryn Mawr College. Miss Ida M. Tarbell told her opinions on "Essential education for the average woman," and Miss Tarbell always speaks as one who knows.

Senor Enriqur Soro came to Washington from Chile to lead in the singing of the new Pan-American hymn of his own composition, which was sung by a chorus of 125 voices at the opening of the Congress.

SENOR ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT

Mr. Soro is a director of piano and composition in the Conservatory of Music of Chile. He took the first prize in 1904 at the Conservatory of Music, Milan, Italy, and since has won many honors in Latin America by his compositions.

The last general session of the Congress was held in the New Willard Hotel, and the program evoked a great deal of applause because of the scholarly finish and excellence of the papers read. The delegates seemed loth to leave the intellectual feast even for the fascinations of a trip to Boston. A feature that was greatly appreciated, was the issuance of the Daily Bulletin. Each day there appeared, not only the complete bulletin of the papers, and the program, but interesting portraits and discussions concerning the delegates. This work was in charge of Mr. John Vavasour Noel, whose experience in South America for many years fitted him for the work.

HON. JOHN BARRETT
Director of the Pan-American Union

Cuba was a candidate for the next Congress, but as 1921 will mark the centennial of Peru, the Pearl of the Antilles gracefully withdrew in favor of the ancient land of the Incas.

When Mr. Alberto Santos-Dumont stood up before an audience at the New Willard at the Engineering Section of the Congress and made his memorable address, a vision of the future of transportation was unveiled. The slender form of the modest and retiring young aviator made an attractive picture, as he proceeded with his views of the future of aviation. The address was full of practical suggestions and it seemed incongruous to think of this young man talking of ten years ago as though it were a reminiscence of ancient times. A part of his speech follows:

> All European countries are old enemies. Here in the New World we should all be friends. We should be able to intimidate any European power contemplating war against any one of us, not by guns—of which we have so few—but by the strength of our union. In case of war with any European power, neither the United States nor the great South American countries could, under present conditions, adequately protect their extensive coasts. It would be impossible to patrol the shore of Brazil and Argentina with a seagoing fleet. Only a fleet of great aeroplanes flying two hundred kilometers an hour could patrol these long coasts.
>
> Scouting aeroplanes could detect the approach of hostile fleets and warn their own battleships for action. One of the most powerful means of protection would be in such squadrons of aeroplanes, owned by the governments of the United States and the various South American countries. In case of war these aeroplane fleets would enable the United States and the various South American countries to operate as allies in protecting their coast lines. Am I speaking of an impossibility?
>
> Remember that ten years ago, when I came to the United States with my twenty-horse power airship no one would talk seriously about aerial navigation. We now see what the aeroplane does in Europe, in taking observations, directing battles, and the movements of troops, in attacking the enemy, and in the protection of coasts. . . .
>
> The distance from New York City to Buenos Aires, which is now over twenty days by steamship, will be abbreviated to a trip of a few days. With time and distance annihilated, the commercial relations, so long deferred, will spontaneously develop. We shall have facilities for prompt cummunication. We shall get into closer contact. We shall become stronger in the bonds of understanding and friendship.

He insisted that one of the chief problems in the development of aerial navigation lies in the improvement of the motor, and that the difficulty and objection more often raised—that of finding one's position in an aeroplane, would be overcome by the use of gyroscope and nautical instruments.

# Training for Foreign Service

## by William Eliot Merrill

ADDRESSES at the Pan-American Scientific Congress were a most able and illuminating collection of papers on modern business conditions at home as well as abroad. At the meeting of the Educational Conference on Foreign Service Training, the address of Mr. James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation and chairman of the National Foreign Trade Council, was a most timely suggestion as to the training for foreign trade in view of the visit of the delegates to the congress, who confirmed his views. The record of Mr. Farrell in the foreign trade service has not been surpassed. He called attention in his address that as long as our exports consist largely of surplus material products, the mechanism of sale and shipment was provided chiefly by the oversea purchaser. These conditions are likely to change when the great bulk of the foreign commerce of the United States is not handled by a score of the largest corporations. These corporations were able to organize departments exclusively devoted to this branch of business, and where they have been able to do this, their products meet conditions prevailing in the markets they would reach.

Now the all-important question has come up as to the matter of special training for this work, and this question has been considered by public men, corporations, public schools and universities. This lack of training has been a handicap in our competition with the European commercial rivals. Mr. Farrell pointed out the fact that few foreigners become managers or salesmen for American concerns. The brightest business men in the United States today are those Americans in export business who are on the "firing line," and have perfected themselves for the work. American shops and American banks for foreign trade, and the need of especially trained American salesmen is more acute than ever.

Discussing current conditions, Mr. Farrell said:

> Since the war and while our exports have been increasing at an unusual rate, manufacturers and business houses of all kinds, which never before handled a single order from a foreign land, have been receiving orders. To appreciate the need of trained men in this business, one should sit in the offices of the foreign trade bureaus of the government or have an acquaintance among that large class of professional trade advisers operating as commission brokers, bankers, or as secretaries of public commercial organizations.
>
> Upon receipt of his first few orders, and for that matter his first few hundred orders, the merchant new to the exporting business finds himself in dire need of advice and help. He is willing to pay for the advice, but sometimes intelligent advice concerning the intricacies of foreign trade is not available; least of all can he readily obtain the service of men capable of handling foreign business properly.

While natural products and foodstuffs will practically sell themselves, manufactured goods must be adapted to the requirements of foreign competitive trade, and Mr. Farrell insists that our position must rest upon a fair exchange of values, and a knowledge of the underlying conditions governing production in other countries, which is only obtained by close study and a knowledge of the language and customs of the country.

Concerning the work of the National Foreign Trade Council, he referred to the report of Mr. W. D. Simmons, chairman of that committee, showing an interesting investigation as to the efficacy of public schools and college education as a preparation for foreign trade. In the course of his address, he recited many interesting cases where the work of education has already been begun, and the fact had been disclosed that many of the graduates of the public schools did not have even a workable knowledge of the three fundamental "R's."

> Under the influence of sentiment aroused by construction of the Panama Canal and conspicuous expansion of our foreign trade, commercial geography is now more extensively taught, and instruction in languages, particularly Spanish, is being extended. The usefulness of this instruction will depend upon the co-operation of business men with educators, but knowledge of Spanish is by no means the sole necessity in preparing to engage in export and import trade. English is the most extensively used of the commercial languages, and it is of prime importance that an American engaged in foreign trade should be able to employ his native tongue effectively and persuasively.
>
> It is frequently the case that the clerk employed in a business office or store is unable to write an all-around good business letter.
>
> In the schools of Chattanooga, Tennessee, commercial geography is taught by means of a map of the world bearing a flag at every point where Chattanooga goods are sold. When the Panama Canal is considered, the interest of the pupils is instantly aroused by the statement that the Panama Canal could not have been built without certain materials manufactured in Chattanooga.
>
> The problem of training for foreign trade is inseparable, so far as concerns common school or secondary education, from that of training for domestic business. The public school should prepare its pupils for life, and life with us is business.
>
> In several of our great seaport cities educational institutions have provided late afternoon or evening lectures for those employed in foreign trading houses or the export departments of manufacturing corporations, shipping offices, etc., thus bringing within reach of the ambitious the opportunity to reinforce practical experience by study. The result is an effective combination of theory and practice.

Bringing the matter down concretely, Mr. Farrell points out the necessities of the times—what is requisite for young men to prepare for foreign trade:

> The first necessity for a young man engaged in foreign trade is a knowledge of the particular business in which he is employed. Nothing can take the place of this, for mistakes can be made in every language and in every land. In many markets, the superiority, quality, finish and adaptability of the American product are factors in its favor. No salesman can employ this fact to advantage unless he is technically familiar with the product and able to demonstrate it; nor can he quickly perceive new opportunities unless familiar with every possibility of his goods. Should his product not be quite adapted to the especial needs of a foreign market, he should be able to recommend changes which will be acceptable alike to his customer and the factory.

He summarized the situation in a few brief paragraphs, which were listened to with intense interest by the audience assembled, and his closing words had the ring of encouragement that appeals to the enthusiasm of the average young man ambitious for a successful business career.

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The height of ability consists in a thorough knowledge of the real value of things, and of the genius of the age we live in.

—*Rochefoucald.*

# The Literary Genius of Abraham Lincoln*

### Including Two Poems Written by the Great Emancipator

### by Marion Mills Miller

SOME years ago, while editing Henry C. Whitney's "Life of Lincoln" I showed a photograph of the bust of Lincoln by Johnnes Gelert, the most intellectual to my mind of all the studies of his face, to a little Italian shoeblack, and asked him if he knew who it was. The boy, evidently prompted by a recent lesson, said questioningly, "Whittier?—Longfellow?" I replied, "No, it is Lincoln, the great President." He answered, "Well, he looks like a poet, anyway."

This verified a conclusion to which I had already come: Lincoln, had he lived in a region of greater culture, such as New England, might not have adopted the engrossing pursuits of law and politics, but, as did Whittier, have remained longer on the farm and gradually taken up the calling of letters, composing verse of much the same order as our Yankee bards', and poetry of even higher merit than some produced.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN
From a photograph by Gardner in 1865

It is not generally known that Lincoln, shortly before he went to Congress, wrote verse of a kind to compare favorably with the early attempts of the American poets such as those named. Thus the two poems of his which have been preserved, for his early lampoons on his neighbors have happily been lost, are equal in poetic spirit and metrical art to Whittier's "The Prisoner for Debt," to which they are strikingly similar in melancholic mood.

In 1846, at the age of thirty-seven, Lincoln conducted a literary correspondence with a friend, William Johnson by name, of like poetic tastes. In April of that year he wrote the following letter to Johnson:

TREMONT, April 18, 1846.

*Friend Johnston:* Your letter, written some six weeks since, was received in due course, and also the paper with the parody. It is true, as suggested it might be, that I have never seen Poe's "Raven"; and I very well know that a parody is almost entirely dependent for its interest upon the reader's acquaintance with the original. Still there is enough in the polecat, self-considered, to afford one several hearty laughs. I think four or five of the last stanzas are decidedly funny, particularly where Jeremiah "scrubbed and washed, and prayed and fasted."

I have not your letter now before me; but, from memory, I think you ask me who is the author of the piece I sent you, and that you do so ask as to indicate a slight suspicion that I myself am the author. Beyond all question, I am not the author. I would give all I am worth, and go in debt, to be able to write so fine a piece as I think that is. Neither do I know who is the author. I met it in a straggling form in a newspaper last summer, and I remember to have seen it once before, about fifteen years ago, and this is all I know about it.

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* From "The Poets' Lincoln," Chapple Publishing Co., Boston.

The piece of poetry of my own which I alluded to, I was led to write under the following circumstances. In the fall of 1844, thinking I might aid some to carry the State of Indiana for Mr. Clay, I went into the neighborhood in that State in which I was raised, where my mother and only sister were buried, and from which I had been absent about fifteen years.

That part of the country is, within itself, as unpoetical as any spot of the earth; but still, seeing it and its objects and inhabitants aroused feelings in me which were certainly poetry; though whether my expression of those feelings is poetry is quite another question. When I got to writing, the change of subject divided the thing into four little divisions or cantos, the first only of which I send you now, and may send the others hereafter. Yours truly,

A. Lincoln.

My childhood's home I see again,
And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in it too.

O Memory! thou midway world
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise.

And, freed from all that's earthly vile,
Seem hallowed, pure and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light.

As dusky mountains please the eye
When twilight chases day;
As bugle-notes that, passing by,
In distance die away;

As leaving some grand waterfall,
We, lingering, list its roar—
So memory will hallow all
We've known but know no more.

Near twenty years have passed away
Since here I bid farewell
To woods and fields, and scenes of play,
And playmates loved so well.

Where many were, but few remain
Of old familiar things;
But seeing them to mind again
The lost and absent brings.

The friends I left that parting day,
How changed, as time has sped!
Young childhood grown, strong manhood gray;
And half of all are dead.

I hear the loved survivors tell
How nought from death could save,
Till every sound appears a knell,
And every spot a grave.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
And pace the hollow rooms,
And feel (companion of the dead)
I'm living in the tombs.

In September, he wrote the following letter:

Springfield, September 6, 1846.

*Friend Johnston:* You remember when I wrote you from Tremont last spring, sending you a little canto of what I called poetry, I promised to bore you with another some time. I now fulfil the promise. The subject of the present one is an insane man; his name is Matthew Gentry. He is three years older than I, and when we were boys we went to school together. He was rather a bright lad, and the son of the rich man of a very poor neighborhood. At the age of nineteen he unaccountably became furiously mad, from which condition he gradually settled down into harmless insanity. When, as I told you in my other letter, I visited my old home in the fall of 1844, I found him still lingering in this wretched condition. In my poetizing mood, I could not forget the impression his case made upon me. Here is the result:

But here's an object more of dread
Than aught the grave contains—
A human form with reason fled,
While wretched life remains.

When terror spread and neighbors ran
Your dangerous strength to bind,
And soon, a howling, crazy man,
Your limbs were fast confined;

How then you strove and shrieked aloud,
Your bones and sinews bared;
And fiendish on the gazing crowd
With burning eyeballs glared;

And begged and swore, and wept and prayed,
With maniac laughter joined;
How fearful were these signs displayed
By pangs that killed the mind!

And when at length the drear and long
Time soothed thy fiercer woes,
How plaintively thy mournful song
Upon the still night rose!

I've heard it oft as if I dreamed,
Far distant, sweet and lone,
The funeral dirge it ever seemed
Of reason dead and gone.

To drink its strains I've stole away,
All stealthily and still,
Ere yet the rising god of day
Had streaked the eastern hill.

Air held her breath; trees with the spell
Seemed sorrowing angels round,
Whose swelling tears in dewdrops fell
Upon the listening ground.

But this is past, and naught remains
  That raised thee o'er the brute:
Thy piercing shrieks and soothing strains
  Are like, forever mute.

Now fare thee well! More thou the cause
  Than subject now of woe.
All mental pangs by time's kind laws
  Hast lost the power to know.

O death! thou awe-inspiring prince
  That keepest the world in fear,
Why dost thou tear more blest ones hence,
  And leave him lingering here?

If I should ever send another, the subject will be a "Bear Hunt."

Yours as ever,
A. LINCOLN.

The poem alluded to in the first letter is undoubtedly "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?", by William Knox, a Scottish poet, known to fame only by its authorship. It remained the favorite of Lincoln until his death, being frequently alluded to by him in conversation with his friends. Because it so aptly presents Lincoln's own spirit it is often quoted in speaking of him. During his presidency he said:

> There is a poem which has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown me when a young man by a friend, and which I afterwards saw and cut from a newspaper and learned by heart. I would give a good deal to know who wrote it, but I have never been able to ascertain.

Then, half closing his eyes, he repeated the verses: "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?"

While Lincoln, so far as can be ascertained, wrote nothing in verse after 1846, he developed in his speeches a literary style which is poetical in the highest sense of that term. More than all American statesmen his utterances and writings possess that classic quality whose supreme expression is found in Greek literature. This is because Lincoln's mind was essentially Hellenic. First of all the architecture of his thought was that of the Greek masters, who, whether as Phidias they built the Parthenon to crown in harmonious beauty the Acropolis, or as Homer they recorded in swelling narrative from its dramatic beginning the strife of the Achaeans before Troy, or even as Euclid, they developed from postulates the relations of space, had a deep insight into the order in which mother nature was striving to express herself, and a reverent impulse to aid her in bodying forth according to her methods the ideal forms

LINCOLN, FROM A BUST BY JOHANNES GELERT

of the cosmos, the world of beauty, no less within the soul of man than without it, which was intended by such help to be realized as a whole in the infinity of time, and in part in the vision of every true workman. In short, Lincoln had a profound sense of the fitness of things, that which Aristotle, the scientific analyst of human thought and the philosopher of its proper expression, called "poetic justice." He strove to make his reasoning processes strictly logical, and to this end carried with him as he rode the legal circuit not law-books, but a copy of Euclid's geometry, and passed his time on the way demonstrating to his drivers the theorems therein proposed. "Demonstrate" he said he considered to be the greatest word in the English language. He constructed every one of his later speeches on the plan of a Euclidean solution. His Cooper Union speech on "Slavery as the Fathers Viewed It," which contributed so largely to his Presidential nomination, was such a demonstration, settling what was thereafter never attempted to be controverted: his contention that the makers of the Constitution merely tolerated property in human flesh and blood as a primitive and passing phase of civilization, and never intended that it should be perpetuated by the charter of the Republic.

So, too, the Gettysburg speech, brief as it is, is the statement of a thesis, the principles upon which the Fathers founded the nation, and of the heroic demonstration of the same by the soldiers fallen on the field, and the addition of a normal corollary of this, the high resolve of the living to prosecute the work until the vision of the Fathers was realized.

In substance of thought and in form of its presentation the speech is as perfect a poem as ever was written, and even in the minor qualities of artistic language—rhythm and cadence, phonetic euphony, rhetorical symbolism, and that subtle reminiscence of a great literary and spiritual inheritance, the Bible, which stands to us as Homer did to the ancients—it excels the finest gem to be found in poetic cabinets from the Greek Anthology downward. Only because it was not written in the typography of verse, with capitalized and paragraphed initial words at the beginning of each thought-group of words, has it failed of recognition as a poem by academic minds. Had Walt Whitman composed the address, and printed it in the above manner, it would now appear in every anthology of poetry published since its date. To convince of this those conventional people who must have an ocular demonstration of form in order to compare the address with accepted examples of poetry, I will dare to incur the condemnation of those who rightly look upon such a departure from Lincoln's own manner of writing the speech as profanation, and present it in the shape of *vers libre*. For the latter class of readers this, the greatest poem by Lincoln, the greatest, indeed, yet produced in America, may be preferably read in the original form as it is best known. I trust that these, especially if they are teachers of literature, will pardon, for the sake of others less cultivated in poetic taste, what may appear a duplication here, unnecessary to themselves, of the address.

### SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG

By Abraham Lincoln

Four score and seven years ago
Our fathers brought forth on this continent
A new nation,
Conceived in liberty,
And dedicated to the proposition
That all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war,
Testing whether that nation,
Or any nation so conceived and so dedicated,
Can long endure.
We are met on a great battle-field of that war.
We have come to dedicate a portion of that field
As a final resting-place
For those who here gave their lives
That that nation might live.
It is altogether fitting and proper
That we should do this.

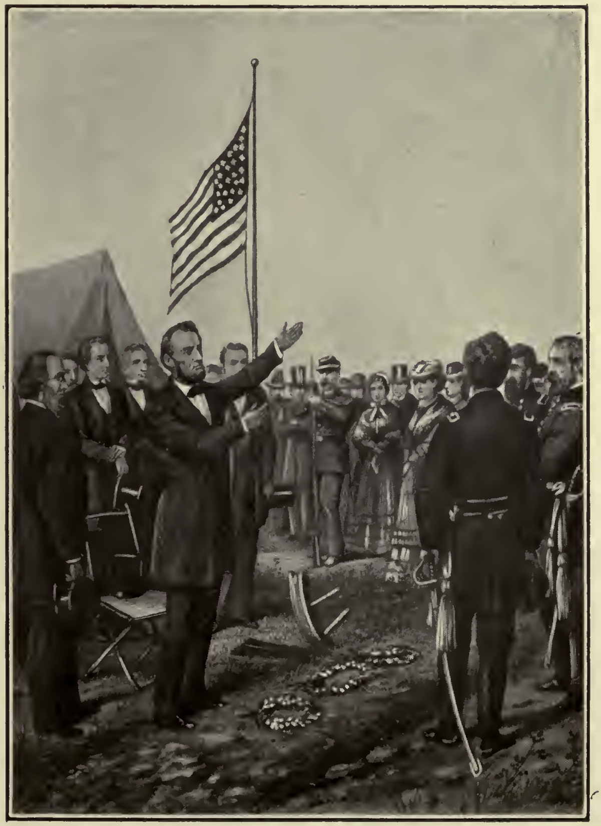
But, in a larger sense,
We cannot dedicate—
We cannot consecrate—
We cannot hallow—
This ground.
The brave men, living and dead,
Who struggled here,
Have consecrated it far above our poor power
To add or detract.
The world will little note nor long remember
What we say here,
But it can never forget
What they did here.
It is for us, the living rather,

To be dedicated here to the unfinished work
Which they who fought here have so nobly advanced.
It is rather for us to be here dedicated
To the great task remaining before us—
That from these honored dead
We take increased devotion to that cause
For which they gave the last full measure of devotion;
That we here highly resolve
That these dead shall not have died in vain;
That this nation, under God,
Shall have a new birth of freedom;
And that government of the people,
By the people, and for the people
Shall not perish from the earth.

Lincoln attained this classic perfection of ordered thought, and with it, as an inevitable accompaniment this classic beauty of expression, only by great struggle. He became a poet of the first rank only by virtue of his moral spirit. He was continually correcting deficiencies in his character, which were far greater than is generally received, owing to the tendency of American historians of the tribe of Parson Weems to find by force illustrations of moral heroism in the youth of our great men. Thus Lincoln is represented as a noble lad, who having allowed a borrowed book to be ruined by rain, went to the owner and offered to "pull fodder" to repay him, which the man ungenerously permitted him to do. The truth is, that the neighbor, to whom the book was a cherished possession, required him to do the work in repayment, and that Lincoln not only did it grudgingly, but afterwards lampooned the man so severely in satiric verse that he was ashamed to show himself at neighborhood gatherings. All the people about Gentryville feared Lincoln's caustic wit, and disliked him for it, although they were greatly impressed with his ability exhibited thereby. Lincoln recognized his moral obliquity, and curbed his propensity for satire, which was a case of that "exercise of natural faculty" which affects all gifted persons. And when he left that region he visited all the neighbors, and asked pardon of those whom he had ridiculed. The true Lincoln is a far better example to boys than the fictitious one, in that he had more unlovely traits at first than the average lad, yet he reformed, with the result that, when he went to new scenes, he speedily became the most popular young man in the neighborhood. He was one of those who

"rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

The reformation of his character by self examination and determination not to make the same mistake again seems to have induced similar effects and methods for their attainment in the case of his intellectual development. Whatever the connection, both regenerations proceeded



LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG

apace. Lincoln at first was a shallow thinker, accepting without examination the views of others, especially popular statesmen, such as Henry Clay, whose magnetic personality was drawing to himself the high-spirited young men of the West. Some of the political doctrines which Lincoln then adopted he retained to the end, these being on subjects such as taxation and finance whose moral bearing was not apparent, and therefore into which he never inquired closely, for Lincoln's mind could not be profoundly interested in any save a moral question. When he found that a revered statesman was weak upon a crucial moral issue, he repressed his innate tendency to loyalty and rejected him. Thus, after a visit to Henry Clay in Kentucky, when the slavery question was arising to vex the country despite the efforts the aged statesman had made to settle it by the compromise of 1850, Lincoln returned disillusioned, having found that the light he himself possessed on the subject was clearer than that of his old leader. The eulogy which he delivered on the death of Clay, which occurred shortly afterward (in 1852), is the most perfunctory of all his addresses.

* * *

Indeed, not till the time of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise of 1854, which brought Lincoln back into politics by its overthrow of what he regarded as the constitutional exclusion of slavery from the territories, did he rise to his highest powers as a thinker and speaker.

And as the poet and the wit are near akin through this common appeal to the imagination, Lincoln, had he overcome the obsession of melancholy in his nature which was the mood in which he resorted to poetry, and which early limited his taste for it to verse of a sad and reflective kind, might have become a literary craftsman of the order of Holmes, whose poetry in the main was bright and joyous, and, even when he occasionally touched upon such subjects as death, was, as we have seen, informed with inspiring Hellenic beauty rather than depressing Hebraic moralization. It was in his sad moments, says Henry C. Whitney, that the mind of Lincoln "gravitated toward the weird, sombre and mystical. In his normal and tranquil state of mind, 'The Last Leaf,' by Oliver Wendell Holmes, was his favorite poem."

It was Lincoln's happy lot to rise in the realm of oratory by the power of his poetic spirit higher than any American, save probably Emerson, has done in other fields of literature. On the theme of slavery, where his unerring moral sense had free sway, he became our supreme orator, transcending even Webster in grandeur of thought and beauty of its expression. His periods are not as sonorous as the Olympian New England orator's, but their accents will reach as far and resound even longer by the carrying and sustaining power of the ideas which they express. Indeed, it is on the wings supplied by Lincoln that Webster's most significant conception, that of the nature of the Constitution, is even now borne along, because of the uplifting ideality which Lincoln gave it by more broadly applying it to the nation itself as an exampler and preserver to the world of ideal government.

Webster said: "It is, sir, the people's Constitution, the people's Government; made for the people; made by the people; and answerable to the people."

This he made the thesis for an argument which was to be followed by a magnificent peroration ending with a sentiment, calculated for use as a toast at political banquets, and as a patriotic slogan: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

Lincoln with purer taste, the expression of which, be it said to Webster's credit, had been made possible by the acceptance of the earlier statesman's contention, assumed the thesis as placed beyond all controversy, and, making it the exhortation of his speech gave to it the character of a scared adjuration: "That we here highly resolve . . . that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Another example of Lincoln's ability to improve the composition of another writer is the closing paragraph of his first inaugural address. The President-elect had submitted the manuscript of this most important speech, which would be universally scrutinized to find what policy he would adopt toward the seceded States, to Seward, his chosen Secretary of State, for criticism and suggestion. Mr. Seward approved the argument, but advised the addition of a closing paragraph "to meet and remove prejudice and passion in the South; and despondency in the East." He submitted two paragraphs of his own as alternative models. The second was in that poetic vein which occasionally cropped out in Seward's speeches, and over which Lincoln on better acquaintance was wont good-naturedly to rally him. It is evidence of Lincoln's predilection for poetic language, at least at the close of a speech, that he adopted the latter paragraph. It ran:

"I close. We are not, we must not be aliens or enemies, but fellow-countrymen and brethren. Although passion has strained our bonds of affection too hardly, they must not, I am sure they will not, be broken. The mystic chords which, proceeding from so many battlefields and so many patriot graves, pass through all the hearts and all hearths in this broad continent of ours, will yet again harmonize in their ancient music when breathed upon by the guardian angel of the nation."

Lincoln, by deft touches which reveal a literary taste beyond that of any statesman of his time, indeed beyond that which he himself had yet exhibited, transformed this passage into his peroration. His emendations were largely in the way of excision of unnecessary phrases, resolution of sentences broken in construction into several shorter, more direct ones, and change of general and vague terms in rhetorical figure to concrete and picturesque words. He wrote:

"I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

More than the persuasive argument and gentle yet determined spirit of the address, it was the chaste beauty and tender feeling of these closing words which convinced the people that Lincoln measured up to the high mental and moral stature demanded of one who was to be their leader through the most critical period that had arisen in the life of the nation.

* * *

The second inaugural address, coming so shortly before the President's death, formed unintentionally his farewell address. It has the spirit and tone of prophecy. The Bible, in thought and expression, was its inspiration. The first two of its three paragraphs ring like a chapter from Isaiah, chief of the poet seers of old. The concluding paragraphs is an apostolic benediction such as Paul or John might have delivered.

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

# THE THOUGHTS OF LINCOLN

THE angels of your thoughts are climbing still
The shining ladder of his fame,
And have not reached the top, nor ever will,
While this low life pronounces his high name.

But yonder, where they dream, or dare, or do,
The "good" or "great" beyond our reach,
To talk of him must make old language new
In heavenly, as it did in human speech.

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in "The Poets' Lincoln."*

# *Recent Legislation and the Trend of Modern Thought*

## *by John B. Gorgan*

AMONG the array of notable addresses made at San Francisco during the Exposition year 1915, few have awakened more earnest thought than that delivered by Mr. Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, before the National Association of Railway Commissioners. It appeared under the modest title of "Some Observations on Modern Tendencies." But it was in effect a broad and encyclopedic purview of recent legislation and the trend of current thought.

The observations were limited within the life of a "recent man." This marks it as distinctively modern, dealing with today and tomorrow rather than reveling in reminiscences of long ago yesterdays. The subject matter revealed deep thought expressed in well-chosen phrase, without passion or prejudice, and a keen knowledge of the latest eruption. Mr. Vail's review of control conditions is comprehensive.

> There is a tendency to ignore the past and the present, and set before us as a basis quasi ideal conditions which have no existence. While ideal conditions are much to be desired, until they are established, the closer we keep in our minds the actual conditions, the greater is the possibility of improvement. Obstacles and difficulties cannot be ignored. Reform can only be accomplished by the coordinated effort of all, acting upon a correct understanding of real conditions.

In a philosophic vein Mr. Vail continues with a consideration of mental visions that comprehend the whole field essential to political and social reform and progress, with words that ought to burn themselves into the minds of thinking men and women:

> Disputable speculations and assertions as to what is, or what will be—which appeal to human generosity or selfishness—are apt to be more controlling than any presentation of actualities which may be unpleasant and obstructive. Obstructive conditions must be overcome by effort, whereas *hypothetical* difficulties can be dissipated by a change in phrasing or by an effort of the imagination. *Promise* can always eclipse *performance.* Performance never will equal irresponsible promise or prediction.

These irrefutable premises are offered with a gleam of humor. "Everyone knows the fate of him who tells the first fish story."

The human factor is first dealt with showing that individual action is the most unsettling factor of human progress, and is "controlled and influenced by habit, education, environment, temperament and passion; always generous and noble when influenced by known suffering; it may be absolutely selfish when influenced by material possessions or individual comfort."

He calls attention to the fact that there is a vast difference between the "openness to conviction" of various individuals in similar circumstances. The argument is replete with epigrammatic gems that would do credit to a classic essayist, and this is one thing to remember:

> Confidence in an individual, because of some *single* success, has caused many disappointments. There exists a strong tendency

> to place absolute confidence in some one individual, to make him the repository of confidence, and in social, economic or political matters that individual is, for his group or his party, the dominant powerful intellect. This supremacy may be well deserved and worthy of the following, and the power used for a worthy purpose or general benefit, but it may also be used for a purpose too large, involved and complicated for the leader who has the imagination to conceive great things, but not the patience and ability to carry them to accomplishment. Before his followers realize his mistakes, he may have become so entangled, and may have so entangled them, that all have been involved in a mass of disastrous perplexity.

With his broad point of view, Mr. Vail pointed out that there are always differences of opinion, and "the only way to reach a workable condition of human affairs is by an 'understanding' reached through discussion, and a 'conclusion' reached through mutual concession. In this way, a course of action will be determined in which all can acquiesce and toward which all can work in a spirit of hearty accord for a common purpose." He further emphasizes the fact that it is easy to say, but impossible to prove "what would have happened. Time settles definite prophetic statements, but 'might-have-beens' can never be determined."

He then points out the influences that have been working for better or worse in our economic social relations and conduct. He shows how the great majority are dependent upon others for comforts, conveniences and necessities of life, and that the food upon the table is brought from distant lands, fields and forests, or that far distant states have become almost neighborhoods. The changes in habits and customs have been greater in that "recent man's" life than in any previous thousand years. That which has contributed largely toward these changes is intercommunication and transportation.

He points out that:

> The regrettable trouble and the greatest danger of all is the lack of a proper recognition of the close interdependent relations between the prosperity of these utilities and the prosperity of the public. Reckless methods of promotion and disregard of public rights by *some* of the *many* connected with these utilities have antagonized the public and created the idea that the practices of a few were the practices of all.

In many of the most marked cases of mal-administration and reckless financial management "the underlying purpose was to profit through the increase and improvement of facilities, and in nearly every, if not every instance, the public have obtained better, more extended and even cheaper services and facilities." He shows that investment has been increased without increasing facilities for earnings and the power of the existing utility to extend service was lessened by dividing a profitable business.

In his constant reference to the "recent man's" life, he reviews the development of so-called democracy from previous periods of the world dominated by aristocracies. A change from aristocracy to democracy, through suffering and privation, had established an equality that did not prevail even among the original settlers of the country. The changes that have occurred since are indicated in the transition from simple to complex lives. Dis-association and small and centralized enterprise are now becoming aggregated labor, and highly skilled manual labor to automatic machines. Apparent corporate irresponsibility dominated by a few individuals, displaced individual responsibility. The changing of potential resources, and the resistless energy of the inventor, backed by initiative, knowledge and persistence were great revolutions.

The introduction of new educational standards, creating wider distinctions between manual and intellectual pursuits, forcing the education of youth along lines which unsettle old ideas without giving in return something as good, disturb the old belief and faith in self-help and self-dependence, in industry, thrift and accumulation, which created in the minds of many dissatisfaction with their own position, and an antagonistic envy toward others more fortunate, and all things successful.

Mr. Vail has observed the influx of immigration coming to this country:

> Men and women, who were at home controlled by fear and force, with no voice except that of secret lawless methods, with no realization of any difference between liberty and license, were cut loose from restraint imposed upon them by custom and tradition, and without education or ideas of public obligations were put on a political equality in every

respect with those who by experience and generations of education were prepared for all the rights of higher citizenship.

With these discontented forces welded into solid ranks of voters by politicians who promise the impossible, there is an influence in the politics of the country that must be reckoned with as a balance of power. The indifference or neglect of civic obligations by certain representative and leading citizens, and nearly all of them some of the time, by stubborn, unconceding resistance to any movement not of their own suggestion, increases the power of the discontented forces. Mr. Vail has reached the conclusion that before any permanent change can come the whole public must be educated up to "a full realization of their civic duties and responsibilities, and all must contribute to the solution of civic problems and administration by giving generously of their individual time and effort."

He faces the fact that no matter what future any prophet may promise, some conditions will never change. Food, clothing and shelter must be produced and prepared by labor. Transportation and intercommunication must be provided by labor. All kinds of work must continue to be done, agreeable or disagreeable, some must bear the physical burden, some the mental, and some the financial. And this involves mutual concession and subordination of the individual to the comfort of all, with leaders and with followers. The curator for the spirit of law must continue looking after dishonest practices, now protected by sophistries and plausible evasions. In sweeping the legislation maelstroms he observes that there are laws which, if enforced, and precedents which, if followed, will reach all cases. Over and over again it has been demonstrated that no advantage to individuals or groups of individuals can be permanently beneficial, and he has plainly pointed out the way through which our law-makers, instead of seeking new ways for taxation, should unitedly curb reckless extravagance in public expenditure. For while corporations pay the tax, it always comes ultimately from the consumer, and even takes precedence in existence to that of labor, and "any unnecessary expenditure of tax is a brake on progress and a burden on prosperity."

It was quite natural that Mr. Vail should give some attention to telephonic development. He has been personally and closely identified with telephone expansion since its inception. He indicated that in the telephone enterprise, the laboratory, technical and scientific research, all the highest grade work was found to be fundamentally essential for progress. It would have been impossible for an individual or smaller corporation to attain what was feasible by spreading the unit of cost over a vast system, making it almost unappreciable from day to day and year to year in the total budget of the company.

> This work could not be carried on with a disassociated, unrelated system of local exchanges; no limited system could give the universal service of the Bell system, of which every subscriber is a center from which conversation is possible to the extreme limits of the country.

With characteristic courage and clear vision, he approaches the discussion of the question of control and regulation as against government ownership. He is armed with a personal knowledge of facts revealing the activities of his early experience in the United States mail service, and how government ownership introduces a political control where business management was essential, and that the public demand for government ownership is because of a fear that in some unknown way the individual interests may be affected by private enterprise. The waste revealed by investigations of government operation indicates that the public could not be satisfactorily served by any management under a formal government in certain public utilities. Even today he insists that the mails might be put in the doubtful column under this distinction; but it must be remembered that originally the mails or posts were put under government operation for other reasons.

It is a grave question whether the great extension of the mails for purely commercial purposes at the expense of the general revenue has not extended the postal system beyond its scope or advantage, even in its broader interpretation. Political operations show deficiency in service and deficit in operation when compared to private operations. He insists that the government which has the broadest and most extensive control of its utilities is the most highly and thoroughly organized government of the world. "There probably would have been less government ownership in other countries had it not been for military purposes," and this certainly is not a reason that will appeal to the American people.

The question comes down to the query as to whether our form of government is adapted to the operation and management of utilities, for he insists that it is a representative democracy. Crops, employment and other conditions have been determining factors as to which political party should for the time control the government. The heads of departments are not chosen because of any knowledge of the business they are called upon to direct, as in private business, and consequently, the country suffers from the grossest incompetence of those who want to get in office. The cost of these conditions makes it necessary to insist that governmental operation must be governed by rules and regulations preserving individual and initiative responsibility. Some call the system "red tape," and speak of it sarcastically, not realizing that it is necessary, for without it our political form of governmental business would be demoralized. Clerks and officials come and go, but the business goes on in the ruts of systematized routine, and naturally mediocrity will remain while capacity seeks other fields of action that are more promising.

All through his discussion, Mr. Vail maintained a hopeful view of our form of government, but insisted that without operating organization absolutely divorced from independent or political organizations, there would be demoralization and disaster. He points out what has occurred in Great Britain, where the government took over the telegraph service in 1870, and lost millions of dollars in this operation, with an increasing annual deficit, and the telegraph rates, taking into account the distance, were substantially the same as in this country, even before the increase of fifty per cent in the minimum rate recently made.

In the early history of our civilization, facts in all cases were determined by a trial by a jury of peers, or, in fact, juries to determine disputes, and as he points out, could there be a more practical way for the settlement of these questions, than by utilizing a larger system for the protection of the rights of the people with an idea that juries should be first of all, non-partisan, non-political, and independent. At least in letter, these conditions have never been departed from—which is regulation. While in the working of our jury system errors may have been committed, ask any live man if he would not cling to it for his protection, and why cannot the position of our commissions of control and regulation of corporations be as firmly established, based upon the fundamental ideal of a democracy.

The closing words of this remarkable address ring with the spirit of a resumption of prosperity. He points out that the trouble is not in over-production, as commonly believed, but in under-consumption. Put the millions of idle men to work, and they are soon paying off their debts, and soon buying things that were curtailed, for idle money and idle men soon make hard times. The consumption of commodities safeguards over-production.

The last words of his speech are epigrams in themselves.

> A man earning wages can pay a high price. One not earning cannot pay any price. Past experience should teach all of us that when prosperity sets in she is no niggard with her favors.

If such thoughtful discussions were more frequently delivered and brought to the attention of the people, it would serve to radically change the power of those who have capitalized public prejudice as the basis of their political hopes. Those who have heard Mr. Vail discuss a proposition in public address or private conversation sure realizes the breadth of his viewpoint, and that he has calmly thought out his proposition. He inspires one to think more of himself as a personal equation and his own individual responsibility as a citizen of the great republic, that must meet and solve the problems in which the civilization of the old world has apparently failed.

# Wanted: A New Military Policy

### by Charles W. Hall

ANY attempt to recruit and maintain a regular army of adequate force on the present basis of organization and maintenance is foredoomed to failure, no matter what may be the apparent needs of the nation or the efforts made to advertise its benefits and attractions. The Confederacy attempted to form a regular force, and its needs were pressing, but only two regiments (garrisoning the forts in Charleston Harbor) were ever raised, and one at least was never raised to its full complement.

It was difficult in the Civil War to maintain full ranks in the Federal "regulars," and but few additions were made during the whole war, while the volunteer regiments whose officers established the strict discipline and official exclusiveness of the regular army, with few exceptions, made a poorer record than their more democratic associates. In other words, the old English idea of "the gentleman volunteer," inspired the military policy of Pilgrim and Puritan, Cavalier and Huguenot, and has ever since been the source of whatever victories and "preparedness" we have recorded in our histories.

Based on the general and only true principle that every man owes his country support of its laws and liberty, at whatever cost to himself, it was early found better to raise regiments of young, strong, and willing men for foreign or extended service; but these were raised in their own colony, county and town, and their company officers were men of their own choice, whom they loved and respected, and were willing to follow and obey. Whenever the King of England sent captains and lieutenants to command Colonial regiments, it was hard to recruit, and more difficult to manage such levies.

It was not without reason that our fathers distrusted the regular officer of their day, whose contempt for their humble garb and ways was always apparent and whose capacity for successful leadership was so bitterly experienced. Set the exploits of the Pequot and King Philip's war, the earlier capture of Louisburg and Annapolis, the defeat of Dieskau, the services of the Five Thousand at Cartagena under Lord Vernon, and of Putnam's colonists at Havana against Braddock's shameful defeat, Abercrombie's mad attack and cowardly retreat at Ticonderoga, Lord Loudon's costly and futile expedition against Louisburg, the massacre at Fort William Henry, and many another fizzle of English commanders and brave European regulars, unfitted for effective initiative or any resourceful enterprises whatsoever.

Whatsoever of individual effectiveness and prowess has replaced the stolid, measured movements of troops, taught by the tacticians of seventy years ago, has been the result of American and French acceptation of the forest-ranger's tactics, modified and adapted to the needs of greater bodies of combatants and infinitely increased methods of destruction and defence. The records of the Canadian, Australian and other territorial allies of Great Britain prove that the "gentleman volunteer," with home influences behind him, and the feeling that he obeys his own immediate company officers from a sense of duty, and not from mere fear or stolid subservience, should not be forgotten at this juncture.

The American regular officer is a rather curious study in democratic policy, chosen originally from the body of people and in a military sense, himself a recruited soldier of the republic. He is taught by tradition and example that he belongs to a military aristocracy, superior in every sense of the word to the men whom he may command. The regular soldier on the other hand, either accepts this social ostracism, with its abuses and loss of caste among his own people, or joins the four or five thousand who every year desert from a service which does little to elevate and much to discourage manly character and enterprise.

On the other hand, everything has been done that could be done to discredit the active militia, which today with all its weakneses is our chief reliance against sudden attack or organized lawlessness. In 1840 the legislature of Massachusetts provided that the active militia should consist of "volunteers or companies raised at large, not to exceed ten thousand men."

Under this law there were 7,255 volunteers who willingly provided themselves with the showy uniforms prescribed, and secured armories either with or without the aid of the town in which the companies were recruited.

In 1841, in spite of the individual expense borne by each officer and man there were 5,902 volunteer militia in six companies of cavalry, twenty-eight of artillery, seventeen of riflemen, three hundred and forty-eight infantry, and two of grenadiers; in all one hundred and seven companies with fifty-six pieces of artillery. According to the increase of population and especially of individual wealth and intelligence, Massachusetts should today have at least thirty thousand men of all arms, with at least two hundred field pieces and quick-firing guns in her volunteer militia, which would every year return to civil life one-third of its three-year recruits, giving several divisions of reserves to draw upon in succeeding years. If every state had a volunteer militia as large in proportion to its population as Massachusetts should have to keep up her record of 1841 (seventy-four years ago) the volunteer militia of the United States would now number nearly one million men, armed, equipped, and ready to take the field at twenty-four hours' notice.

But everything has been done that could be done to discourage the military spirit of the people. The citizen can no longer hunt without a license, or march and drill in war array, unless he belongs to certain military and fraternal organizations, and these are not easily increased in numbers. If an immigrant comes here and brings his hunting or military weapons, he becomes liable to arrest, fine, or imprisonment and the confiscation of his weapons. Worse than all, there is a constant propaganda of the dogma that it is wrong to be ready to resist foreign violence and invasion, except through the police, who are needed to protect the banks, factories and private property of these peace propagandists.

* * *

It is evident that the cheapest way to secure a great army would be through the increase of the volunteer militia, an adequate payment for actual attendance at drill and camp, and a law severely punishing any employer who discharges an employee for attending camp or special duty. It would be very easy to add to this militia force a large number of rifle clubs, formed like the old active militia of men who received no pay, and found their own uniform and armories. Such riflemen would own their own rifles, breech-loading, of course, and using smokeless powder cartridges, as nearly as possible of the same calibre. These could wear an established uniform, have their elected officers commissioned by the state, and should be encouraged to secure that marksmanship at target practice which their fathers learned in actual hunting experiences.

It would be easy in case of war to use such clubs for coast and depot defence, and similar companies of automobile owners would make it possible to convey them promptly to any point with the least possible fatigue. In 1860 when the volunteer movement pervaded the British Empire, Prince Edward Island with less than one hundred thousand population raised nearly two thousand riflemen armed with the Enfield rifle, uniformed at their own cost, keeping their weapons, at their own homes, and using any kind of a shed, loft, or public hall for a drill room. They were furnished ammunition at cost, and their marksmanship was most creditable up to the five hundred-yard range, which was practically the limit of accurate shooting by the Enfield.

There are said to be at least five millions of users of the rifle in the United States and most of these cannot join a regular organization, but can meet as they do in certain German and Norse communities today for rifle practice and competition. The simple tactics of the company are soon learned, and given "men who know how to shoot" the task of fitting them for active service is an easy one. The rifle club, in the less populous states, should be utilized to afford local practice and a reserve for the first line.

But if a larger, permanent force is to be raised, it is imperative that the conditions of service must be more favorable to the rank and file than at present. This can be done by forming the new regiments in the several states, giving them besides their United States rating their state designation as "The First Maine Infantry, U. S. A." and so on. Raised in his home state, followed to camp and field by the love and interest of his "home folks," and press, encouraged to excel by state and local, as well as professional pride, a much higher standard of character and spirit would replace the present unsatisfactory conditions. In addition to this, in time of peace, the men should be educated as at the military academies, and given a vocational training so as to be fitted to take up the duties and ambitions of social life. There would be no trouble in getting a higher, better class of young men, who could and should be trained to be both "a soldier and a gentleman" in every noble sense of the words.

This would also utilize many garrison forts now obviously of little use and of much expense, and would give the inland states the benefit of the movement in industrial and social life. Indeed the states could well afford to defray the cost of text-books and tuition for the benefit to be derived in an educational sense alone.

Given such advantages, the recruiting sergeant can truthfully say to the young American, "Your first duty is to learn to be a soldier, but besides this you will in time of peace be educated as few boys in the public schools can be fitted today. You can learn to survey, to draw plans and sketches, to practice photography, to learn in the forge, the laboratory, the workshop and the field how to work to advantage for yourself when your service is ended. And if your record is that of a clean, faithful, intelligent soldier of the republic your discharge will be a diploma that no employer will fail to appreciate, and that any man may be proud to receive."

* * *

We are at the parting of the ways, and if our old regulars and militia are not what they should be, let us remodel the services so as to "put none but American (citizens) on guard" and to give those Americans something more than a service which has for some reason lost forty-seven thousand men by desertion in ten years. There is no reason why a regiment cannot be so organized and managed that young men will consider it a privilege to serve honorably, and a disgrace to be discharged dishonorably from its ranks and advantages.

I commend these suggestions to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE and especially to those whose children have not the advantages of the more populous communities. If you are to be taxed for a greater army and are to give your sons to undergo the strict discipline of the West Point officer, see that he gets something more than about eighty cents a day, in pay and rations, a uniform suit, comfortable quarters, and medical attendance, therefor. If he is to give up three years of his active life, he should be educated in mind, body and morals, to take his place among his fellows, when his service is ended, nor should he be taught that he throws aside his reasonable independence, and civil rights with his civilian clothes, when he puts on the uniform of the republic.

# The Law at Glad Hand

## by Samuel J. Lewis

"HOLD up your hands!"

It was the same old command which, presumably, has been heard ever since man first went forth to pillage his brother, or attempted, in the name of authority, to lay a malefactor by the heels. It has been uttered in all the languages of the earth, and often the words have been changed, but they still mean the same: "Stand by and make no move, or take a long chance with one who holds the gun-drop."

This time the order was given in low, hoarse tones by a tall, stoop-shouldered man who stood, tense and rigid, on the street side of the knotted and stained makeshift that passed as a counter in the express office at Glad Hand. The long, loose mackintosh he wore failed to conceal a gaunt figure, but the white handkerchief pulled tight across the bridge of his nose and tied in the back, with the knot stuck up under a flapping sombrero, hid all his face except a pair of eyes that shiftily took in the entire room and burned feverishly in deep sockets.

"Well, darn me, look who's here!" cried Baldy Simms, as he glanced hastily from a column of figures up which he had been running a somewhat soiled and twisted forefinger to find himself looking down the barrel of a revolver which, to his surprised eyes, seemed as long as an old-style muzzle loader. "Whatever are you doin', stranger? Gettin' movin' picture fillums or really a-holdin' of me up?"

"You do the holding," came the command again. "Hold up your hands—high!"

"Well, of all things—an' it just sunshiny noon an' in a thrivin', God-fearin' minin' town like Glad Hand, New Mexico," murmured Baldy, obediently elevating his hands above his glistening dome, on which a few beads of perspiration were beginning to trickle down into the fringe that bounded the hairless waste.

"Open the safe!" ordered the masked one in the same hoarse whisper, quite overlooking the chance to debate the growth of the town and soul-condition of its citizenry.

"How in thunder can I open a safe with my hands up in th' rafters?" argued the express agent, playing for time. "Where do you think it is—on th' roof? "It's there behind me—see! An' I'm no contortionist vodevillian, an' I can't open it with my feet, nor yet my nose."

"I know where it is," answered the robber. "Open it—in silence, too. And remember, one move toward the gun in that drawer or the first yell you let out spells 'private funeral and no flowers' for you."

In the Southwest the gun-drop wins obedience. To paraphrase an old saying, the rule is:

He who's caught and doth obey
May get the drop himself some day.

Baldly knew the safe contained more wealth at that moment than it had on any day in the past three weeks, and he figured the lank man with the glowing eyes knew it, too. But there was nothing to do but reach down and swing open the iron door, for the safe was not locked. As he did so he muttered half to himself:

"Doggone my luck! If he don't go an' pick th' best time in th' day to pull off his grab-wealth-soon stunt. Noon, an' th' hull blamed burg up there hoggin' grub at th' Palace Cafe trough. No more chance of any of th' boys lopin' along here than there is of an ice man callin' on you in Hades."

The opening of the safe revealed several packages of currency, a dozen or more rolls of gold coin, wrapped in heavy paper, and four small wooden boxes, containing twelve thousand dollars worth of gold bars, the weekly cleanup of the Cinderella mine, already receipted for by Baldy and awaiting shipment on that afternoon's train for El Paso.

Paying no attention to the hard luck soliloquy of the express agent, the robber said, keeping Baldy covered every instant:

"Put those bundles of bills on the counter here—just the paper money! Be quick!"

The packages were of different value, each secured by a white sticker on which was written the amount. Selecting one marked "$500," the masked man dropped it into the outside pocket of his mackintosh and shoved the other piles back across the counter, saying:

"That's the one I want. You can have the rest."

Baldy's lower jaw sagged down and his face took on a foolish expression at this unexpected turn. His courage began to return and his natural loquacity asserted itself:

"Movin' pictures—I'd have bet my pants on it from th' start. A fake! Hadn't you better sprinkle a little gold on your greenback salad, pardner, just for effect. When it falls on th' counter in th' fillums you can beat some old tinware back o' th' curtain. It'll be a dinger of a picture."

Nevertheless, Baldy was taking no chances. As he spoke he tossed a couple of the rolls of gold on the counter, but in doing so managed to cover the Cinderella boxes with some canvas ore sacks that were in the safe.

"Don't hide the boxes," the robber said, as he pushed the packages of gold aside. "I know they're there and I know what's in them. I only want what I want and I've got that. Thanks! And if you so much as stick your bean out of that door while I'm within gunshot I'll knock it off with a chunk of lead. Just think that over for about two minutes and then you can holler your fool head off."

The hold-up backed to the door, swung it wide, stepped across the hard-baked dirt walk, mounted a pony he had left tied to the rack in front of the express office, and was off in a cloud of dust.

"Hoss stealin' added to highway robbery," mumbled Baldy as he gazed vacantly through the window at the disappearing bandit. "If he ain't got Sport Calloway's Cayuse then I'm a locoed greaser! He's a goner sure, is that skinny hold-up man. This town might forgive that $500, but it'll never overlook that hoss larceny. Here's for th' still alarm an' he can shoot an' be cussed."

Baldy reached into a drawer, grabbed a .45 revolver and, leaving the discarded money on the counter, ran through the open door. Firing one shot at the fleeing thief, who was well out of range, he shook the other four loads out of the gun as fast as he could pull the trigger. As he did so he muttered to himself:

"Knock my fool head off, will he? I guess it ain't such a fool head as he thinks. No linen duster an' pocket handkerchief can bamboozle me. It's th' lunger, that's who it is."

## *II*

Nothing could draw in Glad Hand like the sounds of war. While gun fights were far from uncommon, there was something in the crack of a revolver that never failed to win an audience. At the boom of Baldy's artillery Glad Hand immediately erupted into the main street. A score of men came from the Palace cafe; came just as they were caught when the first shot rang out. A select minority had forks in their hands, but knives showed a respectable plurality, the latter being the favorite weapon of offense at Glad Hand meals. Ed Mooney, proprietor of the Poodle Dog saloon and gambling house, still carried a generous triangle of pie, the apex of which, in passing down his throat, threatened to bring on a stroke of apoplexy. Shorty

Craig, from the L-O ranch, so called because he was a mere dwarf of some six feet four inches, balanced in the palm of his hand, with dexterity borne of long practice, a saucer almost brimful of coffee. Every building gave up its occupants, and two Mexicans, who had been peacefully sleeping in the sun, awoke, stretched, rubbed their eyes and sneaked for shelter behind a friendly adobe, apparently having no wish to meet the usual fate of "innocent bystanders" if bullets were going to fly.

The sight of Baldy Simms frantically waving his empty gun brought the crowd to the express office. Questions were fired at him even faster than he had fired his gun, and for once the talkative agent was not equal to the emergency. He could only wave his left hand toward a speck far out on the prairie, while his gun hand fluttered in the direction of the open door and counter, with the robbed safe beyond.

"Get it out of you, Baldy; spit it out before you choke," said Sport Calloway. "What's the meaning of the noonday fireworks?"

"Held up—stuck up—express office—safe tapped—gun under my snoot—gone on Brighteyes—your hoss, Sport—th' lunger," sputtered Sims, again pointing toward what appeared to him to be the only two points of the compass—the open door and the speck on the horizon.

Sport Calloway was the most prominent citizen in or around Glad Hand. He owned the T Square ranch, counted his wealth in thousands and spent most of his time in town. His name, Samuel Porter Calloway, he parted as he did his hair—in the middle: S. Porter Calloway. Glad Hand always on the lookout for suitable nicknames, seized upon the chance. The initial and the first four letters of the second word fitted Calloway like the skin on a sausage. So "Sport" it was.

His attire was as spectacular as that of a stage cowpuncher. His guns were silver plated with gold sights; he spent almost as much on his "chaps" as a plutocrat's wife would lay out on a set of sable furs, and he was as particular about his silk neckerchief and shirt, shining spurs, patent leather boots and sombrero as a society beau would be of his neckwear, stick pins and top hat. When he played faro or roulette in the Poodle Dog or Elite they cut a hole in the roof for his stack of chips and made the blue sky the limit.

Glad Hand loved Sport Calloway and regarded him as a town asset. That he could rope a steer in record time, ride any outlaw pony that had ever been brought to him or take those silvered guns and write his name in a fine Spencerian hand on a wall at a hundred feet were merely incidentals that but served to increase his popularity. Sport Calloway was always spokesman for the citizens and his revolver was always spokesman when the fair name of the town was in question.

"Held up? Not in broad daylight? It's a josh, Baldy," cried Calloway in answer to the wigwaggings of the excited agent.

"Stuck up? The safe tapped?" repeated others in the crowd, blinking their dismay.

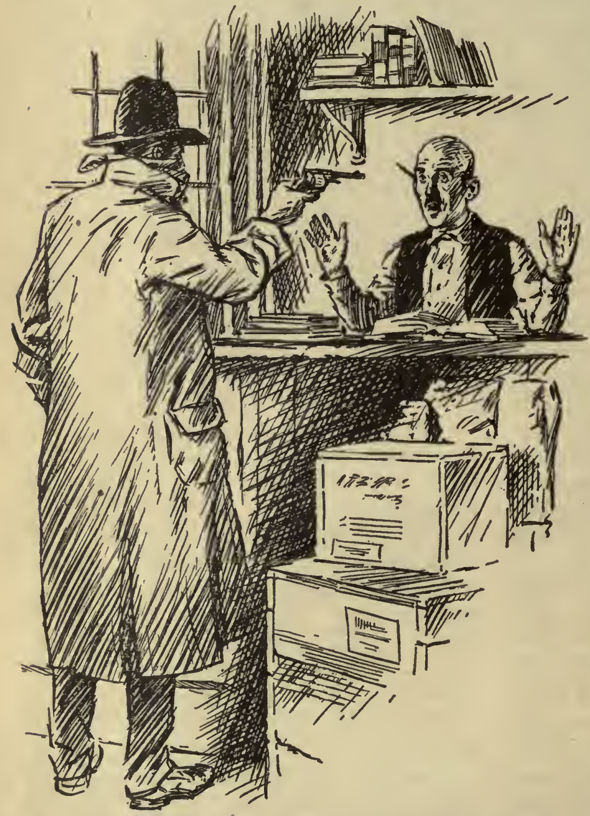
The looting of the Glad Hand express office meant common calamity. The town could boast of no bank and the express company owned the only safe for miles around. Therefore Baldy acted as a sort of clearing house and savings bank for the entire community. Nine out of ten of those assembled had money in the pillaged strong box. The day before had been pay day in the Cinderella mine, and even the miners had intrusted a portion of their earnings to Simms, that they might not spend their entire wages in one night's orgy. Sport Calloway himself had $3,000 in the safe, the price of a small herd of steers shipped earlier in the week.

While Baldy played the part of private banker to the whole town, it was merely an accommodation, and the express company could not be held liable for loss. Hence, robbery of the office amounted to individual sacrifice.

"Cut out the calisthenics and tell us about it, you hairless easy mark," said Sport Calloway, grabbing the flapping arms of the agent. "We don't sabe your wigwag code. Its talk we want, not signals of distress. You've been cleaned out and that speck out there is headed toward the Rio Grande with our wealth; is that it?"

"Not all of it, Sport; only a little—only $500," explained Baldy, recovering his voice with the stoppage of his waving arms. "A company package, too. Nothing that belonged to you or th' boys. He passed up thousands."

"Start at th' beginnin'," ordered Monte Hughes, owner of the Elite drinkery and gambling hell, and also reckoned a prominent citizen, as he edged up to the Sport's side. "Let's have it f'om soda t' hock, an' finish b'fore th' thief gets to South America, if y' can."



*"Whatever are you doin', stranger? Gettin' movin' picture fillums or really a-holding of me up?"*

"He rides up on your hoss, Sport, does that lunger," went on Baldy, addressing himself to Calloway and paying no attention to Monte. "An' I thinks it's you, 'cause I on'y sees Brighteyes out o' th' corner o' my eye, bein' as I'm addin' up figures at th' time, an' that takin' all my eyes an' fingers an' toes. He comes in, dressed in a long linen duster thing an' a handkerchief tied over his face, an' th' first thing I knows I'm a-smellin' of a gun muzzle like I'm sniffin' for whiskey in th' dark. 'Hold up your hands,' says he just that away, an' him havin' me foul I don't argue much, hopin' some of th' boys will chance along an' pot him. 'Put out them there packs o' bills,' says he, an' I does, tryin' t' keep th' Cinderella's gold covered like I'm guardin' my hole card in a stud poker game. 'Don't worry none about that there precious metal,' he remarks, 'I don't yearn none for it; I want this package, that's all,' an' he takes a $500 stack o' th' company funds, like he's collectin' rent on th' first o' th' month. 'Have some mainace dressin' to eat with them lettuce leaves,' says I, gettin' fresh an' tossin' him out a few rolls o' twenties, thinkin' he's on'y jokin' about that $500 an' is sure after th' hull pile. But he passes it all up—it's in there now, all but that $500. An' there he goes on your Brighteyes, Sport, with that one lone package bulgin' th' pocket of his duster. That lunger sure was cool an' collected."

"Well, he collected; there's no doubt about that," commented Calloway. "But what do you mean by 'the lunger?' "

"That sick bluff that's been holdin' down that porch chair up at th' Palace for th' past six weeks," replied Baldy. "He's th' holdup. That consumption an' them bum lungs is all a four-flush."

"Oh, not that feller," cut in Shorty Craig. "He's too plumb puny to hold a gun. How could you tell anyway, Baldy, when he's masked?"

"Don't I say his ailments is all alleged," the agent snapped back. "He comes here sayin' he's a dead one an' lettin' on like he's lookin' for a soft place t' flop, an' all th' time he's figurin' on goin' through me. An' puny or not, Shorty, he holds not one gun but two, an' I wish he's had 'em under your long nose 'stead o' mine."

"Well, well," interrupted Calloway, "I don't suppose we can irrigate the prairie crying over the express company's $500, especially when our personal riches are safe. But he's got Brighteyes. He'll ride her to death if he can, and I wouldn't take the whole Cinderella mine for that little bronco. We've got to get him, boys. Besides, if we don't we'll be the laughing stock of all New Mexico. Holding up the town at noon, while we're eating, and selecting just the amount he wanted, and then getting away with it! Wouldn't that be rich?"

Others expressed similar sentiments and declared the dignity of Glad Hand must be maintained. But by this time the dot in the distance had disappeared. When he next spoke, after figuring for a moment, Calloway called for quick action.

"Come on, boys, we'll do this thing right. Of course, that lunger—if it is the lunger and Baldy isn't locoed—will hardly keep on in a straight line. His trail is another of his bluffs, for he's headed straight for Standing Rock. Ed Mooney, Shorty Craig, Monte Hughes and I will follow him, but we'll send out three other parties of four men each to go north, east and west. Let Slim Price take the east gang; Bud Newcomb and his three can head west and Scorpion Sanders can cover the north, for this fellow may swing clear around to throw us off. I want Brighteyes, so no one will kick if I chase right after this horse thief and gun man."

No one, "kicked," and while Price, Newcomb and Sanders were selecting their men, the Sport continued:

"Now, no snap judgment, boys. No lynching out on the prairie. Let's call a halt on that in Glad Hand. Of course, we know a rope is the ultimate end of a horse thief, just the same as it's the finish of a cattle rustler. But let's do it right. If the fellow shows fight, wing him, but don't kill him. Bring him into town and we'll give him a regular trial and hang him according to the rules. But don't let there be any private swinging off. And to show it's all on the level and law abiding I offer fifty dollars for the capture, alive, of this outlaw, or for proof of his identity and guilt, with the return of the money and Brighteyes and I'll pay on any of the four things—capture, proof, money, pony. Baldy, you write out a notice and post it while we're gone, and if any of the others want to chip in get their names and add them to the list. Now, who'll loan me a pony that can stand up under a long ride?"

In five minutes four posses rode out of Glad Hand and in five more minutes Baldy was working on his reward notice, which late in the afternoon he tacked on the front of the Palace Cafe, as the most conspicuous place in town. When he had finished he regarded it lovingly as a masterpiece and his greatest literary effort:

FOR CAPTURE, OR INFORMATION LEADING
TO IDENTIFICATION AND CONVICTION,
OR RETURN OF MONEY OR HORSE

Whereas, On the 21st inst., one outlaw did by force of arms, hold up Thomas Simms, express agent at Glad Hand, New Mexico, while the said Simms was in peaceful pursuance of his *arduous* duties, and,

Whereas, The said outlaw did by coercion and forcibly, to-wit, with two revolvers, extract from the monies entrusted to said Simms the sum of $500, which has not been returned, and,

Whereas, The said outlaw did commit the further and more heinous crime of stealing and riding away S. Porter Calloway's beloved horse, which also has not been returned, and,

Whereas, The same said outlaw was somewhat identified as one William Somers, a party who has been hanging around Glad Hand evoking sympathy by his hollow cough and general emaciation, he posing as a lunger deceitfully and with malice, now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the undersigned, offer each of us $50 for the capture, alive, of this psuedo lunger, or for information leading to his capture, or for identification and conviction, or for the return of the money or the pony or both, and be it further

Resolved, That this merely means you can bring in the man and pony and keep the money you find on him.

(Signed)
S. Porter Calloway,
Edward Mooney,
Shorty Craig,
Monte Hughes,
Joseph Forsythe,
Henry (Slim) Price,
Talbott Cantwell,
Neil (Scorpion) Sanders,
Bud Newcomb,
James Peters.

Written under my hand and seal this day.

Thomas Jefferson Simms,
The Robbed Agent.

P. S.—He must be brought in alive, but nothing in the foregoing shall be construed as an agreement with us to keep him that way.

On his return to the express office after his literary labors, Baldy noticed something white lying on the floor. At first he thought it was a scrap of paper, but when he reached for it he found it was a letter, almost concealed in a crack between the counter and floor. The envelope had been torn open and Baldy drew forth the two sheets of paper it contained. Once he read the contents, then he idly turned the sheets as he stroked his bald head with his left hand. Again he went through the letter, folded it and returned it to its envelope, put it in a drawer in the safe and closed and locked the iron box. Thoughtfully he walked to the door, looked long toward the south, sat down on the worn doorsill, and with his chin in the palms of his hands and his elbows on his knees, softly whistled a doleful tune.

And even a casual observer might have noted the big tear that trickled half way down his tanned cheek and spattered like a rain drop on the ground.

### *III*

Sport Calloway, Shorty Craig, Ed Mooney and Monte Hughes rode on the trail of the robber as rapidly as their ponies could carry them. In spots where the ground was soft or sandy the trail was quite plain, and there had evidently been no attempt at concealment. Nor was there any circling or back tracking. The man appeared to be in a hurry—that was all. In a straight line the trail went over hillock and through arroyo. The robber had turned aside for nothing, sparing neither himself or pony. Until late in the afternoon the four men rode and then Shorty Craig complained:

"A lot o' chance we've got t' catch that thievin' cuss this side o' th' Reeo. He's goin' like a bat out o' hell. Just remember, boys, that there fleein' wretch is on Brighteyes, which little cayuse can sure travel some, eh, Sport?"

"I'm not forgetting he's on Brighteyes," answered Calloway, thus appealed to. "And therein lies this lunger's downfall, or I don't know a pat flush when I deal it to myself. If I were on Brighteyes you couldn't catch me with an aeroplane, but that holdup man, being a stranger to the horse, will surely have a loafer under him and never know it. But what I'm trying to dope out is why he is heading straight for Standing Rock. If I had thought for a moment he would be fool enough to do that we could have telegraphed for the telegraph is one thing that will beat Brighteyes, even when she's doing her best."

"Mebbe this perambulating sanitarium figured we'd overlook that very bet," commented Mooney. "His work's been pretty slick so far. He picks his own time when the whole town's growling and pawing over its noonday bone; he gets Baldy when he ain't got his guns on, and he cuts out the fleetest horse in these parts. Pretty fair plans, says I."

"I says th' same, Ed," put in Monte Hughes, "an' I also can picture this malefactor goin' straight as th' crow flies for th' nine o'clock train out of Standing Rock. If we don't ride hard on him by dark there'll be no lynchin' bee in Glad Hand tomorrow."

"That's his game, boys," Sport cried. "He's after that train and he knew we'd never think of it until it was too late to wire, but— He'll lose out! Look there, on that far hill—up there by the Sitting Turkey rock. See that? There he goes over the ridge—he's three miles ahead of us. Now, take after him, boys, and if we ever get where I can yell to Brighteyes I'll stop that pony in her tracks so quick she'll pitch him over her head right into Standing Rock."

Either because it was as Calloway said and he did not know how to get the best out of the stolen pony, or because his own infirmities would not permit him to ride as fast as he might, at the end of another hour, when the sun was setting behind the distant mountain peaks, the four pursuers were within a quarter of a mile of the fleeing bandit and Shorty Craig's revolver banged twice.

"Not because I had hopes o' hittin' him, he bein' out o' range of anything short of a rifle," commented Craig, "but just t' let him know we lug guns an' he'd better heave to."

"Yes, Shorty, but he thinks he'll heave a little lead instead," laughed Calloway, as two answering reports came from the pursued. "Watch out now, boys, and don't shoot the horse. I wouldn't trade her for the controlling stock of that express company, with half a dozen thieves thrown in."

"What do you say, fellers?" shouted Mooney. "I'll stand for Sport doin' all th' shootin'. He can hit a two-bit piece across th' street nine out o' ten, an' if he plugs his own animal in this comin' gun duel it's his own fault."

Monte and Shorty declaring a willingness to permit the Sport to act as range finder and gunner, Calloway answered:

"Thanks, boys; that's mighty white, but I'm not going to even try to hit this bad man. We want him alive and I reckon when he sees the odds are against him he'll give up peaceably."

Quickly the distance between the runaway and his pursuers began to shorten, and every moment the man, who had long since discarded his mackintosh, turned in his saddle and fired at the four men. In doing so he had to slacken his pace and he accomplished nothing, for his bullets only dug up the sand and dirt far in advance of the men he was shooting at. Finally Sport Calloway, a trifle in the lead of the other three, looked back over his shoulder and said:

"I think I'm near enough now. I'm going to send one so close to him he'll think its buzzing is the angels calling, and I'm going to try a yell on that horse, too."

Apparently without taking aim Calloway fired and almost before the sound of the shot had died away he shouted:

"Now! Girl!"

The robber swayed in his saddle, one of his revolvers dropped from his hand, his hat fell from his head and he made a grab at the pony's mane. At that instant Brighteyes heard the Sport's cry, and she stopped as though the bullet had pierced her own brave heart. Her forefeet, stretched out rigidly in front of her, plowed up the hard prairie for two feet, and her rider flew over her low-hung head, alighting on his back in a bunch of greaseweed and cactus.

Brighteyes, relieved of her burden and no longer feeling the goading spur, sniffed once at the fallen man, then turned and trotted back to where the quartette had pulled up, waiting to see if the robber still showed signs of fight.

The man on the ground made no move and the pursuers rode to where he was lying, the riderless pony following.

"Darn me, if I didn't wing him," said Sport, as he gazed down at the upturned face and closed eyes of the bandit and noted the blood stained shirt and arm hanging limp on the ground.

"Surest thing you know, Sport," agreed Shorty, who had knelt down, opened the prostrate man's flannel shirt and inserted his hand only to draw it forth wet with blood. "Punctured him right, too, judgin' from th' red mess."

"No, I don't think so," said Sport solicitously, he, too, crouching beside the wounded man. "But it's just my bum luck. I can't miss. Those guns of mine just will stop on the target. He'll be all right; he's only stung in the shoulder. He may not be much account for anything else, but he'll be all right for lynching purposes tomorrow afternoon. And here's Baldy's $500 stuck in his pants pocket. Get him on a horse, boys, and let's traipse back to Glad Hand. I'm sure ashamed of that shot."

Sport Calloway switched ponies, happy in again having Brighteyes beneath him, while the injured outlaw, who soon regained consciousness but refused to talk, was tied to the saddle of the borrowed pony, that he might not fall off, in his weakened condition, and thus cheat the town of the treat in store.

The return trip was much slower than the pursuit. Frequent stops were made to dress the wound, which bled freely, and while on the march the horses were walked. Through it all the robber spoke no word and to all questions answered with a negative shake of the head.

Even when Sport dug after the bullet with a rude probe, made from wire off one of the saddles, the lunger stoically set his teeth until their grating could be heard, but he gave forth not a single groan. And Monte Hughes, the just, clearly expressed the sentiments of the quartette when he said:

"There's somethin' behind all this besides mere money lust. This yere feller is sick to death but he sure is the gamest pup I ever see, an' I've looked on while men gambled away their last forlorn hope, too. I'll bet my faro table there's a tough luck story as hard as flint back o' this day's work."

## *IV*

All Glad Hand was assembled in the Palace Cafe the next afternoon when Sport Calloway, self-appointed judge but with none to oppose him, declared:

"This is an open game to inquire into the robbery and horse stealing of yesterday. It'll be run according to Hoyle, and anyone who cares to can take a stack and make his play. There'll be no limit, but there will be a square deal for everyone, even for that feeble and pale lunger person sitting there that I accidentally hit yesterday while aiming at the blue sky behind him."

All the tables in the Palace dining room but one had been piled over against the wall. Calloway, clad in his gladdest raiment, as befitted the high office he was filling, was perched on that table. On a chair, below and in front of him, sat the lunger—the robber of yesterday—his left arm in a sling, his face white as chalk and a jaded, hunted look in his deep-set eyes. At the prisoner's side stood Shorty Craig, his hand resting on a gun in his belt. Behind Shorty, who had volunteered as marshal, the men of Glad Hand were seated, the chairs arranged in rows until the room was filled and it was necessary for late comers and the less prominent citizens to stand in the doorway and hang over the window sills.

"I reckon the case is clear," continued Sport, after pausing long enough to ascertain that no one intended to interrupt the proceedings "This man that we regarded as an invalid and to whom we extended sympathy and shelter for six weeks turns on us like a tarantula and stings us. He steals my pony, holds up Baldy Simms, makes him disgorge $500 from the safe where we all keep our rolls—and vamooses. If the express company's money isn't safe, what's going to become of our little hoards? Tell me that. Baldy said yesterday, 'It's the lunger who robs me.' We followed the trail and caught the lunger. It's a clean case and there's only one of two things: Do we hang this desperado or turn him loose? Have you anything to say, prisoner, before Glad Hand takes a vote on your future?"

Not a muscle of the man's face quivered as he looked Sport squarely in the eye and shook his head, but the dark lashes of the weary eyes showed traces of moisture that no one, not even Shorty Craig, standing over him, saw. Monte Hughes, far back in the room, again expressed his admiration for such nerve by muttering audibly:

"He sure has got a poker face, all right. What a faro dealer that feller would have made if he'd only turned to honest pursuits instead o' common thievery."

Before Sport could call for a vote on the question of hanging or acquittal, which in the present state of the case could only bring one result, Baldy Simms, in the first row of spectators, arose, laid his sombrero on the table at Calloway's feet and began fumbling in his pockets.

"Do you want to testify further against this man who stuck you up, Baldy?" asked Sport, turning to the agent. "Wouldn't it only be taking up time for nothing?"

"If your honor pleases," began Baldy in tones which showed he fully intended to recognize the dignity of the court, "yesterday, while actin' in your private capacity as citizens o' Glad Hand, you asked me to post a notice offerin' $500 reward for this sick an' downtrodden tuberculosis victim. That notice says th' money will be paid for identification an' conviction o' th' robber an' hoss thief. After I nails that literary gem t' th' Palace, I ambles back t' th' express office t' check up an' see that he don't get away with anythin' but company money an' I finds this letter where he had pulled it out o' his coat pocket when he stacks them bills away. You read it, Sport. I reckon it proves his identity all right; likewise that he's a hardened criminal and planned this hold-up with premeditation and malice, as the law sharps say. But read it before we vote."

Sport Calloway took the envelope, looked at the address, drew out the letter and glanced through it. He eyed the prisoner, who for the first time began to show signs of interest, read the letter once more and brushed the hair back from his forehead with a hand not quite so steady as the Calloway hand was usually supposed to be. Then he spoke:

"You boys of Glad Hand; I reckon you ought to hear this document Baldy found, and which we'll mark Exhibit A. It sure helps to decide this thing and might be termed damning evidence against the accused, proving premeditation as it does. The postmark shows it was received here on the 20th, but the inside is dated the 14th. But I'll read it and then we can't go wrong:

"Buffalo, N. Y., June 14th
"Mr. William Somers,
"Glad Hand, N. M.

"*My Dear Sick Will;* It is bad news I have to write, but I have kept it to myself as long as I can and now, even though I know it will make you worse, I must tell you or my heart will break. Jean and Irma have both had typhoid fever and today are, for the first time, to walk around again. They have been sick for weeks, and all through the lonesome nights of watching and praying I have kept my secret, hoping that when I did tell you I could assure you they were all right. But it is not to be. You know how your own dread disease followed an attack of typhoid and when I tell you the doctor insists they be taken to a higher, dryer climate you can guess the worst.

"He has named several places, New Mexico, where you are, among them. I have worked hard and economized, but everything has gone for food and medicine, and I am not only without money but am worn out, bodily and mentally.

"It will take $500 to pay the debts I have simply had to contract and get us to any of the places the doctor mentions. I have heard that the men out there in the Southwest are generous and openhanded. Isn't there some way you can do the impossible and raise the money, or borrow it, or beg it. God surely will not let our two dear girls die for the want of $500, when there are so many people in the world who have more than they will ever need. They are such pretty girls, and just think: Jean is only 16 and Irma 18. They are too young and sweet to die.

"Oh, Will, do as I am doing. Pray to God that something will happen to save our babies. I don't know what it will be, but write to me or telegraph and advise me, for I have thought it over until I feel I am about to lose my mind.

"Forgive me for bothering the best of husbands when he is so sick, but I cannot bear up under the burden alone. I gave my life's best years to make these two beautiful flowers bloom. I cannot see them wither without one supreme effort.

"Your broken hearted

"Lucy."

"Guess that sort-a puts a crimp in any alibi this prisoner might try t' set store by, don't it?" said Baldy, as he looked around the room when the Sport had finished the letter, and vigorously mopped his glistening pate with a handkerchief of many hues.

"Yes, guess it does," replied Calloway, trying to stare his boots out of countenance and, failing in that, appearing greatly interested in an imaginary spot on the farthest wall. "Is this letter genuine, Baldy?"

"And then some," answered the express agent. "Old man Forbes, th' postmaster, says he delivered it to this yere lunger just day before yesterday, about three minutes after it got in. He'd been hangin' around for days waitin' for it."

"That settles it; I make a motion, your honor," came the deep voice of Ed Mooney from where he was sitting in a window, fanning himself with a limp sombrero.

"What is it, Ed?" asked Sport, seemingly glad to welcome any diversion.

"I'm only a pore benighted gambler," continued the proprietor of the Poodle Dog resort, "and I don't take any bad money when I sees it first, but I'm willing t' leave th' dignity o' Glad Hand an' th' fate o' this black hearted criminal in the hands of our honorable court. I moves that Sport Calloway pass judgment on this abandoned wretch who steals for his sick kiddies, an' in doin' so I asks Sport to recollect I'm down for $50 of that $500 reward, an' also to remember we on'y list one female among us, that bein' Mrs. Parkerson o' this same Palace hashery, who, we all know, is some mannish in her ways an' not exactly fair t' look upon, even though she has a heart as big as her prices an' as soft as th' butter she deals; th' first part o' my remarks not goin' if that there lady hears 'em."

"There's no use delaying things by putting that motion," said Sport Calloway, rising quickly to his feet. "The court grabs at the responsibility."

Then turning a cold gray eye on the express agent, he continued:

"Baldy, you declared yesterday this prisoner took $500 belonging to the express company. Weren't you mistaken as to who owned that package?"

"I sure was, your honor," answered Simms, a faint smile flitting over his face. "I checked up after you'd gone and found that there money belonged to you, Sport."

"All right, Baldy; I thought so," went

on the Sport. "Then that soulless corporation for which you toil isn't interested in this holdup and need know nothing about it. The money has been returned, it's in your safe, so your accounts with the company and the boys are correct. Now, we offered $500 for information that would lead to the identification and conviction of the robber. This lunger, Somers, by dropping that letter, has furnished the information himself. Therefore, the judgment of this court is that this reward be turned over to Somers and he be sentenced to telegraph that $500 to Lucy and Jean and Irma, and that they be ordered to take the first train for Glad Hand and make this town their home, if they want to save the neck of their thieving husband and father—."

"Hold on, Sport; just a minute!" interrupted Baldy. "I'm merely a pauperized workin' man an' I don't get more'n a thousand dollars a minute, but I wasn't in on this. Ten men gave $50 each. It's worth th' same to me not to have to write to that company an' tell 'em I was stuck up. I hereby gives $50 to defray th' expenses o' that there telegram an' to buy oranges and bananas for Jean an Irma on th' trip."

"Your amendment goes without débate, Baldy," reported Calloway, "and I close by saying that I humbly apologize to Mr. Somers for my bad aim of yesterday, but which only resulted in a sort of flesh wound, after all. Glad Hand needs the soothing influence of womanhood and here's our chance to get it. You've all heard the judgment of the court. It goes as it lays, and if there's anyone present who believes in the recall of the judiciary, now is the time for him to file his petition, but he'd first better recall that it's been demonstrated I simply can't miss with these guns."

As Sport Calloway finished, a hand, hairy, brown and knotted, fell soft as a maiden's touch on Somers' head, now bowed in the elbow of his good arm, and Shorty Craig shouted: "That's right, cry! Cry out loud, you wicked, sinful old outlaw and desperado! Just beller your head off, darn you! 'Cause we'll all sure be keepin' you company in a minute!"

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# JUDGMENT

### *By* ANNA SPENCER TWITCHELL

YEA, hydra-headed War is loosed again,
And creatures with immortal glory shod,
Lower than brutes, have shamed the very clod. . . .
How will it be with petty kingdoms then,
How will it be with great ambitions, when
The blood cries from the bruised and reddened sod?
How shall they answer when an outraged God
Demands accounting for the souls of men?
Lo, where the heavenly-shining Pleiad swings,
And constellations sweep about the sun,
How faint the echo of a world-renown,
Oh, little men that play at being Kings
And He will judge the deeds that ye have done.
Ye may not blind Him with a tinsel crown.

# The Jewels of France

## by M. E. Richardson

CHARACTERS

Marcelle, a Parisian actress; age, twenty-four.
Babette, her French maid; age, twenty-five.
Mr. Tourgan, president of Western Steel Works; age, forty.
Percy, an English remittance man; age, thirty.
The Woman, sophisticated society type; age, thirty-five.

MASKED CHARACTERS

Columbine, a young girl.
Mephistopheles
Folly, in cap and bells.
Monk, in grey cowl and tonsure.
Flower Girl, in simple peasant costume.
Young Man, a society type.
Jester, with life's grab-bag.
Balloon Man, in guise of evil spirit.
Dancer, in classic costume.
Contralto Singer, in evening dress.
Innumerable other masquers, some in bizarre and some in exquisite costumes.

Throughout the play, Marcelle and Babette speak with a charming French accent. Half the grace and beauty of their conversation is due to these foreign intonations and inflections.

### Scene I.

*The interior of a gray and silver boudoir; the delicate rose-flushed draperies fall in disciplined folds, the furniture is of gray satin-wood—slender, austere chairs, fragile tables, and a delicately-carved pier glass of the Empire period are set with demure formality. Even the soft, yielding cushions are of alluring discretion. The walls are panelled in gray silk and a softly radiant rug silences the sound of every footfall. On the dressing table there is a gay disarray of fluffy powder puffs, exquisitely enameled rouge boxes, tiny crystal flagons of perfumes and filigree jewel cases—a charming chaos. Silver bedroom slippers lie where they have fallen, kicked off by wilful little feet, and a dainty negligee, a filmy affair of lace and chiffons, lies half on the floor, half on the chair, where it has been tossed in pretty confusion. Candles shed a soft light over the pier glass, the hangings, and Marcelle; through the latticed window gleams from a great arc light strike across the mirror, lighting with sudden glints of color the gray and silver room. From time to time the ocean breeze, sharp with tang of the sea, lifts the hangings, and the drip, drip of a fountain in the court below is heard through the half-opened windows.*

*Marcelle, a dainty thistle-down creature, is lightly poised before the pier glass. Her delicate oval face, small, sensitive mouth, and star eyes are of a haunting witchery. Slim and lithe of figure, she moves with flitting lightness and abandon, a-thrill with life—the pagan love of life, the pagan joy of life. Only a hint of something elusive, a hidden note in her voice, a fleeting softness in her eyes, causes us to wonder. We look again and find her—bright, scintillating, with now and then a flash as of blue steel. She wears a gown of white, daring in its simplicity, audacious in its quaintness. Its filmy chiffons and laces flutter and float about her slender figure.*

*Babette, her pretty French maid, is dressed in black save for the daintiest of white aprons and a pert lace bow perched on her sleek little head. She is kneeling by the pier-glass and has just given the final touches to Marcelle's gown.*

Marcelle (*fluttering over to the dressing-table and picking up her jeweled time-piece*)—Ten minutes! Ten whole long minutes to

(Terms to produce this play can be secured of the author, Maurice Richardson, at a nominal figure, and already applications have been made by a number of schools. This will be followed by another charming play "Barbarosa," especially adapted for children's entertainment.)

wait. How stupid of you, Babette! (*Reproachfully*) — Couldn't you have taken longer?

Babette—Does Mademoiselle never need time to collect her thoughts?

Marcelle (*holding up her hands in mock alarm*)—But ten long minutes to think. Oh, no. Babette, let the others waste their days like that, but I, Marcelle (*she pirouettes on her toes and takes a few dancing steps*) I will go through life—so. (*She pirouettes again, then with a swirl of airy lace and fluttering ruffles, suddenly stops and runs over to Babette, and catching her playfully by the shoulder, gives her an impatient little shake.*) You forget, Babette; tonight is *la nuit de triomphe.* All the world views Marcelle tonight; and for escort, the most powerful man in this great land, Mr. Tourgan. He has fame—he has millions—he has power, and—he loves Marcelle. Why do you forget *les moments importants* of your mistress? Cruel one! And poor little me with no other but Babette in this strange land. In the old days you were always so *intéressée*, but now (*with a little gesture of despair*) you are no longer in sympathy.

Babette—*Pas sympathique!* Oh, Mademoiselle, look for yourself. (*She catches up a hand-glass and holds it before Marcelle.*) Even Mademoiselle should be satisfied; it has left nothing to be desired.

Marcelle (*laughingly puts aside the mirror, then taking it up again, begins scanning her features in affected alarm*)—It is a blemish I see there? *Non?*

Babette—There is nothing, Mademoiselle. You are *ravissante*, adorable, as always, Mademoiselle.

Marcelle—That is as it should be. Still something is wrong. (*She goes over to the pier glass and scans the reflected vision with pretty discontent.*) Ah! (*with a little exclamation of triumph*) it is the jewels!

Babette—*Mais non!* They are beautiful, Mademoiselle.

Marcelle—Stupid! I have nothing which is not beautiful. But tonight I must be more than just beautiful, *exquise!* (*She thinks a moment, then bringing her hands together with a quick, impulsive gesture*) Not these! (*She lightly plucks from her hair and throat the jewels she is wearing and drops them carelessly on the table.*) It shall be the jewels of France! (*At the mention of France, Babette's face has clouded and she stands for a moment lost in revery. Marcelle turns to her gayly.*) Quick! Quick, Babette! You are slow, very slow, tonight. (*Marcelle searches through her jewel casket with eager restless fingers and takes out one ornament after another. The gems gleam and sparkle in the light as she touches them caressingly, lovingly, almost passionately.*)

Marcelle (*impatiently*)—Must I do everything?

(*Babette crosses over to Marcelle, who has lifted a tiara of pearls and sapphires from its satin bed and is holding it tenderly against her cheek.*)

Marcelle (*looking at the jewels*)—"A pearl beneath blue skies."

Babette—That is what they said (*a catch in her voice*) in France—when Mademoiselle wore these (*taking the tiara, she places it lightly upon Marcelle's proud little head and clasps necklace of pearls about Marcelle's throat*).

Marcelle—And that is what I shall always be, here as in France. Unless (*catching up a sparkling diamond*) I am like this!

Babette (*timidly*)—Diamonds are so hard, so glittering, Mademoiselle.

Marcelle—Ah! But so precious! (*The bright flashes of the arc light outside play over her as she stands there, a radiant little vision.*) The supreme stone! (*She looks into its depths as though drinking in its sparkling beauty*). Supreme! (*Her glance falls for a moment on the jewel casket. She hesitates a fluttering second, then takes out with slow fingers a glowing ruby. She holds it up and her lips move as if involuntarily.*) Jeanne! Someone called her—a—ruby.

Babette (*looking at the ruby in a frightened way*)—They say—some call her Saint Jeanne in these terrible days. (*Still looking at the ruby as though fascinated.*)

Marcelle (*with a mocking little laugh*)—A name which will be short-lived as the beauty of Jeanne. Think of it! Out there among all those dirty soldiers. (*She shakes her head laughingly in mock dismay.*) Jeanne in a nurse's gown! (*With a glance into the mirror, as though contrasting the imaginary figure of Jeanne with her own reflection that smiles back at her.*) One feels almost sorry for her—my rival! Poor Jeanne! They will never call her a ruby again. I shall wear the rubies now. (*With a little triumphant gesture she fastens the gem among her soft laces.*) Never were there such jewels as mine!

Babette—How much they mean to you, Mademoiselle, the jewels!

Marcelle (*passionately*)—They are my life, Babette! (*Bending over the jewel casket.*) In their luring luster, life itself shimmers and gleams. They are white magic, my sorcerous stone! Flashing founts of youth and rainbow joy! See how the colors play and sparkle through them like the fountain in the court below in which they have hidden lights. See, this sapphire! It is the blue flower of joy. Do you know the legend, Babette? The whole world rests on a vast sapphire—its reflection colors the sky, the water, and our own hearts. My mystic pearls! (*Lifting the heavy rope of pearls about her throat.*) What soft radiance! What demure charm! Yet kings have sought them. Oh, and these (*taking a slender chain of diamonds from the gem casket*). Crystallized star-dew—fire lit at the earth's heart and fed by the sun's flaming rays. Like a river of light they flow through my fingers. But it is my emerald that fascinates me most (*holding up a great emerald*). My great, round emerald, in whose green depths dim forms melt—vanish and reform again. And oh, my opals! where fierce flames and oriental rainbow tints lie quivering in a web of light. Oh! I could never live without my jewels, Babette!

BABETTE (*with awe in her voice*)—Every jewel then is a—

MARCELLE (*exultantly*)—A triumph, Babette!

BABETTE (*timidly*)—And the givers?

MARCELLE (*lightly*)—Who knows? *Peutetre le bon Dieu.* I never ask. A minute there, gone the next.

BABETTE—But does Mademoiselle never long for something sure—someone—something always there?

MARCELLE (*turning, sees tears in the eyes of Babette*)—No—Marcelle is content. Tears, Babette? They will never bring you jewels. Ah, little one, some day when tears have fled, you will collect—jewels. (*She laughs a little broken laugh; then, as with an indifferent gesture, she turns from the dressing table, she catches sight of a letter, half hidden beneath the sorceries of beauty.*) A letter from France! How stupid of you, Babette, to leave it so! (*She opens the letter and, startled, reads half aloud*) "Jeanne is—but she gave her life in a great cause!" (*A moment later she crushes the letter in her hand, and stands looking straight at Babette with blank eyes.*) Jeanne is—oh! But I will not think; it is—bad for one.

BABETTE (*repeating slowly*)—Mademoiselle Jeanne is dead? Our Mademoiselle Jeanne! (*Stopping with a sharp little gasp, then brokenly*) Oh—Oh! (*Her voice ends in a half sob and there is a moment of silence, then bravely*) But she gave her life for France. (*Exultantly*) *Sur le champ de glorie*—for—France!

MARCELLE (*in quick anger*)—Stupid! Do not talk of—all that (*with a catch in her throat*). It is—ugly! (*Defiantly she begins to hum a merry little tune, seemingly oblivious to Babette's agitation.*)

BABETTE—But it is France, our France, Mademoiselle, that called her. Our beautiful France!

MARCELLE (*with a silencing finger on lip*)—Hush, Babette! War was never meant for us (*with a quick sweeping gesture, including the room, Babette and herself*). It is for those stronger—coarser than we. When France is joyous again we will go back. Oh, yes, then I will go back, Babette, blazing my way with jewels, these very jewels that have been always the envy of Paris.

BABETTE (*pleadingly*)—But France! Oh! the cruel need! Mademoiselle!

MARCELLE (*with a sharp half-cry, grinding her tiny silver heel into the silken rug*)—*Arretez!* It is not for us! (*with a quick revulsion of feeling, and a trace of bitterness.*) Besides, what could we do? (*holding up her fragile hands with a helpless gesture.*) We are so—little. (*The bell rings loudly.*)

MARCELLE—Ah, there! They have made me wait—long, too long. Come, Babette! Haste! *La triomphe nous attends.*

### SCENE II.

*Carnival night in a brilliantly-lighted cafe, a riot of sounds and color. Everywhere showers of confetti, mad gaiety, flowers, leaping lights; the air is heavy, too heavy, with perfume. Lights twinkle and wink at their own flickering selves in the mirrored panels; eyes, too, seek their own reflection there; and the laughter—the laughter is a study for a philosopher—feverish, gay, tearful, careless, airy, forced, hysterical, high-pitched tones and raucous. And beneath the laughter, beneath the tinkle of ice and the shrill shriek of toys, always the throb and beat of music, from the orchestra behind the palms. Revelers in fantastic costumes mingle in insolent freedom with the exquisitely-gowned women and their escorts. A Mephistopheles bends over a young girl, whispering crafty advice in her pretty pink ear. An audacious clown sits in jolly camaraderie with a dignified elderly lady. Red-faced monks and courtly cavaliers clink glasses, and dainty Columbines dart lightly from table to table.*

*Marcelle sits at a table in the foreground surrounded by a laughing group of men and women. She is evidently the guest of honor. At her right is seated a self-assured handsome man of forty. On her left a blasé youngish man who wears an eyeglass with studied nonchalance. Across the table sits a beautifully gowned woman, very handsome, but with hard, cold features. At the rear of the cafe is a small, raised platform near which the orchestra is concealed.*

PERCY (*man on left, adjusting eye glass*)—Ah, Marcelle, so you are to stay over here with us; always, I understand (*with a significant look at Mr. Tourgan, the man on the right hand*).

MARCELLE (*evasively*)—How can one go back? and what have such as I to do with war? (*with a pretty, appealing gesture*).

WOMAN (*with veiled significance*)—Rare wisdom! War is for peasants. *N'est-ce pas, cherie?*

MARCELLE (*laughingly*)—Oh, I'm not yet among the wise ones! I only know it is not for me.

WOMAN—Oh! A new cult! One does not think!

MARCELLE (*shaking her head in bewitching manner*)—Youth never thinks.

(*Indulgent laughter, during which Percy springs to his feet, lifting a wine glass.*)

PERCY—To youth!

CHORUS (*drinking toast and clinking glasses*)—To youth!

(*There is a shower of confetti from a neighboring table and a battle of colors follows. During the confusion, a young man at a distant table tosses a great red rose at Marcelle, which falls at her feet. Mr. Tourgan gives it to Marcelle, touching her hand lightly with his lips.*)

MARCELLE (*gleefully*)—A red rose! Oh! it is bruised. (*She breathes deep of its fragrance, burying her face in its perfumed petals.*) But how fragrant! What is the name of this rose?

Mr. Tourgan. I do not know. It must be a new variety.

Marcelle (*softly*)—It is wonderfully fragrant.

Percy (*rises and dramatically addresses the group*)—Hear all! (*with a sweeping gesture.*) Our queen (*with a bow to Marcelle*) demands the name of the rose. It is wondrous fragrant, but it is unknown. Dost know the flower? Speak! the queen of flowers demands it.

Marcelle (*holding up the rose laughingly*) —The name! The name!

(*A Columbine who has been pirouetting near, stops her mad whirl and unobserved by the others, slips behind Marcelle and whispers in her ear.*)

Columbine—It will lose its magic if you hold it for all the world to see. Half its charm is mystery.

Marcelle (*her attention arrested by the hint of mystery, turns to the Columbine, forgetting her companions, who are busily pelting one another with confetti*)—Tell me!

Columbine—Is it not enough to know it is fragrant beyond all other flowers?

Marcelle (*with the pretty persuasiveness of a child*)—But its name, please—

Columbine—It is not so difficult. Think!

Marcelle (*petulantly*) — *Non! Non!* Thought and I are foes.

Columbine (*sighing*)—Foolish one! Its name then is—Love.

(*The Columbine withdraws with a backward glance at Marcelle.*)

Marcelle (*wonder in her voice and shielding the rose in her hand*)—Love?

(*A shower of confetti and the shrill tooting of tin horns breaks in on Marcelle's reverie. She rouses herself. The woman opposite laughs a mocking laugh discordant.*)

Marcelle (*with a little shiver of annoyance*)—What is that?

(*Again the woman opposite laughs mockingly.*)

Woman—Mademoiselle, it would appear, begins to think.

Marcelle (*with a flash of her sparkling self*)—Am I, then, growing old?

Chorus (*in laughing denial*)—No, no, no!

Chorus—Never, Marcelle!

Woman—Your red rose is fading.

Marcelle (*lifting it to her face*)—But its fragrance still lingers.

(*There is an interval of merry confusion, during which Mephistopheles approaches and bends over Marcelle.*)

Mephistopheles—The fragrance still lingers? After all, it's but a faded rose. Those (*he points to her jewels*) will always buy fresh roses. Choose—choose!

Marcelle (*her face aglow*)—Rubies, pearls and sapphires! There is no choice. In them lie imprisoned all the illusive triumphs of the world. I hold them captive here (*touching jewels with a pretty gesture of triumph*). The rose is useless, as you say; no longer even beautiful. See! its fragrance is almost gone; but these (*caressing her jewels with clinging fingers*) they are—unfading.

(*Mephistopheles has already disappeared, a triumphant smile on his face.*)

Mr. Tourgan (*leaning toward Marcelle*)—And every jewel you wear has a history, Marcelle? These represent—

Percy (*breaking in*)—Triumphs, ma friend! The blue skies of France, the tears of France, the heart of France. They all belong to her. She won them all.

(*A flower-girl approaches their table, carrying a basket containing clusters of flowers.*)

Flower Girl (*calling in a clear, flute-like voice*)—Flowers! Flowers! Who will buy? Who — will — buy? Windflowers, orchids, roses, ro—ses. (*She holds out a bunch of meadow flowers to Marcelle, who laughingly waves her away.*)

Marcelle (*in airy gaiety*)—But flowers die! See! (*She picks up faded rose.*) And it was very fragrant.

Mr. Tourgan (*beckoning the flower girl back*)—But surely you will take a bouquet. Only take it; you need not wear it. See, here is every kind of flower—orchids, violets —have them all.

Marcelle (*lightly*)—Give them to the others. Flowers are not for me. They bring—

Woman—Memories and thoughts?

Marcelle (*in laughing denial*)—Oh, no, no! It is only that in a few hours they must die, and there is something sad even in the death of a flower.

Percy—Tender heart!

Marcelle—Oh no! But I do not like anything unpleasant.

(*As the flower girl retires sadly, shaking her head, a gay young man in evening dress throws his arm about her and plants a resounding kiss on her cheek, then holds the basket of flowers away from her, leaving a bank note in her hand.*)

Young Man—I want your flowers, my pretty maid. A bouquet to every pretty woman here! (*He lifts the clusters from the basket, tossing them hither and yon, then suddenly spying a spray of windflowers, he drops the others and lifts the fragile pale blossoms, his face strangely changed.*)

Young Man—Wind-flowers!

(*A heavy guffaw from someone near, and the young man, ashamed of his emotion, tosses the wind-flowers to a hard-faced, hard-eyed woman at an adjoining table.*)

Mr. Tourgan (*continuing the conversation*) —When Marcelle and I are married, I shall build a beautiful new house on the heights overlooking the city.

Woman (*maliciously*)—A golden cage?

Percy—Do you think to cage a sunbeam?

Woman (*spitefully*)—A sunbeam? It passes with the setting sun.

Marcelle—You are right. They pass with the setting sun. I am no sunbeam.

Mr. Tourgan—A jewel, Marcelle. And our new home on the heights the setting.

Percy—Ah, but suppose the jewel refuses to be set?

Mr. Tourgan (*a note of warning in his voice*)—Unset stones are easily lost and never seen again.

MARCELLE—How serious we have all become, and my cult, it has been said (*with a playful, taunting glance at the Woman*) bars thought. Who introduced her here tonight? She is a stupid guest, most unwelcome.

PERCY—Yet sometimes I wonder. Sometime, sooner or later, we shall all have to meet her.

MARCELLE (*pertly*)—Not when one has learned the art of dodging.

MR. TOURGAN—She catches us even then and sometime—

(*A monk passing by, echoes.*)

MONK—Sometime!

(*At that moment a singer appears on the little stage and begins to sing Chaminade's "Silver Ring." Pure, childlike in their haunting sweetness, the tender tones hush the crowded room to silence as memory feels her way into the heart. It brings with it all simple things of life, that little song: a flower-covered countryside abloom with the treasures of May, shepherds with their flocks, and cottage doors arched with rose vines, but as the last note slips into silence, the gay babble rises again—dreams and memories vanish, and the lights dazzle and sparkle with brutal brilliance.*)

PERCY (*with an effort*)—A pretty song that, but for me, Marcelle is right. After all, they are the wise ones—the joy followers. Men may fight and men may die, men may even love, but we laugh on forever.

MR. TOURGAN—Exactly.

(*A jester approaches, carrying a large, particolored bag of shimmering, shifting shades. It is bedecked with tinsel and tinkling bells.*)

JESTER—Two-bits a grab! Two-bits a grab! Dip into Life's grab-bag!

PERCY—Let us see if Life has cheated us? Who knows? We may find a new toy. Here you! (*to Jester*). All grab! Take a chance! Here's to Life's grab-bag!

(*The Jester goes from one to the other, each plunges a hand into the shining bag, drawing out a package, which they proceed to open.*)

PERCY (*in mock despair*)—Just what I have already, another tin horn!

WOMAN (*wearily*)—And I an automobile! These are not new.

MR. TOURGAN (*exultantly*)—And I—I am lucky. I found a gold piece.

CHORUS—And you, Marcelle?

(*Marcelle has been looking carefully through the wrappings of her package. At their question, she holds out her hands with the empty papers.*)

MARCELLE (*laughingly*)—I found—nothing.

MR. TOURGAN (*to Grab-bag man*)—Here you! The lady has been cheated.

THE RAGGED MAN (*contritely*)—It's an error. All a mistake! Won't you try again, Miss?

MARCELLE (*in gay protest*)—No, no! I might get a tin horn or a motor car.

THE OTHERS (*in chorus*)—Come, come, Marcelle! See what you will get. Fate can't play the same trick twice. Take another chance!

MARCELLE (*hesitating*)—I want—something different. (*She reaches in and feels a package.*) No, not that! I know it's something stupid.

(*The grab-bag man reaches in and hands her a package.*)

MARCELLE—Oh, no! Not that! It must be of my own choosing. (*Marcelle again reaches into the bag and feels around, then triumphantly*) Here! I have found something quite different. Oh! I wonder! See! (*She holds up package to the others, then in the silence created by her own childish intensity, begins to unwrap it. As the last covering falls away, Marcelle starts back. Percy bends forward, and takes from the papers a tiny French flag.*)

PERCY (*in a mock of ceremony*)—See! All France for Marcelle!

WOMAN (*dashing a little red wine toward the flag*)—Now it is blood-stained! France as she is today!

(*Mr. Tourgan makes as though to take the flag, but Percy holds it just out of reach. Mr. Tourgan makes a sudden lunge and the little silken flag is torn in two.*)

PERCY (*covering a fragment with his hand*)—To the victor belongs the spoils!

MARCELLE (*her face white, her hands tense, speaks in a colorless, dead tone*)—Put it—back! Put it back into the bag! (*She turns to Mr. Tourgan pathetically, almost appealingly, but he misunderstands and sweeps everything into a heap in the center of the table.*)

MR. TOURGAN—So much for tin horn, automobiles and France.

(*Marcelle turns away from him toward Percy, who, catching up one of the tin horns, blows it lustily in her ear.*)

MR. TOURGAN (*conscious of a vague uneasiness, but continuing in the same strain*)—All that (*pointing to melee of flags, automobiles and flowers*) we throw away. But this (*holding up the gold piece*) we will keep. It might come in useful some day.

(*Marcelle, her eyes wide, her lips tense, instinctively reaches out to rescue the rose which, as she gathers it up, lets fall a shower of red petals. She stares at them a moment, then puts out her hand slowly and lifts the wine glass to her lips. As she does so the orchestra begins to play.*

*The figure of a young girl appears lightly poised for an instant, crystal-like against the grey and misty background; a straight, childlike shape in softly gleaming costume of white. She raises her slender arms with a slow, swaying gesture, then with pale flying feet begins to dance—the dance of the snowflake. A winter-blown wraith breaking into bits of sparkling whiteness, she dances her pure white little dance of Winter. As if cooled by the vision of this fresh young spirit, restless hearts and feverish eyes grow calm, as her swift-flying form wings its misty way. A fugitive floating bit of white, her filmy draperies and frosty gauzes fluttering, she is wafted hither and yon as by winds of Winter, until at last she sinks to rest, a little drift of white.*)

WOMAN—The girl is very graceful. One would say "She is like a snow-drop."

MR. TOURGAN—But too cold! Her dance lacks emotion. It almost chills one. And—she is like her dance.

PERCY (*ardently*)—You are right, Tourgan. It is cold. One requires warmth in a dance. Warmth and beauty! We have both here (*with a courtly bow to Marcelle*) and, believe me, it is not wasted. We are connoisseurs here.

MR. TOURGAN (*in an aside to Marcelle*)—He is right! Everyone is looking at you, Marcelle. You do credit to any man, and soon—How your jewels become you! Jewels and snowdrops—there can be no choice.

WOMAN—You have beautiful jewels, but what will you do in future years when youth, the most priceless jewel of all, slips through your fingers. Age must come (*sighing*) sometime.

MARCELLE—Not for me as to some.

WOMAN (*acidly*)—You cannot always keep that bloom of youth on your cheeks.

MARCELLE (*with dangerous sweetness*)—I never judge the world by myself, Madame.

(*A Folly passing by, shakes her bells in Marcelle's face, then leaning over, whispers into her ear.*)

PERCY—What does she say?

MARCELLE (*tauntingly*)—She tells a great secret.

MR. TOURGAN—What, pray?

MARCELLE (*looking across at Woman with saucy impudence*)—The secret of eternal youth!

(*A Masquer dressed as an evil spirit passes by carrying a flock of gay balloons; one of them, a white one, escapes and drifts toward Marcelle.*)

WOMAN (*repeating*)—The secret of eternal youth! It must have cost you dear.

MR. TOURGAN—You little pagan! Do you claim to be one of those—water creatures, always young and without a soul? There was one—

MARCELLE (*delighted*)—Undine! Ah! She was a water sprite without a soul perhaps—but—what is a soul anyway, Mr. Tourgan? Ah, I will tell you. It is like (*spying the white balloon*) a balloon, light air. Among the clouds. (*Brushing away the tobacco smoke.*) Of no use to anyone. (*She catches at the ribbon pendant from the white balloon.*) See! The slightest touch brings it to earth. (*She stabs the balloon gayly with a jeweled pin. With a tiny explosion it falls, a useless bit of white. She picks up the fragment.*) See! (*with mocking regret*) Your soul. Better to have left it float among the clouds. Souls are not for earth.

(*The Masquer overhearing Marcelle, frees all the balloons, crying out as he does so.*)

EVIL SPIRIT—See! See! The new game, the Game of Souls! Who can spear them as they float by? A chance! A chance! Ten cents a chance! Souls! Souls!

(*There is a scramble at all the tables to spear them as the balloons float near, everyone trying to see how many he can bring to earth as they are buffeted from table to table. The orchestra strikes up a frolicking popular song, and soon their cries of "A blue one!" "Here, here!" "A red one!" "A white one!" "This way! this way!" are lost in the music.*)

PERCY (*beating time*)—Ah, we know how to play that sort of music here. We know the beat—the rhythm. What a life! Is it not better even than your France, our California, red with wine and roses?

WOMAN (*with a glance at Marcelle*)—As France is red with blood!

MARCELLE (*with a painful summoning of strength and speaking with forced lightness*)—It is indeed beautiful—your California, and I love it.

MR. TOURGAN (*leaning toward Marcelle*)—And all shall be yours! You will have all California at your feet. (*With assurance*) You will stay here, always, Marcelle!

PERCY (*to Marcelle*)—Of course! You will stay here always. You belong here! It suits you—all this gaiety—all this color!

MR. TOURGAN (*in a heavy voice*)—Yes! Here among the roses!

MARCELLE (*with sparkling enthusiasm*)—Roses! If you could only see the roses that bloom in France; there are none in the world so fragrant. These (*touches flowers on table*) are beautiful and heavy with perfume. But the roses of France. Ah! (*closing her eyes and breathing deeply*) they are heavy with mystery and meaning. Men have died for the roses of France.

PERCY—Would you go back for a rose?

MARCELLE—Of course not now, foolish! But when the war is over (*her voice trails on, lost in memory*).

(*The Woman has picked up the gold piece and is tossing it in her hands, with a speculative air, serenely indifferent to the others.*)

MR. TOURGAN—But we will have every hue of rose, and our garden shall be the most wonderful in all the world. The air shall be heavy with their fragrance, for here one lives always in the glow of the sun; here it is always Summer.

PERCY—A poet! A poet!

MR. TOURGAN—Mere man inspired (*with a glance at Marcelle*).

WOMAN (*breaking in impatiently and holding up the gold piece in her white fingers with a sneering laugh*)—Come! Come! It is the gold that brings the joys of life.

MR. TOURGAN—And shields us from the pain.

(*Marcelle shivers and turns to Mr. Tourgan.*)

MARCELLE—Then give it to me (*pathetically*). I must never suffer.

MR. TOURGAN—No, this! (*He takes a ring from his pocket. Marcelle half assents and he slips it upon her finger.*) There! It's a bargain, the gold encircles you and the stone—there's no finer stone in all the world. It came from a king's crown.

(*After examining it critically, Marcelle takes it off and lays it near his hand.*)

MR. TOURGAN—But Marcelle, why—

**Marcelle** (*interrupting impatiently*)—The stone is beautiful, but the setting is—heavy.

**Mr. Tourgan**—A small matter! Tomorrow—

**Marcelle**—It can be reset.

**Percy**—And the new house?

**Woman**—You will change that, too, I suppose?

**Marcelle**—Yes, it is not big enough even yet.

**Woman**—You are spoiled.

(*Marcelle laughs airily.*)

(*The orchestra begins to play a bizarre medley, a blending of national airs tortured into an alluring waltz rhythm, German, Russian, Italian swing on to the same half-taunting measure. Then the notes of the Marseillaise weave themselves half reluctantly into the distorted medley, at first scarcely recognizable, then more insistent, in spite of its twisted rhythm. Everyone remained seated save Marcelle, who, as though moved by some unseen force, rises slowly, very slowly from her chair, and remains standing, her eyes vacant and fixed. As the triumphant strains of the "Marseillaise" gain in power, she lifts her head proudly and her eyes glow and darken with the intensity of her feeling. At the rear of the little platform, which seems at first veiled in smoke, there are revealed shadowy figures of soldiers marching wearily behind long carts draped in black. The sad little procession winds its way through a shadowy arch, L'Arc de Triomphe of Paris, vague, silent forms stealing into the city. Marcelle's face pales and she leans forward as though listening. Dim, faraway sounds are heard, faint cries, starving wails, as of a world in travail, cries that tear the heart, distant though they be. Then follow dim, spectral forms huddling across the scene in paralyzed frozen pain. The "Marseillaise" growing fainter and fainter, beats on until it dies away in a wail of anguish. There is a hush among the giddy revelers as puzzled eyes watch Marcelle. She clutches at her throat as though the rope of pearls choked her; she tears the burning ruby from the soft laces, and then slowly lifts her hand to the tiara of sapphires. She crushes the jewels together with tense, feverish fingers, drawing one hand across her eyes as though pushing away something very heavy.*

*A balloon bursts near her ears, and with a start she looks around into a throng of laughing faces. Babette, who had appeared in the doorway at the first strains of the "Marseillaise," comes forward anxiously, scanning the white face of her mistress. A jarring laugh is heard, followed by heavy witless laughter, and Marcelle turns from them all in silence. She moves toward Babette, then goes slowly, falteringly, toward the door. Drawing her coat, which Babette has placed over her shoulders, more closely about her, she pauses for an instant, then with a firm and even step passes on, her face illumined. Mr. Tourgan half rises as though to follow, but is restrained by the Woman's hand and her mocking voice in his ear.*)

**Woman**—Marcelle has gone out of our lives forever. I am sure of it!

**Percy** (*adjusting his eyeglass*)—How odd! How very odd!

**Mr. Tourgan** (*to himself*)—And unset jewels are often lost and never seen again.

**Flower Girl** (*approaching*)—Orchids! Violets! Roses! Ro-ses!

(*Mr. Tourgan remains very still and silent, then rousing himself, he looks around and almost furtively gathers up the fragments of the torn flag of France.*)

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# SNOW-BOUND

A LONE New England farmhouse old and brown,
Nearby, a barn stands weatherworn and gray,
These look upon a rarely trodden way
The long slope of the hillside winding down;
To this place seldom from the busy town
Come steps of idle saunterer astray—
Less frequent come when Winter, as today,
Puts on his ermine robe and regal crown.

Such as this bleak and bare midwinter scene
Has Whittier's memory from his childhood brought
With vivid fancies richly broidered round;
It is a sleeping world, calm and serene,
A world of purest alabaster wrought,
Given in his winter idyl of "Snow-Bound."

—*Isaac Bassett Choate, in "Through Realms of Song."*

# Heart Classics of American History

## by George Lippard

### IX—THE NIGHT MARCH

JUST as the sun went down, on that calm day of autumn, shooting his level beams through the wilds of the rivulet of the Skippack, there gathered within the woods, and along the shores of that stream, a gallant and desperate army, with every steed ready for the march, with the columns marshaled for the journey of death, every man with his knapsack on his shoulder, and musket in his grasp, while the broad banner of the Continental host drooped heavily overhead, its fold rent and torn by the fight of Brandywine, waving solemnly in the twilight.

The tents were struck, the camp fires, where had been prepared the hasty supper of the soldiers, were still burning; the neighing of steeds, and the suppressed rattle of arms, rang through the grove startling the night-bird of the Skippack, when the uncertain light of a decaying flame, glowing around the stump of a giant oak, revealed a scene of strange interest.

The flame-light fell upon the features of a gallant band of heroes, circling round the fire, each with his war cloak, drooping over his shoulder, half concealing the uniform of blue and buff; each with sword by his side, *chapeau* in hand, ready to spring upon his war-steed, neighing in the grove hard by, at a moment's warning, while every eye was fixed upon the face of the chieftain who stood in their midst.

By the soul of Mad Anthony it was a sight that would have stirred a man's blood to look upon—that sight of the gallant chieftains of a gallant band, clustering round the camp fire, in the last and most solemn council of war, ere they spurred their steeds forward in the march of death.

The man with the form of majesty, and that calm, impenetrable face, lighted by the hidden fire of soul, bursting forth ever and again in the glance of his eye! Had you listened to the murmurs of the dying on the field of Brandywine you would have heard the name that has long since become a sound of prayer and blessing on the tongues of nations—the name of Washington. And by his side was Greene, his fine countenance wearing a shade of serious thought; and there listlessly thrusting his glittering sword in the embers of the decaying fire, with his fierce eyes fixed upon the earth, while his mustachioed lip gave a stern expression to his face, was the man of Poland and the patriot of Brandywine, Pulaski, whom it were tautology to call the brave; there was the towering form of Sullivan, there was Conway, with his fine face and expressive features, there was Armstrong and Nash and Maxwell and Stirling and Stephens, all brave men and true, side by side with the gallant Smallwood of Maryland, and the stalwart Forman of Jersey.

And there with his muscular chest, clad in the close buttoned blue coat, with his fatigue cloak thrown over his left shoulder, with his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, was the hero of Chadd's Ford, the commander of the massacred of Paoli, the future avenger of Stony Point, Anthony Wayne, whom the soldiers loved in their delight to name Mad Anthony; shouting that name in the hour of the charge and in the moment of death like a watchword of terror to the British army.

Clustered around their chief, were the aids-de-camp of Washington, John Marshall, afterwards Chief Justice of the States, Alexander Hamilton, gifted, gallant, and brave, Washington's counsellor in the hour of peril, his bosom friend and confident, all standing in the same circle with Pickering and Lee, the captain of the partisan band, with his slight form and swarthy face, who was on that eventful night detailed for duty near the Commander-in-Chief.

And as they stood there clustered round the person of Washington, in a mild yet decided voice, the chieftain spoke to them of the plan of the contemplated surprise and battle.

* * *

It was his object to take the British by surprise. He intended for the accomplishment of this object, to attack them at once on the front of the centre; and on the front, flank and rear of each wing. This plan of operation would force the American commander to extend the Continental army over a surface of from five to seven miles.

In order to make this plan of attack effective, it would be necessary for the American army to separate near Skippack, and advance to Germantown in four divisions, marching along as many roads.

General Armstrong with the Pennsylvania militia, three thousand strong, was to march down the Manatawny Road (now Ridge Road), and traversing the shores of the Schuylkill, until the beautiful Wissahikon poured into its bosom, he was to turn the left flank of the enemy at Vandurings (now Robinson's Mill), and then advance eastward, along the by roads, until two miles distance between this mill and the Germantown market-house were accomplished.

Meanwhile the militia of Maryland and New Jersey, were to take up their line of march some seven or eight miles to the eastward of Armstrong's position, and over three miles distance from Germantown. They were to march down the Old York Road, turn the right flank of the enemy, and attack it in the rear, also entering the town at the market-house, which was the central point of operation for all the divisions.

Between Germantown and Old York Road, at the distance of near two miles from the village, extends a road, called Limekiln Road. The divisions of Greene and Stephens flanked by McDougal's brigade were to take a circuit by this road, and attack the front of the enemy's right wing. They also were to enter the town by the market-house.

The main body, with which was Washington, Wayne, and Sullivan, were to advance toward Germantown by the Great Northern Road, entering the town by way of Chesnut Hill, some four miles distant from the market-house.

A column of this body was led on by Sullivan, another by Wayne, and Conway's brigade flanked the entire division.

While these four divisions advanced, the division of Lord Stirling, combined with the brigades of Maxwell and Nash were to form a corps de reserve.

The reader, and the student of American history, has now the plan of battle spread out before him. In order to take in the full particulars of this magnificent plan of battle, it may be necessary to remember the exact nature of the ground around Germantown.

In some places plain and level, in others broken by ravines, rendered intricate by woods, tangled by thickets, or traversed by streams, it was in its most accessible points, and most favorable aspects, broken by enclosures, difficult fences, massive stone walls, or other boundary marks of land, rendering the operation of cavalry at all times hazardous, and often impassable.

In the vicinage of the town, for near a mile on either side, the land spread greenly away, in level fields, still broken by enclosures, and then came thick woods, steep hills and dark ravines.

The base line of operations was the country around Skippack Creek, from which point, Washington, like a mighty giant, spread forth the four arms of his force, clutching the enemy in front, on his wings and on the rear, all at the same moment.

It was a magnificent plan of battle, and success already seemed to hover round the American banner, followed by a defeat of the British, as terrible as that of Yorktown, when the red-coat heroes of Germantown struck their own lion from his rock.

As Washington went over the details of battle, each brave officer and scarred chieftain leaned forward, taking in every word, with absorbing interest, and then receiving the orders of his commander, with the utmost attention and consideration.

All was now planned, everything was ready for the march, each general mounted on his war-steed, rode to the head of his division, and with a low solemn peal of music, the night-march on Germantown commenced.

And through the solemn hours of that night, along the whole valley, on every side, was heard the half suppressed sound of marching legions, mingled with the low muttered word of command, the clank of arms and the neighing of war steeds—all dim and indistinct, yet terrible to hear. The farmer sleeping on his humble couch, rushed to the window of his rustic mansion at the sound, and while his wife stood beside him, all tremor and affright, and his little ones clung to his knees, he saw with a mingled look of surprise and fear, the forms of an armed band, some on horse and some on foot, sweeping through his green fields, as the dim moonbeams gleaming through the gathering mist and gloom, shone over glittering arms, and dusky banners, all gliding past, like phantoms of the Spectre Land.

# DREAMS—REALITY

### *By* ELMA PARKER KIRK

NIGHT, falling in soft splendor,
  Speaks, dear, to me—
Tells me in voice of yearning,
  Love's tale from thee.

Moon, shining high in heaven,
  Soft, still—enthrills,
Reaches the soul within me—
  Sweet peace instils.

Darkness, ere dawn is breaking,
  Brings dreams of thee,
Softly bears love's dear message,
  White-winged to me.

Daylight, in regal splendor,
  Rose-tints the skies;
Dear heart, the voice of Nature
  Bids thee arise.

Life, calling thee to action,
  Speaks clear and true;
Love spurs thee ever onward,
  Toward goals anew.

Love, seeking e'er its vision,
  Through life's ideals,
Calls thee and me to heaven
  After life's zeals.

# Man to Man

by

## Octavus Roy Cohen

CARSON stared speculatively across the white-hot stretch of sandy beach to the line of breaking combers which piled in never-endingly, one upon the other. To right and left, almost as far as eye could reach, the beach stretched; somber, ominous almost. Behind was the virgin jungle, with its roof of palms, and beyond that the tiny range of volcanic hills.

Carson was worried. It had all been a great lark at first, this voluntary marooning on an uninhabited island, a tiny dot on the map far out of the Pacific vessel trackage; but the romance, the glamor, had long worn off, and stern reality had supplanted it.

Carson cursed the wild impulse which had led him into the escapade. Ennui, an evening at the club, a recountal of adventures; the bald statement that there were no new experiences possible for the modern adventurer. Then someone had scoffed at the desert island idea, and an argument started. Carson, too, had laughed at it—it would be easy, he had maintained, to remain for a year on an uninhabited southsea island, provided, of course, one carried a goodly stock of provisions and weapons.

Finally the wager had been laid, and Carson had started preparations for his trip. One year on a southsea island; a stock of necessaries, and his huge negro stableman, Jeff, for a companion. One year to the day from the date of his marooning, his friends were to call for him. Quite a new experience. . . . Besides, Carson was a writer with more ambition than skill, and the field presented itself as one well filled with unique material.

In conversation one can say "a year" in a fraction of a second; it's very easy—one of the simplest combination of words in the English language. But to live for that year alone—or practically so—to find that your stock of provisions is exhausted within six months and your ammunition within eight, and then to make the terrifying discovery that your companion, a huge negro, is reverting to type, is, to say the least, unpleasant.

For the first three months of their existence on the island it had been thoroughly enjoyable. The island had been carefully selected, and a tiny lagoon wired off in order to afford immunity from sharks. Jeff had been tractable, earnest, and had eventually entered into the spirit of things in a manner which delighted his master.

Physically, they both developed with unbelievable rapidity. Within a month they had discarded all clothes but a loin-cloth, and the white man allowed his beard to grow. In a very subtle way the languor of the tropics forced itself upon Carson; he became utterly indifferent as to his bodily cleanliness, lazy, indolent, passive almost.

Slowly and surely the effect on Jeff had been the reverse. He learned the art of providing from the offerings of nature with wonderful skill. He developed an almost superhuman accuracy in hurling stones—time and time again he had brought home little animals which he had killed by throwing at them. Each man wore a knife in his girdle, and these they used for their rough carving.

It was just before the end of the sixth month that Carson discovered Jeff eating a piece of raw meat. He puzzled over it, and said nothing. Within a month it had become a common occurrence. Just previous to the end of the seventh month, Carson had ordered the negro to catch some fish for their evening meal. Jeff had walked quietly away to return two hours later—without fish.

"Where are the fish?" snapped Carson.

"Didn't catch um!"

"I told you to."

"Didn't want none. You want um, you catch um y'se'f!"

Two weeks later their ammunition gave out. The lives they were living were almost primitive in savagery. The veneer of civilization was dropping away from the tanned white man as it already had from the negro. They became sullen, morose, antagonistic, watchful, suspicious.

And that day Jeff had ordered Carson to provide the midday meal. Then he had walked away.

Carson scratched his head in perplexity as he watched the surf. Disgust, hatred, was in his slightly bloodshot eyes as he turned them up the beach. He ground one bare heel into the sand.

"Curse it," he cried. "Why did I ever undertake this fool thing?"

Subconsciously the white man knew that a crisis was near at hand. Jeff had been growing visibly more unruly with the passing of each day. The laxness of both men had formed a barrier between them. The inherent antagonism which exists between members of the color races of the world was coming uppermost.

Shortly before noon Jeff slouched down the beach. Carson eyed his hulking, heavily-muscled figure doubtfully. The negro was over six feet in height, broad, with the tremendous, corded muscles of the strong men of his race. His arms flapped at his sides; long, apish, terrifying arms. His knees bent decidedly as he walked, and his gait was not unlike the rocking, up-and-down motion of a big ship on a glassy sea. He placed himself in front of Carson and stared insolently.

"Whur's dinner?"

The mastery in his tone stirred Carson strangely.

"You dog," he grated, "*you* get the dinner!"

"No, I won't," snarled the negro.

Involuntarily almost, Carson's big fist flashed out and crashed against the negro's mouth. The big black sprawled on the white sand, mouthing guttural curses. Carson leaped forward, eyes blazing, the blood lust almost overpowering him—yet withheld by a vestige of the civilization which he had so long ago abandoned; a tinge which restrained him from hitting a man while down.

The negro grovelled slightly; cowered before the menace in the other's glance.

"You—*git!*" rumbled the white man. "Quick! If I ever catch you around here again, I'll—I'll *kill* you!"

The black scrambled to safety and darted lightly up the beach. Then he turned into the jungle and was lost from sight.

* * *

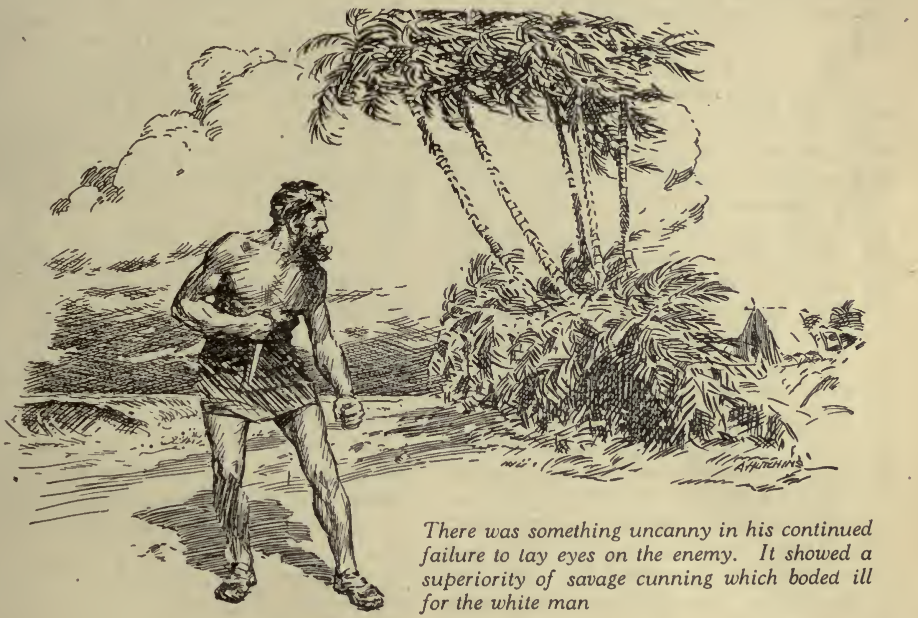
The crisis had come. With less than eleven months of the allotted twelve past, and with more than one month intervening between then and the arrival of the yacht which was to bear him away to a circle of admiring friends, Carson found himself on a south sea island with a berserk negro as companion. He did not try to temporize with himself; he knew that from this minute on it was a war of extermination, with quarter neither asked nor given.

His one hope was that he had cowed Jeff by his display of regal anger. Was the civilization sufficiently inbred to allow him to make capital of that recognized inferiority of the negro; or was the primeval man dominating? Only time could tell. . . .

Until late that night Carson silently patrolled the beach, but there was no sign of Jeff. Reluctantly he rolled himself into a ball, to pass a night of terrible dreams, of fierce fantasy. At sun-up he awakened with a start. Vaguely he felt that eyes were piercing his back. He turned like a flash.

Jeff's face, demoniacal almost, was staring out of the undergrowth fringe not a hundred yards away. The eyes of the two men met; bitter, racial hatred sprang into each. Then the bushes rustled, and Jeff had been swallowed up.

By the time the second day after the declaration of war had passed, Carson found himself almost relishing the warfare. Fear had long since left him, save in a vague, restless way. Time and again he found himself warily beating the jungle for a sign of the negro. Instinctively he cultivated the habit of holding his knife always in his hand and of darting suddenly behind shielding rocks and tree trunks, ready to strike, lusting for battle.



*There was something uncanny in his continued failure to lay eyes on the enemy. It showed a superiority of savage cunning which boded ill for the white man*

His eyes had narrowed to slits, and cunning glittered therein. Yet by the end of the week he experienced a vague fear that he was being followed, that he was never long out of the sight of the negro.

He became a trifle panicky and employed all sorts of childish ruses to catch his observer. Sometimes he would walk down the beach steadily for almost a quarter of a mile. Then a sudden, springing whirl, knife out—only to find himself staring at the mute trees or the murmuring surf.

There was something uncanny in his continued failure to lay eyes on the enemy. It showed a superiority of savage cunning which boded ill for the white man. His sleep became fitful; a dozen times a night he would awaken to find eyes boring into him; yet there was never anything to be seen.

Gradually, in his distorted mind, Jeff became an intangible terror, an invisible something which could not be combatted in the open. The utter loneliness wore on the white, and he commenced a series of night time searching trips through the densest parts of the jungle. Two weeks passed, and still he had not seen Jeff. Less than a month remained before the coming of the relief ship. If only they'd come sooner—yet he remembered that he had ordered them not to.

He conjured horrible mental pictures of the landing of his friends; of the finding, by them of his hacked body— Suppose Jeff was descended of cannibals. The civilized spirit of the white revolted.

Then he caught sight of Jeff. He awakened with a start, and instinct shot him to his feet. He turned. Staring at him, and not ten feet away, was the negro; eyes shining redly; knife, keened to razor-edge, in his tremendous hand. Jeff had come to kill. . . .

Out came Carson's knife. From his lips issued a throaty, half-savage, gladsome cry of warfare. He leaped forward; lightly, terribly. Jeff turned suddenly and fled, easily outdistancing the white man, and losing himself in the jungle. For hours Carson beat the bushes, taunting, calling, lusting. But he could not find Jeff.

When he returned to the beach he felt relieved. The idea that he had saved his own life by a hair's margin did not strike him. But Jeff was no longer intangible; he was there on the island—fighting, ready.

* * *

Another week passed, and then another. The combatants had not set eyes on each other again. There was hope that the yacht might come even a week sooner than was expected. . . .

The duel was beginning to tell on Carson. He was thin; his big muscles bulging unpleasantly through his now sallow skin. His eyes had gradually acquired a hunted look. No longer did he beat the jungle in search of Jeff. The negro's tactics had placed Carson on the defensive.

Jeff became more bold. Four times he advanced to the attack, and Carson's assumed boldness, when fear had turned his heart icy cold—an attack of nerves it is called in civilization—drove him away.

And then had come the terrible day when Carson and the negro had come face to face behind a tree. It had been accidental entirely. Cold, clammy terror clutched at Carson's heart. Without thought as to consequences, he turned and fled, with the howling, triumphant negro and his brandishing knife, in the rear.

Through the woods they raced, the gap between them ever lessening; then out of the jungle and across the beach. In terror Carson hurled himself into the sea, with Jeff immediately behind.

"*Sharks!*" screamed Carson, and the negro halted suddenly. He feared sharks.

Jeff sat down on the beach and waited. Sharks or himself, it mattered not. It was Carson's life blood he lusted to see. Slowly Carson worked his way up the beach and into shallower water. Far to the left of him appeared a triangular fin. The negro watched it as though fascinated. It came closer and closer. Then, like a flash, Carson was out of the water, across the beach and lost in the jungle!

All through the night he hid. Twice Jeff passed close to him, and both times he cowered cravenly, with the cold sweat of fear on his lithe body. At dawn he emerged onto the beach. Vainly he strained his eyes seaward for sight of the yacht. A few sailing seagulls rewarded his search.

The end had come! His fighting strength was exhausted. He was to die. . . .

"Well," he muttered, "I'll die—like a white man!"

Fearsomely he sought the tent in which his clothes had been locked away. He hung the mirror on the wall with elaborate care; then he dressed—dressed with the care of the man who prepares himself for execution, as though in horror of having himself seen in a slouchy condition of dress.

He had become comatose. Nothing much mattered. . . . He was resigned to the inevitable.

First he shaved; then he donned—curiously—all the clothes which were the earmarks of civilization; underclothes, socks, shoes, worsted suit, felt hat!

He paused suddenly, and his gaze flashed from the mirror in which he had been regarding his clean-shaven self to the stretch of sand visible through the tent flap.

Yes, there it was; a stealthy, crunching sound—Jeff—

The flap was ripped back and the big negro leaped in; eyes fiery, knife uplifted.

"*Jeff!* You fool nigger!"

It was a scream; a quavery, terrified scream. He made no aggressive move. His eyes remained unaccountably riveted on those of the black.

Jeff stood as though petrified, staring in vague wonder at the man before him. Slowly his arm dropped to his side; the murderous light died from his eyes.

Prompted by instinct, Carson stepped close to him.

"Nigger!" he rasped, "go get dinner!"

Jeff stared at him a minute. Then he touched his hand to his forehead and scraped his right foot.

"Yassir—a'right, boss," he answered simply.

# The Hospital—One of Life's Havens

### by The Editor

THE lights and shadows of life as reflected in the routine of everyday experience constitute the literature of the times. In reading Dickens you can feel all he observed and assimilated from the scenes and events that came before his vision. He had the "key to all outdoors," as one admirer put it, and was the one writer who did not find it necessary to have his heroes and heroines always walking along hedge-bordered paths or sitting before the ancestral fireside, for he knew just how to touch the heartstrings of a people with pictures of real life.

The same sort of people are living today as were living in the days of Dickens, and the whirling maelstrom of this so-called practical age has about it pathos and gaiety, tragedy and comedy as picturesque as ever since life began. Even motion pictures with all their varied phases of life are unable always to reflect that subtle emotion that reveals the heart-touch and seems too sacred for even pictures or words.

Have you ever been in a busy doctor's office and noticed the patients awaiting their turn, and then watched their faces as they came out? There is a very panorama of tragedy submerged in the everyday whirl of events. These incidents of their lives are often as startling as the events over which the flashing headlines of "extra" are spread. There is a young and winsome girl entering full of life and hope, piquant and vivacious, who has had the final word on tuberculosis. There is the business man, with the energy and power to accomplish his well-planned work, who comes out dazed with the realization that he is facing death. It is not only the patients themselves—there may be a mother, son, brother or husband, all having within the circle of their own feelings the grim reminder of the uncertainty of life.

Then there are the conferences and decisions which precede an operation. There sits the doctor, who must decide about the operation, and whether or not there are chances for recovery. The family confer. At length pass those awful moments of suspense when taking the last meal together! Now comes the night before the operation. Patients are sleeping all up and down the corridors who tomorrow are to go to the operating room. What a dark pall hangs over that ward—and yet there swiftly and deftly the dainty, busy and cheerful nurses with their little white caps move about with every detail carefully studied to avoid thoughts of all the gruesomeness of what may follow on the morrow.

In the morning with the first daylight the work begins. One by one they are wheeled in and wheeled away. The anesthetician, as never before, is now looked upon as an important factor in averting the shock and after-effects.

Borne back to the war, passing out of the spaces of time unmeasured and yet unforgotten, the patient lies back with the feeling that he is going to recover—then the flowers begin to come, and the family wait as patiently as may be for some message and the first greeting. Flowers that fade are no longer enough; potted plants with bloom, and blossoms appear. Even the bare walls of that hospital room seem to glow with the warmth of the affection of the dear ones waiting for news. The telephone rings insistently, and there is breathless suspense until the trumpet is taken up, when the inflection of every word of encouragement is heard with hopeful ease.

Yes, there are some there who have not the flowers, who have not the friends, and for whom there is no telephone message—but they are not forgotten—praised be the kind-heartedness of America. No wonder that prominent men enjoy pouring out their millions to endow hospitals, especially after they have had an experience that has restored life and health. They have gone down into "the valley of the shadow," and they know what kindly help and sympathy means. In those long days of convalescence, hope grows brighter and brighter in some rooms, and in others the dark pall has fallen.

All the worries and anxieties of everyday life pale into insignificance when standing before the spectre of separation at the portals of an unseen world. This goes on every day in every town, city and hamlet, and it softens and mellows those who have, perhaps, been too absorbed in their own pursuits.

What a glory radiated from the purpose of the young woman who, having emerged from a hospital, decided that never a day should pass that some patient was not remembered in some hospital, somewhere, in some way. That is simply perpetuating the spirit of Florence Nightingale. Even in the gruesome war scenes in Europe, with all the nations in conflict, there are no more touching and wonderful opportunities for doing good to the sick and suffering than lie about every day in the ordinary walks of life.

True, it may not have the shock of tragedy of the terrible glories of battle, but it is there around us and before us, and we do not have to go thousands and thousands of miles away to find the wounded and suffering—real soldiers—real heroes in life. What a splendid tribute was that paid to one woman as she was being taken to a hospital—"She seems like a wounded soldier," so necessary had she been in the life and activities of those about her.

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# MOSCOW

ACROSS the steppe we journeyed,
  The brown, fir-darkened plain
That rolls to east and rolls to west,
  Broad as the billowy main;
When lo! a sudden splendor
  Came shimmering through the air,
As if the clouds should melt and leave
  The heights of heaven bare,—
A maze of rainbow domes and spires
  Full glorious on the sky,
With wafted chimes from many a tower
  As the south wind went by,
And a thousand crosses lightly hung
  That shone like morning stars—
'Twas the Kremlin wall! 'twas Moscow—
  The jewel of the Czars!

—*Edna Dean Proctor, in "Poems."*

# From Catapult to Cannon

By

## Mrs. George F. Richards

*(Photographs, unless otherwise credited, by the author)*

"YOU have a camera," said the guard at the gate, pointing accusingly at the black case I carried.

"Not only one, but two," I acknowledged.

"It is not permitted," politely, but firmly said the guard.

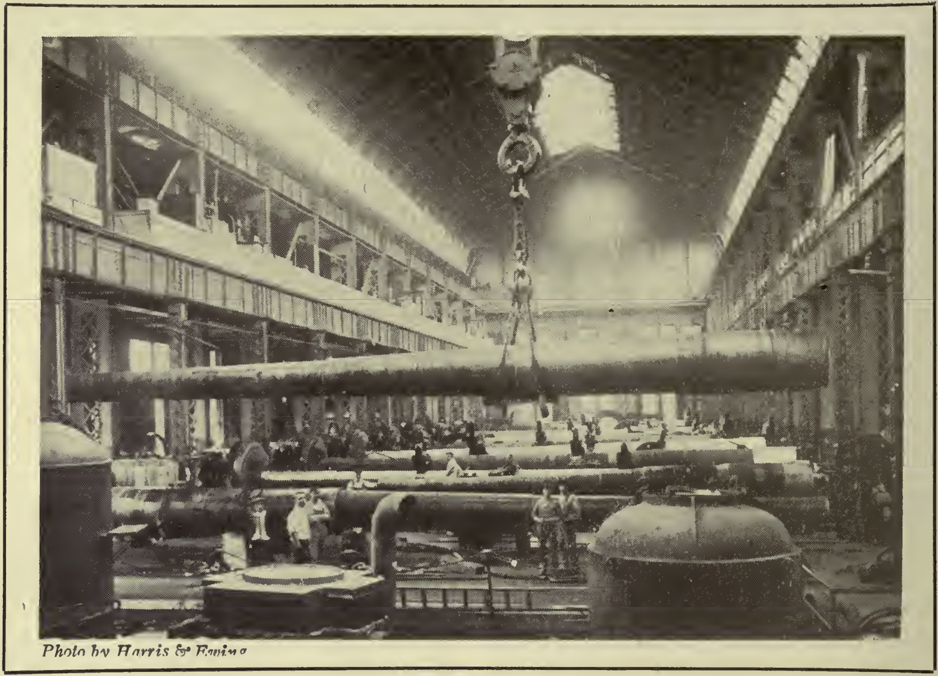
"It has been arranged by the Navy Department that I get the necessary permit at the Commandant's office inside," I replied.

"But you can't get inside," answered the guard with an air of finality.

Within the walls of the Washington Navy Yard is the great gun factory of the United States government, and in these days of warfare, with bomb-throwers, anarchists, and undesirables to be guarded against, there are rigorous precautions for the proper protection of the great plant and the safeguarding of official secrets, so cameras are contraband goods. An officer of the marines came up. Close scrutiny, many questions and telephone inquiries followed. Meantime, I waited in the chilly wind that swept under the big stone arch that marks the entrance to the Yard. The Commandant, to whom I had previously presented my letter of introduction from the Navy Department, was at lunch with a visiting Admiral—and to everyone else I was an unknown quantity. The utmost courtesy prevailed, but the discipline of the yard barred my entrance.

Reel after reel of red tape was unwound, only to get tangled again when it reached the man next higher up. Not until a tall marine was specially detailed to go with me and "stand by" till I was safely landed in the Administration Building a few hundred yards away, was I permitted to enter the walled enclosure, cameras in hand. And that

HOME OF THE COMMANDANT
In the Washington Navy Yard



IN THE GUN FACTORY

Handling a great fourteen-inch gun in the mammoth gun factory at the Washington Navy Yard

proved to be but the beginning. From pillar to post I went—up and down stairs—up and down the Avenue—with that tall marine always at my side, until half a dozen officers had interviewed me.

"Will it be the Guard House next?" I thought. I gave a detailed history of who and what I was and why fate had brought me to the Navy Yard with a camera. Meantime the light was waning fast! At last the Commandant was reached by telephone, and the order for the permit at once issued. And I learned later that instead of truffles and mushrooms or blackbird pie, such as ancient Kings were wont to feast on, the Commandant and the Admiral had lunched on thick bean soup straight from the cook's galley—and had eaten it out of thick white bowls, just like plain sailor men!

Many little printed slips were brought me to sign, then, convoyed by the tall marine on my left and an officer of the yard on my right, I went out into the open, leaving behind me a trail blazed with signed statements as to what I would and what I would not do with those two cameras. Scarcely had I got the great fourteen-inch gun in focus when someone touched me on the shoulder and a voice said politely, "Madam, here is a little agreement we neglected to ask you to sign. I am sorry to interrupt, but it is essential." The light was fading; the tall marine, the officer and the latest acquisition to my special guard stood silent as the seconds passed. I thought of that portion of the Psalms which reads, "They compass me about on every side—they compass me about on every side, I say—" and I signed without a question! I may be a bit hazy about just what I signed, for there was no time to stop to read, but I am positive that if forbidden fruit is ever plucked from the tree of ordnance in the Washington Navy Yard it will not be through lack of preventive zeal on the part of those vigilant men who stand guard over the coast defences of the United States.

The Washington Navy Yard has undergone more changes than any yard in the country. Established soon after the close of the war of the Revolution, it was destroyed in 1814 by its own officers, acting under orders of the President and Cabinet, that its equipment might not fall into the hands of the hostile British. It was quickly rebuilt and has at times been devoted to shipbuilding, to repairs, and now to the manufacture of ordnance. It slipped from its high estate as a shipbuilding yard by reason of the changing river channel and wash of sand, only to become noted as the largest gun factory in the United States.

'Twas in the midst of the stirring scenes of the Civil War. Just at the cross roads of North and South it was in the thickest of political fray if not of actual warfare. At the opening of the war every officer of southern birth attached to the yard withdrew and went back to his own state to fight for the Confederacy. The old yard was the scene of many a tragic farewell when the parting of the ways was reached.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels has recently emphasized the need of increasing government-owned facilities for ordnance and powder plants. He has urged Congress to put the United States on a basis of adequate defence, and is working hard to bring about the safety of the nation by an increase in the size and efficiency of its navy. Commenting on the Washington Yard a few days ago Secretary Daniels said to me, "I am much gratified at the splendid work done at the Washington Navy Yard. It is not excelled anywhere."

A great impetus was given the Yard under Secretary of the Navy William E. Chandler way back in 1882. The yard at that time was fast running down as a ship-building center. Mr. Chandler urged that it be converted into an ordnance factory, and his foresight and persistence were strong factors in its development.

* * *

It is wonderful to watch the detail work of constructing those enormous guns that

MARINE GUARD AT DRILL

THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS

THE DOLPHIN
Known as the "Secretary's yacht," and is for the use of the Secretary of the Navy

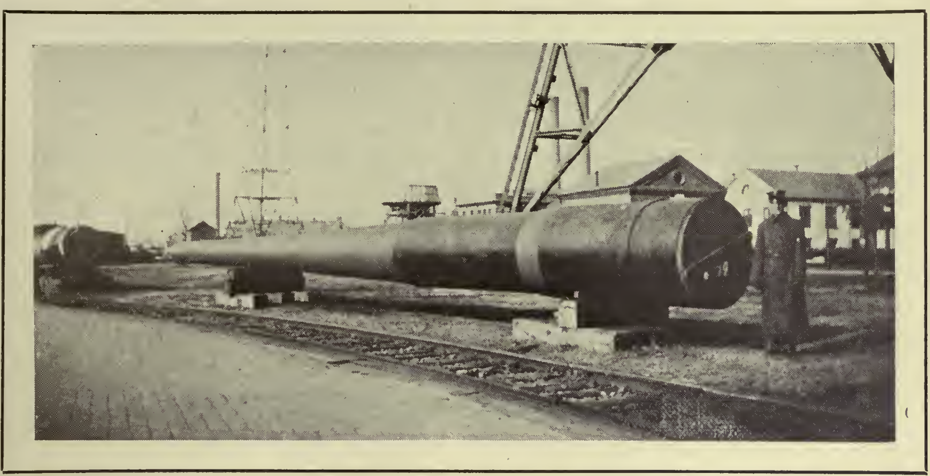
THE MAYFLOWER
The Presidential yacht waiting orders at the Navy Yard

OLD TYPE OF GUNS
This style of gun was used during the Civil War; they are not over twelve feet long

arm the dreadnaughts and battleships of the United States Navy. The factory in which they are built is one thousand feet long and one hundred and forty feet wide. It is filled with skilled workmen, who turn out steel guns whose intricate mechanism is as delicate as a watch. The fourteen-inch, forty-five caliber gun is the largest constructed for the Navy. It costs approximately $80,000 without including the turret mount, for which about $25,000 must be added. The gun is fifty feet long and shoots a steel shell weighing fourteen hundred pounds. It takes four hundred pounds of smokeless powder and it costs $720 each time it is fired. Twelve of these monster guns are used on each battleship. They are mounted in pairs on revolving turrets operated by electricity, each weighing about sixty-two tons. While Nelson fought his battles with ships side by side, the tremendous power of the modern steel guns make them effective at a fighting distance of ten or twelve miles. They will penetrate any known armor plate at twelve thousand feet range. They hurl a shell through the air at a rate of half a mile a second, and at every broadside fired eight tons of metal strike the opposing vessel. They can be fired so rapidly that 352,000 pounds of steel will be hurled at a hostile fleet in five minutes by one of the dreadnaughts. It takes thirty men to handle and operate each gun in the turret. The size, power and intricate mechanism of these giant guns is far beyond the comprehension of the layman, but just these few facts show to a degree what is meant by naval armament, and its tremendous value and importance.

Scattered through the Yard are a score of big white buildings devoted to the manufacture of ordnance. In the yard, stretching along the water front, are guns waiting shipment. Here and there through the grounds are small iron guns of the War of the Revolution and of the Civil War, showing marked contrast with the steel monsters of today. Surrounding the parade ground are trophy guns captured during the various wars in which the United States Navy has been engaged. Just back of the administration buildings is a collection of mortars and examples of early ordnance work. And here on a granite pedestal is an ancient stone ball that was shot from a catapult during the siege of Constantinople and brought to

A NAVY YARD ORNAMENT
Ancient shot fired from catapult at the siege of Constantinople, weighing between two and three hundred pounds. It is now mounted on a granite base in the Washington Navy Yard



A FOURTEEN-INCH GUN
Just from the factory. These guns are more than fifty feet long and of the latest type

Washington many years ago. It weighs two or three hundred pounds.

* * *

It's a far cry from the jawbone of an ass, with which Samson smote the Philistines, to the great steel gun of today! And yet, way back in those Biblical days when Nebuchadnezzar was busy making images of gold and watching the handwriting on the wall, we are told that Uzziah prepared bows and arrows for slinging, and that he had made "in Jerusalem engines of war invented by cunning men to be on tower and battlement, to shoot arrows and great stones." And it was a stone like that great round ball in the Navy Yard that was shot from those crude and early catapults that were called engines of war.

In trying to trace kinship between the little sling-stone with which David slew Goliath and catapults, which were the forerunners of the monstrous steel guns of today, I learned many things new to a tenderfoot in ordnance like myself. Briefly summarized, I found that the word "ordnance" owes its application to an ordinance of Henry VIII of England regulating the manufacture of cannon. All cannon built according to royal specifications became known as ordnance. With the introduction of gunpowder near the year 1320 a great change in the methods of warfare came about. Before that time catapults were the most powerful "war engines" known. They were crude blocks with a rough trigger mechanism. They shot arrows and stones and had a killing velocity at four hundred yards. It is said there were three hundred catapults employed at the siege of Jerusalem. They were also used to shoot incendiary arrows into the camp of the enemy.

The exact date of the first cannon is not known, but "Crakys of War" were used by the English against the Scots in 1327. They were short, thick and resembled mortars. And from those crude beginnings has come the evolution of ordnance that developed the great steel guns of the twentieth century, for naval artillery has kept pace with science.

* * *

Originally there were six Navy Yards in the United States. They were located at Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Portsmouth, N. H., and Norfolk, Virginia. Their purpose was to build ships for the new republic. But as the country grew the number of yards was increased, and in addition to repairs and construction, each yard was designated to perform some special work. The Washington yard is entirely given over to ordnance; the New York yard builds dreadnaughts and has a large supply depot. It also manufactures clothing for the Navy. The Philadelphia yard is devoted to the building of great ships.

The yard at Portsmouth, N. H., is the headquarters for the manufacture of electrical fixtures. It is also building a submarine. The Norfolk yard is devoted to the construction of destroyers and mines, while the Navy Yard at Mare Island builds vessels of all classes. The yard at Pensacola, Florida, is the aviation station for the navy, and the Boston yard has the rope walk, makes chain cables and anchor chains, and also has a large supply shop.

At Puget Sound small ships are built. At the Newport yard is the torpedo station and the factory for the manufacture of torpedoes. Charleston, South Carolina, is the base of the torpedo reserve flotilla, and cotton clothing for the navy is manufactured there. The yard at New Orleans is used for small repairs only. At all the yards are facilities for repairs and a corps of workmen. Guantanamo, Cuba, is the base for the fleet operating in the Caribbean Sea. Hawaii is the base for the fleet operating in the Pacific away from the coast. Olangapo is the base for the fleet in Asiatic waters.

* * *

But it is toward the Washington yard and its great gun factory that the eyes of the nation are turned in these days when the question of defence is uppermost in the public mind. The Washington yard is a settlement in itself, covering fifty-two acres of land on the banks of the Potomac River, and employing 4,225 men.

Surrounded by a high wall, the entrance is guarded by marines. At night the gate is securely fastened and sentinels pace back and forth behind the big iron spikes. Just inside the gate are the officers' quarters, the colonial house of the Commandant conspicuous in the foreground. Along the side walls are the seamen's quarters. A parade ground with its tall flagstaff and band-stand occupies the middle space. The administration building and a score of other structures flank the avenue that leads to the water front, where the tall towers of the wireless station rise high above the vessels at the dock.

Military discipline prevails throughout the yard. The Commandant is the ruling power and is always an officer of high rank and distinction in service. At intervals all through the day one sees marines at drill. Liberty men from vessels stationed there pass to and from the yard under escort of marines—for they are not free to break ranks until outside the gates. From nine o'clock at night till daybreak a countersign is demanded from all who wish to enter. Guards and sentry are on duty at all hours. The flag is raised at eight in the morning and lowered at sunset.

All day long great cranes in the factory ply back and forth handling the enormous steel guns—all day long four thousand men weld and hammer and test. And thus "they forge that steel which earth at first for ploughshares did afford."

# THE SOLDIERS

THEY march the street with flying flags
And bands of sounding brass;
They march along on dress parade,
And throngs cheer as they pass.
For in them their proud country sees,
If grim war darks the way,
The men who'll stand behind the guns,
And bring victorious day.

—*George Willoughby.*

# Great American Humorists

## Petroleum V. Nasby

### by

### Bennett Chapple

NO man of his time loved humor and kept closer in touch with the "safety valves" of life than President Lincoln. His favorite humorist of the time was David R. Locke, founder of the *Toledo Blade*, who became widely known under the pseudonym of Petroleum V. Nasby—the "V." standing for Vesuvius. Just how he came to adopt this *nom de plume* was explained by Robinson Locke, his son, as follows:

"The word 'Nasby' was coined from a remembrance of the battle of Naseby. About the time the Nasby letters commenced in the *Toledo Blade* the petroleum excitement was raging in Pennsylvania, and 'Vesuvius' was used for euphony. Father never gave any other explanation of this pseudonym."

Charles Sumner declared that Lincoln read every letter from Nasby's pen, and quotes the great man as saying, "For the genius to write these things I would gladly give up my office."

Nasby himself preferred to be called a satirist rather than a humorist, for his mission was to exaggerate error and make it odious. In fact, to appreciate Nasby the mind must be keyed for satire, for, a master in the art, he has been called the Cervantes of America.

He wielded a great political influence and was as much at home on the lecture platform as at his desk. One of his most popular lectures was on "The Woman Question," and the following excerpts taken from his work illustrates the wonderful shafts of sarcasm which he could draw down from the heavens like bolts of lightning:

*Ladies and Gentlemen:* I adore woman. I recognize the importance of the sex, and lay at its feet my humble tribute. But for woman, where would we have been? Who in our infancy washed our faces, fed us soothing syrup and taught us "How doth the little busy bee?"

Woman!

To whom did we give red apples in our boyhood? For whom did we part our hair behind, and wear No. 7 boots when No. 10's would have been more comfortable? And with whom did we sit up nights, in the hair-oil period of our existence? And, finally, whom did we marry? But for woman what would the novelists have done? . . . But for woman George Washington would not have been the father of his country; the Sunday-school teachers would have been short the affecting story of the little hatchet and the cherry tree, and half the babies in the country would have been named after some one else. Possibly they might have all been Smiths. . . . I adore woman, but I want her to keep her place. I don't want woman to be the coming man.

In considering this woman question, I occupy the conservative standpoint. I find that, from the most gray-headed times, one-half of the human race have lived and moved by the grace and favor of the other half. From the beginning woman has occupied a dependent position, and has been only what man has made her. The Turks, logical fellows, denied her a soul, and made of her an object of barter and sale; the American Indians made of her a beast of burden. In America, since we extended the area of civilization by butchering the Indians, we have copied both. In the higher walks of life she is a toy to be played with, and is bought and sold; in the lower strata she bears the burdens and does the drudgery of servants, without the ameliorating conditions that make other servitude tolerable and possible to be borne. But I am sure that her present condition is her proper condition, for it always has been so. . . .

I attempted to trace the relative condition of the sexes from the creation down to the fall of man, but the Bible is silent upon the subject, and the files of the newspapers of the period were doubtless all destroyed in the flood. I have not been able to find that any have been preserved in the public libraries of the country. But it is to be presumed that they lived upon precisely the terms that they do now. I shall assume that Eve was merely the domestic servant of Adam—that she rose in the morning, careful not to disturb his slumbers—that she cooked his breakfast, called him affectionately when it was quite ready, waited upon him at table, arranged his shaving implements ready to his hand, saw him properly dressed—after which she washed the dishes and amused herself darning his torn fig leaves till the time arrived to prepare dinner, and so on till nightfall, after which time she improved her mind, and, before Master Cain was born, slept. She did not even keep a kitchen girl; at least I find no record of anything of the kind. Probably at that time the emigration from Ireland was setting in other directions, and help was hard to get. That she was a good wife, and a contented one, I do not doubt. I find no record in the Scriptures of her throwing teapots, or chairs, or brooms, or anything of the sort at Adam's head, nor is it put down that at any time she intimated a desire for a divorce, which proves conclusively that the Garden of Eden was not located in the State of Indiana. But I judge that Adam was a good, kind husband. He did not go to his club at night, for, as near as I can learn, he had no club. His son Cain had one, however, as his other son, Abel, discovered.

I am certain that he did not insist on smoking cigars in the back parlor, making the curtains smell. I do not know that these things are so; but as mankind does today what mankind did centuries ago, it is reasonable to assume, when we don't know anything about it, that what is done today was done centuries ago. The bulk of mankind have learned nothing since Adam's time. Eve's duties were not as trying as those piled upon her daughters. As compared with the fashionable women of today, her lot was less perplexing. Society was not so exacting in her time. She had no calls to make, or parties to give and attend. Her toilet was much simpler and did not require the entire resources of her intellect. If her situation is compared with that of the wives of poorer men, it will be found to be better. They had no meat to dress, flour to knead, or bread to bake. The trees bore fruit, which were to be had for the picking; and as they were strict vegetarians, it sufficed. I have wished that her taste in fruit had been more easily satisfied, for her unfortunate craving after one particular variety brought me into trouble. But I have forgiven her. I shall never reproach her for this. She is dead, alas! and let her one fault lie undisturbed in the grave with her. It is well that Eve died when she did. It would have broken her heart had she lived to see how the most of her family turned out.

I insist, however, that what labor of a domestic nature was done, she did. She picked the fruit, pared it and stewed it, like a dutiful wife. She was no strong-minded female, and never got out of her legitimate sphere. I have searched the book of Genesis faithfully, and I defy anyone to find it recorded therein that Eve ever made a public speech, or expressed any desire to preach, practice law or medicine, or sit in the legislature of her native state. What a crushing, withering, scathing, blasting rebuke to the Dickinsons, Stantons, Blackwells and Anthonys of this degenerate day. . . .

As a conservative, I must say that woman is the inferior of man. This fact is recognized in all civilized countries and in most heathen nations. The Hindoos, it is true, in one of their practices, acknowledge a superiority of woman. In Hindostan, when a man dies, his widow is immediately burned, that she may follow him—an acknowledgment that woman is as necessary to him in the next world as in this. As men are never burned when their wives die, it may be taken as admitting that women are abundantly able to get along alone. Or, perchance, it may be because men in that country, as in this, can get new wives easier than women can get new husbands. The exit from this world by fire was probably chosen that the wife might in some measure be fitted for the climate in which she might expect to find her husband.

The inferiority of the sex is easy of demonstration. It has been said that the mother forms the character of the man so long that the proposition has become axiomatic. If this be true, we can crush those who prate of the equality of women, by holding up to the gaze of the world the inferior men she has formed. Look at the Congress of the United States. Look at Garret Davis. By their works ye shall know them. It won't do to cite me to the mothers of the good and great men whose names adorn American history. The number is too small. There's George Washington, Wendell Phillips, Abraham Lincoln, and one other whose name all the tortures of the Inquisition could not make me reveal. Modesty forbids me. . . .

I protest against her voting for several reasons:

1. She cannot sing bass! Her voice, is pitched higher than the male voice, which indicates feminine weakness of mind.
2. Her form is graceful rather than strong.
3. She delights in millinery goods.
4. She can't grow whiskers.

In all of these points nature has made a distinction between the sexes which cannot be overlooked. I shouted these points in the ear of a lady.

To all of these she pleaded guilty. She confessed that she had not the strength necessary to the splitting of rails; she confessed that she could neither gorw a beard nor sing bass. She wished she could grow a beard, as she knew so many men whose only title to intellect was their whiskers. But she said she took courage when she observed that the same disparity was noticeable in men. Within the range of her acquaintance she knew men who had struggled with mustaches with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, and whose existence had been blighted by the consciousness that they could not. Life was to them, in consequence, a failure. Others she knew who had no more strength than a girl, and others whose voices were pitched in a childish treble. If beards, heavy voices and physical strength were the qualifications for the ballot, she would at once betake herself to razors, hair invigorators, and gymnasiums. She went on thus:

"In many respects," she said, "the sexes are alike. Both are encumbered with stomachs and heads, and both have bodies to clothe. So far as physical existence is concerned, they are very like. Both are affected by laws made and enacted, and both are popularly supposed to have minds capable of weighing the effect of laws. How, thrust into the world as I am, with a stomach to fill and limbs to clothe, with both hands tied, am I to live, to say nothing of fulfilling any other end?"

"Woman," I replied, "is man's angel."

"Stuff and nonsense," was her impolite reply. "I am no angel. I am a woman. Angels, according to our idea of angels, have no use for clothing. Either their wings are enough to cover their bodies, or they are so constituted as not to be affected by heat or cold. Neither do they require food. I cannot imagine a feminine angel with hoop skirts, Grecian bend, gaiters and bonnet, or a masculine angel in tight pantaloons, with a cane and silk hat. Angels do not cook dinners, but women do. Why do you say angels to us? It creates angel tastes, without the possibility of their ever satisfying those tastes. The bird was made to soar in the upper air, and was, therefore, provided with hollow bones, wings, etc. Imagine an elephant or a rhinoceros possessed with a longing to soar into the infinite ethereal. Could an elephant, with his physical structure, be possessed with such a longing, the elephant would be miserable, because he could not. He would be as miserable as Jay Gould is, with an ungobbled railroad; as Bonner would be if Dexter were the property of another man; and as James G. Blaine is with the presidency before him. It would be well enough to make angels of us, if you could keep us in a semi-angelic state; but the few thus kept only make the misery of those not so fortunate the more intense. No; treat us rather as human beings, with all the appetites, wants and necessities of human beings, for we are forced to provide for those wants, necessities and appetites."

I acknowledge the correctness of her position. They must live; not that they are of very much account in and of themselves, but that the nobler sex may be perpetuated to adorn and bless the earth. Without woman it would take less than a century to wind up man, and then what would the world do? This difficulty is obviated by marriage. . . .

If there be one woman more than there are men, it's bad for that woman. I don't know what she can do, unless she makes shirts for the odd man, at twelve and a half cents each, and lives gorgeously on the proceeds of her toil. If one man concludes that he won't marry at all, it's bad for another woman, unless some man's wife dies and he marries again. That might equalize it, but for two reasons: It compels the woman to wait for a husband until she possibly concludes it isn't worth while; and furthermore, husbands die as fast as wives, which brings a new element into the field—widows; and pray what chance has an inexperienced man against a widow determined upon a second husband?

I admit, that if there were as many men as women, and if they should all marry, and the matter be all properly fixed up at the start, that our present system is till bad for some of them. She, whose husband gets to inventing flying machines, or running for office, or any of those foolish or discreditable employments, would be in a bad situation. Or, when the husband neglects his duty, and refuses to care for his wife at all; or, to state a case, which no one ever witnessed, suppose one not only refuses to care for his wife, but refuses to care for himself! Or, suppose he contracts the injudicious habit of returning to his home at night in a state of inebriation, and of breaking chairs and crockery and his wife's head and other trifles —in such a case I must admit that her position would be, to say the least, unpleasant, particularly as she couldn't help herself. She can't very well take care of herself; for to make woman purely a domestic creature, to ornament our homes, we have never premitted them to think for themselves, act for themselves, or do for themselves. We insist upon her being a tender ivy clinging to the rugged oak; if the oak she clings to happens to be bass-wood, and rotten at that, it's not our fault. In these cases it's her duty to keep on clinging, and to finally go down with it in pious resignation. The fault is in the system, and as those who made the system are dead, and as six thousand brief summers have passed over their tombs, it would be sacrilege in us to disturb it. Customs, like cheese, grow mitey as they grow old.

Let every woman marry, and marry as soon as possible. Then she is provided for. Then the ivy has her oak. Then if her husband is a good man, a kind man, an honest man, a sober man, a truthful man, a liberal man, an industrious man, a managing man, and if he has a good business and drives it, and meets with no misfortunes, and never yields to temptations, why, then the maid promoted to be his wife will be tolerably certain to, at least, have all that she can eat, and all that she can wear, as long as he continues so.

This disturbing woman remarked that she did not care for those who were married happily, but she wanted something done for those who were not married at all, and those who were married unfortunately. She liked the ivy and the oak-tree idea, but she wanted the ivy—woman—to have a stiffening of intelligence and opportunity, that she might stand alone in case the oak was not competent to sustain it. She demanded, in short, employment at anything she was capable of doing, and pay precisely the same that men receive for the same labor, provided she does it as well.

This is a clear flying in the face of Providence. It is unutterably impossible that any woman can do any work as well as men. Nature decreed it otherwise. Nature did not give them the strength. Ask the clerks at Washington, whose muscular frames, whose hardened sinews, are employed at from twelve hundred to three thousand dollars per annum, in the arduous and exhausting labor of writing in books, and counting money, and cutting out extracts from newspapers, and endorsing papers and filing them, what they think of that? Ask the brawny young men whose manly forms are wasted away in the wearing occupation of measuring tape and exhibiting silks, what they think of it? Are women, frail as they are, to fill positions in the government offices? . . .

In the matter of wages, I do not see how it is to be helped. The woman who teaches a school receives, if she has thoroughly mastered the requirements of the position, say six hundred dollars per year. while a man occupying the same position, filling it with equal ability, receives twice that amount, and possibly three times. But what is this to me? As a man of business, my duty to myself is to get my children educated at the least possible expense. As there are but very few things women are permitted to do, and as for every vacant place there are a hundred women eager for it, as a matter of course their pay is brought down to a very fine point. As I said some minutes ago, if the men born into the world would marry at twenty-one, each a maiden of eighteen, and take care of her properly, and never get drunk or sick, or anything of that inconvenient sort, and both would be taken at precisely the same time with consumption, yellow fever, cholera, or any one of those cheerful ailments, and employ the same physician, that they might go out of the world at the same moment, and become angels with wings and long white robes, it would be well enough. The men would then take care of the women, except those who marry milliners, in which case the women take care of the men, which amounts to the same thing, as the one dependent upon somebody else is taken care of. But it don't so happen. Men do not marry as they ought at twenty-one; they put it off to twenty-five, thirty or forty, and many of them are wicked enough not to marry at all, and of those who do marry there will always be a certain per cent who will be dissipated or worthless. What then? I can't deny that there will be women left out in the cold. There are those who don't marry, and those who cannot. Possibly the number thus situated would be lessened if we permitted women to rush in and seize men, and marry them, *nolens volens*, but the superior animal will not brook that familiarity. He must do the wooing—he must ask the woman in his lordly way. Compelled to wait to be asked, and forced to marry that they may have the wherewithal to eat and be clothed, very many of them take fearful chances. They dare not, as a rule, refuse to marry. Man must, as the superior being, have the choice of occupations, and it is a singular fact that, superior as he is by virtue of his strength, he rushes invariably to the occupations that least require strength, and which women might fill to advantage. They monopolize all the occupations—the married man has his family to take care of—the single man has his back hair to support; what is to become of these unfortunate single women—maids and widows? Live they must. They have all the necessities of life to supply, and nothing to supply them with. What shall they do? Why, work of course. But they say, "We are willing to work, but we must have wages." Granted. But how shall we get at the wages? What shall be the standard? I must get my work done as cheaply as possible. Now, if three women—a widow, we will say, with five children to support; a girl who has to work or do worse, and a wife with an invalid husband to feed, clothe and find medicine for—if these three come to my door, clamoring for the love of God for something to do, what shall I, as a prudent man, do in the matter? There are immutable laws governing all these things—the law of supply and demand. Christ, whose mission was with the poor, made other laws, but Christ is not allowed to have anything to do with business. Selfishness is older than Christ, and we conservatives stick close to the oldest. What do I do? Why, as a man of business, I naturally ascertain which of the three is burdened with the most crushing responsibilities and necessities. I ascertain to a mouthful the amount of food necessary to keep each, and then the one who will do my work for the price nearest starvation rates gets it to do. If the poor girl prefers the pittance I offer her to a life of shame, she gets it. If the wife is willing to work her fingers nearer the bone than the others, rather than abandon her husband, she gets it, and, speculating on the love the mother bears her children, I see how much of her life the widow will give to save theirs, and decide accordingly. I know very well that these poor creatures cannot saw wood, wield the hammer, or roll barrels on the docks. I know that custom bars them out of many employments, and that the more manly vocations of handling ribbons, manipulating telegraph instruments, etc., are monopolized by men. Confined as they are to a few vocations, and there being so many hundreds of thousands of men who will not each provide for one, there are necessarily ten applicants for every vacancy, and there being more virtue in the sex than the world has ever given them credit for, of course they accept, not what their labor is worth to me and the world, but what I and the world choose to give for it. It is bad, I grant, but it is the fault of the system. It is a misfortune ,we think, that there are so many women, and we weep over it. I am willing to shed any amount of tears over this mistake of Nature.

But women are themselves to blame for a great part of the distress they experience. There is work for more of them, if they would only do it. The kitchens of the country are not half supplied with intelligent labor, and therein is a refuge for all women in distress.

I assert that nothing but foolish pride keeps the daughters of insolvent wealth out of kitchens, where they may have happy underground homes and three dollars per week, by merely doing six hours per day more labor than hod carriers average.

This is what they would do were it not for pride, which is sinful. They should strip the jewels off their fingers, the laces off their shoulders; they should make a holocaust of their music and drawings, and, accepting the inevitable, sink with dignity to the washing of dishes, the scrubbing of floors, and the washtub. This their brothers do, and why haven't they their strength of mind? Young men delicately nurtured and reared in the lap of luxury, never refuse the sacrifice when their papas fail in business. They always throw to the winds their cigars, they abjure canes and gloves, and mount drays and shoulder saw-bucks—anything for an honest living. I never saw one of these degenerate into a sponge upon society rather than labor with his hands! Did you? I never saw one of this class get to be a faro dealer, a billiard marker, a borrower of small sums of money, a lunch-fiend, a confidence-man, or anything of the sort. Not they! Giving the go-by to everything in the shape of luxuries, they invariably descend to the lowest grades of manual labor rather than degenerate into vicious and immoral courses. Failing the kitchen, women may canvass for books, though that occupation, like a few others, equally profitable, and which also brings them into continual contact with the lords of creation, has a drawback in the fact that some men leer into the face of every woman who strives to do business for herself, as though she were a moral leper; and failing all these, she may at least take to the needle. At this last occupation she is certain of meeting no competition, save from her own sex. In all my experience, and it has been extensive, I never yet saw a man making pantaloons at twelve and one-half cents a pair. But they will not all submit. Refusing to acknowledge the position in life nature fixed for them, they rebel, and unpleasantness take place. . . .

Most emphatically I object to the giving of them the ballot. It would overturn the whole social fabric. The social fabric has been overturned a great many times, it is true—so many times, indeed, that it seems rather to like it; but I doubt whether it would be strong enough to endure this. I have too great, too high, too exalted an opinion of woman. I insist that she shall not dabble in the dirty pool of politics; that she shall keep herself sacred to her family, whether she has one or not; and under no consideration shall she go beyond the domestic circle of which she is the center and ornament. There are those who have an insane yearning to do something beyond the drudgery necessary to supply the commonest wants of life, and others who have all of these, who would like to round up their lives with something beyond dress and the unsatisfactory trifles of fashionable life. There may be women turning night into day over the needle, for bread that keeps them just this side of potter's field, who are unreasonable enough to repine at the system that compels them to this; and they may, possibly, in secret wish that they had the power in their hands that would make men court their influence, as the hod-carrier's is courted, for the vote he casts. The seamstress toiling for a pittance that would starve a dog, no doubt prays for the power that would compel lawmakers to be as careful of her interests as they are of the interests of the well-paid male laborers in the dock-yards, who, finding ten hours a day too much for them, were permitted by act of Congress, to draw ten hours' pay for eight hours' work. The starved colorer of lithographs, the pale, emaciated tailoress, balancing death and virtue; drawing stitches with the picture of the luxurious brothel held up by the devil before her, where there is light, and warmth, and food, and clothing, and where death is, at least, farther off; no doubt this girl wishes at times that she could have that potent bit of paper between her fingers that would compel blatant demagogues to talk of the rights of workingwomen as well as of workingmen.

But woman would lose her self-respect if she mixed with politicians. Most men do; and how could woman hope to escape. Think you that any pure woman could be a member of the New York, New Jersey or Pennsylvania legislatures, and remain pure? For the sake of the generations to come, I desire that one sex, at least, shall remain uncontaminated. Imagine your wife or your sister accepting a bribe from a lobby member! Imagine your wife or your sister working a corrupt measure through the legislature, and becoming gloriously elevated upon champagne in exultation over the result! No! I insist that these things shall be confined to man, and man alone.

The mixing of women in politics, as all the writers on the subject have justly remarked, would lower the character of the woman without elevating that of the man. Imagine, oh my hearers, a woman aspiring for office, as men do! Imagine her button-holing voters, as men do! Imagine her lying glibly and without scruple, as men do! Imagine her drinking with the lower classes, as men do! of succeeding by the grossest fraud, as men do! of stealing public money when elected, as men do! and finally of sinking into the lowest habits. . . .

Again, I object to giving the ballot to woman because we want peace. We don't want divided opinion in our families. As it is, we must have a most delightful unanimity. An individual cannot possibly quarrel with himself. As it is now arranged, man and wife are one, and the man is the one. In all matters outside the house the wife has no voice, and consequently there can be no differences. Oh, what a blessed thing it would be if the same rule could obtain among men! Had the radicals had no votes or voices, there would have been no war, for the democracy, having it all their own way, there would have been nothing to quarrel about. It was opposition that forced Jefferson Davis to appeal to arms. True, the following of this idea would dwarf the Republicans into pygmies, and exalt the democracy into giants. My misguided friend, Wendell Phillips, would shrink into a commonplace man, possibly he would lose all manhood, had he been compelled to agree with Franklin Pierce or hold his tongue. It would be bad for Wendell, but there would have been a calm as profound as stagnation itself. Our present system may be bad for women, but we, the men, have our own way—and peace. Our wives and daughters are, I know, driven, from sheer lack of something greater, to take refuge in disjointed gabble of bonnets, cloaks and dresses, and things of that nature, their souls are dwarfed as well as their bodies, their minds are diluted—but we have peace.

What shall we do with the woman question? It is upon us, and must be met. I have tried for an hour to be a conservative, but it won't do. Like poor calico, it won't wash. There are in the United States some millions of women who desire something better than the lives they and their mothers have been living. There are millions of women who have minds and souls, and who yearn for something to develop their minds and souls. There are millions of women who desire to have something to think about, to assume responsibilities, that they may strengthen their moral natures, as the gymnast lifts weights to strengthen his physical nature. There are hundreds of thousands of women who have suffered, in silence, worse evils by far than the slaves of the South, who, like the slaves of the South, have no power to redress their wrongs, no voice so potent that the public must hear. In the parlor, inanity and frivolity; in the cottage, hopeless servitude, unceasing toil; a dark life, with a darker ending. This is the condition of women in the world today. Thousands starving physically for want of something to do, with a world calling for labor; thousands starving mentally, with an unexplored world before them. One-half of humanity is a burden on the other half.

I know, Oh, ye daughters of luxury, that you do not desire a change! There is no need of it for you. Your silks could not be more costly, your jewels could not flash more brightly, nor your surroundings be more luxurious. Your life is pleasant enough. But I would compel you to think, and thinking, act. I would put upon your shoulders responsibilities that would make rational beings of you. I would make you useful to humanity and to yourselves. I would give the daughters of the poor, as I have helped to give the sons of the poor, the power in their hands to right their own wrongs. . . .

I would give it, and take the chances. The theory of Republicanism is that the governing power must rest in the hands of the governed. There is no danger in truth. If the woman is governed, she has a right to a voice in the making of laws. To withhold it is to dwarf her, and to dwarf woman is to dwarf the race.

I would give the ballot to woman for her own sake, for I would enlarge the borders of her mind. I would give it to her for the sake of humanity. I would make her of more use to humanity by making her more fit to mold humanity. I would strengthen her, and through her the race. The ballot of itself would be of direct use to but few, but indirectly its effects would reach through all eternity. It would compel a different life. It would compel woman to an interest in life, would fit her to struggle successfully against its mischances, and prepare her for a keener, higher, brighter appreciation of its blessings. Humanity is now one-sided. There is strength on the one side and weakness on the other. I would have both sides strong. I would have the two sides equal in strength, equally symmetrical, differing only as nature made them, not as man and custom have distorted them. In this we do outrage custom? Why, we have been overturning customs six thousand years, and there are yet enough hideous enormities encumbering the earth to take six thousand years more to kill. . . . The old is not always the best.

I would have your daughters fitted to grapple with life alone, for no matter how you may leave them, you know not what fate may have in store for them. I would make them none the less women, but stronger women, better women. Let us take this one step for the sake of humanity. Let us do this much toward making humanity what the Creator intended it to be—like Himself.

# Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln

## by M. C. Rindlaub

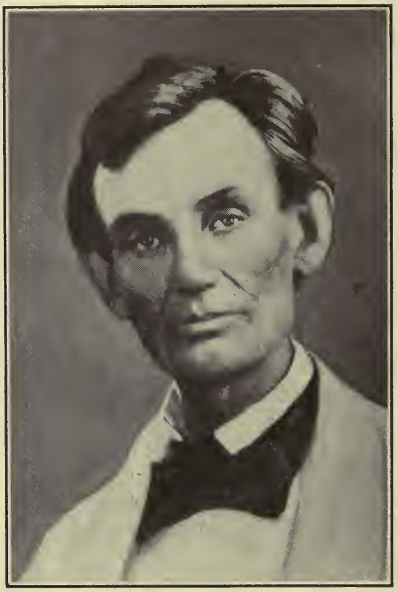
IT was during his famous debate with Douglas that Lincoln forced Douglas to make declarations as to his position on the slavery question which rendered the disruption of the Democratic party inevitable, and robbed Douglas of the Democratic nomination for President in 1860. The specific question he forced Douglas to answer was: "Can the people of a United States territory, in any lawful way, against the wisdom of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the forming of a state constitution?" Douglas replied: "It matters not what way the Supreme Court may hereafter decide as to the abstract question whether slavery may or may not go into a territory under the Constitution, but the *people* have the lawful means to *introduce* it or *exclude* it as *they please* for the reason that slavery cannot exist a *day or an hour anywhere* unless it is supported by local *police regulations.* These police regulations can only be established by the *local legislature*, and if the people are opposed to slavery, they will elect representatives to that body who will, by *unfriendly legislation*, effectually prevent the introduction of it into their midst."

This answer of Douglas proved his own political death-warrant. It enabled Lincoln to say that "Judge Douglas claims that a thing may be lawfully driven from where it has a lawful right to be." While it won to Douglas in the Senatorial fight the votes of Democrats opposed to slavery, in other states "police regulation" and "unfriendly legislation" became catch phrases which were used to defeat him.

It was my good fortune to be present at a discussion between Lincoln and Douglas at Freeport, Illinois, in 1858. The railroad accommodations at that time were poor compared to those of the present, but the people gathered by thousands from all parts of the country within a radius of fifty miles.

Meetings were held in advance by each party at every hamlet and crossroads in order to awaken adherents to the importance of being present to encourage and support its champions. Great delegations were organized which rallied at convenient points, and men and women on horseback, and a few in wagons and carriages, formed processions, many of which were more than a mile in length. They usually started the night before, and, headed by bands of music with flags and banners, and with hats and handkerchiefs waving, proceeded to the place of meeting. As they marched the air was rent with cheers—in the Republican procession for "Honest old Abe," and in the Democratic for the "Little Giant." The sentiments painted in great letters on the banners carried in each of these processions left no one in doubt. On the banners of the Douglas processions were such sentiments as "Squatter sovereignty," "Popular sovereignty," "Let the people rule," "This is a white man's country," "No nigger equality," "Hurrah for the 'Little Giant'." On the other hand, the Republicans carried banners with such mottoes as "Hurrah for Old Abe," "Lincoln, the railsplitter and giant killer," "No more slave territory," "All men are created equal," "Free Kansas," "No more compromise."

Each party had great wagons specially fitted up, drawn by four, eight, and sometimes twelve horses, bearing young ladies who represented the States of the Union. In the Republican procession one of the young ladies was usually dressed in mourning to represent bleeding Kansas. Over the young ladies, in one Douglas wagon, was displayed a banner bearing the sentiment, "Fathers, protect us from negro husbands."


LINCOLN AT TIME OF DEBATE WITH DOUGLAS

The speakers' stand was a temporary affair, about six feet high, built of rough pine boards, and decorated with flags and bunting. Only a few seats were provided, but long before the time appointed for the speaking to commence a great crowd had assembled prepared to *stand* during the *three hours'* struggle.

Douglas arrived on the scene in a coach drawn by four gaily caparisoned horses, which had been placed at his disposal by his admirers. His coming was greeted by a rousing welcome. Scarcely had the cheering occasioned by his appearance ceased when an old-fashioned Conestoga wagon, drawn by four horses, was driven up to the stand. On one of the seats sat Lincoln, accompanied by half a dozen farmers in their working clothes. The driver was seated on the rear near the horse, and guided the team with a single rein attached to the bridle of one of the lead horses. The burlesque on Douglas's coach was as complete as possible, and the effect was greeted by a good-natured roar.

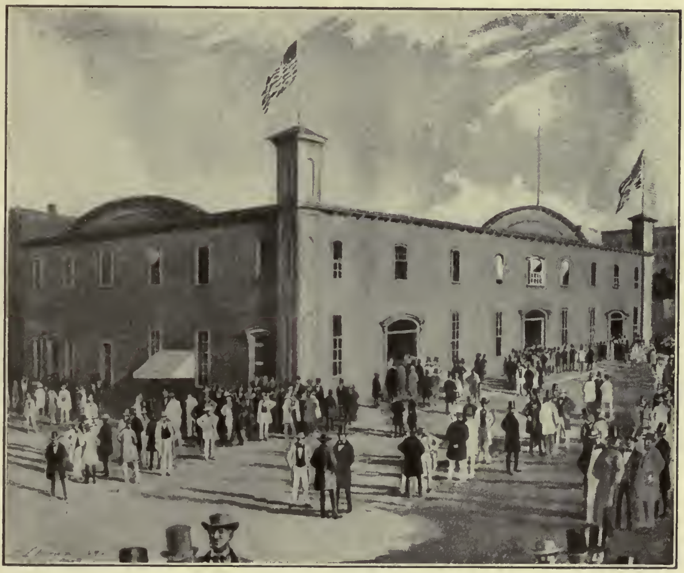
Douglas spoke first and he was frequently interrupted by vociferous applause. At the close of his speech the cheering and hand clapping was prolonged and tumultuous. When Lincoln rose the crowd broke into cheers again for Douglas, keeping it up for several minutes, Lincoln, in the meanwhile waiting patiently. When at length the enthusiasm subsided, he extended his long right arm for silence. When he had partly gained this he said in an impressive tone, "What an orator Judge Douglas is!" This unexpected tribute to their friend aroused wild enthusiasm in the audience. When this applause had run its course Lincoln extended his hand again, this time obtaining silence more easily. "What a fine presence Judge Douglas has!" exclaimed the speaker earnestly. Again tumultuous applause followed the tribute. More and more easily the tall, gaunt lawyer won silence as he went on with admiring exclamations: "How well rounded his sentences are!" ending with "What a splendid man Judge Douglas is!" Then, when the audience had again become silent at his call, Lincoln leaned forward and said, "And now, my countrymen, how many of you can tell me one thing Judge Douglas said?" There was no reply and Lincoln proceeded to speak without interruption.

They had just come from Ottawa, where Douglas had propounded seven questions concerning Lincoln's views on the slavery question which he demanded that Lincoln should answer unequivocally. Lincoln read the questions and replied that he would answer them provided Douglas would agree to answer an equal number of questions, and turning to Douglas he said, "I now give Judge

Douglas the opportunity to say whether he will answer or not." Lincoln paused for a reply. It was a dramatic moment. Everything was hushed and the silence was breathless. But Douglas merely shook his head and smiled. "Judge Douglas remains silent," said Lincoln. "I now say that I will answer his interrogatives *whether he answers mine or not.*" The audience was quick to recognize Lincoln's courage and fairness and responded with deafening cheers.

The contrast between Lincoln and Douglas could hardly have been more marked. Lincoln was six feet four inches tall, and overtopped by several inches all who surrounded him. He was swarthy as an Indian, with wiry, jet black hair, which usually was in an unkempt condition. He wore no beard, and his face was almost grotesquely square—he called himself lantern-jawed. His eyes were bright, keen, and of a luminous gray color, though his eyebrows were black like his hair. His face usually had a careworn, haggard look, but his laugh was delightful, a high musical tenor—contagious. His figure was gaunt, slender and slightly bent. He was clad in a rusty black Prince Albert coat, with somewhat abbreviated sleeves. His black trousers, too, were so short that they gave an exaggerated size to his feet. He wore a high "stovepipe" hat somewhat the worse for the wear. He carried a gray woolen shawl, a garment much worn by men in those days instead of an overcoat. He usually carried a faded green umbrella, with "A. Lincoln," in large letters, on the inside.

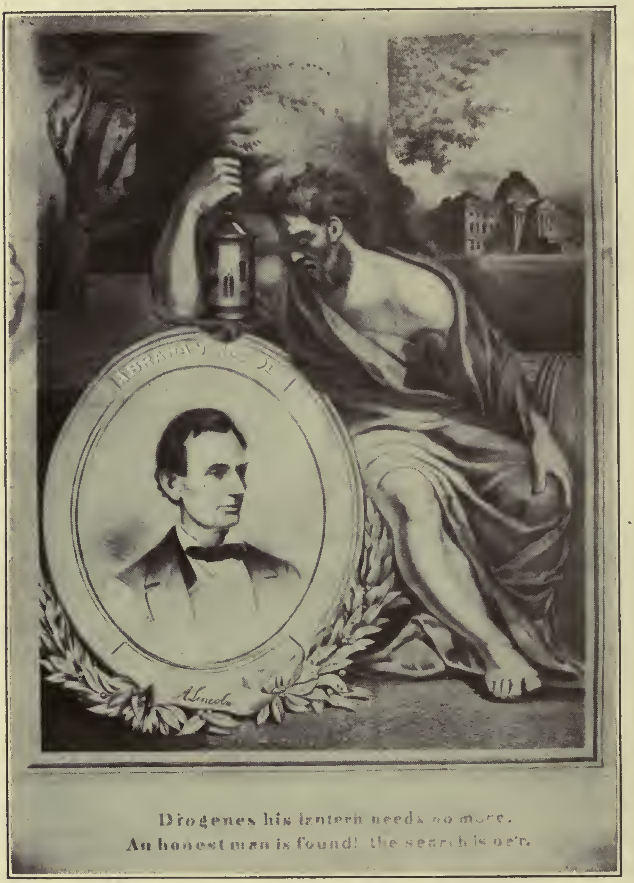
Douglas was of very small stature, and standing by the side of Lincoln, appeared almost like a dwarf. But he was square shouldered and broad chested, with a massive head on a strong neck, the very embodiment of force, combativeness, and staying power. He was very well clothed in neatly fitting garments and shining linen, and while Lincoln traveled from place to place on the regular railroad train in the ordinary passenger car, Douglas traveled in great style in a special train, with cars elaborately decorated for the occasion, and accompanied by a secretary and servants, and a numerous escort of loud companions. On account of his superior intellectual ability he was called the "Little Giant." His manner was arrogant and at times insolent. When he first began speaking he invariably alluded to the Republicans as "Black Republicans." This was always resented by them with loud interruptions. Douglas would become angry and demand that the interruption should cease, saying that he had supposed he was addressing gentlemen. The crowd responded "We are gentlemen, and if you treat us as such you will not be interrupted." After he ceased using that approbrious epithet everything went on smoothly.



THE "WIGWAM"
The convention hall, at Chicago, 1860, in which Lincoln was nominated

Lincoln's manner of speaking was plain and unimpassioned. He gesticulated very little with his arms, but moved his body from one side to the other. Sometimes he would bend his knees so that they would almost touch the platform, and then he would shoot himself up to his full height, emphasizing his utterance in a very forcible manner.

I was also present in the capacity of a reporter at the Republican Convention, in the Wigwam, in Chicago, when Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency the first time.


A. Lincoln
Diogenes his lantern needs no more.
An honest man is found! the search is o'er.

A CAMPAIGN CARTOON OF 1860

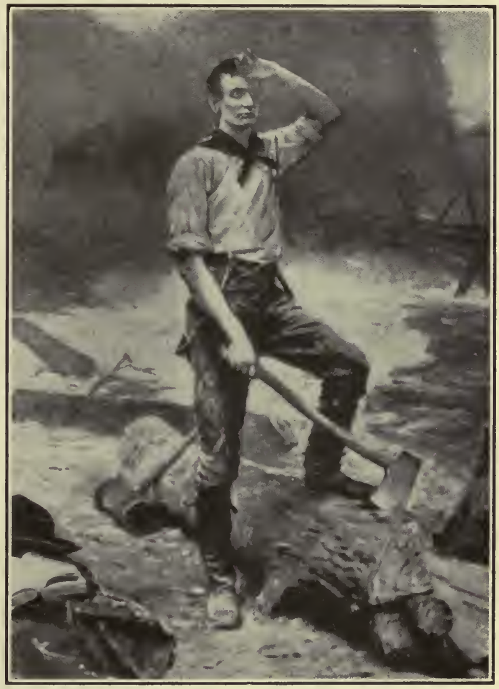
While it was believed that the city had ample room to accommodate the convention, it lacked an adequate auditorium. This was supplied by the citizens of Chicago. It was a rude, temporary structure intended only for the immediate purpose for which it was devoted. It was built of undressed lumber, and was sufficiently large for the delegates and alternates, as well as for the accredited representatives of the Press. A gallery ran around three sides of the Wigwam, which afforded room for spectators.

One of the conspicuous characters of the convention was Horace Greeley of the *New York Tribune.* Being hostile to Seward, he was not elected a delegate from New York, but he managed to obtain a proxy from one of the Oregon delegates, and was therefore entitled to share in the proceedings as a member of that delegation. Everyone was anxious to see him, and the people in the galleries asked to have him pointed out.

My seat in the gallery was only a few feet from the platform occupied by Ellsworth's Zouaves, a military company in zouave uniform commanded by Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, who had brought his men to such a high standard of military precision that their reputation had extended throughout the United States. A half hour was given, shortly after the convention opened, for a display of their training. We can look back now and realize that this seems almost a prophecy of the part that company was to take in the preservation of the Union. When a year later Fort Sumter was fired upon, this company was almost the first to respond to Lincoln's call for troops to defend the national capital, and Ellsworth himself was the first one to fall. His company was sent to Alexandria, near Washington, and seeing a rebel flag floating from the roof of a hotel, Ellsworth went up and tore it down. As he was descending, the proprietor, shot him. The assassin immediately fell from a bullet fired by one of the soldiers.

Shortly after the convention was called to order, John Hanks, a cousin of Abraham Lincoln, carried two weather-beaten fence rails which Lincoln had split, on to the platform, where they were received with tremendous enthusiasm, and Lincoln thereupon became the "rail-splitter" candidate, as the first Harrison had been the "log cabin" and Jackson the "hickory" candidate years before.

When the platform of principles was read it was noticed that while it repudiated the theories of the slave-holder as well as the Douglas "squatter sovereignty" doctrine, it still failed specifically to mention the great principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence as our political creed and as the moral basis of our institutions. Whereupon Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio, whom everybody knew as one of veteran champions of the anti-slavery cause, arose and expressed himself as painfully surprised that the platform did not contain a word of recognition of the Declaration of Independence, and he moved that a clause to that effect be inserted. No sooner had he stopped speaking than a tumult of voices burst forth with noisy clamor for an immediate adoption of the platform, and the amendment proposed was rejected by a boisterous vote. Mr. Giddings then took his hat and started towards the door, his great white head towering above the crowd. Before he could leave the place a young man in the New York delegation sprang from his seat, leaped into his chair, and asked to be heard. The impatient and noisy crowd undertook to interrupt him, but he stood firm, saying, "This is a convention of free speech, and I have the floor, and I will stand here until tomorrow morning unless you give me an opportunity to say what I am going to say." The impatient crowd seemed determined to cry him down, but he held his ground firmly, and they finally yielded to his courage. He then went on to urge the amendment suggested by Mr. Giddings, and after a few moments of eloquent appeal he renewed the motion in parliamentary form, and it was carried by an overwhelming shout of enthusiasm. As Mr. Giddings slowly moved back to his seat there was universal inquiry as to who the young man was, and everyone was delighted to learn that it was George William Curtis, who for many years occupied the position of editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and of the Easy Chair in *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Curtis's speech was as follows: "Gentlemen of the Convention, I beg you to consider well whether you are prepared to go before the people in this campaign which is just before us, in defense of the charge that here in this convention, here where the free winds of heaven sweep over yon teeming prairies, here in the city of Chicago in the summer of 1860, you winced and quailed and shrank from giving your sanction to the words of the immortal declaration proclaimed to the world by our fathers in 1776!"



*From the "Footprints of Abraham Lincoln"*

THE RAIL SPLITTER

There was no oratory wasted in placing the candidates before the convention. "On behalf of the delegation from New York," said Mr. Evarts, "I nominate William H. Seward." "On behalf of the

Illinois delegation, I nominate Abraham Lincoln," said Mr. Judd.

When the convention first assembled it seemed quite evident that William H. Seward would be chosen. But the first ballot revealed the fact that Seward's chief competitor was the rail splitter from Illinois—Abraham Lincoln—the first vote standing 173 for Seward, 102½ for Lincoln; scattering 190½, and this surely presaged Lincoln's ultimate victory. The second ballot stood Seward, 184½; Lincoln, 181; scattering, 99½. The result was received with tremendous applause by the Lincoln supporters, while the Seward men looked on silently, many of them with blanched faces. The handwriting on the wall seemed perfectly plain except to those who would not see. The third ballot was begun amid breathless suspense. All over the Wigwam delegates were keeping their own tallies. Throughout the whole of that ballot the vast crowd was strangely quiet, except when there were changes to Lincoln. These changes were always followed by outbursts of applause, staccato, almost hysterical in quality. Long before the official tellers had footed up their tally sheets the audience knew that Lincoln was in the lead. Four hundred and sixty-five votes had been cast, of which Lincoln received 231½, and Seward 181. Two hundred and thirty-three votes were necessary for a choice, and Lincoln lacked only a vote and a half. Then came the crucial moment; the silence was painful. Then a delegate from Ohio sprang upon a chair and announced a change of four Chase votes to the Lincoln column. "Lincoln!" shouted the teller waving his tally sheet, and at a signal a cannon on the roof of the Wigwam boomed the news to the waiting throng outside. Wild enthusiasm and blank astonishment commingled in the indescribable scene that followed. Delegation after delegation swung into line, and finally William M. Evarts, the leader of the New York delegation, moved that the nomination of Lincoln be made unanimous.

LINCOLN, THE PRESIDENT

There was great disappointment among the New York delegates over the defeat of their candidate. For a quarter of a century Mr. Seward had been a conspicuous figure in public life, and his friends thought him the man of all others, at that critical period, to take the helm of government. On the other hand, Lincoln could hardly be said to hold any recognized rank as a factor in national affairs; true, he had won distinction in his debate with Douglas, and in his Cooper Institute address in the February preceding, but these were not accepted by the leaders at the seat of government as indication that Mr. Lincoln possessed the executive ability required to cope with the mighty problems of the period. This feeling became more general as the outlook became more and more alarming. And this feeling obsessed Mr. Seward to such a degree that four weeks after the inauguration he made the astounding proposition to Mr. Lincoln to relieve him of the duties and responsibilities of his office and assume them himself. Mr. Seward could not fail to realize his grave mistake when he read the President's dignified reply. In substance he said: "The people have called me to this office, and it is for me to assume its duties and responsibilities. I could not transfer them to another if I would. I shall always welcome the counsel of my advisors, but I cannot surrender the authority the people have entrusted to me."

It is interesting to compare Lincoln's letter of acceptance when he was nominated for the Presidency the first time, with those of Roosevelt, Taft or Bryan, when they were nominated for the same office. While each of theirs occupied six or eight columns of the average newspaper, Lincoln's was contained in about twenty lines. It was so short that I will give it entire:

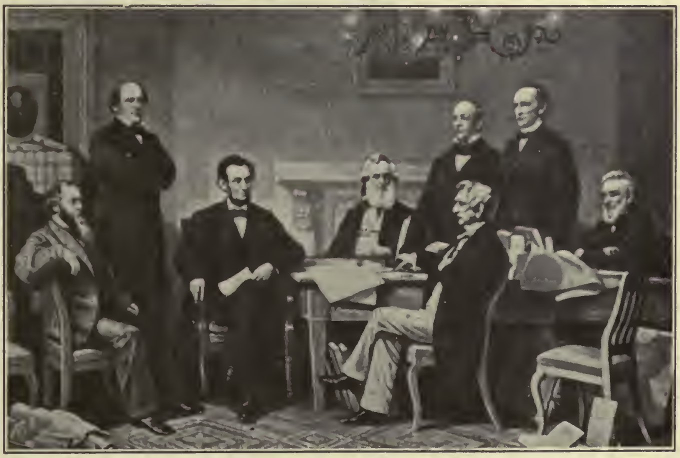
> SPRINGFIELD, ILL., May 23, 1860.
>
> *Sir:* I accept the nomination tendered to me by the convention over which you presided, and of which I am formally apprised in the letter of yourself and others, acting as a committee of the convention for that purpose. The declaration of principles and sentiments which accompanies that letter meets my approval, and it shall be my care not to violate nor disregard it in any part.
>
> Imploring the assistance of divine Providence, and with due regard to the views and feelings of all who were represented in the Convention—to the rights of all the states and territories and people of the nation, to the inviolability of the Constitution, and the perpetual union and harmony and prosperity of all, I am most happy to co-operate for the practical success of the principles declared by the Convention.
>
> Your obliged friend and fellow-citizen,
>
> A. LINCOLN.

As soon as it became known that Lincoln was elected President, several of the southern states made preparation formally to separate themselves from the federal union, South Carolina taking the lead in the secession movement, so that by the time Lincoln was inaugurated seven states had done all in their power to dissolve their connection with the Union.

The next time that I saw Lincoln was in the summer of 1860, after he had been nominated for the Presidency. A great Republican mass meeting was held at Springfield—Lincoln's home. It was said to have been the largest political meeting ever held in this country.

It was held on the Fair Grounds, close to the city. The grounds occupied a tract of nearly one hundred acres, and half a dozen stands were erected in different places for as many speakers. I took a position on a side hill where I could have a full view of one of the stands. While I waited there was a commotion in the vicinity of the stand, and then some men removed the roof from over the desk. A carriage drove up, and Lincoln was escorted forward. Being assisted, he mounted the desk where he stood, his tall form towering far above, his hands folded in front of him, and the multitude cheering to the echo. When quiet was restored, he told the audience that he had not come to make a speech, that he had simply come there to see the people and to give them an opportunity to see him. All he said did not occupy two minutes, after which he entered his carriage, and was driven to other portions of the ground.

Many have no doubt heard the story that when someone told President Lincoln that General Grant was in the habit of drinking whisky, the President quickly answered, "Tell me the brand, and I will send a barrel to each of the other generals." The period of the story was given as the time when Grant was winning victories at Belmont, Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. As a matter of fact, the whole story is a fabrication. It is part of a story of an imaginary banquet written by Miles O'Reilley in 1862. The story took so well



*Painted by Frank B. Carpenter*

LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET

"The first reading of the Emancipation Proclamation" that it was repeated all over the country until soon people began to believe it genuine, and there are, no doubt, thousands of people today who consider it authentic. Only a short time ago I saw the story given as a fact by *Harper's Weekly.*

The fact is that Lincoln always was a believer in total abstinence. As early as February, 1842, he had delivered several strong temperance addresses, and when the committee appointed by the Chicago convention notified him of his nomination, he responded, in part, as follows: "Gentlemen, we must pledge our mutual health in the most healthy beverage which God has given to man. It is the only beverage I have ever used, or allowed in my family, and I cannot conscientiously depart from it on this occasion. It is pure Adam's ale from the spring." Lincoln frequently voiced his dislike for liquor, and once said, "The next question after reconstruction will be the overthrow of the liquor traffic."

FORD'S THEATRE
While seated in his private box in this theatre, Abraham Lincoln was shot by J. Wilkes Booth

Lincoln was the first President to fall by the assassin's hand. There were no telephones then, and many of the inland towns had no telegraph. But the terrible news spread with wonderful rapidity. Factories shut down; offices were closed; business houses of nearly every character closed their doors; and bells were tolled, adding to the depression and consternation of the people. The great loyal North had hardly ceased from its rejoicing over the capture of Richmond; the capitulation of Petersburg, and the surrender of Lee's army, which meant the ending of the war. Every city and village had been dressed in gay colors. Flags were flying, men were rejoicing, meetings were being held, patriotic speeches were being listened to, sermons were preached, songs were sung and praises spoken. But almost before the rejoicing was over came this terrible cloud, with its horrors and gloom, black and forbidding; this crushing blow; this overwhelming grief—the death of the man whose conduct in the four years of war had been even wiser than the people had dared to hope for, and upon whom had centered the affections of a grateful and a loyal nation. But the bright colors disappeared; the happy hearts gave place to aching ones; the nation was stunned; millions were as much mourners as if they stood at the open graves of their dear ones. The column rules of every newspaper in the North and some in the South were turned, making each paper a reminder of the great calamity and sorrow; and whole pages were devoted to descriptions of the awful tragedy and references to the President's great deeds.

Each passing year serves to emphasize the fact that the memory of Abraham Lincoln has been more potent than any other influence in bringing the people of the North and the South into more harmonious relations toward each other.

In the language of another:

Heroic soul, in homely garb half hid,
  Sincere, sagacious, melancholy, quaint,
What he endured, no less than what he did,
  Has reared his monument and crowned
    him saint.

# "Preparedness" in the House

## Excerpts from An Old-fashioned Debate

THE opening of the sixty-fourth Congress was the signal for an avalanche of bills, petitions, protests, etc., bearing on a host of subjects, but principally on temperance, tariff reform, and last, but not least, on the necessity of "preparedness" against foreign invasion of the republic or of its rights. Political partisanship was not a prominent feature of the discussions that followed, but it was instructive to remark that the inland states were not so anxious for warships and regiments as their coast-line sisters, and peculiar at least that California, especially open as she is by position, was decidedly pacific or economical in her early utterances.

General Sherwood, who first appears in the *Congressional Record*, said among other matters:

MR. SHERWOOD. Mr. Speaker, of course we will have horrors and horrors on account of this barbarous submarine warfare, but the worst that can happen is the severance of diplomatic relations with any and all empires across the Atlantic wherein American citizens are murdered. But this does not mean war. On our southwestern border during the past two years one hundred and fifty-three American citizens have been brutally murdered, not because they were on a ship carrying the flag of a belligerent or were found with a hostile army, but solely because they were American citizens, unarmed non-combatants.

All these unspeakable horrors did not happen in a hostile zone three thousand miles away, but within one hundred miles of our own borders. This submarine warfare is the most cowardly and barbarous of all warfare since the world began. And yet we are building a whole brood of submarines.

War is the greatest crime of the human race. It is not in my philosophy that if the murder of one man makes a villain, the murder of thousands makes a hero. It is in my philosophy that the hero of humane achievement in the uplift of his fellows transcends the hero of blood and iron and noise in a war of conquest. It is as true today as eighty-seven years ago, when uttered by that greatest of Englishmen, Thomas Carlyle:

"A standing army means waste, depression, and moral decay. No nation can improve its morals or grow in strength when its bravest and best sons are year by year devoured in the army."

This is the stand taken today by the sanest statesmen and ripest scholars of the age. A great student of ethics says: "The soul grows in the direction of its attention."

A nation which is only the aggregation of individual souls cannot be moving toward peace while definitely preparing for war.

It is with the deepest regret that I am unable to agree with the President on his proposed plan of national defense. The President has rendered great service to the country by his superb diplomacy in keeping the country in the path of peace. He has had more difficult and perplexing problems to solve than any President since the adoption of our Federal Constitution, and his unflagging devotion to duty, his superb poise and masterful grasp of the many diplomatic problems which he has settled in the interest of peace, entitle him to the lasting gratitude of all the people. I believe, however, that he has mistaken the popular judgment in his preparedness message. I believe the defeat of this scheme for extra taxation at this time, when the Federal treasury is lank and lean, will command the approval and support of a majority of the people.

While I have been a peace man for over half a century, I have never been a peace-at-any-price devotee. Neither am I a member of any society or association for limiting national armament. I am not from Missouri, but before I vote to waste any more money to increase idle armies or top-heavy navies, I want to know what emergency exists for such expenditure. [Applause.] Up to date none of the advocates of "preparedness" have given Congress or the people one valid reason why we should squander any more hard-earned tax money on militarism. Not one of this whole array of pretending patriots have pointed to an enemy either hostile to the United States or liable to attack the United States. Less than one year ago, when the armies of Europe were more powerful, more formidable than now by at least five million soldiers, the President and the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy all took strong grounds, in public interviews and proclamations, that we were fully prepared for any emergency. This is so well known that I need not cumber the *Congressional Record* with any quotations from their well-timed utterances of sanity and sense. Furthermore, the so-called experts of the Army and Navy less than one year ago fully fortified the attitude of both the President and his Cabinet on this vital question. At the hearings in the last session of Congress General Erasmus M. Weaver, chief of Coast Artillery, whose duty it is, he said, to "be advised as to the character and sufficiency of our seacoast armament," stated:

"My information is that our system of fortification is reasonably adequate for all defensive purposes which they are likely to be called upon to meet."

And further said: "I have been a close student of the whole subject, naturally, for a number of years, and I know of no fortifications in the world, as far as my reading, observation, and knowledge goes, that compare favorably in efficiency with ours."

General Crozier, chief of Ordnance, considered one of the greatest experts in the country on fortifications and guns, said: "In my opinion, these guns, with other advantages which our land defense fortifications have, will be adequate for maintaining a successful combat with vessels of war armed with any gun which is now under construction anywhere in the world to my knowledge."

Follow references to the cost and usefulness of the War of 1812 as follows:

We had a very disastrous fit of hysteria in 1812, resulting in our second war with Great Britain. Some of our historians charge Henry Clay, then Speaker of the House of Representatives, with fomenting this hysteria. Let me quote what one of the greatest statesmen of the antebellum period said of that war. I refer to Senator Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts. I quote from a memorable oration delivered by Sumner in 1845:

"The fruitlessness and vanity of war appear in the results of the great wars by which the world has been lacerated. After long struggles, in which each nation has inflicted and received incalculable injury, peace has been gladly obtained on the basis of the condition of things before the war. Let me refer, for an example, to our last war with Great Britain, the professed object of which was to obtain from the latter power and renunciation of her claim to impress our seamen. The greatest number of American seamen ever officially alleged to be compulsory serving in the British navy was about eight hundred. To overturn this injustice, the whole country was doomed for more than three years to the accursed blight of war. Our commerce was driven from the seas; resources of the land were drained by taxation; villages of the Canadian frontier were laid in ashes; the metropolis of the Republic was captured; the White House burned, while gaunt distress raged everywhere within our borders. Weary with this rude trial, our government appointed commissioners to treat for peace, under these instructions: 'Your first duty will be to conclude peace with Great Britain, and you are authorized to do it.' "

That is, we had some two thousand soldiers killed, twice as many more maimed, and involved the country in an enormous debt, and then made a peace compact with Great Britain which left the impressment of our American seamen unsettled, or just where it was before the war.

It should be said that previous to this war every American mariner and merchant of the long voyage were continually insulted, oppressed, robbed and interfered with by contemptuous and often brutal British naval and civil officers. Nothing but a war would have taught these men the lesson of the blazon of the Scotch thistle with its motto "*Nemo me impuna lacessit*"—"No one wounds me without injury."

Senator Charles Sumner was himself aristocratic by birth and academic by nature. He would never have saved the Union had he been President, nor could he realize that a nation needs a constabulary and guards as much as a state or city. The War of 1812, with all its failures, was due largely to difficulties which, in the matter of transportation at least were almost unsufferable, it requiring in those days four hundred and thirteen carts to carry the rations of ten thousand men for eleven days. On the other hand, the musket, cannon, and sometimes mortar were simple in construction, use and management, and all along the shores and frontiers most active men were better skilled in their use than the average European soldier. Today the records of the past only help us to know and realize that we cannot safely allow our own men to know less of the terrible enginery of war than their possible opponents.

General Sherwood's peroration deserves full honors, for as an example of humanity, religious feeling and sublime enthusiasm it has had no fellow to our thinking. On the other hand, if his policy were pursued and failed, there could be no greater, more sublime, or fatal folly ever perpetrated since the world began, for a man has a right to turn his own cheek to the lash, his own back to the burden, but not the cheeks and backs, the glories and aspirations of a hundred million of Americans.

I remember, in 1868, going through the old Ashtabula district of Ohio with General James A. Garfield, afterwards President, then starting on his remarkable civil career. I remember the applause which greeted his peroration in approving the mustering out of that great army of volunteers, in which he stated that—

"We need no large standing army in this country. We are a Republic where every citizen is a beneficiary of the government. In Europe government rests upon force, and every laboring man is carrying a soldier on his back. In the German Empire the spiked helmet is supreme, but in the United States of America government rests upon the hearts and hands and homes of all the people."

I cannot believe that all of General Garfield's splendid idealism is gone. Let us hope not. I hope the time is coming and is near at hand when all this brass-toned hysteria over militarism and ocean domination will cease. When I think of the serenity and virility of American patriotism a half century ago, when great soldiers like Grant and statesmen of the deep humanities like Garfield were the leaders, compared with the truckling servility to organized barbarity now, I feel like quoting a couplet from our own poet, Howard S. Taylor:

> We have forgot! A Roman lust
> Profanes our ancient holy things.
> We trample justice in the dust;
> We have the rabies of the kings,
> The scarlet rage of gun and sword.
> Have mercy on thy people, Lord."

We are today at peace with all the world. Why should we prepare for war when we have never had a war in over a century and a quarter of national life that was not of our own seeking? No nation on either side of the Atlantic has ever attacked us when we were numerically weak. How utterly idiotic is the idea that any European nation now, exhausted in fighting men, with business and industry paralyzed, with commerce driven from the seas and oceans of the world; loaded down with a debt that staggers belief, with the land filled with millions of widows and five times as many fatherless children, with six million maimed and crippled soldiers—the legless, the armless, the insane and the sightless, who have escaped from the damp pits of the trenches and the lurid hell of battle—all dependents on the empire for all their weary lives—that this empire is going to make an impossible crossing of three thousand miles of deep ocean with an army that it is impossible to either equip or transport; that this phantom army is going to attack one hundred million of people in the United States, between whom there is no quarrel, is the most preposterous proposition that was ever exploited since the cave man of the prehistoric age was in the first stages of evolution. [Laughter.]

We are at peace with all the world. Let us strive, as becomes the citizens of a Christian nation, to make that peace permanent and perpetual. Let us put aside all thoughts of gun and sword as unworthy our traditions and history and look to a future wherein the flag of our shining stars of states shall be a beacon light beckoning our people to peaceful pursuits and social and moral betterment. The great present, with its glowing zeal for humanity, with a culture deepened and broadened by science and enriched by all history, with its strong-winged soul of prophecy hot and glowing with the blood beats a realized brotherhood of man claims us and calls us to stand by the ancient faith. [Applause.]

Let us pray, and labor with our prayers, that this hour of military hysteria will speedily pass, and that the sword and the man on horseback shall never frustrate the true mission and destiny of our beloved America—peace, progress and prosperity under the supreme guidance of constitutional law. [Applause.]

# That Boy o' Mine

## by J. G. Hallimond

*These lines were written in August, 1912. Exactly two years later, on war being declared between Great Britain and Germany, "That boy o' mine" was one of the first to enlist. He went with the first Canadian contingent to Flanders, and in the battle of Langemark, on April 24, 1915, he fell and was officially reported as "wounded and missing." His commanding officer said "he was the best man he had—intelligent, cool, fearless, and with plenty of common sense, and that his name was about to be sent in for promotion."*

### I. HIS COMING

He came to me from out that mystic realm
  Where mercies generate, and love divine;
A gift from God, my heart to overwhelm
  With gratitude and awe,—that boy o' mine.

### II. HIS BABYHOOD

His tiny fingers held me in a clasp
  As soft and gentle as the clinging vine,
His baby touch the adamantine grasp
  That naught could sunder,—O, that boy o' mine.

### III. HIS YOUTH

Through happy golden days of care-free youth,
  On which the sun seemed evermore to shine,
I watched him grow in strength, and grace, and truth,
  My heart exulted o'er that boy o' mine.

### IV. HIS FIGHT

Out on the world's broad battle field of life,
  Full—panoplied upon the firing line
He went; he fought, he won, tho' in the strife
  My eager heart ached for that boy o' mine.

### V. CONCLUSION

Now in my age I lean upon his arm,
  His strength my constant stay in life's decline,
When final shadows fall, and evening calm
  Surrounds me, then I'll bless that boy o' mine.

# A Full House

## by

## Elizabeth Peabody

IT was declared decades ago that the day of the farce had passed. Wiseacre producers and playwrights insisted that the farce, as developed in France, would no longer appeal to the American public, and they were right in a way, when you consider the farces that are now being presented—the imported article with the French flavor, and the home-made article modeled after the French.

Then along comes "A Pair of Sixes," in which, of course, the fat man was utilized to exaggerate the humor of the production, and it presented a succession of situations that kept the risibilities tickled.

In "A Full House," however, the same author, Mr. Fred Jackson, has given us what is, all things considered, the most wholesome farce that has been seen in years. Susie, from Sioux City, with her exaggerated devotion to timetables and her constantly reiterated phrase, "I don't known nothin'," while hiding the thief in the closet, indicates a phase of the literary trend of the times, and this character in the hands of May Vokes provokes one succession of whirlwind laughter. Sis Hopkins, at her best, is now but a faded memory. Then there's Parkes, the English servant, and Nicholas King, a stranger, as a Chicago traveling man and pseudo detective, is the necessary fat man, who, though the real thief, tries, through a substitution of suitcases, to throw the blame for the robbery of the Pembroke jewels on George Howell, the bridegroom. George Parsons carries the heavy acting in the piece.

MAY VOKES, AS SUSIE FROM SIOUX CITY

There is something unexpected happening all the time, and the situations are simply exhilarating. It lacks "slapstick"

HERBERT CORTHELL, AS NICHOLAS KING
In his efforts to elude the occupants of the apartment and the policemen, who are guarding the place, King is kept busy throughout the play

methods, and the author seems to have had just one object in mind, and that is to make people laugh as they should laugh at a farce, and yet realizing at the same time that much of life is a farce. It goes deeper than simply to make you giggle or smile—it touches the diaphragm. Mr. Frazee is to be congratulated as well as Mr. Fred E. Wright, manager, who applies the acid test to productions at the Plymouth Theatre in Boston, and uphold the dignity of the name his house bears.

# Our Youngest Prima Donna

## by Mitchell Mannering

HOW often we feel that Fame is like the moving hands of a clock. If asked today who is the most popular artist, writer or singer, before one has focused attention on any particular individual, the hand points to another, and so continues the cycle of Fame. If the consensus of opinion of today were taken, the sprightly and winsome Geraldine Farrar would be pronounced the most popular prima donna and concert singer on the stage, and more than that, she has a personality that would win distinction for her, no matter what line of endeavor should happen to engross her attention. The story of Geraldine Farrar is altogether inspiring, because it is the simple record of a plucky girl who has pushed her way to the front, against obstacles and handicaps that would have discouraged many others.

When she gave one of her Sunday afternoon concerts in Symphony Hall, Boston, the audience had a glimpse of the real Geraldine Farrar "at home." The folks from Melrose were there, and they knew her just as Geraldine Farrar, and not as the woman who, in her early thirties, has won the plaudits of fame at home and abroad. And when she had finished a remarkable program, encore after encore rang out in Symphony Hall, and then she held a reception in the green room, just for the home folks. After the last encore, she donned a little red hat, in harmony with the crimson-hued gown which she had worn throughout the performance, for she was leaving for a concert tour through the West, under the direction of Mr. C. A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Months of hard work, the real test of an artist, interspersed with grand opera in Chicago and New York, indicate that Geraldine Farrar is one of the most busy popular artists of today. The most interesting thing about her is that she is a simple, charming young woman, intensely absorbed in her work, and photographers have insisted that every time she is depicted by the camera, it reflects an almost entirely different personality, emphasizing the versatility of Geraldine Farrar, for her pictures are always attractive, whether in widely varied character, or just simply her own sweet self. A photographic expert, in looking over her photographs, remarked on this phase, and said:

> It is because she does not allow her real self to be photographed; she is so accustomed to throwing herself into moods and personalities other than her own and for the time being really living these histrionic creations, that the moment she sits before the camera she throws herself, unconsciously perhaps, from long habit of trying to realize some prescribed situation, into the appropriate attitude and expression of a person sitting for a picture.

This is why her interpretation for the "movie" screen of "Carmen," portrayed the role and told the story more comprehensively than even the opera with its elaborate scenes, supporting choruses, and perfect orchestration. I thought, in looking over her pictures, that if only there were more of them showing Geraldine Farrar, when she is not posing for her divaship, the fascination of her personality would be enhanced thereby.

Even in the pronunciation of her name there is an indication of individuality. She comes from good old New England stock—down in Maine—the same sturdy stock that furnished Nordica and Eames. In Maine the name is pronounced with the accent on the first syllable, the way her father, Sidney Far-rar, pronounces it; but the accent is on the last syllable when the name of the prima donna is mentioned. This grew out of an incident when she made her debut in Germany, and almost in a night became a popular favorite with the Germans. Then the French and Italians insisted upon pronouncing the name with the accent on the last syllable, and she is now "Far-rar′," because this pronunciation obviated the necessity of assuming a "stage" name. The old friends in Melrose continue to call her father and mother by the name with the accent on the first syllable, but address the vivacious and piquant Geraldine as "Far-rar′," and this, she insists, is one of the perquisites of an operatic career. So Geraldine Farrar it will be until she exercises the right and prerogative of every bright and winsome American girl—that of changing her name.

*Copyright, Aime Dupont*

GERALDINE FARRAR AS MADAME SANS-GÊNE

When she talks with you, even if there may be an unconscious display of her dimples, you know that Geraldine Farrar is going to accomplish what she sets out to do. At the age of seventeen, she was in Paris studying, and wanted to obtain an interview with Madame Lillian Nordica. This diva, having finished a tiresome season, did not want to be bothered, and she refused to grant an audience, but the little Melrose girl was undaunted. She went to the Bois de Boulogne one day, knowing that Madame Nordica usually drove in the Park, and waited until the carriage was passing, when she ran out, jumped on the step of the carriage, snatched from her neck a locket containing a photograph of Madame Nordica, and tossed it into the lap of the now thoroughly astonished singer. Madame Nordica was immediately interested in a girl of such pluck

"A LOVELY LADY, GARMENTED IN LIGHT FROM HER OWN BEAUTY"

and persistence, and helped her much during the time she was in Paris.

The magical art with which she transforms herself from the portrayal of the lofty ideals of Elizabeth, in Tannhauser, to the rather repulsive character of Nedda in Pagliacci, indicates her ability to subjugate her own personality in the interpretation of different and widely varying roles. It was at the Mozart festivals at Salzburg, organized by Lilli Lehmann, that a performance of "Don Giovanni" was given in which Geraldine Farrar, in a cast comprised of the most noted artists, with Dr. Karl Muck of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as conductor, triumphed in such a way as to "spike the guns" of the harsh German and Austrian critics. One of them even referred to her as the "incomparable Geraldine Farrar, the very best Zerlina that we now have." And another, not to be outdone, pronounced Miss Farrar the princess of an occasion of which Madame Lehmann was the queen. It was agreed at this performance that the early promise of the young prima donna had developed into a perfect mastery of the operatic art.

*Copyright, Aime Dupont*

GERALDINE FARRAR
"Every time she is depicted by the camera it reflects an almost entirely different personality"

In the Farrar home at Melrose is a veritable library of scrap books, in which Mrs. Sidney Farrar, the mother of Geraldine, has preserved—since they left for Germany in 1898—all the press notices which have appeared concerning her illustrious daughter. True, they contain some criticisms, but the letters, cablegrams, telegrams from various personages and distinguished people all over the world, form a most gratifying collection. There are cablegrams, notes and postal cards from the Crown Princess of Germany, showing the intimacy between this American girl and the future German Empress. And in the firm, bold black hand of the Kaiser himself there is one letter appointing her to the honor of Royal Prussian Chamber Singer. There have been poems written to her, and these old scrap books tell, not only of the unflagging interest and devotion of a mother, but will be valuable data for historians of the future.

It is said of her that Miss Farrar, like James Whitcomb Riley, has insisted that she will never be over twenty-six, and on her twenty-sixth birthday a dinner was given in her honor by the late Clyde Fitch. Kate Douglas Wiggin, the well-known authoress, was one of the guests, and read the following toast, which she had composed in honor of Miss Farrar:

Here is a toast to Geraldine!
The bird that lights on a bough to preen
His soft little breast with a satin sheen,
None of his notes are so sweet, I ween,
As those in the throat of Geraldine!

Here is a toast to Geraldine!
Her heart is as warm as her wit is keen.
She's a rosebud, still in its sheath of green,
In the singing garden of girls the queen!
Passionate "Juliet," scarce sixteen,
Grave-eyed "Elizabeth," stately in mien,
"Marguerite," innocent, crystalline,
Loveliest "Butterfly" ever was seen—
Drink to the future of Geraldine!

Volumes might be written of the interesting experiences of Geraldine Farrar, for the activities of her career have been unceasing. The first time she sang with Caruso was at Monte Carlo, and the opera was "La Boheme." The first act was a triumph for both. Caruso was singing the role of Rudolfe, and when he sang the exquisite "*Che gelida manina,*" he seemed to direct it to Mimi rather than to the audience. The golden tones of Caruso, in which he infused all the passion of his soul, were too much for Miss Farrar, and forgetting role, audience, self, everything, she just indulged in a good old-fashioned cry. Then the director rose and sternly demanded, "Miss Farrar, are you going to sing or not?" The audience seemed to understand, and the episode was considered only an incident of a notable triumph.

Of course every woman has her hobby, and every woman likes to know every other woman's hobby. When the subject of "furs" is mentioned, the conversation begins to be interesting to Miss Farrar. And she knows how to buy them, too, for her Yankee instinct has not suffered in her artistic triumphs. Her Russian sables can be compared to those owned by the imperial family of Russia, and the quantities of other furs which she possesses, are of a quality that might make any woman "green with envy."

While Miss Farrar is young, pretty and talented, and could soon become a social favorite, she resists every temptation to rush from the opera to dinners, receptions and like affairs. On the evenings that she does not sing, she insists that she is "dead to the world" at ten o'clock. On the other evenings, at eleven or twelve, exhausted after a performance, she is only too glad to retire, although the nervous strain might not permit sleep. She rises at a regular hour and performs most of her work in the morning. "I enjoy automobiling in the afternoon," said she, "then more work, and in the evenings, when I am not singing, I retire early. Every day I practice the scales, so as to give each note in my register a trial. My voice has to be warmed up and its resiliency, in a way, created anew each time."

While she enjoys a splendid income, she realizes, with other great artists, that box office receipts are based upon the popularity of the members of the cast, and her piquant saying of "hold your head in the clouds as much as you please, but try to keep your feet on earth," is a credit to her sound judgment. When we talk of the very high prices received for single performances, we often forget the years and years of study, oftentimes accompanied by actual privation, which it was necessary to undergo in preparation for a career, and this career still demands eight to ten solid hours of hard work every day.

Miss Farrar was only nineteen when she made her debut as Marguerite in "Faust" at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, and her description of that debut is a most interesting chapter in musical biography:

I did not feel nervous, either at my one rehearsal (with obviously bored partners and stern Dr. Karl Muck below with his orchestra) nor at the performance. I was eager for my trial, and I knew just what I meant to do regarding "stage business" and expression. It was doubtless crude and startlingly unconventional. I had thought out the story and action for myself. I sang in Italian because I did not know one word of the text in German.

I wore a simple, short blue frock of my own designing, a blond wig and a little lace bonnet, which I have continued to wear ever since. I sometimes play the role with my own dark hair, and it has occurred more than once on these occasions that the dummy Marguerite ascended to heaven in the last act a

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FROM THE ROLE OF "CARMEN"

flaxen blonde—due, of course, to my not having reminded those in charge of the "properties" of my intended departure from the traditional type.

In the home town of Melrose they are still talking of the time she made her real debut at the mature age of four in the church, and they insist that the fairy queen waved her wand when "Deenie" Farrar was born. She came into the world with robust health, fascinating beauty, and a witty brain and musical voice. It was in an aria from the opera of "The Barber of Seville" that she made her first concert appearance in Boston at the age of thirteen, and that production is recalled as one of the events in the musical history of the Puritan city.

At the age of sixteen she was brought to Madame Melba by Mr. C. A. Ellis, her present manager, and she furnished the deciding opinion that determined for the young girl a professional career. It was a contest between the father and the mother, but the mother won, as usual, and Madame Nordica was one of the early enthusiasts who predicted the successful future of Geraldine Farrar.

Her American debut was made at the Metropolitan Opera House, in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," and it seems that there are few of the standard and popular operas with which she has not been identified. Her favorite opera, besides "Butterfly," however, was her re-creation and re-interpretation of Bizet's "Carmen" last year.

Without fear and trembling it may be announced that her birth date was February 28, 1882, and she just missed that extra day of the fourth year. She did not need to be born on that extra day, however, for she was endowed with ideas, and the capacity and health to carry them to a happy fulfillment. This explains, "in a nut-shell," the remarkable career of Geraldine Farrar. Whether she was taking part in church entertainments at the age of four, in amateur theatricals at twelve, singing in the "Barber of Seville" at thirteen, at nineteen facing a critical but enthusiastic audience in Berlin, or the unbroken triumphs at all the other musical centers in Europe, she just climbed on, step by step, because she knew how to reinforce and conserve her latent physical vitality.

She divides with Caruso the reputation of attracting the largest audiences in opera, and when Farrar is announced, a "packed" house is assured. It seemed peculiarly fitting that her most notable concert tours should be under the direction of Mr. C. A. Ellis, of Symphony Hall, Boston, who had so much to do in deciding her career. He never wavered in the belief, from the moment he first heard her sing, that she had before her an illustrious career, and while many artists succeed in opera who fail in concert work, he felt that Geraldine Farrar would some day be the premier favorite as a concert singer. Many times has she sung with the Boston Symphony, and her popularity in her home city is steadily increasing. In her concert work she has been able to sing for many thousands who might never have been able to have heard her in opera, and it was this desire to know and see and meet the people of America that induced her to respond to the requests made to Mr. Ellis, that she devote a large part of the winter to a concert tour, which has been as notable in its way as those never-to-be-forgotten "farewell" tours of Adalina Patti. The march of modern science has made it possible for the talking machine to preserve the records of her voice, and in the moving pictures she has preserved every motion, so why might not this be considered as the immortalization of a mortal? Although Geraldine Farrar may not always be twenty-six, she will always be remembered as one of the most popular and charming of American prima donnas, and as a true American girl, whose healthful, wholesome energy and vivacity are in themselves a lesson and inspiration, such as no text or sermon could present.

Her friends are legion in every part of the United States. Go to St. Louis, San Francisco, New Orleans, Boston, New York, Chicago, Washington and Philadelphia, and you will find there ardent and enthusiastic admirers of Geraldine Farrar. Best of all, she has made her conquests, like Maude Adams on the dramatic stage, among girls and women, which is, after all, a supreme test of genuine artistic power, and a guarantee of enduring fame.

# Lincoln, the Poet

By

## Flynn Wayne

IT seems as if the people never tire of hearing about Abraham Lincoln—especially if it is something new. Every time an opportunity is afforded me while in Washington, I find myself going around to Tenth Street and visiting the little brick house in which Lincoln passed away. Here I always find Colonel Osborn H. Oldroyd, who has gathered one of the most noted collections of Lincoln relics in the world.

Many years ago Mr. Oldroyd began his work at the home of Abraham Lincoln in Springfield, Illinois. He was placed in charge of this home following Lincoln's death and if it had not been for the political animosity of Governor Altgeld probably would have remained in Springfield with his collection. Leaving Springfield for Washington he brought his rare collection to the home where Abraham Lincoln breathed his last—and has been adding to it every year.

Colonel Oldroyd has made his work a labor of love and he seems to know everything about the details of things associated with the life and activities of Lincoln. His work will be more and more appreciated as the years pass. Every little badge, button and newspaper clipping—everything that the great hand of Abraham Lincoln had touched, was valued.

HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED
"Within this house . . . a martyr died,
A prophet of a larger liberty."

While there are over twelve hundred volumes extant concerning the life of Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Oldroyd has just completed a new book that is easily the peer of them all. It is called "The Poets' Lincoln"*—bound in sturdy homespun, with a profile of the great president on the front—and contains a collection of tributes by the poets of the world to Abraham Lincoln. No volume is more appropriate, for here in this book appear nearly all of the photographs ever taken of Abraham Lincoln, and deals with the large events connected with his life, service and passing. The one thing about the book that astonishes even Lincoln collectors is that it contains many new things that even his own son, Robert T. Lincoln, prizes highly. The fact that Abraham Lincoln was a poet and actually wrote verse is news to millions of admirers. In the introduction, written by Mr. Marion Mills Miller, is a most remarkable analysis of this phase of his character. It was a little Italian boy who cried out on seeing a photograph of Lincoln, "Why, he looks like a poet," and as his life and work are studied, it is realized that had Lincoln lived in a region of greater culture and not gone into law and politics, he would have been one of America's great poets. It is now discovered that in his early years before he went to Congress, Lincoln wrote verse that compares favorably with the early attempts of American poets. One of his favorite poems was "The Last Leaf," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and often after reading it the tears would come unbidden to his eyes as he thought of Ann Rutledge, his first love, who died shortly before the time he was to have married her, and whose memory he cherished all his life.

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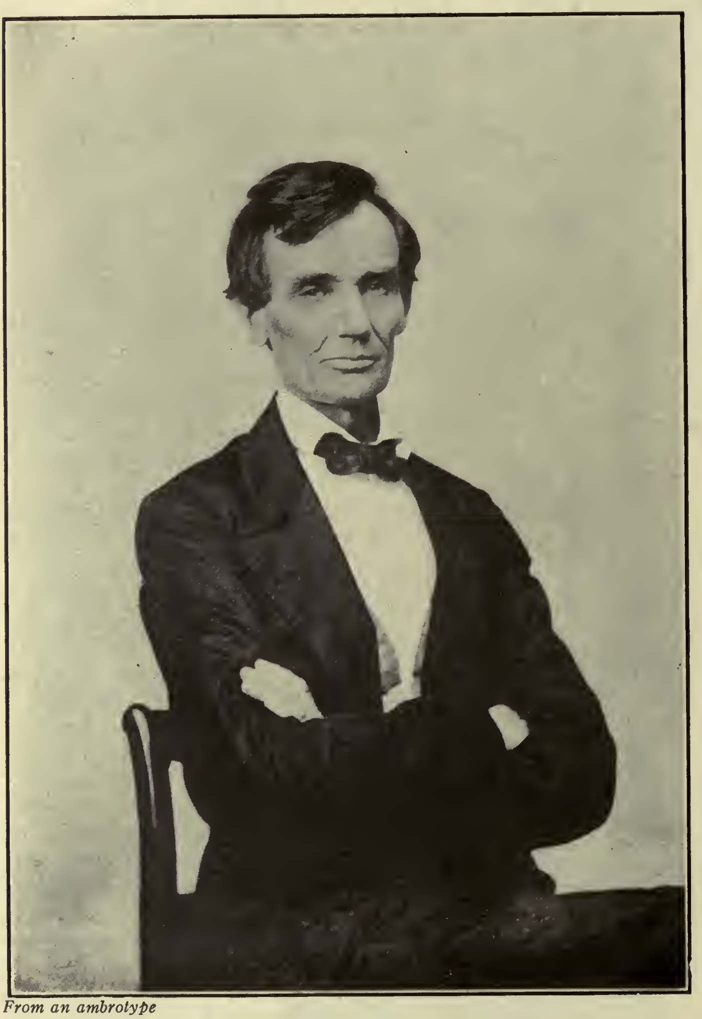
* "The Poets' Lincoln." Selected by Osborn H. Oldroyd. Boston: Chapple Publishing Company. Price, $1.25.



*From an ambrotype*

LINCOLN AS CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT, 1860

"Our leader is one who, with conquerless will,
Has climbed from the base to the brow of the hill."

A few years ago I visited Ann Rutledge's grave near the site of New Salem. It was twilight on a beautiful June day when we arrived there and found strangers from afar also there, impelled by an irresistible interest to visit a spot associated with the sweet love romance of Abraham Lincoln. We gathered a few leaves from the vines creeping over the last resting place of the young girl whose sweet smile and pure face held captive the great heart she awakened to an affection that never faded.

His early critics have even insisted that Lincoln had an essentially Hellenic mind, that his thought was built like that of the Greek masters, insists Mr. Miller. There is something of the classic Aristotle in his scientific analysis of human thought, and in his appeal for poetic justice he felt a scene or situation as well as looked upon it with physical eyes—like John Galsworthy's mother asking the boy if he could feel as well as see the beautiful sunset before them. No wonder that Euclid's geometry was to Lincoln a pastime, and that he considered "demonstrate" one of the greatest words in the English language.

Most fitting it is that in this book should be the memorable Gettysburg speech, preserved in the form of blank verse, and presenting a poem as perfect as any ever written. Even in the minor qualities of genius, Lincoln's style and words reflected the influence of the Bible in his masterful command of the English language. It is worth while just to see how the Gettysburg speech looks when presented in blank verse.

Altogether Mr. Miller's introduction is one of the most concise, telling and forceful tabloid biographies of Lincoln that has been published and is a fitting introduction to the poetic feast included in the pages of the book. When the story is again retold of Lincoln's throwing himself into the very spirit of the scene, and reciting the words of "Macbeth," there is further evidence of the influence of Shakespeare, and of the classic mould of Lincoln's mind. It remained for Lincoln to give a poetic touch to Webster's sounding phrases. When Webster thundered: "It is, sir, the people's Constitution, the people's government; made for the people; made by the people, and answerable to the people," Lincoln, with his pure poetic genius, transforms it into a classic that will live for ages: "That we here highly resolve . . . that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." What more need be said concerning the poetic genius of Lincoln? Who can read the words of that first inaugural without sensing the poetic feeling of that memorable sentence: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriotic grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF LINCOLN IN KENTUCKY

"Through the dim pageant of the years
A wondrous tracery appears:
A cabin of the western wild
Shelters in sleep a new-born child."

The words of the second and last inaugural fittingly tell of the great heart of the man, "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

*Photo by Clinedinst*
COLONEL OSBORN H. OLDROYD
Custodian of the collection of Lincoln mementoes in Washington, who has gathered together poems about Lincoln and published them in "The Poets' Lincoln"

Every time I read these lines, I see a new gleam of poetic splendor, and these flashes are the inspiration of the poets' tributes. The book is one that will be welcome to every library, every home, every school, everywhere that the English language is read and everywhere that ideals are cherished, "The Poets' Lincoln" is emphasis on a new heroic view of the greatness of the man himself, aside from his qualities as a leader and a statesman.

The fascinating volume begins with a picture of the cabin birthplace, and a poem "Lincoln," by Julia Ward Howe. Then Noah Davis' description of Lincoln by the cabin fire; Rev. George W. Crofts' poem on "The Birth of Lincoln," James Phinney Baxter's tribute to "The Natal Day of Lincoln." Harriet Monroe's dainty tribute to "Nancy Hanks," the mother of Lincoln; Richard Henry Stoddard's ode to "Lincoln the Laborer," is followed by James Whitcomb Riley's beautiful poem on "A Peaceful Life," showing the boy Lincoln. "Lincoln the Lawyer," is described in a poem by Wilbur Hazelton Smith.

It will be noted that the poems cover almost every phase of Lincoln's life. James Riley's tribute to "Lincoln in his Office Chair," brings the tall figure of the man to mind. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps pays tribute to "The Thoughts of Lincoln." On page seventy-four we pause to read again and again Edwin Markham's wonderful lines, "Lincoln the Man of the People."

One cannot read without a sympathetic appreciation of the great heart of Lincoln—there does not seem to have been a noted poet who has not penned lines to Lincoln. The sturdy lines of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, to "Lincoln," will not be soon forgotten. Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the famous negro poet, contributes the only poem from the race which Lincoln liberated. Robert Leighton in his "Sic Semper Tyrannis," tells of the tragic assassination. The one poem with lines that never can be forgotten is that of Tom Taylor, published in the *London Punch*. May 6, 1865, and we must stop here and quote, showing more than anything else the feeling of the hour, all over the world, when the great spirit of Lincoln passed.

"Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The Stars and Stripes, he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, surrile-jester, is there room for *you?*

"Yes, he had lived to shame me for my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter, a true-born king of men."

Edna Dean Proctor's "The Grave of Lincoln" and her tribute to Thomas Lincoln, the father of a great son, is an interesting view of Lincoln's immediate forebears.

Turning the pages we come upon the memorable lines of Walt Whitman, "O Captain! My Captain!" he cries in ringing lines that can never die. Phoebe Carey joined with her distinguished sister Alice in paying tribute to the simple title of "Lincoln." A book of modern verse would be incomplete without something from Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and her tribute to the statue of Lincoln, "The Glory that Slumbered in the Granite Rock," expressed almost the last note that has been touched on the huge organ of human sympathies ever increasing like a great diapason.

It seems appropriate that the last poems in the book should deal rather with life than with death, although it was perhaps the tragic death of Lincoln, which in some instances inspired them. The book is carefully indexed, and is in itself a comprehensive collection of the poetry associated with the name and fame of Lincoln. It is a veritable chronological biography of the great emancipator related in verse without even conscious thought that the poems would be interwoven into a literary mosaic making a consecutive story, and reveals how the love of Lincoln has run the entire gamut of human sentiment, touched the very Olympian heights, and yet never lost its origin in the great human soul from whence its inspiration came.

STATUE OF LINCOLN BY GUTZON BORGLUM

"The crowd was gone, and to the side
Of Borglum's Lincoln, deep in awe,
I crept. It seem'd a mighty tide
Within those aching eyes I saw."

# Do Women Want the Vote?

## by A. M. Goodwin

THE spirit of fair play is a predominant characteristic of Americans. They may make mistakes, but when, in the light of second thought and sober reflection they see a reason for changing their minds relative to things that seem to have an emotional characteristic and to be altogether inconsistent, they do not hesitate. In the recent elections, the subject of suffrage for women was put to the supreme test. The results may be consoling to both sides, but the most important result of all was that it has developed among the women themselves an understanding of the reason why Women's Suffrage has not prevailed. With the gallantry characteristic of his sex, man has conceded that the increasing activity of women in business and public affairs has had a most wholesome influence in improving the character and condition of business. This may be true to a certain extent, but the fundamental reason is the onward march of scientific knowledge of the relation of cause to effect. Men themselves recognize that dissipation and dissolute habits are dangerous and inimical to business progress and growth. The action of the railroads in drawing the lines so closely on the liquor habit was not because of the influence of women, but a matter of business ethics, and was intended to have a definite scientific result.

The tried and oft-repeated arguments of the suffragists have been allowed to go unanswered, because there has been, until recently, no organized opposition to suffrage among women. Take, for instance, the argument of "taxation without representation" that is so widely exploited. The statement is, according to Tennyson, "a truth that is but half a truth, is very near a lie." The woman who pays her taxes has all of the benefits and all the representation that any other taxpayer possesses; for instance, if the taxpayer lives in a distant town he has no voice in the taxation or representation in the section where his property is located. The only thing that could be contained in the quarter-grain of truth is that women do not have a vote for the President of the United States, but in this case they are no different from the men who are disqualified as voters in the District of Columbia, and while they have even more reason for complaint, it is not really voiced, because they could become voters by moving outside of the District. But perhaps it is because of being prohibited or denied this privilege that those engaged in the suffrage movement appear to be so blind to all purposes but that of the ballot.

Now, in this, from a woman's standpoint, I have never been able to bring myself to the point of being willing to abrogate the glories and rights which I have as a wife and mother; with the influence that I know is effective, and barter it for the cheap privilege of merely saying I can vote. My convictions on this subject were settled early in life when I was a school teacher. My experience in that work has been that if I suspended a child and the father came to inquire into the cause, he wanted to know all about the case, and tried to find a remedy; but when the mother came, it was to stand up for the child against all accusations. She was a mother, and other children could not be considered in connection with hers. Now her attitude was exactly right—for if the mother does not believe in the child, that child is unfortunate indeed. Now this is just the fact that always appealed to my woman's heart—to see this mother-instinct in its natural development, the supreme glory of womanhood.

Again, if women desire all of the prerogatives of man, and allow nothing of a distinction to exist between the sexes, we are battling against natural laws. The glory of womanhood, the hope of the race, rests with the mothers of the country. It is not a question of whether or not women are qualified to vote—the facts remain that the mentality and intelligence among women of this country is far superior to that of men; but education cannot change the instinct of a woman. Every woman knows that if she wants to accomplish something through men, she can do it better by her own natural methods than by combating with them on their own ground.

The records of many of the anti-suffrage states indicate that there has been more charitable and uplift legislation there than in any state where women's suffrage prevails. And it is the result of the work of women who, being outside of the maelstrom of political contests, are able to secure results through the co-operation of all political parties upon questions which are outside of mere partisan consideration. And what are these questions? They are the great issues of the country—all the things in which women are most vitally interested.

Statistics show that less than eight per cent of the women of America have declared themselves as wanting the ballot. Truly, this may not include thousands of women who have never given the matter a thought, but have been so busily engaged in performing their home duties that it has not been brought forcibly to their attention. But with the tremendous advance of woman, and her ever-increasing power to help and guide her children, we have a much stronger force for progress than by merely throwing to her the bare bone of the ballot. The subject is so absorbing to women who have once come under its spell that we cannot hope for them to have much influence in recruiting suffragists even among women.

Experiments have been made with suffrage in the state of Washington, where the women recalled a mayor, and then elected him again, because, forsooth, this man had a family, and they sought to erase by re-election the indelible stigma with which they had branded them by the recall. The science of government is not built upon such a basis—there must be some pretence of consistency.

Ask any man who has not entirely lost his masculine virility if any woman can do anything with him by driving or commanding him, and on the other hand, ask any woman if she has ever found success to lie in that way. If we want Suffrage, and if it is bound to come in the natural evolution of things, let's go at it in the right way by settling the question among ourselves—work with the women themselves—and not go parading around calling attention to the sex as objects of pity or as downtrodden slaves. Down in her heart every woman knows exactly how she can protect herself and handle a man, so they should form these conclusions into a general movement and talk it over in a woman-to-woman way.

On the other hand, after having lived an active life since leaving school, in earning my own living, and raising a family, I see that the young woman of today is naturally imbued with different ideas from those of the girls of even a few years ago, and whether her entry so generally into the business activities has been a good thing for the business, and a good thing for herself is a question. Resultant of all this is the fact of imperative interest. When a woman takes up the responsibility of earning a livelihood, she naturally has a feeling of independence that would lead to an idea that if she is earning the wages and doing the work of a man, she should enjoy all the rights and privileges of a man. And yet we know, as a matter of absolute fact, that there always does remain and always will remain a distinction between the sexes, and that woman must be given considerations physically that are not accorded to men.

It is all a matter of plain evidence. If the women of America want to vote, why in the name of common sense can't the suffragists go to the other women in the same spirit as the patriots banded together in the days of the Revolution? Must they go whining and wailing about their rights and privileges? If government is based on majority rule, and the majority of American women want the ballot, why make all this commotion and display of emotion? Why not allow women at least the right of settling the question that concerns them, and then, with the large vote that has already been secured, it will be an easy matter to secure enough more to make it an inherent constitutional right instead of a privilege. My firm belief is that this generation will not see women's suffrage, simply because women have not declared for it, nor realized generally the necessity for it. There is, however, the woman's prerogative involved in any prophecy—she may change her mind.

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# IN THE BOWER

## *By* BENNETT CHAPPLE

### THE MAN

WHEN birds mate in the Spring, my love,
They build their nests on high;
I think it quite the thing, my love,
Supposing that we try.
See! here's a wisp of straw for you,
And here's a twig I think will do;
Let's twine them as we bill and coo,
With naught about to spy.

### THE MAID

What place would you select, my love,
To build the little home—
To build the little nest, my love,
Where danger cannot come.
Oh! here's a bough I think most fit,
And kindly leaves protecting it—
With straw and twigs, thus bit by bit,
We'll build our hearts a home.

### THE BIRD

Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet,
Come here, my sweet,
And see what I have spied;
A little nest, though most complete,
Has not been occupied.
What lovers, glad, have built it here,
But to desert it. Oh, I fear
It tells of some forgotten year
Where love was born—and died.

# Serbia Under Arms

## by

## Jessie I. Belyea

EDITOR'S NOTE—*This article was written some time ago, but it was opened by the censor in Serbia, and returned to the author, who recently brought it to America*

IN the same latitude as is northern New York, and, broadly speaking, possessing as many acres of God's threshold as does that thriving State, is the kingdom of Servia or Serbia. The near East it may be, but cold it is during the winter months. Rain, snow and bitter winds sweep down from the mountains, and humanity shivers, whether indoors or out. Wonderful is Serbia's physical beauty! Hill and snow-capped mountains, tableland and rushing stream combine to form pictures pleasing to the most fastidious eye. Truly it is a land "where every prospect pleases."

We left Salonique, Greece, in January, leaving behind us the shrieking natives clad as though for a carnival while pursued by a whirling snowstorm of the familiar New England type. The preparations for the journey were strange and took a good deal of resourcefulness as well as energy to bring to satisfactory completeness.

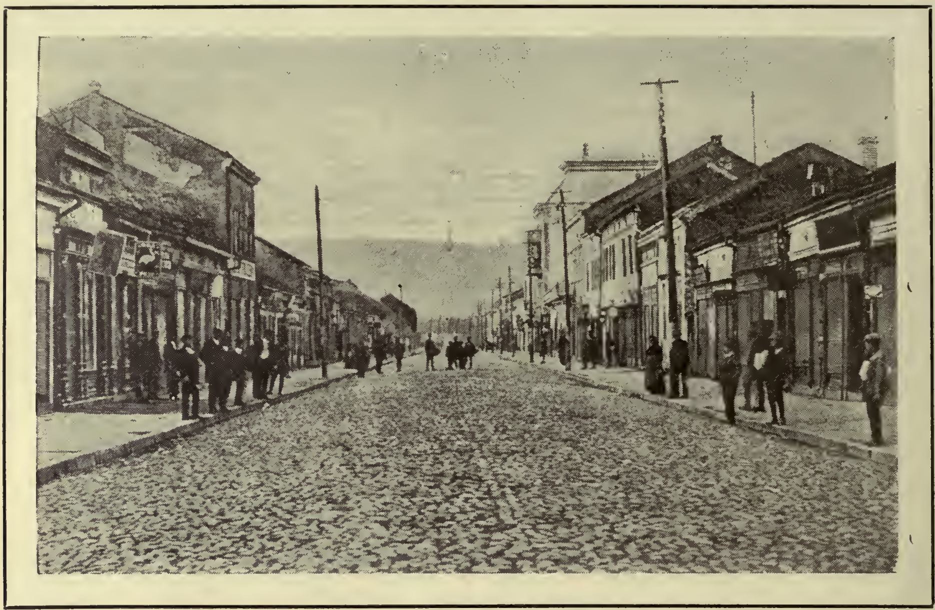
First our passports had to be viséd by the Serbian consul, who we found upon inquiry could not be interviewed until four o'clock in the afternoon, which interim we gladly devoted to watching life on the streets, in the market place and visiting a church or two. When we returned to the consulate the formality was gracefully attended to by a kindly official.

A search for candles to light our compartment on the train then followed, there being no petrol to make gas. This shopping expedition, in spite of a French, German, Italian and English repertoire, was difficult to accomplish. The acquisition of twelve stubby night candles, warranted to burn ten hours each, was the proud result of our patience and perseverance.

The hotel porter, after much circumlocution, agreed to furnish us a basket for the twenty-eight hour trip, which was to be adequate for two hearty persons in food and drink. It is interesting to note that in normal times fourteen hours is the time allowed to reach Nish from Salonique, which is a very comfortable journey in point of time, but when fourteen is multiplied by two, with other discomforts pressing hard, it is not a journey to be recommended for pleasure.

With a dress suit case each, a hold all each, a small bag each, and a scrap basket filled with food and drink, we were rattled to the station at the early hour of seven in the morning, having risen at the break of day in order to allow ample time for the examination of our passports and delays incident to eastern travel.

In our compartment were a Belgian Count and diplomat, an English baronet, a Serbian of official position, and ourselves. Luggage was piled upon us and around us, and lunch baskets filled in all the chinks till we formed one solid block, with no chance to stretch or move. We were all good-natured, not to say jovial in our



PRINCIPAL STREET IN NISH, SHOWING ONLY STRIP OF SIDEWALK IN TOWN

attempts to emulate the celebrated Mark Tapley. Conversation was about the scenery and the war and was pretty constant until we reached the frontier, a ride of some two hours, when we had to change carriages and make ready for our real start.

Here, in the absence of porters, our baggage was carefully transferred by the gentlemen of the party, and a compartment was secured for us. As I entered it I thought I had never before felt anything so cold. It had been washed with a disinfectant, and puddles of water stood on the floor. After a wait of an hour the whistle blew and we started. Instead of getting warmer, as we expected, it grew colder and colder, and in spite of the rugs over our knees and a hold-all for foot rests, our feet were soon numb with the cold.

Guards were placed at intervals of perhaps a few hundred yards along the route and stood at attention while we passed, till almost morning. These guards were dressed in semi-uniform, with legs and heads bound in burlap sacking. Their clothing was so thin that it was a marvel of stoic reserve that they were not visibly shivering. The guardhouses were of straw and mud, some with stoves and a pipe to carry off the smoke, others with a fire in the middle and smoke sifting through the thatch, giving the impression that it would presently burst into flames.

As night approached it brought with it a sense of unreality. The snowclad mountains, the snowclad plain, the steady upward climb of the slow-moving train, the strange, silent, ill-dressed guards, straw teepees, and our own benumbed condition made a blend of unreality such as we had never before experienced. We lighted many candles to give us light and warmth, but after long trial decided there was no virtue in them as heat producers.

At all stops through the night soldiers got on board—a weird, ragged, sickly-looking company of men. They seemed oblivious to cold. They wore long bright stockings, more or less adequate, and short trousers much fuller than Paris decrees *comme il faut.* In fact, a curious peak like a hood stretched across the seat. The coats and capes were so thin and patched that it was difficult to trace the original fabric. The headgear for the most part was a hop sacking bag folded so as to make a monk's hood and fall on the shoulders in the back. Some carried muskets, but many a loaf of bread only. Grouped together, they looked like brigands.

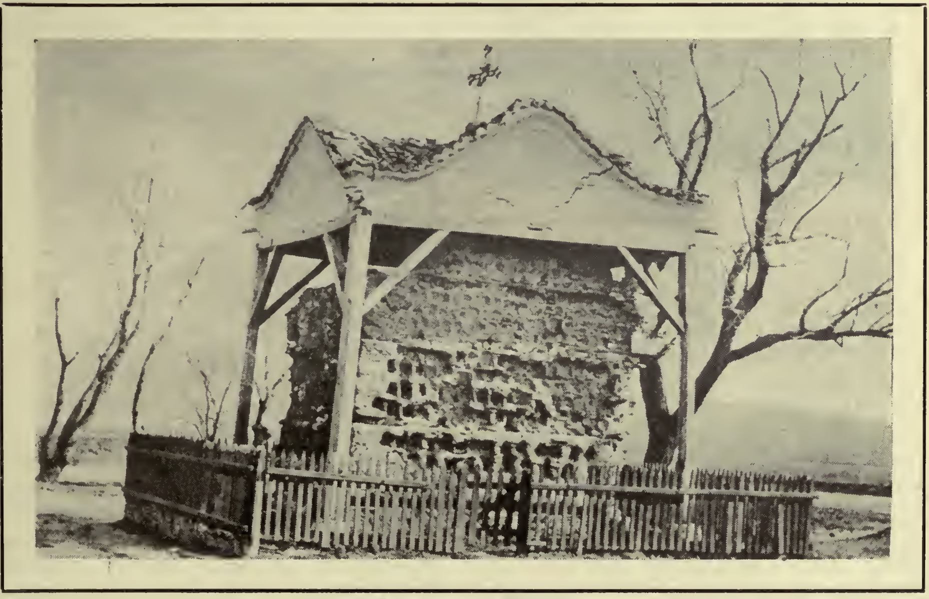
Talk of the work of equipping an army! The Serbians lay down the shovel and the hoe, pick up a musket or a loaf of bread and dash to the cannon's mouth. When wounded, they have no resistance to disease and apparently no hope in life so they turn their faces placidly toward the wall and pass into eternity. No one is surprised. Apathy marks the passing out of a comrade. War is natural, and the result of war is death, and therefore natural.

Serbia's history bristles with war and romance. As one reads it, the wonder is that there is a man alive within her borders. Rome possessed her as a province, next Greece annexed her, then Turkey liked her and took her, then Serbia possessed herself, then Austria took slices, and just at the moment of writing Serbia owns herself and sixty thousand Austrian prisoners to add to her discomfort. True, she has had two wars in three years, and that is probably a high percentage for that time, but wars and rumors of wars have been her portion for centuries.

There is an interesting and rather gruesome monument at Nish commemorating the Turkish invasion about 1878. To prove that they were to be feared, the Turks massacred eight hundred Serbians, erected a cement column and stuck skulls of the murdered in the cement. The skulls thus preserved were to be permanent reminders of what would happen to the Serbians should they revolt. One by one the skulls were dug out of the cement by the Serbs, carried away by night and buried, till now but few remain. It is even doubtful whether those remaining are originals. The spot was naturally sacred to the Serbians, and when they won back their freedom, a marble building was erected over the column as a protection and monument to her honored dead.

But to continue our journey.

We ate by candle light our last shoestring, so to speak. Our baskets proved to be delusions and snares. True, each contained a chicken, but it skillfully defied the process of mastication. It seemed to be composed of shoestrings cleverly and carefully cemented together by some long-forgotten art. In the absence of a back yard and clean earth we had to consign it regretfully to the bottom of the scrap basket, cover it with paper and try to forget it. The eggs we ate, and as bread had been carefully omitted, we ended by



MONUMENT OF THE SKULLS

**After the Turkish invasion of 1878 the Turks massacred eight hundred Serbians as a warning to others, and stuck their skulls in a cement column**

inelegantly sucking an orange, cracking what nuts we could and gazing tearfully at those too case-hardened to yield to knocks and blows. At two a.m. we felt as though time had passed into eternity.

Several times the guard noisily unlocked our door and flashed a lantern in our faces. His remarks were in Serbian and ours in English, German, French, Italian, and finally a few American phrases well chosen and caustic to our ear and understanding, but which from his smile we knew failed to convey our meaning—that intrusion on his part was not a pleasure and we should be glad to have his visits discontinued. Several hours later we discovered that he was doing his best to find out why we had a compartment for three people and but two occupying it. Soldiers lay in the aisles outside our door and did manage to keep warm, but the atmosphere could not be recommended for a real up-to-date hospital for the cure of tuberculosis.

CATHEDRAL IN NISH
Standing at the right is the Cathedral, about three hundred years old

At seven we pulled into the station at Nish; two strange-looking bedouins took our luggage, and we started afoot for the best hotel in the town, having been given the name before leaving Rome. The cold was hardly bearable in spite of our manifold wraps, but we trudged automatically along in the wake of our guides, who, in spite of heavy loads, got over the ground like kangaroos for rapidity.

Triumphantly at last they led us into the hotel and deposited our baggage at our feet. We glanced around in horror. No hotel in early Klondike days could compare with it. "The office" was in the dining room, and it seemed as though all Nish must be there seated at table. The tablecloths gave the appearance of having served long and hard as banners in many wars. Tobacco smoke of mixed blend and the smell of fry fat floated around and over all. "No room in the inn" had the peculiar effect of sending the thermometer of our spirits soaring high, thus proving at once the truth of two proverbs—that ignorance is bliss, and that knowledge comes from bitter experience.

Our port in storm we felt to be the American consulate. We left our luggage and our porters and to get rid of superfluous luggage pantomimed shamefacedly that they would confer a favor by taking with them the scrap basket and empty mineral water bottle. Tears of gratitude filled their eyes, and we felt like queens conferring a favor. Imagine *our* red caps receiving anything with tears of gratitude.

Our wanderings for America's foreign home led us into the fort, where we were unchallenged and free to gambol, and finally out and into the police department, which seemed a natural sequence. In reality the police building was imposing and therefore eminently suitable, we reasoned, for America's consulate. A few well-chosen German words disabused our minds, and we were led to the humble temporary home of the representative of the Stars and Stripes. Though small and uncomfortable, the rental is as high as though in New York City. Mr. L. Haskell and his wife more than supplement any lack of equipment. They take a keen interest in each and every person and incident brought to their notice, give up their beds to sick Americans and in untold ways try to make the consulate a home for

Americans in a land strange and difficult for the uninitiated foreigner. We had great difficulty in finding a place to lodge, and had we not had their help, we should have been in despair. Accompanied by the American consul's interpreter we visited all quarters, from peasant to prince, and the choice has not as wide a margin as might be supposed—only to meet with disappointment. Finally and quite in accordance with the irony of fate, we found clean rooms in the house next to the consul's which was most pleasant, although one room was a living and dining room for a large family by day and a bedroom by night for one of us. It is enough to say that the place was primitive. No sanitary arrangements, nothing but the very blackest kind of bread and cold rooms, which made bathing a horror, not a pleasure. In fact an ideal place for high thinking and low living—centuries old as is easily seen later on.

Following our usual custom in a strange town we walked its length and breadth, its highways and byways, studying the people, the buildings, and the life of the people on the streets. Truly the east is east, and the west is west, and whether east will ever meet the west is a question which people centuries hence may answer.

Nish is situated in a valley through which runs a rapid, muddy river and it is surrounded by wonderful mountains. The views from neighboring hills are marvelous. Beautiful snow-capped peaks in the distance and nearer other verdant mountains dotted half way up the sides with villages. From the hillside Nish itself looks attractive. The low houses with red corrugated tiled roofs, a fair sprinkling of buildings of considerable size and a minaret or two proclaim the presence of the Turk.

THE STREET OF THE PALACE, NISH

It is at a distance only that anything pleasant can be said of Nish, except that it is second in size in the Kingdom, and now during war the capital. Its population in normal times is twenty thousand, which is now swollen to one hundred thousand by refugees and prisoners, of which there are eight thousand Austrians. The streets are paved with round stones laid loosely in mud, which, if wet, oozes over the stones and the pedestrian slips and slides over the surface, which makes walking a painful pleasure. This mud has been trampled by men and oxen for generations, kneaded with all kinds of filth, till it emits, when wet, a sour odor most trying to the sensitive nose; when dry, it flies in the air and is breathed by all who walk abroad.

The restaurants are not easy to describe. They are democratic, with no class distinction. Dogs, lean and hungry looking, wander around; dirty, diseased beggars from the age of seven to seventy pause at one's table between courses or at any time convenient to them and ask alms. The walls are dingy and dirty, the floors filthy with mud, cigar stumps, paper, matches, a sardine can or two.

BUILDING ERECTED OVER SKULLS IN CEMETERY

Tuberculosis evidently is unthought of and yet when asked, physicians nonchalantly reply that there is a great deal of it. One physician thought ninety per cent infected. If it is not rampant, then our methods are all wrong and theirs are right. Table covers are changed once a week, whether they need it or not, and napkins belong to tables, not persons, till some unknown rule interferes and a change is made. Every man smokes as a final course and one sees one's companion as through a glass darkly.

Except for some portable bathtubs made recently, there are none in Nish. No running water enters its portals. Wells are in the yards and not very deep at that. If a family is "pison clean" they have water brought from a well near a church about a mile distant, which was once the only Greek church in the Kingdom. To it came pilgrims from all Serbia. Peacocks now strut around and add to the picturesqueness of the scene. A cemetery is at the right of the well and rapidly growing if we judge by the number of white wooden crosses and busy diggers. Water is brought to the customer from this spring in opaque jugs. After an inspection of its source and method of transportation, we decided to drink none but boiled bacteria henceforth. For several days previous to the visit we had orgies of the fluid at intervals. What you don't know *may* hurt you was our lurking thought for many days, in spite of the fact that we had been immunized against typhoid.

* * *

On the streets Serbs in peasant dress, soldiers, Turks in turbans, Albanian gypsies in white homespun and fantastic dark trimmings, ox carts led by peasant women with babies *a la papoose,* women and men balancing loads on their heads, mingled with the European clad and even an auto or two. Market days are a riot of kaleidoscopic color and squalor. Turkeys, chickens, pigs and sheep are purchased alive. It is heart-breaking to see men striding along with a little white pig by one hind leg, heeding not its squeals as he swings along, while he himself talks and laughs with a companion. Little lambs, too, are treated with no tenderness.

Filthy restaurants and streets, contaminated water, fleas, lice, no running water, no idea of fresh air or sanitation, and that is Nish as it is. What is the result? Thousands have died in the last two months. One hundred and thirty per day in Nish alone has been the death roll day after day. Black flags, funeral notices, newly-made graves and funeral processions are to be seen as evidences of the dread disease. An Austrian physician told us that fifteen thousand Austrian prisoners had died of typhus since capture. How are the hospitals to cope with the disease?

A visit to one will answer the question. The approach was over a road reeking with slippery mud, past stagnant water and teepees of straw and mud. The group of buildings—roughly fifteen—are well placed and pleasant to the eye, but awful and beyond description are the interiors.

The method of caring for the wounded is a fine example of how not to do it. Let us focus our attention upon the typhus ward. Typhus is a disease sanitation wipes out. It is carried by lice and possibly by infected dust. American doctors and nurses never see a case and do not know the symptoms or treatment. Confined in one building are found fifteen hundred cases lying on the floor on straw, which is changed every two weeks or more. The place is too small for beds, and no beds are available. The sick and dying and delirious are thrown together as fate decrees. One physician cares for the fifteen hundred, and there are no nurses.

The carriers of the disease—lice—are left to their own devices apparently, so that the patients in lucid intervals may have something to do. Something of David Harem's doctrine that "a reasonable amount of fleas are good for a dog, it keeps him from brooding on being a dog," may have been adopted as the proper motto for a typhus fever case.

It is nothing extraordinary to see men stripped to the waist, in spite of the icy winds, standing along the river bank industriously scrutinizing and picking off lice. When monkeys perform such tricks we are horrified. Until four days before our visit the typhus cases were fed goulash. Brandy, milk, eggs and tea had been substituted, but these luxuries are difficult to obtain.

Troops are daily trained in the square. As they marched and countermarched the words, "the beggars have come to town, some in rags and some in tags" flitted through my mind. They can fight, even though grotesque, as they have proven. There are many heroes not on the battlefield. An English woman physician, Dr. Ross, was sent to a town and had two thousand patients to care for unaided. She died in a few weeks of typhus.

At Valleo a battle was fought in December. The last of February horses were still unburied on the battlefield just outside the town. At that time there were four thousand cases of typhus lying on straw infected with lice. Some patients were delirious, some dying, others dead, some sitting up searching for lice! Peasant women wandered about presenting loaves of bread, which was all the care doled out to them.

* * *

Two American physicians, Drs. Cook and Cookingham, were assigned to this post. Both came down with typhus in a very short time. Dr. Cook became delirious and Dr. Cookingham, although sick himself, cared for his comrade for three days and nights, when he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. On awakening, he found Dr. Cook had gotten up out of bed, fallen to the floor and had died of dilatation of the heart. Had it not been for a naturalized American who had been in Austria when war broke out, had been forced into service, had fought and been captured, the physician would have starved.

Other American physicians who came out later went to look over the situation, but wisely decided that unless drastic measures could be adopted, two men were as grains of sand on the desert. These men suggested moving the patients on the hillside, where there was natural drainage, and burning the town. They thought five hundred men might clear up the situation, provided they had authority and necessary supplies.

At Govigcli, where two American Red Cross units were sent, conditions were such that they were permanently caring for their own party by February. When they arrived at the post they found it to be a tobacco factory converted into a hospital. Insects of most objectionable kinds were there before them, the wells were polluted; it was impossible to run the laundry, so important if the carriers of disease are to be successfully fought, on account of scarcity of labor. The physicians and nurses struggled against conditions unsurmountable in Serbia. Sickness and tragic death depleted their ranks till it was a farce to keep the little party together. At Belgrade, former capital and pride of

FORT JUST OPPOSITE THE END OF BRIDGE

THE RIVER NICHAVA
This river runs through the town of Nish. At end of bridge is the fort. The white building is the police and municipal building, where all mail matter is censored

ONCE THE ONLY GREEK CHURCH IN SERBIA
The spring from which much water is used is at the right just under the last window

Serbia, conditions at the start were livable—running water, tiled floors, electric lights, a laundry and drainage. True, bombs were flying, but the Stars and Stripes protected the hospital and who would not prefer bombs to creeping insidious disease?

Serbia needs sanitation, bacteriologists, physicians, orderlies, firemen, money and military authority to burn, destroy, build and teach how to live. Towns would have to be sacrificed just as Paris and London were in early days; health officers installed; disease reported and segregated. The people of Serbia are simple and democratic, but no one can dispute that they are at least a century behind the times. Whatever the cause, the fact is indisputable. It may be wars, it may be Turkish influence, it may be near East—although this possible cause is doubtful—but whatever it is, Serbia lives in another and more backward century, where sanitation and preventive medicine are unknown.

A nation's seeming calamity may in the perspective of the historian be the stepping stone on which she rose to greatness. If physicians and sanitarians come in large numbers from other lands and the lessons they teach are assimilated, may it not be true that out of this caldron of war, pestilence and famine, a great Serbia may yet arise?

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# BEFORE ME

SWEET love, the days since last we met
  Have dragged in shadow o'er me,
But lives my soul in pray'r that yet
  Joy's harp shall sound before me—
Before me in a ruddy glow,
  'Mid smiles and flow'rs before me.

I lift my gaze from all the pains
  That now stand death-like o'er me:
Hope's radiant fingers count the gains
  Of matchless meed before me.
The winds a priceless promise blow
  Of guerdons rare before me.

'Twere hard 'mid mem'ries stained with tears,
  While Woe's red sword waves o'er me,
To look beyond life's yearning years
  Alone for light before me.
To peer so far across Death's flow,
  And bliss be still before me.

But thou wert born 'mid crystal light,
  And while thy love steals o'er me,
I'll gild the future with delight
  And welcome what's before me.
I'll chain the fears that tire me so
  And grasp the Heaven before me.

—*Joseph I. C. Clarke, in "The Fighting Race."*

# At the Top of the Tree

by

## Susan P. Atwood

A RAIN-WASHED, ideal world it seemed that Friday afternoon in early May. The soft, warm sunshine lay over all the land, the fragrance of white and purple lilacs in neighboring dooryards filled the air; beyond the apple orchards, sloping gently down to a narrow, winding river, looked now with their wealth of pink and white bloom like monstrous bouquets; while in and out among them myriads of bees hummed busily, securing a rich harvest. All these beauties, however, were apparently unheeded by the three lads tramping along on their way to school—their arms were linked over one another's shoulders—the three heads, brown, red and tow, were close together; the eyes of all were fastened on a small red leather note-book, which the shortest of them, he of the flamboyant locks and freckled face, held open in his hand. The boys were respectively known in the intimacies of home life as Harry Deane, Randolph Church and Robert White; but away from the environments of home, out in the stress and strife of the world, among their fellows, they bore the appellations of "Tuck," a gentle tribute to his ability along gastronomic lines; "Carrots" or "Stub" indiscriminately, in reference to his appearance and size; whilst Robert White had through the intricacies of schoolboy nomenclature become "White Rabbit."

The notes within the book had been written in a small, cramped hand, and constant use had in part obliterated the pencilings and rendered the deciphering somewhat difficult. Tuck craned his neck a little farther forward in his endeavor to see. "Green-eyed box sparrow," he slowly read aloud; then briskly, "Green-eyed box-sparrer! Never heard of a green-eyed box-sparrer; how'd yer get that, I'd like to know. Where'd you ever see or hear of one? They ain't 'round here, are they?"

"No," said Stub, slowly closing the book, adjusting the elastic, and stowing it away in his pocket. "No, I never did, and what's more, I guess we none of us ever will; fact is, Dad got the joke on me. I was pretty tired and sleepy the other night before I got those notes all written in, fergut and went off to bed; left my book on the sittin' room table; Dad noticed it lyin' there later in the evenin', picked it up and looked it over, wrote that in there; copied my writin'; I never looked at the book again till last night, then I puzzled over it a good while, couldn't remember writin' anything about any such bird, but there it was in my notes; I thought the writin' didn't look just like mine; then it came to me that I had left the book on the table. I was pretty sure Dad had got hold of it, so I asked him; he owned up then, wanted to know how long I had been figgerin' the thing out; I told him that settled it; he had been talking about not writin' my excuse to come out of school early, but I told him the eggin' season wouldn't last long, and Tuck's father maybe wouldn't let him have the horse to come another week, so he just larfed and wrote the excuse."

"Have you said anything to your father about gettin' that cabinet for eggs, Tuck?"

"Yep," stopping to kick a stone and watching it ricochet across the road; "asked him about it, but he said he thought 'twus mos' time I earned some money for myself; said if I ever showed my ability to earn enough to buy a cabinet, he'd buy it for me and a first-class bicycle into the bargain, too. No ways for boys to earn money, though; might carry papers, but that's no end of a job and no money besides. Hey, there! there's Waddie Wilbur yelling for us to come on; bet we're late," and the trio broke into a run to join their frantically beckoning schoolmate.

"What yer want?" "Where yer bin?" "Bin swimmin'?" were the simultaneous breathless questions as they drew up alongside. The interrogated one nodded calmly. "Wasn't it cold?" "Who else?" "Anybody go?"

"Cold, naw," contemptuously; "Tim Baker went, but he's gone home; cramp in the stummick or somethin'; I thought," an involuntary wriggle on the speaker's part as a drop of water from his still dank and dripping locks rolled now slowly, now with accelerated speed, down his back; "I thought termorrer night I could tell Ma I'd had my bath for this week, mebbe she'd let me off. Cracky! There's second bell now; come on, fellers!" and a wild rush ensued.

* * *

Our three friends, as they filed into the schoolroom through the doorway where Miss Teachem stood, thrust each hand into his jacket pocket, drew out therefrom the treasured excuse and proffered the same to their teacher.

"What are these?" she said curtly. "Wait; remain here a moment till the others have filed in."

"Why, please, they're our excuses; we're to be excused as soon as we've done speakin'."

"Well, I'm not going to excuse you this afternoon." Perhaps the midday lunch had been a failure; be the cause what it may, she spoke with unusual sharpness.

"What—what—what's that you said!" stuttered Tuck in his excitement.

"I said I should not excuse you this afternoon; I have had quite enough of these excuses every Friday afternoon."

"But my father said I could go, and if father said I could go, I guess I will go."

"Deane! Let me hear no more from you."

"Well, my father told me I could go, an' if he told me—"

"Deane! be silent! Church, White, take your seats."

With inward wrath, rage, and resentment they obeyed in complete silence; but for one well versed in lip language there would have been no difficulty in framing the sentences which trembled on Tuck's lips: "Well, my father told me I could go, an' if my father told me, I guess—" etc.

In the breast of the Rabbit resentment burned, but as he was of a plastic and gentle nature, naught was to be expected of him. But Carrots—he was a born diplomat. Was it not he who, after that rigid examination in numbers a couple of months ago, had with ingenious, if not ingenuous, mind, evolved the plan, sought out his friend Tuck at noon, and proposed that they should invite Miss Teachem to ride home that night; Tuck to furnish the horse and sleigh, Carrots the idea and incidentally himself. Ah, but that examination! How it lingered yet in the minds of the boys. Even now the lad who surreptitiously supped on mince pie upon retiring was apt to be pursued the livelong night by long, lean, attenuated partial-payment demons, who coiled their long tails, composed of partial payment upon partial payment, about them, and when they saw fit struck at the short, squat, little demon fractions, cutting them in two, and thus multiplying fractions. And how well Tuck and Carrots both had done in that examination! How proud their families were of them! Although heretofore, if the truth were to be known, neither had shown any special aptitude along that line in the mind of his long suffering paterfamilias.

So far as Carrots was concerned, all that need be given was time; the plan would be forthcoming; not so with Tuck, his way was to do and dare, not to plan and sit idle, and he now glared darkly as Abe Littlefield walked down the aisle to the platform to declaim.

"What in time does she mean, skippin' about this way; first takin' sombuddy name of B, then jumpin' to W, then back to L? Why don't she take us in order? Stub and I'd bin thru half an hour ago."

Thus he commented inaudibly until his mind was arrested by the thought that repetition seemed to be the order of the day upon the stage. Poor Abe had begun bravely: "At midnight in his guarded tent the Turk was dreaming of the hour when Greece her knee"—here the orator paused—"When Greece her knee"—another pause; the speaker drew a long breath and began again: "When Greece her knee"—another halt; the long, red, bony fingers hanging at the speaker's sides twitched convulsively:

"That will do, Abraham," said Miss Teachem with asperity, "I think you have greased her knee sufficiently, you may step down."

"Harry Deane!"

Tuck rose with alacrity, his mind was made up; he mounted the platform, bowed, and commenced "Ye Mariners of England"; he spoke confidently, as one sure of his ground; was not this the fourth time he had declaimed the piece this term, and worked his way rapidly down through the verses? At the conclusion he bowed, but on descending the platform, instead of retracing his steps to his seat, he wheeled sharp to the left and vanished through the door out into the dressing-room; here it needed but a second to snatch his cap and dart noisily down the stairs.

Miss Teachem's face flushed. "Church," she said peremptorily, "go after Deane, tell him to return at once; I wish to speak to him."

* * *

Ah! surely the warm spring afternoon must be held responsible for dulling the teacher's perceptions, otherwise she could never have chosen one so little fitted for the task. Carrots ran swiftly to the dressing room and thrust his head and shoulders as far through the window as was compatible with safety and afforded a view of the recreant one just scaling the fence across the road and dropping into the field.

"Hi! Deane!" he yelled. "Teacher says come back!" then rapid pantomimic gestures, signifying the intention of the messenger to follow suit at the first available opportunity.

"I tried to make him hear," he said on returning to the schoolroom, "but he was just climbin' over the fence and didn't answer."

Miss Teachem nodded curtly and the speaking went rapidly on, even the impatient and rampant Carrots' turn coming at last. Imitating the brilliant example of his predecessor, Deane, he, too, on quitting the platform, shot through the doorway and clattered down the stairs. Possibly Miss Teachem had learned by experience; at any rate she said nothing; but when, a little later, she called on Robert White, she took her stand in the doorway, and there was nothing left for the Rabbit after declaiming but to return sorrowfully to his seat. However, he waited his opportunity and when the teacher's attention was apparently engaged elsewhere, he slipped from his seat and tiptoed noiselessly down the aisle. He had traversed two-thirds the distance to the door which promised his release when the teacher turned.

"White! take your seat!" and the disappointed one was forced to obey. He sat there and through the window watched the lengthening shadows cast by the trees across the road. After a seemingly interminable period it seemed as though another effort might lead to success and safety. Again he essayed a rapid tiptoe transit, amid the breathless interest of his mates; this time crowned with success, and started on a run down the street; he had not quite reached the corner when the pony and light open wagon with Tuck and Carrots swung briskly around it; 'twas but the work of an instant for the Rabbit to clamber to his seat, and amid a perfect fusillade of cheers, cries and cat-calls they raced past the schoolhouse.

The brown pony was a good one, and in a little less than two hours Deane drew rein before a large, square, comfortable-looking farmhouse. "Better stop for some milk, hadn't we, fellows? Hulloa! there's Nelson Chester now. Hi, there, Nelson!" to a tall, sunburned young man, bare-footed, in shirt and overalls, who at that moment appeared in the entrance to the barn.

"Wall, boys, how are ye? Glad to see ye. Been thinking 'bout ye off and on all day. Thought ye might be over such good weather. Just 'bout give ye up, though; late, ain't ye?"

"You bet," from Carrots, "all the fault of that blamed teacher of ours. Wisht I had her here—I'd soak her head in the lake; no bizness keepin' us there in school when we'd got excuses. Wish to goodness they hadn't all read 'to be excused after speakin'.' That's just where she had us—mean old thing—wouldn't call on us."

Chester grinned. "Wall, boys, I guess I've located that hawk's nest for ye—leastways I reckon it's over somewhere in the direction of Little Coot Pond. S'pose that's what ye're figgerin' arter for this week, ain't it?"

"Yep, you bet! You're sure they're over there, Nelson? Honor bright, no foolin'."

"Land sakes! Foolin' ye—no! T'would be a marcy if ye'd go and get them aigs. The old hawks hev carried off two of Pa's chickens now. I said to myself as soon as I see you fellers: 'That's what they've come for. That is"—a broad grin widening the corners of his mouth—"if ye hadn't come arter those robbers; didn't know but mebbe ye was arter them."

"Robbers, Nelson! What are you talking about?" the ears of all pricking up with eager intentness.

"Wall, now, really, do ye mean to tell me you boys ain't heard nothin' 'bout the bank over to Centreborough bein' broke into last night, or airly this mornin'?"

"No! No! Go on, tell us about it."

"Wall, that's 'bout all there is to it. Two of 'em done the job; they had to smash the safe and the noise of the explosion roused the folks; the night watchman wa'n't fur off; he give the alarm—see two of 'em runnin' and shot. Must a hit one of 'em, too, fur ye could see where the blood had dripped for quite a spell, then there wa'n't no signs—the fellers disappeared—got off. Why, the town's all excitement. Reward of one hundred dollars for enny information leadin' to the arrest of either of the robbers, an' I dunno—five hundred dollars, seems to me, for the arrest an' capture. Didn't know but you fellers wus arter some of that reward money."

"No, I guess not," said Tuck, looking nervously around at the increasing darkness. "Say, I guess those fellers wouldn't be loafin' anywheres down by our cottage, do you, Nelson?"

"Oh, no," said Nelson, laughing heartily, "those fellers have got off, scot free. I tell you they ain't 'round here; given all this time, they made themselves scarce. S'pose you'll want a quart or two of milk to take down to the house, won't ye?"

"Yes," said Tuck hastily, "give us a quart; that's it, that will be enough. Come on down with us, can't you, Nelson?" (This urgently.)

"Oh, no, I can't; ain't got done milkin' yet. Reckon Pa allows it's all done," and he turned again into the barn, leaving the boys to drive briskly through the dusky, dewey fields to the shore of the lake where the cottage stood.

* * *

A scene of hustling activity here ensued. The pony was to be bedded for the night in the tiny stable; a brisk fire started in the stove; the blankets in the bunks to be brought forth and aired, and the supper to be prepared and eaten. It was early yet when the last light was out and the tired lads snug in bed, too sleepy even to talk, so that the silence was unbroken save for the soft rustling of the leaves outside, the occasional sharp tap of an acorn as it fell upon the roof close over their heads, and now and again the twitter of a bird stirring uneasily within its nest, which presumably having supped too heartily upon some luscious worm, was now suffering the pangs of indigestion.

But if the lads were early a-bed, they were also early a-stir, for the sun had scarcely peeped over the sandbanks on the eastern side of the pond when the three were busily at work. The Rabbit had washed the dishes left over from the supper of the previous night, and was now busily engaged setting the table; Carrots had been to the well for water and had tended the pony. At the present moment Tuck hung over the stove, his loving glances bestowed impartially, now upon the eggs frying and sizzling in the spider—

now on the smoking cakes upon the griddle, which he turned with surprising skill and dexterity.

"My eye, Tuck! How much longer you goin' to keep us waitin'? Ain't ye got cakes 'nuff now fer a regiment? Come on, le's have somethin' to eat; I'm starvin'." Thus the impatient Carrots.

"Not much, I ain't. Keep off! Hands off!" yelled Tuck, threatening the would-be destroyer of his griddleful with the large knife he had in his hand. "Didn't I think I had enough las' time we was here, and you two cleaned up the plate of cakes before I'd had half a chance at 'em. Keep off, I say," and despite the threats and groans of his companions, he insisted upon frying another large griddleful. Breakfast, however, became at last a thing of the past; the dishes washed, things made snug and shipshape, the pony harnessed and the road taken for Coot Pond.

"I say, fellers," the Rabbit exclaimed, "we better stop here; we can't drive down this wood road much further to the pond; here's a good place to hitch the horse, and I think where those pine trees are over there would be rather a likely place—what do you say?"

"That's so; guess you're right," said Tuck. "Be sure you tie that halter good, Carrots; now then, come on. Remember the rule—the feller that finds the nest has second choice; the feller that climbs, first; same as usual," and they struck briskly off through the rather thick underbrush for Coot Pond, which was a very small isolated pond in the woods, and only to be reached by a narrow path, impossible for horse and wagon. The boys, however, were good walkers and plunged on, regardless of green catbriers and mosquitoes, in the direction of a clump of pines bordering the pond.

"Ha! that's it! There 'tis"—a low, exultant whisper from the Rabbit; "look," and he pointed to a scarred and weather-beaten pine, denuded now of all its branches save for a few survivors, still clinging bravely to its top. "By George, Carrots," for he was admittedly the best climber of the three, "you've got a climb this time—do you dare try? Looks to me ready to blow over any minnit; what do you s'pose those fool hawks picked that tree for; any other in the clump would a bin a good sight easier and safer to climb. Goin' to climb it?"

* * *

"Of course I'm goin' to climb it," said Carrots. Throwing his jacket off upon the ground and taking a firm hold of the trunk he began slowly but surely working his way to the top. It was a long, hard climb, and he was glad when at length he was able to throw his leg over the lowest branch, rest, and regain his breath; it was easy enough after that to continue the ascent from branch to branch till he gained the nest. As luck would have it, there were three eggs—"one apiece," he chuckled gleefully. Two he tied carefully in his handkerchief, which he slung around his neck, and the third, his own, for greater safety, he held in his mouth. This done, he paused for a moment to view the surrounding country preparatory to descending, and his eye traveled across the water of Coot Pond. On the farther shore, just issuing from the old abandoned Indian cabin, which had stood there tenantless for years, he saw two men, one of whom leaned heavily upon a stick, as he slowly limped to a log, where he seated himself, evidently to keep watch for intruders; for the other, after a furtive look in all directions, commenced hastily gathering up from the surrounding underbrush what fuel he could secure. At the same instant the harsh cries of the parent hawks were heard, and casting a hurried glance aloft he saw two dark forms silhouetted against the blue of the sky as they soared and circled above his head. In the convulsive start which Carrots gave he nearly lost his balance, and to save himself, gripped tight with arms and legs; at the same time his teeth closed involuntarily. There was a crunch of breaking shell, a gasp and hiccough from the unfortunate Carrots, who slipped rapidly to the ground, still ejecting mouthfuls of yolk and crushed shell.

"Great Scott! What's the matter? What! You been eatin' your egg, Carrots? Was that yours or ours?"

"Mine," from the sufferer, in gasps. "Yours are in the handkerchief around my neck; take 'em off quick; I've had all the hawk's eggs I want, but I tell you what fellers, our work's cut out for us; I've found the robbers!"

"Found the robbers?" echoed the others, looking around as though they expected them to spring from the trees upon them.

"Yes, siree! Over across the pond, in the old Indian cabin, saw 'em as plain as day. I knew the hawks would attract their attention in a minnit; knew they'd see me, there in the tree—that's the reason I came down so lively—guess that's what made me smash my egg, too. Now, we want to make tracks just as fast as ever we can to Centerborough and notify the authorities; maybe we'll get part of the reward. Hike it now!" And hike it they did. The brown pony was put to his top speed till they drew up at the sheriff's office in Centerborough.

"Oh, come now," said the sheriff, gently tipping his chair back against the wall and crossing his legs upon his desk, "do you little fellers expect me to believe that you've got them robbers over to the old Injun camp at little Coot Pond? Why, boys, those fellers are over in another state by this time, don't you fergit it."

"And I tell you they're there," said Carrots angrily; "didn't I see 'em myself? Don't I know what I'm talking about, an' if you don't go after 'em, you ain't up to your job, an' I'll tell the town authorities about you, too."

"Wall, wall," said the sheriff, laughing good-naturedly, and bringing his feet and the chair to the floor at the same time, "hear the little cockerel crow. Well, then, if you say they're there, I s'pose I've got to git a posse of men and go after 'em." And this, to the great delight and satisfaction of the boys, they saw done.

* * *

The party was organized and started in the direction of Coot Pond, and then the lads drove slowly back, eagerly discussing the probability of the capture of the robbers. As they crossed the tracks of the little flag station, pistol shots rang out distinctly—one, two, three.

"What's that, do you s'pose?" queried the White Rabbit, "somebody shootin' squirrels?"

"Wouldn't wonder; I was just goin' to ask which we'd better do, take the next turn to the left and go back to the cottage, or keep on and meet the sheriff's crowd?" said Carrots.

"Why, I don't know, seems to me it must be 'most grub time" (this tentatively from Tuck).

"Oh, you get out; always thinking of somethin' to eat; I want to know if they've got the robbers or not."

"Of course you do; you've just had a lunch of egg; course you ain't hungry."

"Gee!" exclaimed the White Rabbit, pointing to a coppice at the farther end of the wide meadow bordering the road on the right, from which a man had sprung and was now running at top speed across the field—"hully Gee! see him go!"

Tuck half started from his seat, his face white in the excitement of the moment; he snatched the whip and smartly flicked the sleek, brown pony, which sprang forward, and as the road dipped sharply here, the man was instantly lost to view; in another second he had pulled the pony up short.

"Well, what's the meaning of this tomfoolery, I'd like to know," demanded Carrots, whose neck had been severely wrenched in the pony's sudden leap and equally sudden stop.

"Hush! listen!" cried Tuck, "that man is one of the robbers; that's the meanin' of the pistol shots we heard back there; he's escaped 'em; he's got away from the sheriff and the rest of 'em, an' we're goin' to get him, Carrots, you and I!"

"We! How?" stammered Carrots, appalled at the unexpected thought. "I'll tell you. He's making for the flag station; isn't it most time for the down express?" At this moment came to their ears faint and far-off yet, but unmistakable, the whistle of a locomotive.

"Just as I thought; he's goin' to flag the express; that's why I hit the horse, so he couldn't see us jump out there on the high land; jump out here now. and run back; keep close to the stone wall—he'll come through there at the gap. Rabbit, you drive slowly on so he can see the wagon and won't suspect."

In the twinkling of an eye the boys were out, pounding back in the grass of the roadside as fast as their feet could carry them. The meadow rose gradually to the wall, then dropped sharply away to the road, so that the movements of the boys were hidden and they were able to secrete themselves, one each side of the break in the wall, not a moment too soon though, for they had scarce crouched in their places when the man appeared at the crest of the meadow and leaped down the bank between the gap to the grass of the roadside. At that instant two figures rose suddenly, seemingly from out of the ground, two pairs of arms were thrown around his legs, and man and boys came heavily to the earth.

"Curse you! Let me go!" The roar and rumble of the approaching train was now distinctly to be heard. The man struggled furiously; he rained fierce, cruel blows upon them, but the boys clung to him with the grip of desperation. The fleet-footed Rabbit, having drawn the pony to the side of the road, where he stood contentedly munching the grass, had thrown the reins upon his back and was flying to their assistance. Suddenly the sound of galloping hoofs was heard, the rattle of wheels, and enveloped in a cloud of dust a light buggy tore at breakneck speed around the curve in the road below. The buggy ran but upon two wheels as it rounded the bend, and for a moment it looked as though horse and all would go down; then the buggy slowly righted.

"Whoa!" yelled the sheriff, for it was he, bareheaded and white with dust, as he pulled the foam-flecked steed back upon his haunches, on perceiving the tussle in the road. "Hold on to him a minute, boys!" He leaped the wheel and in another moment was kneeling heavily upon the man, who lay flat upon his back in the short thick grass.

"Guess you'll wear these this time, my fine fellow," he said grimly, as with marvellous celerity he drew from his pocket a pair of handcuffs and snapped them upon the prostrate man's wrists.

"How'd he get away?" queried the boys, pressing close in their excitement.

The sheriff rose from the ground, dragging his prisoner with him.

"Wall," he said sheepishly, brushing the dust from his clothes, "the fact is the two of 'em put up a pooty slick job on the hull of us. We knew we'd winged one of the fellers t'other night and we s'prised 'em all right there in the shanty, but they was quick as cats; this feller putended to be the one that was shot and made a dretful fuss, so as they had to ketch holt of him and hist him into the little light express wagon the men drove over in; he said if he could sit on the floor it wouldn't hurt his laig so much; the other chap must a bin clear grit, the feller that was really hurt. How he done it, I dunno, but he managed to git into the buggy along o' me, and I slipped the bracelets onto him as keerful and pertickler as you please. We hadn't gone fer when I heard a yell, and t'other feller—the one we all thought was wounded—was leggin' it across the road into the woods like a streak of lightnin'; we fired, but none of us hit him. I knew in a minnit he was figgerin' to cut across country an' flag that express, an' I cum over the ground with Black Dick pooty considerabul quick. I wouldn't a' ketched him, though, if it hadn't a' bin fer you boys, and I reckon"—squeezing himself into the buggy between his captives—"that a pooty good slice of that reward will be yourn."

Carrots, whose punishment had not been so severe as that received by his companion, commenced capering about the road in the exuberance of his glee. "Tell you what, Tuck, guess that cabinet will be comin' your way." Tuck smiled as well as a half-closed eye, a bruised and bleeding lip and a rapidly swelling purple lump on his forehead would allow. "I reckon so, too, and a first-class bicycle into the bargain," he said, thrusting his hands into his jacket pockets; then an expression of disgust stole over his face as he quickly withdrew one wet and dripping hand. "By George!" ruefully, "there's my hawk's egg gone to smash."

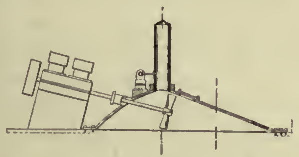
"Well, Rabbit's got the egg and we've got the yeggmen."

* * *

# Wonders of Today

## A Story of New and Notable Inventions

LIGHT-DRAUGHT, flat-bottomed boats and batteaux are unfitted for propellers which must be so placed as to be covered by a sufficient depth of water to exert their full power, and are also very apt to injure such propellers. Carl H. Fowler of New York has patented a method of overcoming this by shaping a part of the floor of his boat so as to form a vacuum-chamber whence the air being driven out by the propeller is replaced by water against which the propeller act with great force. The invention, if practically effective, is one of great value and possibilities, and will be of especial use in military operation, in countries covered by lagoons and shallow rivers.



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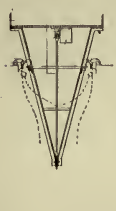
THOUSANDS of animals are every day slain and prepared for food by the great packers, and every means of doing by machinery what was formerly done by hand is eagerly utilized. The splitting or dividing into halves the huge carcasses hung up to cool is one of the big and very important processes. Daniel E. Clifford, of Ware, Massachusetts, has invented a machine which, traveling above the lines of carcasses, cleanly cuts and divides them as shown below.



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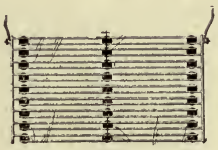
DRIVING tacks is always a vexatious process, often resulting in damage to one's thumb or fingers, and lapses into unregenerate expletives and useless damnation of inanimate objects. Vernon Gooding of Clarksburg, West Virginia, mindful of these and other disadvantages of the old and time-honored way of driving tacks, has patented an automatic tack holder and driver which one fills up with tacks and drives without taxing his patience or skill as a hammersman or endangering his church membership in the least degree.

* * *

ELECTROCUTION seems to have awakened the inventive genius of James Thomas Adams of Vernonia, Oregon, who has evolved an "apparatus, designed as a door mat," consisting of alternate parallel plates supported on insulating blocks and suitably fitted and connected with "live wires" of greater or less potency. It does not appear whether this innocent-looking



doormat is intended to electrocute snakes, Indians, book agents, life-insurance canvassers, or bill-collectors, but the idea seems to have been carried out in a workmanlike and scientific manner and the apparatus ought to discourage any or all disturbers of the domestic peace and privacy of the purchaser of Mr. Adams' invention.

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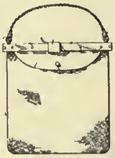

WATERPROOF pockets for any bathing suit or other garments are the invention of Samuel Paull of New York City. They consist of fabric pockets containing waterproof rubber pockets, with silk or other lining.

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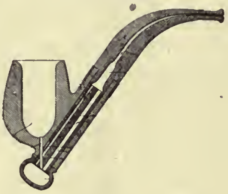
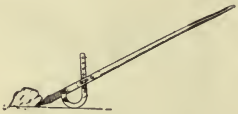
IF any pipe can catch and hold all the pernicious oil and moisture distilled in smoking tobacco, the pipe patented by Walter T. Ross, of Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, ought to do the trick.



It will be noted that the receptacle for this poisonous matter is removable and leaves the pipe bowl and stem especially open to thorough cleansing. Made by the Triumph Pipe Company of Vancouver.

* * *

SO impressed was Archimedes of Syracuse with the power of the lever that he is said to have declared that if he could only find a fulcrum for his levers, he could move the world itself. It is by no means always easy to find a fulcrum for an ordinary crowbar, and Frank O. Woodson of Tuolumne, California, has invented a combination of a stout crowbar and strong fulcrum which can be lowered or heightened to suit any condition.



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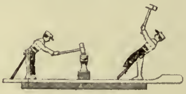
YOU can't play the "Anvil Chorus" with the toy blacksmiths invented by Alexander Sebestyen of New York City, but the little figures will advance, "lay on load," and retreat with a comical regularity and mimicry of real blacksmiths.



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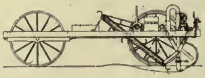
"LO, these many years," nay, several centuries, the clam-diggers of the "effete East" have grimed and wounded their hands and lamed their backs in hunting the elusive clam with bucket and short-handled clam-digger; but Lorenzo R. Gage of Hoquiam, Washington, regardless of the time of tide, goeth forth over the submerged flats with his hydraulic dredge and clam-digging device, turning up the unsuspecting clam while at dinner, washing him clean and depositing him in the receptacles provided, while Lorenzo calmly smokes or chews and guides the machine.



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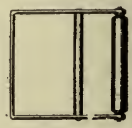
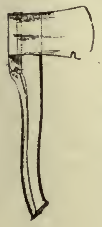
EXPERIENCED housekeepers will at once realize that the new-fangled rolling pin, recently patented by Edward Aschbacher of Wilmette, Illinois, is by no means as well adapted to the settlement of family disputes or burglarious intermission as the good old rolling-pin of our revered ancestors. If the claims made by the patentee can be trusted, the idea is to rest the cross bar farthest from the roller on the forearm of the fair operatrix, who seizes it by the middle crossbar or handle, enabling her to roll out the dough with one hand, leaving the other free for any desired purpose.



WIRE-CUTTING is a common experience when the farmer finds it necessary (like the politician) "to look after his fences," and Arthur W. Slee of Brooklyn, New York, has patented a wire-cutting attachment to an axe or hatchet, whose cutting section is attached to the part of the helve that enters the eye of the axe-head while the powerful lever is of metal so concaved as to fit closely the back of the curved helve.



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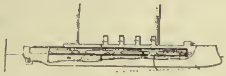
A CRADLE or berth in which a submarine can be carried by a large steamer on either side of her hull so that a reinforcement of these now vital commerce destroyers can be readily transported, is patented by Karl Schwartz of Syracuse, New York.



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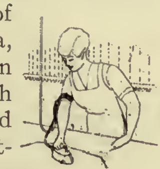
ELECTRIC flatirons are so largely in use that the inconvenience of the connecting wire is felt by many operators. Miss Catherine Corcoran of Williston, North Dakota, has devised and patented an arm-band or strap to which the connecting wire is looped and kept from obstructing the ironing table. The device seems simple, cheap, efficient and "worthy of all acceptation."



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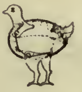
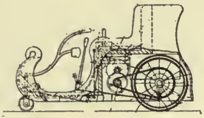
SAVINGS BANKS abound, but the toy varieties present many and curious devices. One of the latest is egg-shaped, but the insertion of a coin sets in motion springs and levers which cause the sudden appearance of the head, legs and tail-feathers of a hitherto concealed chicken, who can be retired from view until another deposit awakens it to the necessity of taking a business survey of things. Henry W. A. Fuhrmann, of Alhambra, California, is the patentee.



INVALIDS and crippled people can now have a wheel chair, easy of access and driven by an electric motor, whose battery also heats a foot-warmer, and whose levers and brakes can be operated by the knee and hands when the feet are disabled. The value of such a device to many people will be at once realized, as in many cases the wages of a chauffeur make the expense of running an automobile prohibitory. Minnie F. Potter and Ray F. Robinson of Seattle, Washington, are the patentees.



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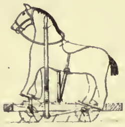
I HAD a little hobby-horse,
His name was Dapple Gray,"

runs the old nursery rhyme and many kinds of "hobby," rocking, and trotting horses have since been devised for young children, not old enough to own "a sure enough pony." Harry Holt of Bury, England, has invented a hobby-horse, which by the weight and efforts of the rider moves on wheels over an even floor or pavement.



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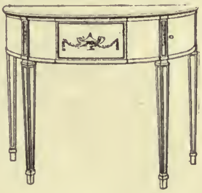
THE antique table design for a phonograph cabinet, patented by Harry B. Greene of Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, and assigned to the Aeolian Company of Connecticut, is certainly doubly valuable both as a cabinet and a stylish article of furniture.



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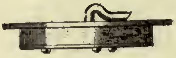
TO increase the rather inferior heating qualities of cooking-stoves and ranges, stove-lids having a bottom and a top lid, with rather high sides forming a hot air receptacle of some capacity have been invented. Cold air is admitted by an intake pipe curved so as to exclude liquids, and being warmed is diffused into the room from numerous apertures. Edward Daum of Okaton, South Dakota, is the inventor.



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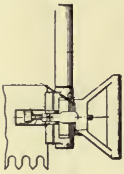
A HANDLE for a cross-cut or ripping saw, which affords a firm grip for the right hand and the usual hold for the left hand and will undoubtedly become popular with users of these saws, is shown herewith as the invention and patent of Robert W. Sanford of Alligator, Mississippi.



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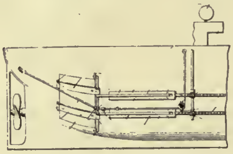
MANY emergency brakes intended to lie along the side of a vessel when in motion and to be opposed to the water, when it is necessary to stop its headway, have been designed and patented. The hinged and bracketted plates brought into action from the stern of a propeller and recently patented by Frederick A. Meste of Baltimore, Maryland, seem to be most effective in action, and are so fashioned as to offer little resistance to the sea when not in use.



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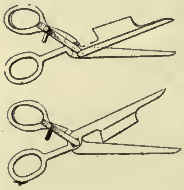
SCISSORS, emblem of feminine industry, and, unless tradition lies, of feminine resolution, have often been "improved" since the first duplex cutting tool was invented. Now comes Benjamin C. Cassady of Portland, Oregon, with a pair of scissors, one blade of which has two cutting edges; an ordinary, and also a very trenchant and formidable looking shearing instrument, either of which can be quickly and easily brought into action. It looks like a desirable tool and one likely to become popular.



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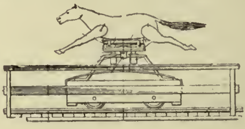
NARROW-GAUGE tracks, the rocking horse illustrated herewith, and sufficient bodily exertion are warranted to procure healthful exercise and enjoyment for any passenger by the wheeled truck and horse patented by Charles F. Peck of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



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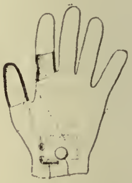
A SIGNALLING glove containing a dry battery in a pocket at the wrist, which feeds a lamp at the back of the glove, whose gleam can be shown in connection with the varied colors of the glove, has been patented by Edward Harris of Santa Barbara, California.



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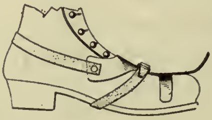
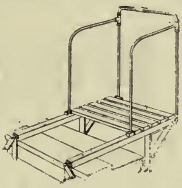
COASTING is nowadays made easy by many devices, the latest being a metallic point protruding above and beyond the toe of the steering foot and kept in place by metallic braces and strong straps. It is especially designed for those devotees of the noble art of coasting, who still pursue the sport alone or with a fair and handsome partner who is not afraid of an occasional frost-bite or an unexpected plunge into a smothering snowdrift. Herbert F. Hammond of Whitinsville, Massachusetts, is the patentee of this unique though quite useful device.

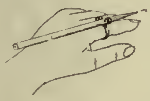


WINDOW-CLEANING is the most dangerous, if not the most difficult job of the janitor, housewife, or maid, who attempts to keep the glass clean and clear as it should be. Moses Mishel of Revere, Massachusetts, has patented a platform, strong, light, and guarded by metal rods, which is held like a bracket against the outer wall and held by catch-blocks secured under the window-sill.



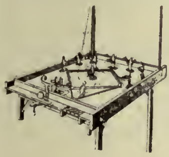
* * *

FASTENED by a ring to the index finger, yet capable of free movement at the will of the holder, Michael Francis Sexton of Stuart, Iowa, claims that the evasive lead pencil need no longer be dropped, mislaid, appropriated or lost, and he seems likely to prove his point and make some profit out of his invention.



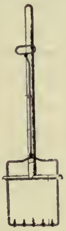
* * *

BASEBALL games in the parlor are promised by John A. and Alice Lowe Williamson of Parsons, Kansas, who have designed a table containing a diamond and players, an apparatus for pitching and driving the ball, a diamond slot through which the home plate may be attained, and other ingenious imitations of the great American game.



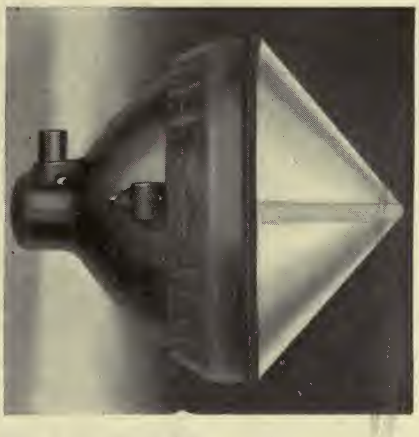
* * *

FISHING requires many devices to suit the multitudinous varieties of fish, their location, habits, etc., but Isaac B. Knapp of Cold Spring, New York, must have some narrow passage in which he can plant his sliding and spiked hand-trap, watch his quarry swim into its jaws, and by a quick jab of the handle, catch the fish between the descending bar and the spiked rod below.



AMONG the recent inventions that have attracted popular attention has been the "Clark Dimmer"—the driving light without a glare. It gives a perfect light for driving either in city or country, as it projects the glow forward and sideways, due to the contact of the searchlight rays from the parabola reflector with the dimming element, which instantly diffuses them in all directions. This diffusion of the light enables the driver to see the entire roadway when turning corners.

Mr. S. H. Clark, the inventor, has studied every possible angle of the law, and with this dimmer meets all requirements, yet positively furnishes the best driving light that can be secured. The light is controlled by a dimmer made of pyralin, with an expansible material fitting snugly over the outside rim of the headlight, thus holding the dimmer in position regardless of weather conditions. It is weatherproof, durable and practical. The convenience of the Clark dimmer is demonstrated in the fact that it can be folded flat, removed instantly if desired, and put in a pocket or under the seat. It is packed in a neat box, and is furnished at a popular price.



The Cherry-Clark Guard and Dimmer Company, on South Dearborn Street, Chicago, are handling the product, and it has proven very popular with automobile owners.

# Past and Present

### *by Henry Dumont*

I'D praise again in simple rhymes
The loveliness of other times;
For present chronicles are dull,
And all the past seems beautiful.

I'd sing of a field of feathered grass,
Through which an armoured knight may pass,
His plume the rapture of a breeze
Blown fragrantly from faery seas.

I'd sing of a wood in a dark ravine,
Where the festivals of elves are seen
By rising moon on summer eves,
Through green transluciences of leaves.

I'd tell of a battle on a plain,
Where standards fall on heroes slain;
Of a thousand chariots, bloody-wheeled,
That thunder o'er the groaning field.

I'd tell anew an ancient tale,
And sing of ancient hill and vale,
Could I forget a modern street
Where poverty and riches meet.

I'd sing the beauty of the sea
Could I forget a factory
Where children rend their tender hands,
And bind their souls in iron bands.

I cannot think of splendid marts
Without a prayer for plundered hearts,
Without a sigh for slaves untold
Whose necks are bent to yokes of gold.

The past allures with high romance,
But I must mourn for ignorance,
For misery, for present pain,—
Ah, would the world were young again!

# Paying Wages to Boys in Public Schools

## by George Willoughby

WHEN we hear, as we often do, comments about the "jobless man and the manless job," we usually give the matter but a passing thought, and do not attempt to reason out why this phrase came into being, or why there should be so many men without a job and so many jobs waiting for competent men. In the first analysis, however, it comes right down to being a matter of education and training. Only recently a prominent decorator of New Haven said, "Yesterday I put six new men on a job that had to be finished, and today I have only one left. The other five were no good." And yet how few cities are considering the future of the great mass of the children who are annually leaving their public schools to take the responsibility of earning a living.

Our American school system takes care only of the few, and upward of ninety per cent of children who enter school are eliminated before they complete the High School. In New York City there were eighty-six thousand in the second grade, and only twenty-two thousand entered the High School, and only 4,069 graduated. As a result, through the efforts of President Churchill, the school system is being "made over," and the same is true of many other cities.

Men in business, professional and industrial activities have objected to the common public schools, and the "help" they get from them, while on the other hand parents have been puzzled as to what they should do with their children. An "education" such as the average child receives does not fit him for earning his living, and often it is a mistake for parents to struggle so to send their boys and girls through the ordinary High School. One poor old lady who worked by the day told her neighbor that she was sending her sixteen-year-old son to the High School so "he could get an education," at the same time chiding her neighbor for sending her boy to the Trade School, because "all they taught him there was to work." The neighbor's boy is earning money while learning a good trade, while the other's boy has left High School and his poor mother is still supporting him as "he cannot get anything fit for him to do."

Conditions such as these the Trade School seeks to eliminate, and the Trade School or Boardman Apprentice Shops of the city school district of New Haven, Connecticut, has advanced beyond any other city trade school in America. Any boy or girl fourteen years of age, who can read, write, and figure may enter this school, and after completing 4,800 hours of approved instruction is graduated with an apprentice certificate in a skilled trade.

There is no long summer vacation to break up the work of the school, but it runs eight hours a day, five and a half days a week and fifty weeks a year, leaving two weeks for vacation. The teachers are all skilled mechanics, and the recitation rooms are shops. The fact that the school has a large waiting list and

DECORATORS AT WORK

maintains an attendance of ninety-four to ninety-six per cent shows that it is popular with the young people. The earnings of the school amount to a considerable saving to the city, and help to pay a large proportion of the cost of instruction, so that the Board of Education gets good returns as well as the boy who earns his apprentice rate, for the boys attending the school earn money, being paid hour by hour the same as in a factory.

When Rollin S. Woodruff, ex-governor of Connecticut and now president of the White Adding Machine Company, invited the director of the Boardman shops over to his factory, he told him that he wanted to see "what he could do for the school." As a result of the conference, a plan was worked out by which several boys in the drafting and machine trades were given places in the factory, one boy working one week and the following week going to school, being relieved by his "mate" as they work in "pairs." This paying wages to boys for going to school is an important contribution to trade education.

A regular apprenticeship was organized, covering twenty-four hundred working hours, after a preparatory training of one year in the Trade School. During the first twelve hundred hours the boys are paid at the rate of seven cents an hour, and for the second twelve hundred hours they were paid seven and one-half cents. The wonderful feature of it is that the time the boys spend in the Trade School is reported weekly to the factory and goes in on the pay roll the same as the time of the other workmen, cheques are made out at the regular rate and the boys are paid by the factory for the school time. In this way they not only obtain a place of opportunity, but they also are allowed to continue their training in school under full pay, making sure that they will not leave school to "earn some money." At the end of the twenty-four hundred hours when the boy is given his diploma, the factory agrees to pay him not less than twenty cents an hour for full time. The school will then make a place for him in the evening department and his progress is as unlimited as his ambition. Thus is the way laid and paved.

While the school maintains a factory day and has skilled mechanics as teachers, the apprentices are all trained on regular trade and commercial products. The plumbers, carpenters, electricians, painters and decorators, do the greater part of the school repair work, the printers do the printing for the Board of Education, the machinists build machines for the market, and the carpenters are building an eight-thousand-dollar house for a local contractor. The electricians, plumbers, painters, decorators, and paper hangers from the

PAINTING AND DECORATING DEPARTMENT

ANOTHER CORNER OF THE DECORATING ROOM

school will follow them, and there are also masons to do the brick and stone work and plastering. Cabinet and pattern making are also taught, and in January bookbinding and bricklaying were introduced.

Soon special training in salesmanship will be provided for several hundred department store girls already employed. Later it is hoped to take care of the apprentices in the local factories, giving mathematics and the blue print reading to the boys and cooking and sewing to the girls.

The school provides instruction for girls in home-making, domestic service, garment making, embroidery, power machine operating and high-class dressmaking. Girls in the cooking department operate, cook for and manage a restaurant in the High School which does a business of from seventy-five to eighty dollars a day, and the dressmakers do regular sewing for outside customers.

All of the accounts, time records and business transactions are used as instruction for the students in the Commercial Course who put in a full week in the school office under an expert office man so that when they graduate and go out into business they will not only have the "rough edges" worn off, but will have some good, practical knowledge as well.

The boy who is taken from the regular grammar schools when fourteen years old, trained in a skilled trade, and placed in employment, at sixteen years of age will be earning a good livelihood, three years ahead of what he possibly otherwise could, being left there with the door of opportunity opened wide before him.

One little fellow who entered the machinist trade said to Director Frank L. Glynn, "I never thought much of the school anyway until I heard that you had to ring a time clock and not get Saturdays and

Photo by F. H. Simonds

IN THE MACHINE SHOP OF THE BOARDMAN APPRENTICE SCHOOL all summer off." Another apprentice in the painting and decorating department said, "I'm glad I'm here all the time as my chum got into trouble during vacation and was placed in the probation court as a result." While a youthful printer said, "I'd rather go here than go to High School because you get through in two years instead of four, and when I get through I'll have something."

A while ago the father of one of our apprentices died suddenly after the boy had nearly completed his course. The mother was already dead, and the boy had to help support younger children. The school gave the youthful machinist a kit of tools, and now he is earning twenty cents an hour in his trade at only sixteen years of age. Even if he had entered a factory apprenticeship, he could not have done so well, for he would be just starting out and earning but four dollars a week—not enough to board him. And this is the reason for much of our crime. Why could not something be done in the jails, prisons, and reformatories also—so that when a man had served his time he could go out into the world and earn an honest living?

A little girl named Rose, of foreign-born parentage, was going to leave school. Her mother, who could not yet talk English, was sent for and with Rose as an interpreter, it was explained that if she remained in school eight weeks longer she would earn eight dollars a week to start with instead of three a week for six to eight months while "learning." Rose stayed and a job is waiting for her.

This work in New Haven is so organized that it could be adapted to any city system of schools and thus provide against the tremendous waste of human efficiency in "blind alley" jobs by our children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. Not only will the Trade School equip them ably to rank foremost as our world workers, but will also turn back to the community, state and nation, a good citizen able to earn his living and equipped with a broad and liberal education.

After demonstrating the practicability of conducting a trade school along the lines of the Boardman Apprentice Shops, Mr. Frank L. Glynn, the director, left New Haven on January 1 to assume the position of assistant to the State Board of Industrial Education of Wisconsin, which covers all the schools along this line, though on quite a different basis from the New Haven work.

# THE GOAD OF NECESSITY

## *By* FLYNN WAYNE

THE ignorant, simple plodder
  Feels the blunt end of the goad
As it prods him ever onward
  With his heavy load.

If refined and educated,
  One must toil the self-same road,
Then self-censure turned to pin pricks
  Will be fastened to the goad.

For the ointment Education
  Takes the callous from the back;
But it's harder on the human
  If he can't slip off his pack.

# Judge Koons

By

## Russell Kelso Carter

(CONTINUED)

SYNOPSIS.—*After graduating from boarding school, Mildred Playfair returns to her home at Gotes Corners, where her uncle, Caleb Koons, has his law office. She is thrown much in the society of a young minister, Robert Hamilton, with whom she is in love, but another man, Fordham Riggs, is determined to win her hand, and he views her friendship with Hamilton with disfavor. The Judge does not trust Riggs, and decides to watch him closely. Robert Hamilton continues his attentions to Mildred, which makes Riggs more hostile toward him. On her return from a visit Mildred is saved from death by Riggs, who is himself severely hurt. This gives him an opening to her favor. Besides, he has power to ruin her father and take his property from him. Still, he promises not to press the matter if Mildred will marry him. Meanwhile the Judge is still suspicious*

### CHAPTER X

FORDHAM RIGGS made heroic efforts to be patient. He was resolved that Mildred should find him everything that she could ask of a gentleman. Secure in his position, he was sure of the outcome until he accidentally heard the closing words of the girl's interview with Mr. Cailey at the hotel. As he drew near the parlor the sentence, "I love another man," reached his ear. Ever since, during the week that had elapsed, he found himself wondering ceaselessly, "Who is this other man?" Cautious inquiry among the residents of Gotes Corners brought him no positive assurance. Nobody knew of any "engagement" in the case of the little lady at the "big house." She was a general favorite in the town, but since her return from college nothing had attracted the attention of the citizens sufficiently to enable them to answer this great question.

Of course Riggs naturally thought of the tennis game, and of the familiarity evinced in the use of the name, Robert. But he soon found out the old-time friendship between Mr. Hamilton and the Playfair family, and saw that no one connected the fine-looking minister with the young girl in any sentimental way. The difference in their ages was considerable, though not at all prohibitive of possible sentiment; but Mr. Riggs could not secure any evidence of a satisfactory nature. As often as he tried to follow this scent he found himself baffled and exclaimed "the deuce!"

Twice he was tempted sorely to go to see Mildred and ask for an answer, but her express assurance that he should hear from her and his fear of injuring his cause, held him back. On the seventh day he took his gun and rambled far over the hills in the effort to pass away the time. Late in the afternoon his hunting dog ran up from a steep glen or canon, near the river, and barked excitedly, and then disappeared. In a few moments the dog came up again, and with still greater excitement evinced a desire for his master to follow him.

Attracted by the animal's actions, Riggs leisurely climbed down to the bottom of the glen and found the dog barking and whining among some thick bushes.

"What is it, Sport?" asked Riggs, poking among the bushes with his gun to see what could be hidden there. To his astonishment he made out the mouth of an old abandoned pit, probably of some coal mine. Looking about him, he soon determined that this old pit had been reached and worked from the little glen or valley running directly down to the river, a hundred yards or so away. Signs of an old car track remained, and the usual scraps of old iron and fragments of coal and slate to be found in such localities. The railroad bridge crossed the river fifty yards further down stream. It was an open trestle. All this Mr. Riggs took in with a sharp glance or two, and then was arrested once more by his dog, which pressed into the pit mouth and whined intelligently.

"You see something. What is it, old fellow?" asked his master.

Sport barked and whined again. Evidently something was in the pit, and Riggs determined to see what it could be. Procuring a stout stick, he broke aside some of the bush growth and managed to get a little light into the opening. Peering down, after some minutes, during which his eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness, he made out the figure of a man lying on a broad ledge about ten feet down the steep declivity of the oblique pit. It only required a few minutes' work and Riggs stooped above the prostrate figure and turned the face upward. Then he started back, dropping the unconscious figure.

"My God! it is Robert Hamilton!"

* * *

For some minutes only the occasional whining of the dog broke the silence. Riggs tried to induce the fallen man to speak, but soon found it was useless. A small cut over the temple, from which blood had trickled down to his neck, was the only visible injury. The clergyman was without his coat, and his clothing was wet. Riggs looked towards the river. Could he have fallen in? If so, how came he here? Riggs was about to attempt the difficult task of drawing the injured man up into the light of day when Hamilton moaned and stirred a little. Then a few words came from his lips.

Bending over, Mr. Riggs distinctly made out the sounds—"Mildred, my darling!"

Mr. Riggs climbed out of the pit and sat down on the grass, just where a turn in the little glen hid him completely from the river and railroad. His brow was black as night. Deep, dark color flushed his face and neck. His brain was turgid. Like an unexpected earthquake shock, temptation fell upon him. His whole being trembled at its centre. Here was his rival; no doubt of that remained in his mind; yet in a sort of blind effort at resistance, he descended once more into the pit and searched the pockets of the helpless man. Then he traced the track down the glen to the river, surmising that Hamilton must have come that way, and prompted by the state of the minister's clothing. His search was rewarded by finding a coat lying under the bridge, near the river bank. In its inner pocket he found a letter addressed to Rev. Robert Hamilton, and in a minute he had devoured its contents. It was the letter from Mildred. He glanced at the coat, then at the river, which ran deep and strong under the bank. Leaving the garment lying where he found it, he hastily retraced his step to the pit's mouth, and once more sat down on the grass. Here he read the letter again. The reference to the game of tennis at the spring glued his eyes to the page.

"I was out of patience with that Mr. Riggs when he butted in and spoilt our lovely time. But I'll be home soon, and then you can finish—I mean we can finish the game."

" 'Finish the game' " muttered Riggs. "Maybe that game will never be finished." His brow clouded heavily and he gnawed savagely at a bit of stick picked up from the ground.

" 'It was deuce, you know,' " he read again.

"It was deuce; I remember well enough. And it's deuce now with a vengeance. Hm! he said it had been 'vantage out.' I rather guess this is 'vantage in' for me anyhow."

Sport whined again, wagged his tail, and looked down the pit.

"Lie down, you whelp!" growled his master, and the dog slunk away a little space, but still kept looking down the aperture in the bushes. Evidently he was unhappy.

"What did she mean by this, I wonder?" said Riggs. " 'The old court came in very nicely?'

"Ah! I see. The court at the spring was not in trim; I noticed that at the time. I'll wager they were spooning when they heard me coming and went to playing as a blind."

A slight moan from the pit attracted his attention. He rose, leaned down into the opening and watched the unconscious man for five minutes. Then he once more tried to revive him by shaking and kneading his body. But there was no result. Rigg's face grew white. A pale, settled resolve showed about his mouth. He glanced around thoroughly and satisfied himself that nobody could see him where he stood. Then he went to the river and brought a little water in his pocket drinking-cup. This he dashed in the minister's face, but his stupor did not break.

Suddenly Mr. Riggs bent over the suffering man and went to work in right good earnest. He chafed the hands, moved his arms as well as he could in the manner to produce artificial breathing, rubbed and kneaded the body for a long time, striving to bring the man back to consciousness, but all his efforts were unavailing. Once Hamilton moaned slightly and moved his left hand towards his temple where the cut was to be seen. Riggs felt the skull carefully for a full minute.

"There's a bad hurt there," he said to himself. "I should not wonder if it needs the trephine to set him right."

He had attended lectures at a medical school for a few months, but gave up the idea of following the profession.

At last he straightened up and looked around. "I hardly think I am equal to dragging him up without help," he said.

* * *

He climbed out and sat down again on the grass. Sport came timidly and crouched at his feet, his big eyes wandering occasionally towards the pit. Lying thus, the dog watched his master's face, as if reading his thoughts. Now and then his tail wagged faintly. Riggs bit savagely at his stick. Temptation swooped upon him like an enveloping force. It throttled him till he gasped for breath. Temptation wrestled with him desperately. At every mental turn he was worsted. Again and again he felt himself falling. Again and again his blood almost froze in his veins. He seemed to have the asthma. His chest heaved with labored efforts that threatened to stop his heart. A black hand clutched at his vitals. His eyes closed, and he fell over in a sort of half faint.

He still thought. Flashes of intelligence shot across his mental horizon. He saw himself—a gentleman, with no intention of harming anyone. He saw his past life; it was fair; nothing very bad about it. He had been a little loose in his living. That was the worst he could charge against himself. Perhaps he was a little lazy; maybe that was the reason he had abandoned his medical studies. He drank a little and smoked a great deal. Occasionally he played cards and billiards, and sometimes went to the races and risked a little money on a favorite horse. Distinctly he had not done any very positive good; he was clear on that point. But then, he had not done any positive harm. So he pleaded his own case, with a dull sense that he was on trial before a superior power.

The minutes passed; still he lay on the grass. A sort of chill was settling around his heart. The more he thought of Hamilton, and what he was to Mildred, the more the chill gripped him. Farther and farther into a dim, hazy distance drifted the pictures of his youth, and of his comparative virtue. The spell of temptation was upon him. He saw only his desire and his power to fulfill it. These two things stood out sharp and clear in his mental vision. The chill about his heart deepened.

He sat up and chewed once more at the stick. Again he read the letter, pausing this time on the signature, "Your little Mildred." The pronoun wounded him. He felt insulted. "Your" indeed! He rose and looked down the pit. Sport whimpered and pounded the earth with his tail. As the master's interest in the wounded man lessened, the dog's increased. But then he was only a dog. His faithful heart told him a man needed help, and dog-like he wanted to help. He could see no reason why they should not help. That was the only sentiment his little mind recognized. Poor Sport! He did not understand the human intellect at all. He was only an ignorant dog, but he watched his master unswervingly. The man felt the canine gaze.

"Get out of here!" he cried, striking at Sport with his stick. It was not pleasant to be silently rebuked by his own dog. The very exertion of yelling at Sport seemed suddenly to intensify the evil impulses in his breast. The chill deepened several degrees. He shivered slightly and drew his coat across his chest. Then he went and looked at the river, and at the bridge.

"He evidently fell from that bridge," he said to himself.

"He must have been walking the track and fell through the trestle. His coat dropped on the bank, for that is quite dry. He is wet, so he must have plunged into the water. Probably his strength lasted sufficiently to enable him to crawl out and to make his way up the glen. Then he became unconscious, and dropped into the pit. That's the way of it, I am sure. Why, Fordham, my boy, you would make a tolerably good Sherlock Holmes."

He smiled grimly. The chill deepened. He could laugh at evil now. The difficulty of breathing became less. He found himself rubbing his chest, half wondering why he felt better. At least he felt easier; less pressed upon. He began to recount his virtues as far as they went.

"I have done about all I can do now," he mused, half aloud.

"I have tried hard to revive him. It's no use. The man is badly hurt. I think fatally so. There is a strong suspicion of a fracture near that emporal bone. He'll never be conscious till that bone is lifted; too much pressure there. I can't get him out alone."

A doubt here obtruded itself. He was quite an athlete, and he suddenly remembered his exertions in the recent auto accident. Again he smiled. That looked very different. He thought of lifting Mildred upon his horse, and thrilled with the desire to hold her so close once more.

Temptation threw off a veil or two and chatted with him.

"She's a beauty, isn't she?" said Temptation.

"I never saw her equal," answered Riggs.

"What's the use of spoiling things? Providence has taken care of Hamilton. He's done for; wouldn't live three days even if you could get him to the hospital; and there is no hospital near."

"But, but, suppose—suppose—"

It was a good voice trying to be heard; striving to force recognition of the thought that Hamilton might live, and the possibility was a duty. Temptation intervened.

"No use in lugging him off for miles. Only make the girl more unhappy, and maybe make her stick to his memory the more. Better let him alone. He'll die, anyhow."

Fordham Riggs walked slowly down to the river. He examined the track and saw that it was mostly rock and slate, showing no footprints. Where he entered the glen the surface was also stony. He made his exit the same way, and then crossed the river on the trestle. Here he sat down on the pier and waited, as if resting. Sport lingered on the other side, in great distress. He ran a few steps after his master, and then returned towards the glen, whining and crying. When Riggs crossed the bridge and sat down with his back towards him, the poor dog elevated his muzzle and howled dismally. The sound irritated Riggs, who whistled sharply and sternly called the dog to him. Sport came over the trestle, slowly, and with hanging head and tail.

"Come along, you hound!" commanded Riggs. "Follow! Do you hear?"

Then he took up his gun, and, with a glance towards the glen, he "passed by on the other side."

## Chapter XI

Judge Koons had been asked by Robert Hamilton to speak to the congregation of the Collegiate Church at Worthington, and had promised to do so, after much persuasion.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said, when Hamilton set aside all his objections about unfitness, the intellectual nature of the people, etc.—"make it Wednesday night in the lecture room, an' I'll give 'em a broadside. Callin' it a lecture kinder makes me feel a little more at home, you know. I ain't a preacher, an' Sunday 'pears to belong to the cloth."

This was the particular Wednesday

evening in question, and several interested friends went over to Worthington on the train to hear the Judge; among them Mildred and Fordham Riggs. The latter had accidentally met the girl on the street that morning, and ventured to ask her to accompany him to the "lecture." As others were going, and Mildred thought it would be easy to avoid being much alone with her escort, she consented, as she did not want to miss hearing her uncle, and could not honestly present any excuse, unless she had remained at home.

"What are you going to lecture about?" she asked the Judge that morning at breakfast.

"Oh, I reckon I'll fire a little advice at folks. Try to help 'em a bit."

"Well, then, Uncle, I think I must go over and hear you, for I am sure I need help."

"You need help? What about?"

"I hardly know just how to put it," sighed Mildred. "It is so hard always to do just right."

The Judge looked at her amusedly.

"Come along," he said; "mebbe I'll help a trifle."

* * *

On the way to the train he encountered a party of friends, including Mildred and Fordham Riggs. When he saw the latter was acting as escort to his niece, the Judge's brows went up a shade higher than usual, but he said nothing. Mr. Riggs asked several in the party if they had seen his red setter dog Sport, anywhere, declaring his opinion that he had been stolen.

"He never leaves me if he can help it," said Riggs, "but I have not laid eyes on him today. I am growing anxious about him."

"That is a fine dog, is it not, Mr. Riggs?" said Mildred.

"A perfect dog, Miss Mildred; he is a perfect dog. I never saw his equal, and never found any fault in him."

"You believe there are perfect dogs?" queried the Judge.

"Yes," replied Riggs, "I do. At any rate Sport is as near perfect as a dog can be."

When they reached Worthington the Rev. George Harold of Rattlesburg met them at the station, and said that Robert Hamilton was away, and he had been asked by those in charge of the meeting to take the chair and preside at least till the late train came in. Mr. Hamilton had purchased a ticket for the neighboring town of Bruceville the day before, and the ticket agent thought he had seen him embark on the train for that place. But he had not returned in the morning, as was expected. At most he would be on hand next day.

The church was packed with as fine an audience as could be gathered together in the college town. The best people of the neighborhood, and many of the college professors were there, for the Judge's reputation was well known, although he had never before appeared in the role of a lecturer. After a very warm introduction, by Mr. Harold, the Judge rose, evidently a little embarrassed. He wiped his broad brow and said:

"Now, my friend, if I thought you'd brought me here to spread it on so thick, I wouldn't have come."

The audience laughed, and Mr. Harold said cheerily:

"All right, Judge, I won't do it again. I meant right anyhow."

"Yes," said the Judge, regaining his balance and facing the audience, "yes, I s'pose he meant all right. Ever notice how much we have to allow fer what folks mean, but don't do? Just begin to watch fer it, an' you'll see. Makes up a big slice of things. I tell you. That's all because we're a lot of mighty imperfect critters. Now that's what I'm goin' to talk to you about to-night—'Be Perfect.' "

There was a rustling in the congregation, and many exchanged amused and expressive smiles.

"As most of you are Methodists of course you've heard lots of sermons on perfection—'Christian perfection,' as the books call it. Of course you've given your people the straight thing, eh, Brother?" inquired the speaker suddenly turning on Mr. Harold. The minister smiled and coughed.

"I must confess I haven't quite lived up to the rules on that point, Judge," he answered, frankly, "but if you will give me a starter tonight, I'll try to follow it up."

"That's right," replied Koons, nodding his head approvingly, "it's a fine thing to have a pastor as teachable as that. When you have to change next time, just remember."

Another laugh followed this little hit and the speaker resumed—

"That's one of the ways to be perfect. Most folks think that the way to be perfect is to get there and stay there; stay there so tight that you can't change a hair. You're perfect; that's all there is to say, so you can't improve a peg. Now there's one of the main reasons why church members an' the rest fly wide of the mark, an' don't understand this subject at the jump.

"What's the matter with havin' perfect Christians, anyhow? S'pose I asked you 'bout horses an' dogs, or hogs. You farmers see lots of perfect horses, don't you? There's Sam Tompkins, he come in my office t'other day, an' says to me, 'Look at that dog. Ain't he a beauty? Perfect dog as ever was. Not a spot wrong from his nose to his tail tip. Ain't got a bad habit; not one. Hunts as true as preachin', yes a heap truer than lots of that. When he sets his nose on a bird, it's there every time. Trust him like the sun.' Now does anybody here see anythin' at all out of the way in talkin' 'bout a dog like that? I reckon not. There's that horse of the dominie's; you don't mind callin' him a perfect horse, do you, parson?"

Mr. Harold smiled approvingly, and a laugh ran round the audience, for the gentleman's fondness for a good horse was well known.

"Folks even talk of perfect hogs," continued the Judge. "But I want you to notice that a perfect horse ain't worth a cent to trail rabbits; an' a perfect dog won't make any show haulin' a top buggy; an' a perfect hog ain't considered outside of pork an' beans, an' such things. But, sure's you're alive, the minute you speak of a perfect Christian, that minute people scoop into the discussion all the graces an' all the wisdom, an' all the knowledge, an' all the judgment of the angel Gabriel, or of the Lord himself. Fair play, fellow-citizens! Fair play! That ain't the way to argue this case. You know well enough it ain't, when your attention's called to it.

"One difficulty in this business is that folks will get their eyes on the 'perfect' an' not on the 'Christian.' Why yesterday a man in my office said another was a perfect fool. All that knows the subject of them remarks has to agree that the description fits pretty close. But I want to know if it ain't queer you can have a perfect fool, but not a perfect Chrisitan? Looks singular, don't it? Must be somethin' wrong in the way the thing's handled. Let's take the ribbons, an' drive on the other side of the track fer a minute or so. Now then, slow a bit."

* * *

This use of horse language provoked another laugh at Mr. Harold's expense. The Judge nodded at him, but waved his hand to command attention, and proceeded with his argument.

"Most important thing ever was to understand the same language," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, as he noted the presence of several leading followers of Christian Science.

"The other day I read of a little girl in Boston out walkin' with her ma. First thing they turned the corner an' a big billygoat that was dinin' on some rags an' scraps, made a break fer her. When the goat got up on his hind legs the girl screeched fer help, but her ma said, 'My dear, how can you be so foolish? Remember, you are a Christian Scientist, an' there ain't such a thing as pain or fear. Don't you know that perfectly well?' But the goat wasn't payin' the least attention to the old lady, an' the girl yelled out, as she scuttled behind a high stoop, 'Yes, Ma, I know, but you see the billygoat don't know it.' "

The Judge stopped and rubbed his chin reflectively, while the audience was convulsed with laughter. Then he added—

"You see the necessity of both sides understanding the terms. What do you say, dominie?"

"I say you are putting the matter just right, Judge," replied the minister. "Go on; we are anxious to hear more."

"Amen!" emphatically added the old deacon in the corner.

"Well, then," said the Judge, "we've spotted one reason for the mistakes. Here's another. If this perfection don't refer to wisdom, nor judgment, nor knowledge, it must mean just the matter of sin.

That's it. It must be sin. A perfect Christian don't sin. Is that right?"

The speaker glanced round upon the sea of upturned faces, and saw much to indicate doubt and bewilderment.

"I knew it," he said, smiling. "Somebody would like to jump up an' ask me if I mean to say any man on this here planet lives absolutely sinless. Slow! slow, there! Don't bolt so quick. This track's wide enough to do the runnin'. Do I believe in sinless perfection? Look in my eye." The Judge held one orb open with his finger. "Do I look like an idiot? I don't stand for what you mean by sinless perfection. But, look out there! Mebbe there's a goat round the corner."

Evident relief passed over the audience in the laugh which this provoked.

* * *

The Judge looked round a moment, as if struck with a new thought. Then he said slowly:

"The thing comes right down to this: either they do what they can, or they don't. If they do, then they are perfect Christians. An' if they fail because they can't do, then any goose can see they may still do whatever they can, an' that bein' so, they land in the same place; so you see there may be perfect Christians, any way you choose to fix it. Ain't that so?"

"Amen!" said the deacon, and a few sounds from other parts of the room seemed to show others were of his opinion.

"You see, it's the heart," continued the Judge. "I watch my dog an' try to see what he means inside his head. Then I try to tell him what I mean as fast as he can learn. So the Lord watches us an' sees what we mean in our hearts, an' he tells us what he means just as fast as we can learn it. An' when we know more, he expects more of us. That's what the talents mean. The chap that got ten must look sharp, sharper than the man with one, or he'll get left when the reckonin' comes. But anybody can see that a feller with ten has a better chance of doin' more than a chap with only five. There's a lot more, but I'm sure I must stop, or I'm afraid that you won't want me to come again."

"Go on, Brother," said Mr. Harold. "Go on."

"Amen!" said the deacon.

"Go on, go on," begged several.

"Well, I see you are all easily pleased," said Koons. "But I do wish you'd all get hold of this notion that what God asks of us is the square deal inside. What we mean in the heart. That's what counts up yonder. One time I see a little girl three years old settin' on a cushion beside her ma, sewin' away on a rag with a pin, an' no cotton at all. Her ma ast her what she was a-doin' an' she looks up, an' says: 'Makin' a quilt fer Mommy.' 'Oh, that's so nice,' says her ma. 'It's lovely of baby to think of me that way.' An' the baby looked so cute, an' so happy.

"Now that was a perfect piece of baby work, an' baby heart intention. The work was perfect because the heart was perfect. The mother didn't really look at the work at all; she only looked at the heart of her baby. Wouldn't you like to hear some critic tell that the quilt was a fraud, an' sayin' it was perfect was all a lie? I reckon you'd want to advise that chap to move on, an' not make fool noises like that.

"You see," concluded the Judge, "the Lord always spoke about the heart like it was the fountain fer the whole stream. Anybody can see if the heart means right every time it means right to other people. That's where the love comes in—'Love your neighbor as yourself.' An' of course the heart will love God if it means right toward him.

"But don't you be skeered. Don't look at the rocks ahead of you. Look to the end, where the Lord stands, holdin' out his hands an' promisin' help when you call fer it.

"Remember old Peter, when he walked off so fine on the water. How he did get along sure enough till he got to watchin' them terrible waves. Now, my friends, I guess we'll have to admit that bein' perfect is actually walkin' on the water; just common, thin water. Walkin' on it don't look possible. But there stands the Lord an' says, 'Be perfect.' He says to you an' me, like he did to Peter, 'Come.' "

The Judge paused a moment, then with deep solemnity he added:—

"An' I'd like to see the wave so broad, an' so high, an' so generally an' specially tremenjus, that can keep Peter from gettin' there, if he only looks straight to the Lord."

## Chapter XII

When Sport, Mr. Rigg's red setter dog, reached home at his master's heels on the night of the adventure at the old coal mine, he was very unhappy. Although quite hungry, he hardly waited for supper, but as soon as it was dark, and the house seemed quiet, he started off on a swinging trot towards the river. Not once did he glance back. His purpose kept his nose steadily pointing towards the coal mine. The action of Riggs in deserting the wounded man was a sore puzzle to poor Sport. His canine mind tried in vain to solve it. After every attempt he arrived at the same conclusion—there was a man there who needed helping, and he ought to be helped. Only the strong compulsion of his master's command and presence made him leave the place at all, and now, when the first opportunity arrived, he felt the call to return.

The distance made no difference. If the miles had been multiplied by ten he would have started just the same. No reasons against this course appeared to him of any value. He felt nothing but the pull of his little heart towards that suffering man. So on he trotted in the darkness, following the river in general till he reached the bridge. This he at once crossed, stopping in the middle for a moment to throw up his head and listen to the whistle of a distant train. In another minute the faithful beast had reached the mouth of the mine, and with a whine of joy discovered by the scent that the man was there.

Sport jumped down beside him, and tried in his dumb way to rouse him. Again and again he thrust his nose against the man's cheek, pushed it under his arm, licked his face and whined and whimpered in dog language. But it availed not. The terrible pressure on the brain held Hamilton down, and he could not rally. Sport became disheartened, and howled long and dismally. He climbed out of the pit and ran down the track towards the river. There he sat down and howled many times. But no one answered, nor heard.

After one of these fruitless excursions, in the small hours of the morning, just as the light was breaking over the eastern hills, Sport heard a train coming. It moved slowly, and stopped near the bridge. It was a special construction train, making for a damaged place in the road several miles away. Something was the matter. Sport could not tell what. The men got down and worked at one of the wheels. Finally they took it off and started to replace it with a new one from the construction car. Accidentally this wheel slipped from their hands and rolled down the embankment towards the glen. A loud curse from the boss of the gang rang on the air, and several stout fellows started after the truant wheel. They came down to the mouth of the glen very near where the dog was watching. This was Sport's opportunity.

The dog bounded out to meet them, whining, barking, wriggling from head to foot in sheer joy, and trying in every possible way to tell them how glad he was to see them.

"Get out, you brute!" shouted the first man, not noting the nature of the dog's antics.

"Let him alone, Bill," exclaimed another. "He's a beauty; don't you see he's trying to make friends. Wonder where he belongs."

"Never mind the pup; heave away at this wheel," commanded the boss.

Sport saw they were going back up the slope to the train. He was frantic. Help must be had, now it had come so close. The dog sprang to the boss' side, whined and barked a short bark. Then he turned and ran a few steps up the glen, and looked back. They were not coming. Again he sprang to the men and barked, leaped up and down, and whined wildly. Then he caught another man by the trousers and pulled vigorously.

"Let go! Get out!" was all he heard.

The gang started the wheel up the steep embankment, but Sport got in the way, and redoubled his exertion, coaxing in every way known to a dog, and running a few steps towards the glen, only to return and renew his pleading.

"I believe he wants us to go with him," said Bill. "What d'ye want, pup?"

The tone of kindness went straight to

Sport's heart. In a moment he leaped on Bill and plucked at his sleeve, ran a few feet, looked back and whimpered, wagging his tail furiously.

"He surely wants you, Bill," said one of the men.

"Hold on, boss," exclaimed Bill. "That dog's got sense. Wait till I see what he wants."

"We can't wait for a dog," growled the boss; but Bill begged for a minute.

"I'll tell if it's a fake in a second," he cried. "Come on, pup, show me what's up."

With a happy bark Sport darted before him up the glen, looking back twice to see if he was followed, and then stopped at the pit's mouth and barked significantly.

"Come along, Bill. Can't wait," yelled the boss.

But Bill was a hunter, and he knew the dog had something.

"Hold on a minute," he called back. "Mebbe he's got a coon."

* * *

Bill knew his boss had a weakness for coons. In another minute he stood by the dog and was astonished to see the animal plunge into a big hole, like a mine mouth. The dog whined and barked caressingly. There was certainly something there. Without hesitation, Bill pressed in and let himself down where the dog was.

In a moment his companions heard a faint call.

"Help! help!"

"What's ailin' that fool?" growled the boss.

"Help! help! help!" came the cry.

"Jimmy, run and see what's the matter," said the boss.

Jimmy ran, and in two minutes returned panting.

"Come, boss; man's hurt bad. Bring some water. Come quick."

The gang lost no time; one seized a vessel from the car, and carried water up the glen. When he got there the others had already drawn Hamilton up into the light of day. The boss bent over him, and Bill tried to revive him with the water.

"No use, boss," he said. "I'm used to hurts. He's knocked his head here, you see, and it's bad. What'll we do?"

"Carry him to the car," said the boss, gruffly.

The gang lifted the unconscious man carefully and climbed up the steep bank and deposited him in the caboose. Sport accompanied them in supreme delight, now and then giving a short bark of pure happiness. When he saw his charge taken in the caboose, he jumped up on the steps and peeped in; saw that Hamilton was cared for, and then after licking the hands he could reach, he jumped off, and as the train started, gave a series of joyous barks and turned towards home.

The workmen tried to call him back, thinking he belonged to the wounded man, but he would not heed.

"Beats all," said Bill. "I like a good dog mighty well, and that chap looks like he could spot a bird like lightning. Ain't it queer? How'd he come to take such an interest in this man, if he don't belong to him? Beats me, it does."

Sport ran back to the pit, snuffed all around, and satisfied himself everything had been attended to. Then he followed the track again to the river and found the coat that had been hidden from the work gang by the abutment of the bridge. Without pausing, the dog tried to pick it up and carry it with him, but the garment bothered him, got in his way. He trod on it many times. Still he persevered, and finally secured hold of it near the middle and gave it a toss over his shoulder so that it rested on his back. Then he trotted off towards home contentedly, taking his time, however, for he was very tired, and he felt that his task was about accomplished. The poor dog was very hungry; he had scarcely eaten anything for nearly twenty-four hours, and had not slept at all. A few miles from the Corners a little boy called to him kindly and ventured to pat him on the head. Sport laid down the coat and eagerly drank from a pool in the gutter.

"Here, Willie," called a motherly looking woman from the back portico ,"give the dog something to eat."

Willie was nothing loath and coaxed Sport to the back yard, where he was supplied with a lot of table scraps that were very grateful to him. But while he was eating, the good woman spied the coat and told Willie to fetch it.

"How did that dog come to get it, I wonder?" she said, turning the garment over and over.

"I tell you, Willie, we'll keep it and fasten the dog in the yard till Papa comes home. Maybe the dog stole the coat."

So poor Sport found himself and his burden impounded, much to his distress. He whined and cried, wagged his tail when Willie appeared, and tried to jump the fence, but was not able. His new friends proved more troublesome than anything he had yet encountered. He could not get them to understand, though he tried with all his might. So he lay down to think it out, but was so weary he fell asleep. When he waked night had come, and as Willie's father had not appeared, he was left in the yard. Something had to be done; that was evident, and Sport set about discovering a way of escape.

* * *

After nosing round the yard for half an hour, the dog at last decided he might dig out under the fence corner, where the ground had settled a few inches. By perseveringly scratching, he succeeded in making a hole large enough to crawl through, and was soon on the outside. But he did not run off; not at all. The coat was there. He must get that. Accordingly he went sniffing round and round the house, on the porches, under the doors, and at the windows. At length he discovered a kitchen window partly raised, and by repeated efforts succeeded in forcing his nose and head, and then his body between the sill and the sash, pushing the window up as he did so. Silently he crept through and hunted about for the coat. He soon found it, hanging on a hook in the hall leading from the kitchen. Here he would have been foiled completely, for he could not reach high enough to lift the coat from the hook, and it could not be dragged from its hanging. But Willie had left a chair close to the hooks when he climbed up to get his hat, and Sport soon jumped on the chair, and standing on his hind legs found his head high enough to recover his prize. With immense satisfaction he stepped down, and carried the coat to the window, and out into the road. In a few minutes he was once more on his way home, bearing his precious burden.

The morning after the lecture Judge Koons stopped for a minute to speak with Rev. George Harold, whom he saw on the portico of the hotel. Fordham Riggs was sitting nearby, with feet on the rail, smoking and glancing over the paper. Judge Koons was in his jolliest mood, and kept Mr. Harold and one or two others in rather a hilarious state.

When a member of the group began to praise the lecture of the previous evening, Judge Koons turned it off in his customary way.

"You didn't know how I felt," he interrupted. "Reminded me of the backwoods preacher down in Texas. While the congregation was singin' a hymn, a hornet crawled up his trousers, an' just 'bout the time he began to speak, the critter felt squeezed an' went to business. The preacher was givin' out his text, an' got as far as 'They shall not bite, nor devour—' when the hornet let fly. He give a jump in spite of himself, whacked away at the trousers, an' tried again, 'They shall not bite nor—' whack! whack!—'They shall not bite nor de—' whack! whack! 'Brethren,' yells the preacher, grabbin' the seat of his pants with all his might, 'Brethren! the word of the Lord's in my mouth, but the devil's in my breeches!' An' he lit out the back window fer all he was worth."

Mr. Riggs could not help laughing with the rest; he was ill at ease and at outs with all mankind, and with God as well. But the Judge's humor captured his attention, and he turned instinctively, hoping he would feel better.

"Heard a rooster crowin' this mornin'," said the Judge, rather irrelevantly. "Ever hear of the kid that went to the country an' was waked up so early? He wanted to know how it was, an' asked his uncle, 'Say, Uncle,' says he, 'does the sun tell that rooster, or does the rooster tell the sun? Anyhow, I wish they'd both wait till I get ready.'

"Now you see," continued Koons, "that kid was only lettin' out a bit of human nature. He was judgin' things by his own feelin's; mighty general complaint that. A man's pretty apt to think other folks sees things just as he sees 'em, when mebbe they ain't thinkin' that way at all.

Hello! there's your red dog, Mr. Riggs. Where'd he steal that coat, I wonder?"

Everybody turned and looked up the street. There was Sport, walking with head erect, and tail wagging triumphantly, bearing the coat over his shoulder. The garment was very dusty, and a little torn, for in spite of all his efforts, he had experienced some difficulty from fences and briars. Fordham Riggs rose, as pale as death, and called harshly to the dog, "Come here, sir!"

"Poor doggie," said the Judge kindly, "what you got there?"

Fortunately for Riggs, all eyes were on the dog, and the latter kept the attention of the company by his actions. He refused to obey his master, prompted by something in his harsh tone, no doubt, and turned towards the kindly Judge, whose outstretched hand invited him. Before Riggs dared to spring forward and grasp the coat to claim it as his, it was in the Judge's hand.

"I think that must be mine, Judge," stammered Riggs, coming forward. "Give it to me, please."

But Koons had brought out the lining of the sleeve, and did not comply. Gazing at the garment with a puzzled air, he said slowly:

"This is Robert Hamilton's coat; there's his name. Where on earth did that dog get it?"

Mr. Riggs paled and flushed alternately in his confession at the Judge's discovery and stammered incoherently—

"Oh, oh, Mr. Hamilton's? I thought it must be mine."

* * *

In the general curiosity aroused by the discovery, his emotion passed unnoticed. With a tremendous effort he managed to recover his control just as the Judge turned to him and said:

"Some dogs is powerful smart, Mr. Riggs. Don't you know any way to make the pup show where he got it from?"

Bending over the dog Riggs asked rather thickly:

"Where did you get it, Sport? Don't know? Poor fellow; can't tell, can you? Never mind. Go home and get your breakfast."

"Reminds me of a good story," said the Judge, still examining the coat. "Ever hear about the dog that follered his master when he went down to the creek to dynamite all the fish? No? Well, it's a good one. That dog just now, walkin' along so mighty proud, made me think of it. You see, the chap had read that a dynamite ca'tridge exploded under the water, would kill all the fish in reach, an' make 'em float up to the top. So he fixed up a big one, an' took all the baskets he could find, carried a lot himself, and made his dog carry some, too. Then, when he got to the creek, he put the baskets down, lit the fuse, flung the ca'tridge in the water, an' started back to get out of harm's way. What did he see next second but that tarnal dog, jumpin' right straight in to rescue the ca'tridge, an' before he could more'n wink the critter was out of the water, holdin' the fizzin' thing in his mouth, head up, tail a-waggin', an' awful proud of his work.

"'Get out! Go 'way! Go 'way!' yells the man, pretty nigh scared to death; but the blamed pup come right on. He was bound to fetch the thing right to the man that throwed it in, you see. Nothin' fer it, he had to turn tail an' run fer his life. So there he went leggin' it fer the fence like mad, an' yellin' 'Go 'way! Go home!' with all the breath he could spare. If it hadn't been fer that fence, he'd never have carried home any fish. When he got there he just went head first over it, rolled onto his feet, an' made fer the other side of the field. The poor dog got tangled up in the fence rails, an' before he succeeded in gettin' through, the thing busted."

After the laughter had subsided, the Judge said:

"That's like men's meanness; just when they think they have chucked it where it'll do the most harm, somethin' turns up an' brings it right back where it belongs, an' serves 'em right, too. What's the matter, Mr. Riggs?"

The man was deadly pale, and seemed almost fainting. He clutched the side of his chair for support, but waved away proffers of assistance.

"Nothing, nothing," he gasped with effort. "I think, I think I ate something indigestible last night late. Have had trouble with it ever since. Nothing the matter, I assure you."

The party broke up, Judge Koons and Rev. George Harold walking towards the big house, where the Judge wished to leave the coat until the mystery was explained.

Riggs gazed after them with a furiously working countenance.

"What does he suspect?" he asked himself, and a chill crept round his heart. Just at this moment the hotel boy came out and asked for Judge Koons. Seeing the worthy gentleman walking up the street, the boy ran after him.

"Wanted at the 'phone, sir," he said.

The Judge and Mr. Harold returned to the hotel, and the Judge took up the receiver.

"Hello!"

"What's wanted? This is Judge Koons.

"You don't say? Not come yet!

"No word from him?

"Did the agent see him get on that train?"

Mr. Riggs came nearer, and listened with painful intensity.

"Goin' to Bruceville?

"Ask anybody over there?

"They're sure he took train back?

"Where in creation is he, then?

"We haven't seen a glimpse of him here, but say, just now a dog belongin' to a man here came marchin' in with Hamilton's coat in his mouth. I've got it here, right now. What d'ye think?"

Mr. Riggs moved towards the door, and glanced at his watch, and then at the railroad time-table on the wall. Still he listened.

"Hm! I don't know. How about his mother?"

"She is!—st, st! Poor lady.

"Does look bad. Sent for any detectives yet?"

"When'll they be up?

"Yes, of course, I'll meet 'em. Stop; here's the man that owns the dog. (Hold on, Mr. Riggs.") The latter hesitated, and then sank into a chair gazing out of the window. "We'll see what we can find."

As Judge Koons hung up the receiver and turned towards Riggs, Sport appeared on the hotel porch looking for his master. At the same moment a country wagon drove up, and a woman got down to speak to the proprietor. A little boy on the wagon seat spied the dog and called out loudly:

"Ma! Ma, there's the red dog that had the coat."

Judge Koons stepped quickly forward.

"What's that you say, sonny?" he asked kindly. "Do you know that dog?"

"Yes, sir," replied the little fellow. "He came to our house yesterday, an' he had a man's coat in his mouth. Ma fastened him up in the back yard to wait till Pa came home, but he digged a great big hole under the fence, an' stole the coat outen the house, an' runned away, so he did."

* * *

Willie gasped with the length of his sentence, but felt very important as the Judge and several others crowded round him.

Just then his mother reappeared, and the Judge at once recognized her.

"Mornin', Mrs. Stratton," he said. "Do you know where that dog came from?"

"No, indeedy, Judge," answered the woman. "Me an' the boy saw him draggin' a coat along the road comin' from the river, an' we locked him up to see about it. But he got out."

"The river road, you say? Hm! The one comin' from the high trestle bridge?"

"Yes, sir!"

Koons turned on the uneasy Riggs.

"I say, my boy, let's do a little work 'fore the detectives do it. We'll take the dog an' go back along that road; mebbe we'll find somethin' to go on."

There was nothing for it but to comply and Mr. Riggs, muttering strong language under his breath, followed the Judge to the hotel yard, and then took a seat beside him in a good buggy, and whistled Sport to follow.

(*To be continued*)

# On the Heights of Fame

by

## Myrle Wright

OVER a thousand biographies have been written about Abraham Lincoln, and the end is not yet. The story has been told so often that it seems as though the people would tire of reading it, but the life of Abraham Lincoln stands out as remarkable in the fact that every succeeding generation has its own point of view, which seems to still further enhance the glory which surrounds his name. The little crass details that confronted those who knew the living Lincoln in the full measure of his greatness, are eliminated with the passage of time, and the fading of the memory of his critics and contemporaries. Lincoln seems to be the personification of the divine fire within ourselves, the inborn craving of the people for self-expression! His thoughts seemed to be all-comprehensive, yet so simply expressed that a child might read and understand, and throughout was that rare, indescribable note of tenderness which even his genius could not overshadow.

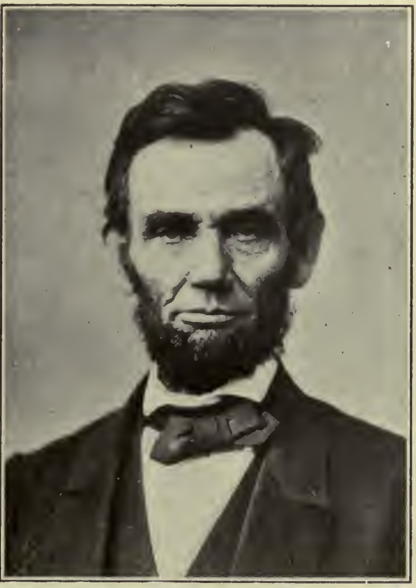


*Photo by Gardner, Washington, D. C.*
PRESIDENT LINCOLN
At the time he appointed General Ulysses S. Grant commander-in-chief of the army, in 1864

There is a sort of mystery about Lincoln's life that has not been solved—a mystery of how one man should have encompassed so much of the hopes of present and future, how the name and the fame of this simple railsplitter should stand out pre-eminent wherever the heart beats with human sympathy.

I love to think of Lincoln as his birthday approaches as the never-tiring object of greatness year by year, and observe the different angles and points of view which each succeeding twelvemonth bring forth. We feel within us the spirit of discovery when there is opened to us a new vista of the life of Lincoln. The old debatable points were essentially solved when the late John Hay and John C. Nicolay completed their contemporaneous history, but even that work, comprehensive as it is, has been followed by new lights, beaming every year, with the thought and devotion of the people as the twelfth of February approaches. It is

LINCOLN'S HOMESTEAD, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

"All that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to my mother!"

Then on to New Salem, Illinois, following the ox-cart trail, then to the site of the store and postoffice that marked another important formative period in Lincoln's life. A subject most appropriate to his birthday, and the season of the year, is the tale of Ann Rutledge, his first sweetheart, who had won his heart and inspired his life work, only to be taken away so ruthlessly before these ambitions had been realized.

At his home in Springfield I loved to linger among the relics associated with Abraham Lincoln. You could see again in fancy that picture as he bade farewell to his friends and neighbors, the trip on to Washington, and that memorable address at Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, which foreshadowed the incomparable first inaugural address.

significant that this birthday should come at a time when, for centuries past, the attention of the world had been directed to the thought of love, associated with Saint Valentine's day, and that, after all, is the one pre-eminent quality of Abraham Lincoln—the element that has caused him to be acclaimed the "Sir Great Heart" of the world. When I stood on the spot near where he was born, I felt as though I had indeed visited a shrine that will become more notable in world history with the passage of the years.

What interested me most in following in the physical footprints of Abraham Lincoln was that trip across the Ohio River from old Kentucky into Spencer County, Indiana, for there were lived the formative years of Abraham Lincoln. He was essentially a Hoosier in his training and makeup, although Kentucky born, and the story of his life will remain an epic of the glory of toil. He knew toil, he knew the meaning of real humility, and in those days—from the time he was eight until he was twenty-one—in the land of Hoosiers the character and career of Abraham Lincoln were in the making. It was here that his mother died, but not until she had left an indelible impress upon his character. He often returned to the grave of Nancy Hanks, and paid to her memory this immortal tribute:

LINCOLN'S OFFICE CHAIR

Lincoln lives secure on the Heights of Fame, where even those may never climb who have measured the stars and the firmament in the interest of science, nor those who have dreamed and snatching these visions before their flight, made them real in airy spires and triumphs of graceful architecture, for his memory is implanted securely in the hearts of the people. Into the hands of Lincoln was entrusted not only the union of the United States of America, but the very fate of democracy itself. That is why the world recognizes in him something that surpasses mere racial or national individuality.

It has seemed to me that in history appear men who seem to take upon themselves something of the spirit and career of the Man of Galilee, and they are often unconscious of anything resembling greatness in themselves when they come to do those great things so momentous in world affairs. In reviewing the history of the country, we find many struggling for this idea and that, fighting for things that in the light of advancing years seem inconsequential, but they are willing to offer up their lives, if need be, for the triumph of the right, as it is given to them to see it. The great thing in our republic is that no matter what may come, whether assaults on predatory wealth or disputes between labor and capital, the great spectre of slavery, which haunted Jefferson and the founders of the Republic, there never has been a wavering in the great fundamental idea of democracy which was born of the struggles of the pioneers in the colonies, and that light was given to Abraham Lincoln.

The people never realized the real glory of democracy, and history does not record a parallel closing of a bitter and fratricidal conflict, with the feeling of victor and vanquished so greatly eliminated, that when he fell the South realized it had, indeed, lost a great friend.

The glory of Lincoln is not the glory of the North, nor is it of the South, to which he belonged by birth and sympathies, but Abraham Lincoln belongs to the world—he is America's contribution to the ideals of humanity, shaken, torn and shattered in the tempests of war and carnage though they were, to remain the enduring triumph of democracy. The name of Abraham Lincoln is a heritage to every human being, for as long as his memory remains warm in the hearts of the people, the song of the Union will continue the refrain that expresses the faith and assures the future of our beloved country in its destiny as the hope of Democracy for all the world for all the ages to come.

*Henry Bacon, architect*

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

Being erected at the end of the great parkway, stretching from Capitol Hill to the Potomac; it will be completed in 1917

# Why Not Have Healthy Bodies?

## by H. H. Roberts, M.D.

IF the body with its various vital organs, important glands, and the great mechanism of life, is to be normal and healthy, there must be maintained a constant standard of efficiency with the circulation, and any condition, poison, or irritation that will interfere with this normal efficiency will disarrange the harmony and the healthy function of the vital organs of the body.

Life itself depends upon the proper mechanism of the vaso-motor system, the strength and energy of the heart, the elasticity of the walls of the blood vessels, and the purity of the blood circulating within the body. The blood must be free from any toxic material, and there must not be present an increased resistance in the peripheral, or small blood vessels. An unusual stimulation of the movements of the walls of the blood vessels, that is, their expansion or contraction, will break the harmony of the vital centers. This will result in damage to the walls of the blood vessels, the heart, kidneys and other organs.

Poisonous toxic material, absorbed from the intestines, enters the circulation and is carried to the vital organs and other tissues of the body by the blood stream. The presence of this toxic material results in the blood being forced to the different parts of the body in decreasing quantities and with increased difficulty. The continuation of such a condition will be irritating to the vessel wall, will be the means of destroying the elasticity and will produce a hardening and brittleness of the arteries. Some day when an unusual strain has been placed upon an artery so affected, the vessel will break, and the patient will have apoplexy.

On account of this poisonous toxic condition in the intestines, there is present an increased acidity, or rather a decreased alkalinity, of the blood, and a condition of acidosis or acid intoxication exists, which is responsible for a great many symptoms in the body. Muscular rheumatism, headache, dizziness, lumbago, neuralgia, and a long train of nervous symptoms such as insomnia, neurasthenia, neuritis, and disordered digestion. Constipation and other ills frequently have as their origin an acid intoxication of the system. Many of the infections and acute diseases are contracted on account of the lowered vital resistance, due to the presence of acid intoxication of the system.

When this condition has been present for any length of time there will appear symptoms of the more serious diseases, as kidney complications, heart disease, diabetes, high blood pressure and finally the weakness of the arteries. It is only within a short time that the public has awakened to a realization of this alarming condition that is taking away many of our leading citizens in the most useful part of their lives.

The very fact of a lowered vital resistance jeopardizes the chance of the patient's recovery, be it from disease or from a surgical operation. Therefore, if we would fortify the body against disease, if life is to be prolonged, if the patient is to become healthy and free from disease, the body must be protected and fortified against the invasion of the enemy. The very gateway for infection is through the intestines, than which there is no other part of the body more neglected. Few give it any thought, yet it is the origin of a majority of bodily ills.

* * *

The body, with all its wonderful mechanism, is expected to run on smoothly and safely, and is to be ready at all times to do the bidding of its keeper. When pain comes, when sickness appears, the patient desires the physician to respond quickly and to give immediate relief, if not a speedy cure. It can't be done. The patient has been years, perhaps, in accumulating the condition, because of wilful neglect of the intestines.

It is true that we should guard against all excesses, such as over-eating, partaking too freely of alcohol, the excessive use of tobacco, etc., but this will avail but little unless the body is protected from poison, unless the intestines are kept active, healthy and free from those conditions which invite bacterial invasion. An individual with a good healthy intestinal tract can eat and digest things that would kill or make seriously ill the other fellow. Healthy intestines mean less stomach and liver disorders.

The exudate which accumulates within the walls of the intestinal tract has adhesive tendency so well marked that the most powerful cathartic or purgative will not remove it. Like the boulders in the mountain stream, the water runs over them, around them and under them, but never through them.

Purgatives and cathartics not only irritate the mechanism of the intestines, but intensify the absorption of the infecting material therein. Many attempts have been made to discover some drug that would disinfect or destroy the bacteria and toxins within the intestines, but so far without results.

The only method of rendering the intestinal tract free from infection is to remove the material which produces the infection, and after such removal to leave and keep the intestinal secretion in a normal and healthy condition.

The remedy that will accomplish this must be one that will not irritate the mucous membrane of the intestines, and must have the property of neither injuring nor destroying the normal secretions. It must tone and strengthen, and not depress and weaken. It must not act as a catharitc or purgative, and it must have the power of dissolving or disintegrating the exudate within the canal. The exudate which produces the poisonous toxins resembles soapstone or "blue mud."

Many preparations of mineral oils have been recommended and tried by the medical profession as well as by the public. The paraffin oils have predominated. These petroleum products all have the same effect upon the intestines. They are nothing more than lubricants and have only a limited mechanical effect at the best. They have no medicinal value whatever in dissolving the exudate or removing the same. The continued use of paraffin oils has in a number of instances produced very unfavorable results.

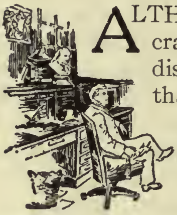
* * *

After a number of years of investigation and research work, as well as laboratory experiments, such a remedy has been discovered. This preparation is a mixture of a number of specially prepared vegetable oils, combined under certain conditions, with the result that there is formed one perfect oil.

It should be taken in small doses for a stated period on retiring. The object to be attained is the absorption of the remedy by the substance within the intestines.

The advantage of the vegetable oil preparation is that it may be taken indefinitely without any unfavorable results. It gives the most satisfactory treatment in the condition for which it is indicated. All the pain, suffering and bodily discomfort in this life, as well as premature old age and early death is due to the negligence of the care of the body and the laws of health. Therefore, if the notations as outlined above should prove of benefit to any erring soul, I shall feel that this writing has not been in vain.

# LET'S TALK IT OVER



ALTHOUGH the world is ever craving something new, we discover in mature years that it is a new thing to just sit down and think. Business men have discovered that they can leave the office and wander far afield and even retire a little earlier to the home, which they used to know only in the morning and late at night, and obtain a broader point of view than when buffeted about in the busy office. Individuals are thinking today more than ever before—but they do not always know it. How easy it is to direct the conversation on a train or even on a street corner to certain philosophical observances, and find that individuals who have never, apparently, expressed themselves on many subjects other than business and objective affairs, find themselves revealing things they never thought they could discover before. They find they rather like a freedom of expression in themselves as well as in others.

The Congressman who is coerced by a party lash or constituents' insistent appeals, becomes a mere clerk or messenger, but where he can sit down and think, without having to consider every log-rolling pork-barrel appropriation as political salvation, he will be able to contribute to permanent progress. That is why the cry and shriek of the whistle is revolting. Efficient legislation has never resulted from lashing the free wills of legislators to a party mast. How much more can be accomplished even in child labor reform, which has been made the subject of much acrimonious debate and discussion, if the appeal is made in a quiet and earnest manner to those who could eventually correct conditions, rather than making the cause merely the instrument through which some egotistic writer may attract attention to himself and pose as a martyr of the interests, when he never thought of going quietly to the proper authorities and accomplishing reforms by reason, rather than by riot.

* * *

WHEN an advertisement contains historical matter of real value, it becomes literature. There is a good deal of historical interest in the announcement of the Union Pacific System, which appears in the advertising pages of this magazine.

It tells the story of the beginning of this railroad and its intimate connection with one of America's greatest historical figures. The illustration shows the notable conference between Abraham Lincoln and the late General Grenville M. Dodge, held in Council Bluffs nearly two years before Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated.

It is interesting to note what General Dodge has said about his interviews with Mr. Lincoln in his book, "How We Built the Union Pacific Railway."

> While I was resting on the stoop of the Pacific House, Mr. Lincoln sat down beside me, and by his kindly ways soon drew from me all I knew of the country West, and the results of my reconnaissances. As the saying

is, he completely 'shelled my woods' getting all the secrets that were later to go to my employers.

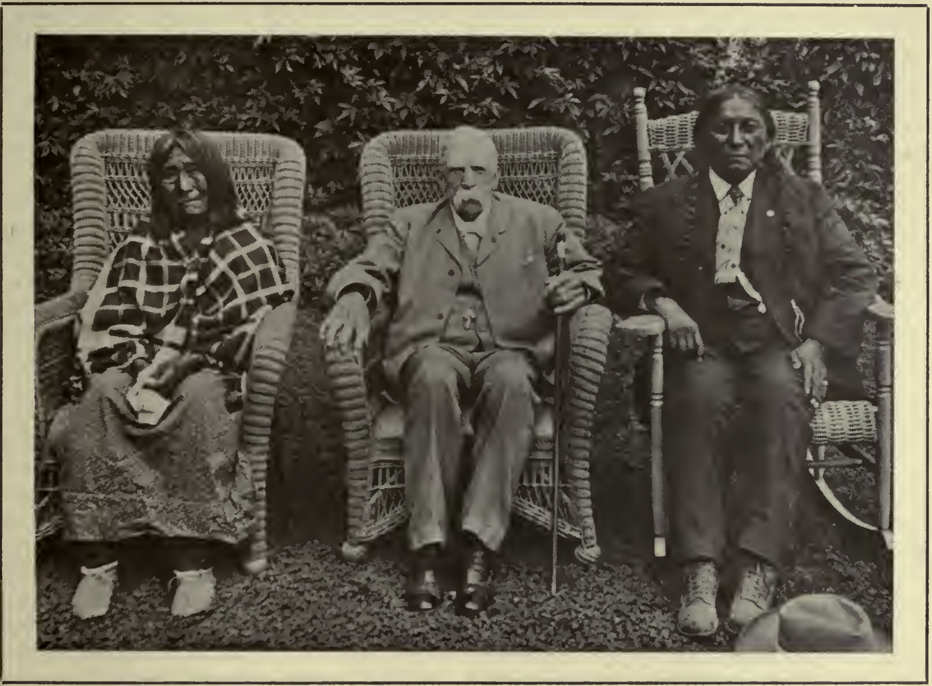
. . . On March 8, 1864, he notified the United States Senate that on the 17th day of November, 1863, he had located the Eastern terminus of the Union Pacific Railway within the limits of the township in Iowa opposite to the town of Omaha.

. . . He was very anxious that the road should be built and discussed that question with me.

I explained to him as clearly as I could how difficult it would be to build it by private enterprise, and said I thought it should be taken up and built by the Government. He objected to this, saying the Government would give the project all possible aid and support, but could not build the road; that it had all it could possibly handle in the conflict now going on. But the Government would make any change in the law or give any reasonable aid to insure the building of the road by private enterprise.

The last two paragraphs refer to an interview in Washington in the spring of 1863, when the President had called General Dodge to a conference at which was decided what should be the Eastern terminus of the road.

The building of the Union Pacific Railroad, under the protection of trained soliders who had served in the Civil War, was the only way in which the problem could have been met and solved at that time, and very appropriate it was that the young man of the constructive genius of General Dodge should have been chosen for the task. He was thoroughly familiar with the plans and country, and had a knowledge of the processes of railway construction; he also knew how to handle men.

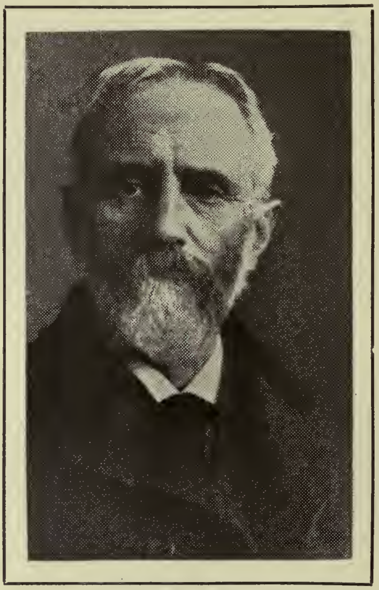


THE LATE GENERAL DODGE AND HIS INDIAN FRIENDS

There was no man living in recent years whose name and fame is so well and favorably known to the Indians as that of General Dodge—he not only fought them, but helped them. A picture was taken of him, with an old Indian chief, with whom he had had many a hard-fought battle, and his sister.

These graphic glimpses of the historical past associated with the exploitation of a very glorious present exemplified in this instance, is a most significant indication of the change of conditions within the half century on the frontiers of the West.

A NOTABLE address on "God and War" was recently delivered by Dr. Luther T. Townsend in historic Park Street Church bordering on Boston Common. It was one of those addresses that had the sturdy power and spirit of the days of Phillips and Garrison, who spoke in the same church years ago when the country was stirred with the abolition movement. The address was commented on most favorably by many of the newspapers, and in response to an insistent demand has been printed in pamphlet form, and it is sure to attract widespread attention because it deals in a forceful and comprehensive manner with the dominating subject of world thought today. It is entitled "God and War," and the speaker treats his subject under three questions that are on the lips of many people at the present time: First—When is the war to end? Second—Are England and her allies or Germany and her allies to be victorious? Third—Is America to be involved before the present European war closes, or immediately after?



DR. LUTHER T. TOWNSEND
Author of "God and War"

Dr. Townsend has an international reputation as an author and lecturer. He has had experience in warfare, having been an officer during the Civil War.

The first sentence, "There are no accidents in this world" is the keynote of the entire discussion. He deplores the fact that in all schemes proposed for bringing about an era of peace, and in all the predictions of clergymen and politicians as to the end of the present war and as to which army will be victorious, God has been entirely ignored. His relation to the war appears not to have been thought of. The discussion of the benefit wars have been to the world will be a revelation to many of our peace advocates. The benefits are shown to be such that God need offer no apology for his part in allowing or ordering wars among the nations, past or present.

The folly of contending against war instead of trying to remove its causes is clearly pointed out, and it is suggested that the slow advance of modern civilization and the persistence of human nature are such that in the face of all these efforts it will take a thousand years or more to do away with the causes of war.

That the United States needs chastisement by war, pestilence or some other evil is forcefully argued, and the arraignment of the atheism, avarice, conceit, cowardice, and selfishness of the United States government will awaken the serious thought of our people.

Dr. Townsend thinks that peace societies are a positive peril to our nation and that ex-Secretary Bryan is more harmful to the country than those German spies who are today among us.

Speaking of the present humiliation of our country, he says that ten years ago no country on earth, except perhaps one, would have ventured to have crossed swords with the United States, but that today no first-class power in Europe or Asia would have the least fear of doing it.

The furnishing of war materials and money to the warring nations is condemned and will bring trouble to us sooner or later. People in ordinary circumstances would better have nothing to do with any of the war bond issues except those of the United States that will soon be on the market. No one can tell where England, France and Italy will stand financially when the war is over. The wonder is expressed whether Mr. Morgan of New York, and Lee, Higginson & Company of Boston would be willing to guarantee the bonds they are now offering to the public.

Professor Townsend thinks that at present we should be more apprehensive of Japan than any other nation. She easily can secure a war alliance with China; she is now in alliance with Russia, and Carranza of Mexico, who has been pronounced a murderer and traitor, could easily be bought up by liberal offer from Japan.

Japan is putting herself on a war footing as never before and is a long distance in advance of the United States in this regard.

While following the line of thought in the country the conviction will deepen that the United States are face to face with either war or dishonor. If there is any escape it must be through a recognition of God with a faith and conduct that becomes such a recognition.

* * *

EVERYBODY "in the sixties" who took part in Lee's defence of Richmond knew or had heard of big Dick Flournoy in a Virginia cavalry regiment, and everybody who knew him in a western city "in the nineties" respected and esteemed the great, kindly-hearted Virginian and would not have wounded his feelings or seemed to insult him for the world. It was customary from time to time to have certain "smoke talks" at which over light refreshments and a "yard of clay" the members made speeches, sang songs and debated immediately interesting problems before the Society.

One evening when Flournoy was present, the master of ceremonies started the chorus of "Marching through Georgia," which everybody knew and joined in with a will, after which, by a singularly untactful choice, he called on Dick Flournoy "to make a speech, sing a song, or tell a story." He did not intend to annoy Flournoy in the least as big, good-hearted Dick himself realized.

Flournoy arose and said, "I notice that you Northerners greatly enjoy singing 'Marching through Georgia,' as if it celebrated some very perilous and wonderful achievement. Now Sherman's march to the sea always reminds me of the story of the English lord and his Irish servant who visited the magnificent Falls of Niagara.

"The Englishman was lost in awe, wonder and admiration, and for a time was actually speechless as he contemplated the tremendous scene before him. Finally he looked about for his servant. There sat Pat, with his back to the Falls, just beginning a comfortable smoke and meditation.

" 'Why, Pat,' cried his lordship, 'I am astonished at you. How can you treat with such indifference so magnificent and overpowering a demonstration of the stupendous energies of Nature? Just think of it man! There is that great river pouring through the channel it has cut out in the living rock until it comes to the brink of the abyss into which it plunges. Don't you admire and wonder when you see that great river pour over the cliff and fall, broken into foam, into the abyss below?'

" 'And why would I wonder, sir, to see it fall? Sure, what is there to hinder it?'

"So, gentlemen, when I think of the great march to the sea and of how our country had been drained of its manhood to hold its borders and chief cities, I can't help asking, as Pat did, 'And what was there to hinder it?' "

Flournoy's wit was duly applauded and the master of ceremonies promptly blamed himself for his unintentional *faux pas*, but while Sherman's march was a great and effective piece of strategy and required strenuous fighting to prepare for its success, there was no available force at any point which could have hoped to even seriously delay its ominous raid through the very heart of the exhausted Confederacy.

* * *

SOME friend insists that you ought to take a cold water bath every morning, or carry out some kind of a fad or exercise that will do this or that for you. Staid judges of the court tell their brothers to pull themselves up in bed each morning perfectly rigid with hands upon the breast, six times in order to eliminate obesity. One prescribes a system of breathing and dipping that makes a gymnastic course look simple. Or you are told to sip slowly a big glass of hot water, breathe deeply five times, with the hands on the hips, then bend the legs or dip five times and then breathe again five times and repeat the exercise ten times, eventually increasing the number to twenty-five alternate deep breathing and dips. The regular program is laid out in ten regular and daily instalments with variations of muscular movements that would develop an acrobat. One morning I tried faithfully to carry out the program carefully written out for me. Perhaps I ran two lessons into one, for the next day I was unable to walk. Then I began to reflect upon the old philosopher's comments upon overdoing a good thing, but there are health-preserving suggestions that save more lives than all the life preservers extant.

* * *

WITNESSING one of the plays that J. M. Barrie wrote for Miss Maude Adams, which involves not only the artistic portrayal of the charming actress, but the ability of the man whose brain had conceived those situations, and lines that sparkled with his genius, it is difficult to realize that it was this same man who wrote a most enthusiastic appreciation of his favorite smoking tobacco. It again illustrates the proximity of advertising to literature, for Barrie is as earnest in his appreciation of this particular kind of smoking tobacco, as he was in faithfully picturing the character of the "Little Minister." To quote what J. M. Barrie actually wrote will at once make masculine readers want to experience the same pleasure that he did, and go forth and buy a package of the mixture:

> If they are smoking common tobaccos, they must either be allowed to try ours, or requested to withdraw. One need only put his head in at my door, to realize that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadio and others. No one who smokes the Arcadio would ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe would be certain to go out.

* * *

AS long as nineteen-sixteen is generous in giving us an extra day in the year, it seems proper that the suggestion which comes from an enterprising firm in Joliet, Illinois, that the twenty-ninth of February should be prosperity day, be taken up and spread broadcast. They have sent out circulars, and have outlined the reason why everybody should join together and make Tuesday, February 29, Prosperity Day.

If every business man should advertise a "Prosperity Sale" for that day, it would make everybody feel like spending money, and the newspapers and orators would certainly celebrate.

The plain facts indicate that "Prosperity" at this time is not a myth, if we can only keep up the spirit and especially let the congressmen who are still deep in the gloom of remedial legislation in Washington know that the country is all right, and awaken a national interest in cooperation towards a continuance of national "prosperity." So the habit may be acquired on this day of just talking and feeling and acting "PROSPERITY." The world makes way for the man who feels prosperous, who looks prosperous, and radiates the genial spirit of "PROSPERITY."

* * *

DURING my travels I realize that observation is a direct line between impression and expression, and a thrill of enthusiasm came over me when I took up the *Post-Standard* in Syracuse and read the advertisement on the following page. Good enough for everybody to read, and striking a national note as it does, it ought to be framed and hung on the wall of every pessimist in the country to cheer them up in their moments of depression and gloom. It sounds the slogan of optimism, and with a newspaper whose business department is in the hands of Joe Barnum and editorialized by a man of the high ability and character of W. E. Gardner, is it any wonder that everybody in Syracuse feels that the *Post-Standard* is an institution rather than a mere newspaper or business enterprise?

* * *

HAVE you ever tried to trace an idea to its source and following the lines of suggestion, note how one idea will create another? In the mail every day are occasional clippings sent in by subscribers, and these clippings serve a very broad purpose at times, for they not only call attention to some subject matter in mind, but stir up the jaded editorial mind to thoughts and visions beyond the four

# Sam and His Sons

## A Tale of War, Woe, Worry and Wealth

OLD Uncle Sam Jones, who lived in a fertile little valley down near Pelham Corners, was getting along nicely, thank you. He had broad acres, big barns and sleek herds. His fields were golden with grain, his barns were bursting with hay, his cattle were getting fatter every day.

GETTING ALONG NICELY, THANK YOU!

His was a good family—a family to be proud of, was Uncle Sam's! One son had built a big railroad on his father's land; another had erected great mills; another put up a brick bank at the cross roads; another opened a general store at the four corners; the others worked immense farm lands.

Uncle Sam's farm hands were satisfied. They were given good meals at Sam's table. They had good hours, for Sam wasn't a slave driver The railroad that carted Sam's grain, and Sam's son's grain away made money. Sam's son's bank did a rushing business and lent money right and left to less fortunate farmers in the community. The son who ran the grocery store made enough money to allow the farm hands to dip into the cracker barrel occasionally.

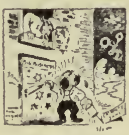
### The Knock in the Night.

But there came a time when Sam woke up in the middle of the night. Some one was banging on his front door.

"Them foreign neighbors of ourn are fightin' fit to kill," Cy Gassaway, the town pessimist, yelled up to him from the dark. "You'd better look out fer your stock."

So Sam was frightened. Sure enough, down the road he could hear the pop-popping of shotguns. He put on his overalls, went down and locked his barns, and then woke up his sons to tell them what had happened.

Bill, who owned the railroad, was also frightened. "I guess I won't run that train down to Hickville Center to-day," he said.



Jim, who owned the bank, said: "I think I'd better call in that loan to Farmer Smith, and I don't believe I'd better take that Perkins mortgage."

Henry, who ran the store, said: "This means poor business for me to-morrow, and I guess I'll do some stock-takin' an' not sell anything for a spell."

Joe, the manufacturer, said: "Whew! Nobody'll want what I'm making. I guess I'll have to fire some of my help."

But the other sons who ran the farm said: "Well, we'll have to make up for the others by raising everything we can except Cain."

A little while later, however, John and Francois, two of the foreigners mixed up in the feud, came racing down to Sam's farm.

"Hey," they said, "have you got any extry shotguns an 'powder? We'll buy 'em!"

Joe, the manufacturer, said: "I'll make 'em."

Bill, the railroad man, said: "I'll carry 'em."

Jim, the banker, said: "I'll take charge of the money end."

Henry, the storekeeper, said: "If these fellers are makin' money, I guess I'll branch out a leetle. Business is goin' to be good."

### John Is Hungry.

And still a little later John and Francois, and Ivan, and Fritz, getting a little hungry and tired with their fighting, came down by different paths to Sam's farm.

"Got anything to eat?" they asked. "It's noon and we've been so busy fighting we haven't had a chance to raise a bite."

So Sam's sons sold them bread. They raised the wheat, and raised the dough, and sent the bread over in cart loads. And still the fighting went on.

Pretty soon John and Francois and Ivan and the rest of them came so often for shotguns and powder and victuals that Sam and his sons were scared again.

IF YOU DON'T SEE WHAT YOU WANT ASK FOR IT.
CHARGE DEPT

"How're you goin' to pay for this?" they asked. "You owe us quite a smart sum right now "

"I'll give you a note. My farm's wuth it," said John.

"You take a note, and my farm hands will raise enough to pay it," said Francois,

"Ishka fretzki," said Ivan, "my land is big enough to pay everything I owe."

So it went on. And by the time the battle was over, and John and Francois and Ivan and Peter and Giuseppe and Ali Hassan and Fritz had settled down to work once more, they all owed Sam and his sons.

And this made Sam and his sons leaders in the business world. They had plenty of everything they wanted; the rest of the neighborhood owed them money, their farms and railroads and banks and corner stores continued to do a big business—in fact the BIGGEST business they had ever done. And moreover, Sam himself became Justice of the PEACE

**The Moral?** Well, just look at the crop reports and SEE what Sam is raising. Look at the financial reports and see WHERE THE AMERICAN DOLLAR STANDS TO-DAY

Do you believe Uncle Sam is going to do business this fall? Uncle Sam is the only neighbor who isn't quarreling, and who is tending to business.

Jim's money is going to be borrowed by John Bull and Francois to pay Sam—at GOOD INTEREST

YOUR business is to get ready for a BIG fall. ADVERTISE your prosperity and PUT ALL YOUR POWER BEHIND YOUR ADVERTISING. Moreover, send your message through the channel which brings it to 52,000 prosperous homes—The Post-Standard.

walls where he is supposed to keep his "thinker" apparatus in operation. How often we find ourselves thinking our best when we are not thinking intentionally at all! A fact that is becoming more self-evident every day is that the man who thinks is the one who lives the longest. Work becomes drudgery only when we look upon it as such, and when the editor really becomes conscious that he has evolved a masterful or conclusive thought he immediately begins to feel that his brain is working overtime and seeks rest.

CHESTNUTS RAISED BY MR. C. K. SOBER

NOW that so many political prophets are hitting the nail on the head, the story of the nail industry, twice completely revolutionized, is interesting. In 1800 all or nearly all the nails used were of wrought iron, hammered out one by one on tiny anvils in the home workshops of the "black country" of England, and in like manner in European countries and America. Then nail-cutting machines were invented, which cut out of low-grade, wrought iron steel bars nails which were seldom tough enough to "clench" under any circumstances.

In 1886 the nail machines of the United States turned out 8,160,973 kegs of cut nails, and 600,000 kegs of the "new-fangled" wire nails, which the conservative master builder was by no means in a hurry to accept as an improvement. In 1895 cut-nail production had rapidly declined to 2,129,894 kegs, and the wire nail output increased to 5,841,403 kegs.

Within less than a century the carpenter gave up wrought nails for cut nails, and again returned to nails which are practically of wrought iron, as tough and capable of being "clenched" or riveted as any hand-made nails, but today the clattering of rivets on skyscrapers has made inroads on the nail output.

* * *

IN this age of specialists it is refreshing to discover here and there the leader in some particular line not generally known. It is conceded that Mr. C. K. Sober of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, is the king of the chestnut realm. There is something fascinating about the chestnut tree, since Longfellow's poem, "The Village Blacksmith," has preserved its glory by singing the line, "Under the spreading chestnut tree."

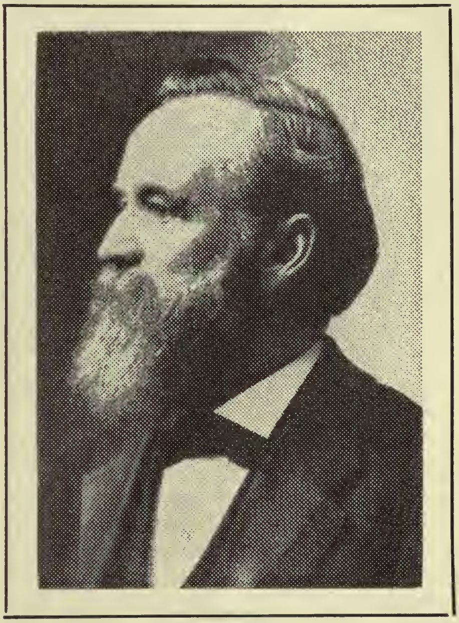
In spite of the pessimistic attitude of

some experts concerning the blight, in insisting that the chestnut tree is doomed, Mr. Sober has proved most conclusively to the contrary. On his farm more than forty-five thousand chestnut trees are bearing fruit, and it would seem as if he knew everything about the chestnut tree because he has made it a life study. There are millions of acres of land adapted to the chestnut tree cultivation in America, and it is largely a matter of giving the tree the same attention usually given to any other fruit or nut-bearing tree. The chestnut flour made from the rich nuts is the equal of any food, and Dr. Whitman has insisted that chestnut bread is unsurpassed. Mr. Sober ships many carloads of chestnuts every year to all points of the country and to foreign markets. The practicability of setting out trees along the roadside and on the mountainside bearing fruits and nuts has been the theme of economists for years, for they serve a splendid utility as well as being adornment and shade. It has even been insisted after a thorough investigation that if every person in the country over twelve years old would plan to care for a single tree bearing fruit and nuts, there never would be any want for food. Restoration of the chestnut to its proper place in the economy of forestry is looked forward to with confidence by Mr. Sober and others who have given the question a thorough and practical research.

* * *

AMID the reams of business correspondence that accumulates and passes in a day, I doubt if there is a letter that has sparkled with more real fire and common sense than one received from Mr. Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Film Company. It deals with a current subject with a trenchant pen, and has an atmosphere of fair play and sincerity that makes a man read it over twice. Naturally I wrote to Mr. Laemmle for his permission to reproduce a letter that certainly indicates an undercurrent of a powerful thought and sentiment in the country. The letter speaks for itself:

> Henry Ford has been called a jackass and a clown because he hired a ship and sailed across the sea to stop the most frightful slaughter in the history of the world.
>
> Maybe he can't stop the war. Few expect that he will succeed. Nimble-witted critics are having piles of fun with him because they don't believe he can deliver the goods.
>
> But, to me, the big thing in this action is not the question of whether he will or will not stop the war, but the fact that "*he is willing to try!*" It was by *trying* that he got where he is. And still he keeps on trying!
>
> In the face of overwhelming odds, in spite of a world-wide criticism, he is willing to tackle the greatest job that ever fell to the lot of a human being in the world's history. He brushes aside the thousands of columns of newspaper criticism, he ignores the public utterances of so-called statesmen, he sets his face toward the most glorious goal that any man ever hoped to achieve—and goes on his way, trying!
>
> They say he is doing it to advertise his automobile. But still he goes on *trying!* They say his riches have turned his head. But still he *tries!* They say he never did anything but promote a good automobile engine and they ask what right he has to undertake the work of diplomats. The present war is the result of a most gigantic failure of diplomacy, and the fact that Henry Ford is willing to try a thing in which the great diplomats of the world have failed only adds to the bigness of his trying!
>
> So far as I know he is the only person who has taken a definite step toward ending the war. True, it may not be the right step.



C. K. SOBER
Who has made the chestnut tree a life study and has a wonderful chestnut farm in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania

But how are we ever going to find the right step until we try? The men who sit in swivel chairs and sneer and make funny jokes about that man Ford are not taking steps of any kind to end the war. *The job looks too big and too hopeless to them.*

It looks big to Ford, and maybe it looks hopeless to him. But he's got the nerve to try and to spend his own money at it.

Ye gods! what a nation this would be if each industry could be headed by a Ford who was willing to *try!* What chance would any other nation under the sun have in competition with us? What if more of us were willing to try, and less of us were slaves of convention and creatures of habit?

In my business career I've met hundreds of men who could tell me *what I could not* do. But I have met only a few who were anxious to *try!* I've let the former class out as quickly, but as gently, as possible. But I've hung onto the other class with all my might. I want the man who *can* or the man who is willing to *try;* but the man who *can't* or the man who *thinks "it is useless to try"* can't have any of my time.

If any young man happens to read this, I wish he'd let this one piece of advice soak into his brain of brains: There's a word in the dictionary called "can't." Leave it there! Never use it!

Instead say "I'll try," or still better, "I'll henryford!"

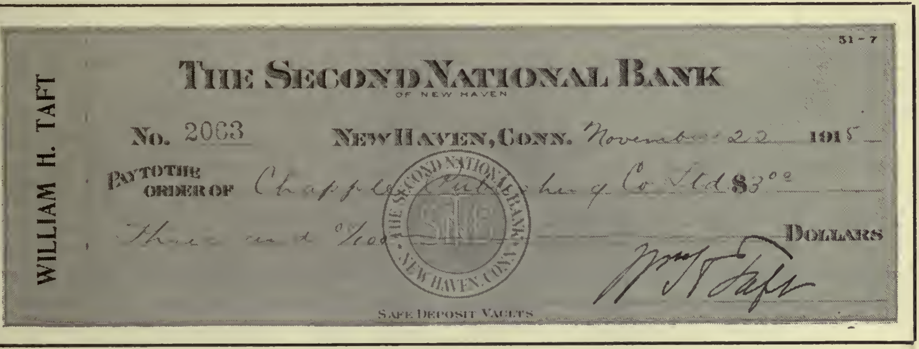
In view of the wireless messages coming from the Ford party at frequent intervals from the sea, and the shafts of the satirists and cartoonists, Henry Ford has certainly made an effort in an object that was altogether worthy, and in which he had the well wishes of even those who were crying "Impossible, impossible!"

The details of this trip may have furnished some material for those clever writers who can build on nothing else than poking fun at others, but they are always of short-lived ilk and as ephemeral as butterflies. The question is, How shall we regard Henry Ford, Citizen of the United States, realizing the sovereignty of his citizenship, with an impulse of humanity that transcends the lines of race or creed? He has set sail in his argosy, to search for the golden "Peace." Is it not fitting that the United States of America should be credited as having the first expedition ever set sail entirely free from any impulse or thought of monetary gain? This is an ideal worthy of the times in which we live. History has been filled with the stories of expeditions fitted out to filibuster, to prey upon the commerce of other nations. The thrilling adventures of pirate-ships and armadas are, in this instance, supplanted by the ideals of an American business man who backs his purposes with the flush of a Crusader, and makes at least an effort, at an expenditure of a half million dollars, to prove to the world that the blessings of peace are not to be forgotten in the maelstrom and war fever of the past year. Whatever the outcome may be, the spirit of fair-play suggests that the world wait and see and not hesitate to praise the man *who tries*, and whose courage impels him to try to do even things that others call impossible. There is an inspiration in this for the young man of America. For success is never possible without achieving what others decreed impossible. All honor to the man who tries, even if he defies the faintest hearts that seek shelter under the cloak of the impossible for doing big things.

* * *

ONE of the popular story writers of the NATIONAL insists that he is going to cease for a while. He tells how he sits himself down with a fountain pen, reams of white paper and an idea. He knows that detective, mystery and adventure stories come first in the market, so he starts out with three bad men, splashes murder over the first pages, then a budding love affair as intermission in the butchery, and then along comes a ghost and a smuggler's cave. A lunatic is also brought in for variety, but there must be sharp contrast, too, so the beautiful heroine peeps in on the pages, also a wicked-eyed woman with Titian gold hair.

Now the soft-spoken villain must enter. In the meantime the three bad men must be kept going. The hero bold was about to be slain no less than eleven times, and they pretty nearly got him—but not quite. At the end of fifty pages the author, after taking a careful census, found that seventeen men, three women and two boys had been killed, four missing and three gone mad. Here is where he pens his "*l'envoi,*" as poets will have it, and says, "Farewell, ye ghosts, little vine-covered cottage and smuggler's cave." No well-ordered novel story should be written today without including a black cat, with nine lives. The nine lives allotted to a cat are none too much when one starts in on an adventure, mystery, or bloodthirsty story, especially with three bad men carrying guns all the time and one handsome, square-jawed, hair-combed-back, lithe, muscular-formed hero on clothing posters on deck armed with nothing but a scientific course acquired at a Y. M. C. A. evening school. There is an advantage of having a cat in the story—it always comes back. Re-vamped dime novels are sometimes called stunning adventure stories.



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WILLIAM H. TAFT

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Wm H Taft

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

THE first of the year there is always a gratification in receiving a kindly greeting from old subscribers in the way of renewal subscriptions. It has been said that no single publication has so many distinguished names on the subscription list as the NATIONAL, for its purpose and scope is not to extend to a certain class, but to all the people. Many subscribers have been there for fifteen or twenty years. This is the endorsement that enthuses and inspires the editor. Among those received this year was the usual check from Hon. William Howard Taft, former President of the United States, and the impulse could not be resisted to have the check reproduced, just to show the kind of an endorsement, accompanied by a letter, that means so much to a magazine publisher. Similar letters from Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Rockefeller, and thousands of names known all over the country, are most gratifying, but it also brings with it a feeling of responsibility that the magazine should meet and merit these inspirations of substantial confidence and appreciation.

SOME thirty or forty years ago farmers about Cascumpec Harbor, Prince Edward Island, began to breed and raise whelps from pairs of captured "silver" or black foxes, and one breeder secured Savage Island, which, except in winter, is inaccessible except by water craft, and went extensively into the business.

The skins were at first the principal source of revenue, and as those grown on the Island province were especially fine in color and quality, they never brought less than five hundred dollars, and often sold in the London market at from fifteen hundred to three thousand dollars apiece. It is said that in 1908 a single pelt, sold by its Island owner for $2,400, was resold by the buyer for over $3,800.

While a pair of average breeding foxes might be counted upon to produce whelps whose skins would sell at from ten thousand dollars to twenty thousand dollars within their breeding period, it is easy to see that any good fox or vixen had a much greater value living than dead, and fox-breeding has become in Prince Edward Island the royal road to riches.

Prices for good breeding stock have risen from four thousand dollars a pair in 1910 to six thousand dollars in 1911, and in 1912 ten thousand dollars a pair and even higher prices are said to have been realized by the few breeders who would part with fine stock.

The "silver" or black fox is in furs what the diamond is in precious stones, and Tyrian purple was in the days of the Caesars, a royal and princely luxury. How long high prices can be maintained, and how far the breeding of black foxes can be successfully carried are still unsettled problems. Judging from the continued demand for diamonds at ever-increasing prices, for first-class stones, successful breeders of high-grade fox skins have in their little paddocks and kennels something far better than a gold mine. The hunted game of pioneer days has returned to serve man as a domesticated animal, and furnish their pelts to adorn the women in the centers of fashion.

* * *

PROBABLY for millions of years the moon has been moving through space comparatively close to the surface of the earth, but it does not excite the admiration or the curiosity of the average person as much as Rockefeller's ability to amass a billion dollars.

The countless vicissitudes of endless time do not break the invisible ties that bind these inseparable companions together. The strongest conceivable ties possible are attained when two celestial bodies have the maximum number of points in common. No chains are necessary when two planets are of the same specific gravity, similar in size and inflated to an equal degree. Twin planets move as a unit at the same speedy rate, and when one rises to the highest point possible, the other can follow, which is equally true if they fall to the other extremity. The earth and its satellite are parallel forces, but whether they would balance if thrown upon gigantic scales is a problem with a discoverable solution. Assuming that these planets are constructed on the balloon principle and conform to the law of flotation, we must seek other causes than the downward pull of gravity for their orbital motions, because a pronounced tendency to float reduces to a minimum all molar motion. If the mighty currents of interplanetary space drive the moon in its orbit with about the muzzle velocity of a rifle ball, would not the earth's atoms and molecules if put together in conformity to the principle of the balloon be equally susceptible? If, then, the earth's rotations measure the exact force of these irresistible currents (of electricity), the velocity of our planet can be determined by the principle of rotational velocity, and would be similar to the moon's swift orbital motion if our deductions lead us to the conclusion that these planets have a common center of gravity. The principle of composition of forces reveals the fact that equal forces have a common center of gravity and move in opposite directions. Nature has always been famous for her "uniformities," and we should not be greatly surprised if the earth and its satellite are twin planets.

* * *

THEY have a way of doing things out West not hampered with the traditions of the past, and it remained for the Union Pacific at Portland to make an experiment which will be watched with a great deal of interest. If there is any position that tries the patience of a human being, it is at the ticket window of a railroad station, where people do not know just what they want, but still want information. The chivalrous spirit of Mr. William McMurray, General Passenger Agent of the Union Pacific at Portland, was manifested in his decision to establish a new department for women. He chose a quartet of young ladies thoroughly qualified and competent, and placed them in positions at the passenger ticket offices in Portland, Seattle, Spokane and Walla Walla, the four points of the compass covering the Pacific northwest. The success which these women have already achieved in meeting the problems of attending to the wants of women travelers, is being watched by railroad officials the world over.

It would naturally seem that a woman can interpret a woman's wishes and desires more quickly than a mere man, no matter how keen he might think himself. Women workers have received more general recognition in the newer states than elsewhere, and if this new plan is practicable, it will no doubt become general on other railroads.

In Portland, the "Rose city," Miss Estelle Macauley is stationed, with roses at her elbow. At Seattle, the city of totem poles, Miss Edna Flynn speaks the language of the red man. At Spokane is Miss Olive E. Lender, and in the handsome little city of Walla Walla Miss M. I. Baker presides, ready to route travelers around the world if requested. The portrait of the four young ladies was taken just before they began their work, enjoying an exposition outing.

Mr. McMurray's idea is that women travelers will like to buy their transportation from women, because they feel that their peculiar problems will be solved with an efficiency of which a man would be incapable.

Already the welcome voice of a woman answering all sorts of questions about tickets is heard in these four cities, and the proverbial patience of women is best exemplified in the fact that they are already considered the genius of the telephone realm. Who could conceive of a man having enough patience to deal with thousands of calls a day. If it works in this respect, why not in the ticket office? Who has not just silently muttered to himself an unutterable expression when trying to get information concerning a railroad train, with the rough and guttural voice of a man at the other end telling you, between grunts, to go to "Halifax" or some other convenient place, if the information given is not satisfactory.

So we hail the advent of the quartet

YOUNG LADY TICKET SELLERS ON THE UNION PACIFIC of bright-eyed young women at the ticket counter. If their popularity will not interfere with the quick and decisive dispatch of business that is necessary when seventeen people come to get coupon tickets and catch a train in about four minutes, another national problem will have been solved by the keen foresight of this far-seeing railroad man.

* * *

IN the discussion of problems involved in the question of Capital *versus* Labor, Mr. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and Mr. T. B. Walker, of manufacturers, have been carrying on a debate of intense interest. The question was most ably handled. Mr. Walker, after a long life of active experience in large business affairs, insisted that Mr. Gompers should not submit the question of Capital's relation to public welfare to any particular ism, but consider general social philosophy that includes all the people. He points out that to assume control of industrial institutions and to have them managed, confiscated, or destroyed by those not directly associated with the creative ideals and purposes leads to only one result. He says in part:

> There are three material assets that underlie the common welfare and on which, as the essential basis, the social, political, industrial, educational and economical progress of the nation most primarily depends. The industry, skill and ability of the working man, including always the farmer; the contributions of accumulated capital to furnish materials and to finance industrial and all other enterprises that underlie the production and distribution of wealth; and lastly, the skill, character and ability of those in the management and control.
>
> From the first of these three very commonly develop the second and third, as the advantages arising from the combination of these three features often enable the working man or his sons to become the capitalists and the business managers of large enterprises, to which most of them now in control trace their successful advancement. And of all the unjustifiable and impolitic features of modern life, the worst one is the persistent prejudice, hostility and antagonism that is so much cultivated and encouraged by the misrepresentation of the so-called reformers, and the persistent announcement of an irresistible conflict between Capital and Labor.
>
> That there are no real, necessary or reasonable grounds for prejudice and antagonism between the workingman and his employer is not only true, but there is every reason for co-operation, friendly attitude and mutual consideration for the rights, interests, welfare, and prosperity, as between these necessarily co-operative forces, if the welfare of either one shall be accomplished.

* * *

THE following poem was written by a prisoner just after being committed to a life sentence. When it was handed me and I looked upon the man, I was inexpressibly touched, for such a prayer and fortitude certainly has a heart touch in it:

### COMMUNE THOU!

When thou art weary and laden with care,
  And thy mind seems troubled and sore,
Hide thou away in the spirit of prayer,
  And tightly close the door;
Then, when thy thoughts of earth grow dim,
Find God and talk awhile with Him.

Rest for awhile in that peaceful place,
  And know that all Love is thine;
Repose in the sunlight of God's grace,
  And feel the presence divine;
Then when thy mind from self is free,
Listen, and God will speak to thee.

Let the bright light of Love and of trust fill thy thought,
  Giving fear, doubt and error no share,
For heaven is thine now if in faith it is sought
  With never-ceasing prayer.
Then, when through Truth thou has found the way,
God will commune with thee all the day.

* * *

RUBBER, rubber, whose got the rubber?" is a game among the nations suggestive of childhood days. As the cloakroom was then in a statistical mood it was disclosed that the industries of the world annually consume about 153,000 tons of rubber. America takes nearly fifty thousand tons, while the United Kingdom only consumes fifteen thousand, and Germany the same; France comes next with ten thousand, and Russia seven thousand. The other countries require about ten thousand tons. The automobile is not altogether responsible—there are rubber heels, rubber hose, shoes and boots and thousands of other articles that are made of rubber. The increasing demand has stimulated interest in making artificial rubber, and if automobile making continues at the pace of 1915, the question of supply will become one of serious moment.

# The Longfellow House in Portland

## by Edward J. Markham

AFTER having witnessed the coronation of King Edward in Westminster Abbey, and while still under the spell of that ancient pile and its historic traditions reaching back into the very earliest English history, I felt that I had witnessed a ceremony that was fraught with the religious reverence, and partaking even something of the mystic spirit of the ancient Druids. It was the first coronation that had been held in England since Victoria had been crowned over sixty years previous, and the great empire was a-quiver with the event, for they recalled the gypsy's warning, "Edward would never be crowned." It seemed as though the ancient past was linked with today in the ceremonies that concluded under the canopy held by the dukes.

When it had all passed and "Big Ben" rang out, announcing the proclamation of the King, and England and all Great Britain rejoiced, I wandered about in the somber twilight of the afternoon, amid the tombs and over the ashes of the kings and queens and men praised in English history. All had come at last to a realization that "this, too, shall pass away." It was a strange feeling of lonesomeness that came over me, for I felt as an American I was so far removed in time and place from the mystic spirit of the past. Around a darkened corner I saw the gleaming, pure white statue of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and then I felt a familiar face had joined the group of ancient effigies in marble. Now Westminster Abbey no longer seemed a strange place to me, for was not here also the spirit of America embodied in Longfellow?

The restoration and preservation of Longfellow's birthplace should find many ardent supporters. The work was first undertaken by Mr. Arthur C. Jackson, who founded the International Longfellow Society, to save and restore the historic shrine of literature. In the same manner he founded the Daniel Webster Birthplace Association, and saved the birthplace of America's greatest orator.

Recent reports would seem to indicate a popular feeling that the movement for securing the Longfellow house has been lost, but all these reports are false, as the house is not out of the society's control.

It is needless to comment upon the work of Longfellow. We are all familiar with the poem that so inspired Abraham Lincoln:

Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

Then again how apt in the sombre hours of the night comes the refrain "I stood on the bridge at midnight," and how fitly associated with the very date of the passing race of red men are the stirring lines of Hiawatha.

The description of Hiawatha's deathwatch over his bride touches sympathies that are as broad as humanity.

Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

When you have again read your Longfellow, with the memory and associations of each poem or verse coming back to you, the recollections that surge in the heart as the immortal fame of the great poet comes over us, that the place where his blue eyes first looked out upon the world which he made so much better and happier, should not be forgotten in the hurly-burly activities and the chaotic scenes of busy life.

Where is there a poet in the world whose verse has so appealed to the youthful mind and imagination, that has been so much used in the schools all over the world, as that of Longfellow? There are statues honoring his memory all over the world, and it was but fitting that his birthplace—the quaint, old-fashioned, colonial home in Portland—should be preserved for posterity.

Here the sparkling waters of Casco Bay come almost to the door yard, and although long neglected, and for a while used as a tenement house, Longfellow's admirers have determined to make his birthplace what Edwin Markham prophesied: "A shrine, a place of pilgrimage."

Cardinal O'Connell of Boston has added his endorsement to the work of the International Longfellow Society, having written as follows:

*Dear Mr. Jackson—*

I have received the letter of December 29 and I thank you for the honor conferred on me in making me an honorary president of the International Longfellow Society.

From my very earliest years Longfellow has been my favorite poet. Other names in the world of letters may be greater than his, but to me the beautiful simplicity and the religious sentiment of Longfellow's verse have always been a pleasure and often a consolation. Added to this is my attachment to the poet's birthplace, Portland, which was my first Episcopal see. Frequently in my walks I have passed the house where he was born and it was to my mind a significant landmark. . . .

It is, therefore, an honor which I deeply appreciate and gladly accept to have been elected an honorary president in the International Longfellow Society, and I shall willingly do what I can to further the purposes for which the society was formed.
Very sincerely yours,

William (Cardinal) O'Connell,
*Archbishop of Boston.*

THE LONGFELLOW BIRTHPLACE KITCHEN

*Copyright, Fred Thompson*

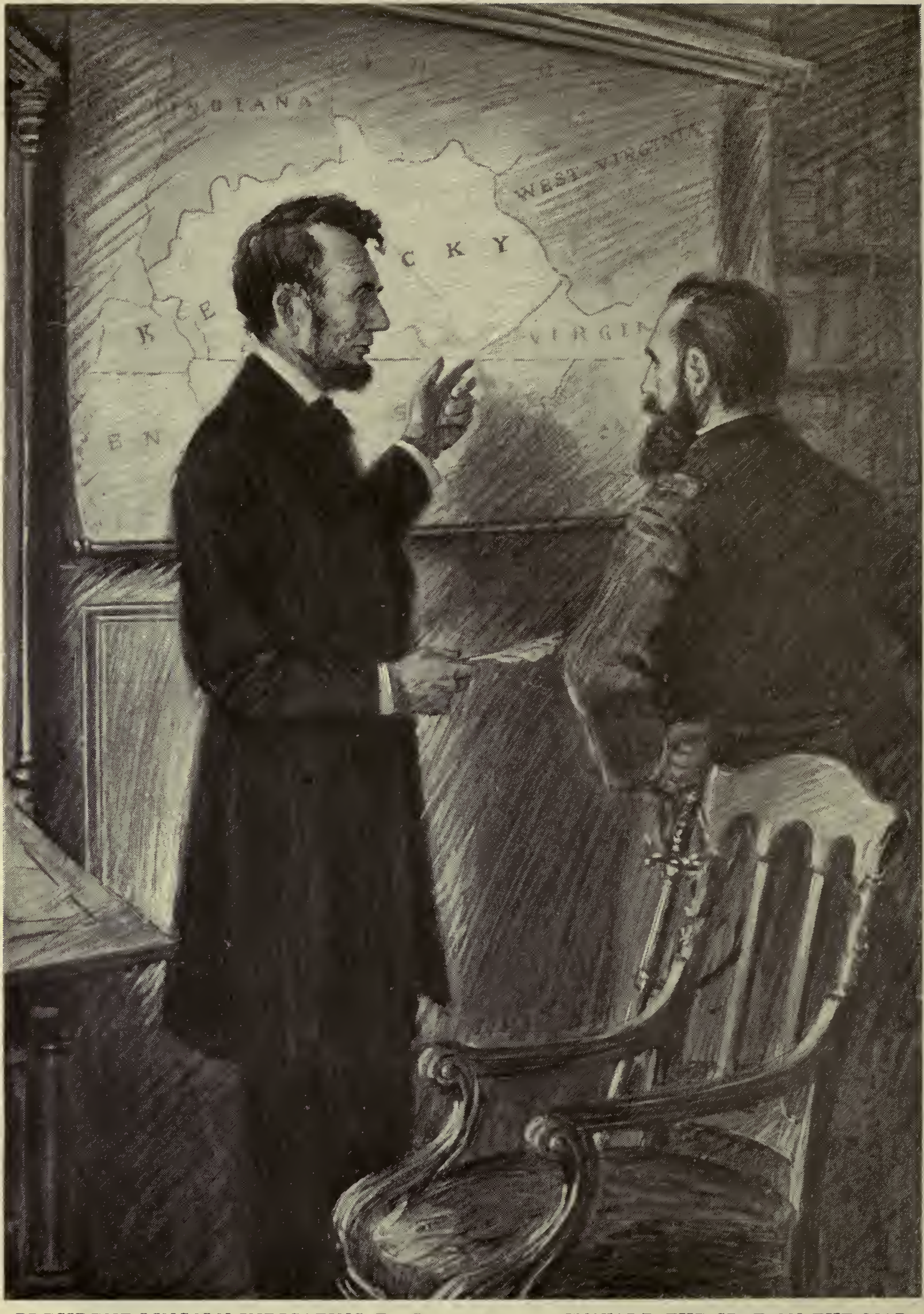
PARLOR IN THE LONGFELLOW BIRTHPLACE

The old front door and the mantel of the parlor were unfortunately sold and removed. It is hoped that some day these will be restored to what is so manifestly their proper place; meanwhile, a door of dignified and colonial design has been supplied

*Copyright, Thompson Art Co.*

ROOM IN WHICH THE POET WAS BORN

It has been deemed best to place on display in this room as little furniture as possible, the old-time cradle, a chair or two and an old "spinet" being all that is in it. The picture known as the famous Marshall portrait of the poet hangs over the mantelpiece. Both poet and artist autographed this portrait within a year of the poet's death



PRESIDENT LINCOLN INDICATING TO GENERAL O. O. HOWARD THE SPOT ON THE MAP WHERE LIVED THE LOYAL MOUNTAIN PEOPLE WHOM HE DESIRED TO HELP

The Lincoln Memorial ideal site is at the mountainous intersection of Tennessee, Virginia and Kentucky.

General Howard stated that at this last interview before the death of President Lincoln, he manifested "in manner and in words a peculiar tenderness toward the people of that mountain region. His largeness of heart took in all. He wanted me to understand them and appreciate their worth."

Howard never forgot their loyalty, and years after the war, founded Lincoln Memorial University for the sons and daughters of these mountain people, who had few educational opportunities, thus fulfilling the wish of the martyred President for the people from whom he sprang.

# The Greatest Memorial to Lincoln

## by Morris Lombard

ONE of the great dreams of Abraham Lincoln is now being fulfilled in building up the Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee. The story of this institution illustrates, more than any other one thing, the dominant trait of Abraham Lincoln. When he stood, with General O. O. Howard, before a map, and pointed out a site at the mountainous intersection of Tennessee, Virginia and Kentucky, he manifested in manner and in words a peculiar tenderness toward the people of that mountain region, and insisted that here were people who needed the right kind of help to help themselves. His largeness of heart inspired the vision of the future. The late General Howard said that in that last interview, before the passing of Abraham Lincoln, "he said he wanted me to understand them and appreciate their worth." General Howard devoted his life to the project, and lived to see the enterprise launched as inspired by Lincoln.

Born in a one-room cabin, Lincoln understood from experience the longing that is inherent in the lads and lassies of that mountainous region for an education. As I look upon the two million dollar memorial which is being erected in Washington, I often wonder if Abraham Lincoln would not have desired the realization of the dream of educational help for the Appalachian mountaineers completed even before the erection in his honor of an imposing monument of marble.

Lincoln believed in human beings—and that is why the plain people hold in their hearts the enduring and endearing monument to his fame.

When General O. O. Howard purchased the ideal site for Lincoln University at Harrogate, Tennessee, at the intersection of the three states as indicated by Lincoln, he fulfilled a purpose. The campus is composed of seven hundred acres of farm and wood lands, and already, under the able direction of Dr. George Hubbell, the university has developed a farm department that is yielding a profit, through the hard work and careful supervision of the students, helping to develop self-made men as Lincoln was developed. It has been a strain and a struggle to maintain even the present facilities, but the people and those who "do things" are aroused and intensely interested. On the property are substantial roads and drainage system established by the Four Seasons Hotel Company, whose holdings were secured by Lincoln's friend and confident, General O. O. Howard, as a location for a school to educate the boys and girls from the mountains.

Nearby is the Pinnacle mountain ridge and thousands of acres of hardwood forests a-bloom, in season, with dogwood, azaleas and rhododendrons. Then there are the King Solomon and Soldiers Caves, only partially explored, all furnishing a beauty and picturesqueness unrivaled. The water supply of the University is unsurpassed, and it is small wonder that the hundreds of mountain boys and girls educated

DR. FRANK A. SEIBERLING

President of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company of Akron, Ohio, who has become deeply interested in promoting the welfare of Lincoln Memorial University, that it may remain a permanent memorial to the great man whose name and fame it perpetuates. To this end Dr. Seiberling has given unstintingly of his time and interest in furthering the good work being done there

here are not only helpful to the institution, but also are able to help themselves—ready to do their own work in life, going forth, fearless and unafraid, and succeeding just as Lincoln believed that they should succeed, if given an opportunity to prove their metal.

* * *

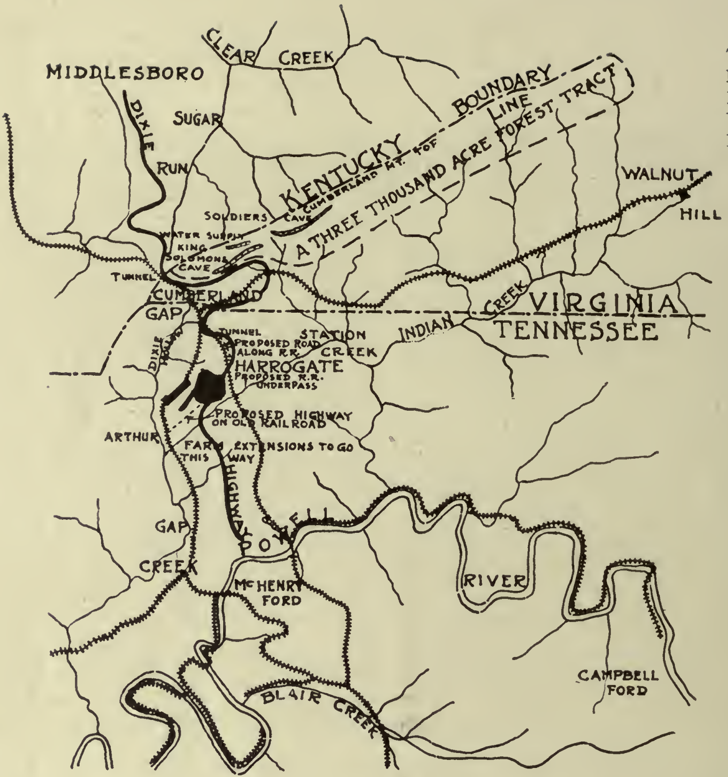
The future of the Lincoln Memorial University is a matter for concern not only to those who have devoted self-sacrificing years to maintain and fulfiill the dream of Abraham Lincoln, but every man and woman, boy and girl in America should contribute something toward carrying out his ideals. For what Lincoln did for the world and for his country can never be repaid, and now why not do something for the boys and girls whose welfare was so close to his heart? The proposed plans for the greater Lincoln Memorial University provides for twenty-five hundred students in three groups—Men, Women, Industries—with space for administration, classes, library, auditorium, museum, shops, residence, farm buildings and lands, athletics, and a college inn with recreation grounds. Under the direction of the landscape architect, Mr. Warren H. Manning, the site of the Lincoln Memorial University is to be made, without extensive outlay, the finest in the country.

Fifty per cent of the population in the shaded sections to the north of the little map pictured here, is of foreign parentage. They are offered ten months of public schools, night and grade schools, settlement houses, model villages, universities, hospitals, and asylums, free lectures, museums, parks, playgrounds, police protection, fine roads and transportation. In the shaded sections to the south, fifty per cent of the population is black. These people enjoy the same educational advantages of the whites of the region. They have schools such as Hampton and Tuskegee, and since emancipation, the ten million colored people of the United States have acquired $700,000,000 of property including 25,000,000 acres of land. But for the region outlined, of which the Lincoln Memorial University is the centre, settled with a people having the least diluted Anglo-Saxon blood of America very little has been done. Here boys and girls seldom have more than three months of school and none of the other advantages provided for the sons of aliens in the North. There are but few colleges with small endowments, and no state aid whatever. With the meager present equipment of the university, seven hundred students are taught each year, of whom four hundred are maintained at a cost of $3.25 a week for all items, and much of this cost is covered by their paid labor in the campus, fields, barns, shops, dormitories and homes. You can't keep down this sort of spirit—and why not help?

Here has been inaugurated the ideal educational plan favored by Lincoln—with work, study, and play intermingled. A simple record of the Lincoln Memorial University in itself is such as should appeal to every American. Every person who has felt the thrill of the greatness of Lincoln should respond at once with some contribution, and have his name enrolled in the records of the University which will remain one of the most enduring and permanent memorials to Abraham Lincoln. What more fitting celebration than to send, during this February, birth-month of Lincoln, from every farm, hamlet, town and city in the union, a contribution to the Treasurer of the Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee—a small mite that will help to crystalize and perfect the plans of the man who was a friend of the North and the South, and who has a friend in every spot where red blood flows and a human heart beats?

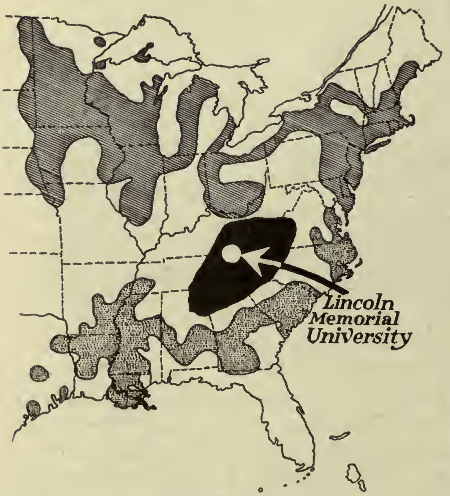
* * *

When it is realized that one cent will lay one brick in this educational memorial that will endure as long as the Stars and Stripes float, who of us will not be impelled to direct an envelope right away, containing a contribution, no matter how small—for "it's the spirit in which the gift is rich." Why is it, I wonder, that thousands of Americans of means do not realize that here is an opportunity to build a monument that will continue in the living flesh and blood of the growing young mountain people, the bone and sinew of the nation, educating and training them for the duties and responsibilities of life, and making American citizens that will count in time

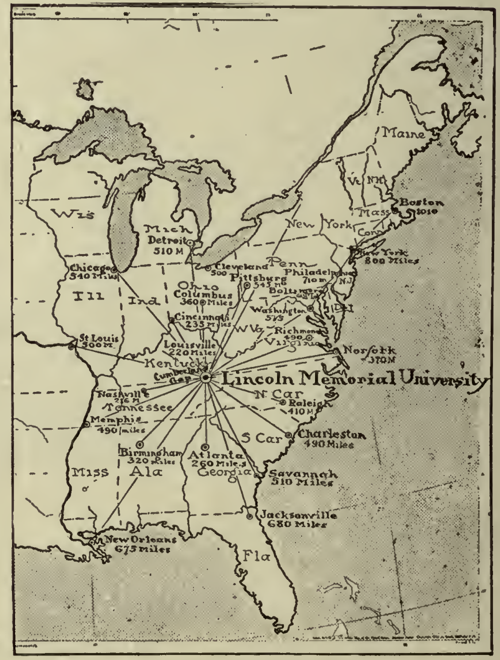

MIDDLESBORO
CLEAR CREEK
DIXIE
SUGAR RUN
KENTUCKY
CUMBERLAND MT. TOP OF
BOUNDARY LINE
A THREE THOUSAND ACRE FOREST TRACT
WALNUT HILL
SOLDIERS CAVE
WATER SUPPLY
KING SOLOMONS CAVE
TUNNEL
CUMBERLAND GAP
VIRGINIA
TENNESSEE
INDIAN CREEK
TUNNEL
PROPOSED ROAD ALONG R.R.
STATION CREEK
HARROGATE
PROPOSED R.R. UNDERPASS
DIXIE HIGHWAY
PROPOSED HIGHWAY ON OLD RAILROAD
ARTHUR
FARM EXTENSIONS TO GO THIS WAY
HIGHWAY
GAP CREEK
POWELL RIVER
McHENRY FORD
CAMPBELL FORD
BLAIR CREEK

THE
LINCOLN
MEMORIAL
UNIVERSITY
REGION

*The white spot in the solid black in the map tells the story of Anglo-Saxon people neglected in educational advantages*


Lincoln Memorial University

THE REASON WHY


Maine
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Chicago 540 Miles
Cleveland 500
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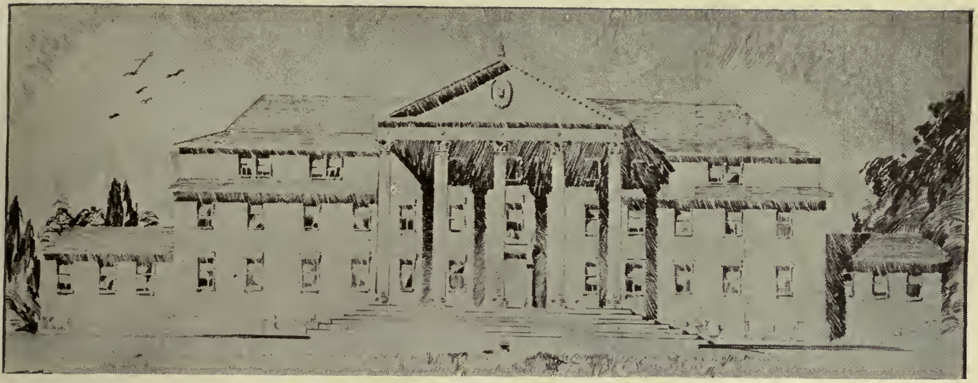
NJ
Pittsburg 545 M
Ill
Ind
Ohio
Columbus 360 Miles
Baltimore
Del
Washington 575
Cincinnati 235 Miles
W Va
Richmond 490
St Louis 300 M
Louisville 220 Miles
Virginia
Norfolk 370 M
Kentucky
Cumberland Gap
Lincoln Memorial University
N Car
Nashville 216 M
Tennessee
Raleigh 410 M
Memphis 490 miles
S Car
Charleston 490 Miles
Birmingham 320 Miles
Atlanta 260 Miles
Miss
Ala
Georgia
Savannah 510 Miles
Jacksonville 680 Miles
New Orleans 675 miles
Fla

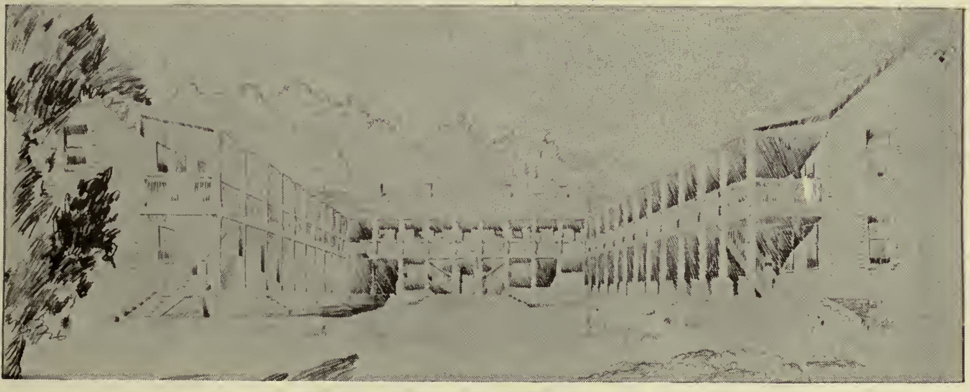
OUR LOCATION



PROPOSED CHANGES IN AVERY HALL

President's House
Avery Hall

Site of Low Cost Dormitory
Norton Hall



PROPOSED LOW COST DORMITORY

of need. Is this not the eternal of preparedness which we must possess as a nation as civilization advances.

The university has attracted the attention of eminent business men and manufacturers in the country, who are personally taking hold of the situation in earnest, not only with contributions but with personal work, to make this university one of the most efficient and practical as well as the most beautiful universities of the world, worthy of the country that owes so much to the name of Lincoln. It is founded upon the ideals of Abraham Lincoln, and if we are earnest and sincere in our admiration and love of his memory, we should be generous in our contribution toward the realization, the fruition of the plans that were so dear to his heart. Now, just go down in your pocket, as well as look deep in your heart and do something at once for Lincoln's loved mountaineer lads and lassies, and you will do a patriotic service that will make your citizenship in the republic seem more like a real heritage of Abraham Lincoln, whose life in itself was the expression of "the better angels of our nature."

* * *

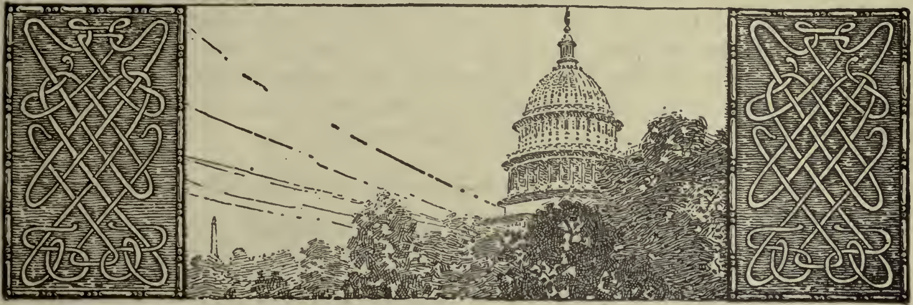
At the November, 1915, meeting of the trustees of the Lincoln Memorial University, it was decided to proceed with a vigorous campaign to provide for carrying out the plans as outlined by the experts who had made a study of the needs of the institution from every angle. A committee was appointed to undertake the exploitation and to raise the money—Dr. Frank A. Seiberling, President of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio; Mr. Frank Garford, of the Garford Manufacturing Company, and Joe Mitchell Chapple of Boston. The committee at once took hold of the matter in earnest, and have already enlisted the interest of some most prominent men of the country in helping with the work to carry out the plans that will make Lincoln Memorial University an educational institution worthy the great name it bears and the great man who inspired the work. Dr. Seiberling has already provided a new dairy barn which will accommodate one hundred thoroughbred cows—and the dairy farm is paying. He also provided for the plans that were accepted. This is only a start in the work, for the Lincoln Memorial expresses the practical ideas of Abraham Lincoln in educational work, giving the boys and girls a chance to work their way through school, acquiring learning and not forgetting how to work. With the genius of such successful business men as Dr. Seiberling and Mr. Garford, directing the work, there is no doubt as to the outcome. The committee has organized to do definite work and enlist the support of the people, for the people and let Lincoln's inspiration be realized—"by the people"—as the fulfillment of the clear-visioned Sir Great Heart of our history.

It is suggested that a notable celebration of Lincoln's birthday in 1917 be held at Cumberland Gap, the historic gateway for the pioneers of frontier days, at which will be gathered many of the prominent men of the country to pay tribute to the name and fame of Abraham Lincoln at the point he indicated on the map that he desired General Howard to help the people of the mountains. It is felt that a popular subscription, in which everybody could join, would be a most appropriate overture for the great campaign. In what way could any man or woman with a few thousand dollars to spare, make it count more effectively than in this monument to Lincoln? It is making the men and women who will be citizens of tomorrow that most concerns the thoughtful people today.

The institution is already attracting students even from the older communities, boys and girls who realize the benefit derived from the open air, and who learn in college days what work means in the development of character. Any practical business man or women who should visit and see the students of Lincoln Memorial University at work, and the process of education there already tested and being developed, would soon feel the enthusiasm of the hundreds of self-sacrificing men and women who are giving their lives as teachers in developing this institution, which is making men and women citizens of inestimable value to the country, and recruiting the creative and constructive forces of the nation.

Public Library

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE



# AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

### BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THE biting winds of March in Washington suggest that another inauguration is due in one year. Who will ride down Pennsylvania Avenue with President Wilson? That is the question among the Republicans, and the Democrats can see visions of President Wilson riding with himself. Interest is now focused on the forecasts of March 4, 1917. The *Congressional Record* is being well loaded with campaign material. No sooner does Senator J. Hamilton Lewis complete a speech attacking former Senator Root on his record of preparedness, than Senator Smoot deftly inserts the recent New York "keynote" speech of Senator Root in the *Record*. Uncle Joe Cannon, beaming and active, twits Speaker Clark on his emasculated powers as speaker, and recalls conditions in the good old days when the speaker was really a power. The President is persistent in keeping an eye close on the legislative program, and the usual difficulties of the party in power to keep everyone in good humor is quite as perplexing to the Democrats after four years, as it was to the Republicans after sixteen years of factional training. The resignation of the Secretary of War came as a thunderbolt on the day he was expected to address the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

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AS a public official, Lindley Garrison felt that he could not continue in the War Department when his plans and policies were cast aside for political whims, and not fully endorsed by the President. For nearly three years Secretary Garrison has worked night and day to evolve plans for building up the army. He has long been acknowledged as one of the strong men of the Cabinet, not only in dealing with problems of his department, but as a general counsel in the Cabinet. There was no temper or pique in his action—just a plain, quiet, dignified resignation, in *all* that the word implies.

He was resigned to the fact that his plans for a Continental Army were considered not worth a continental by some of the powers in control of legislation. He could not bring himself to cast aside with impunity all the plans evolved after many nights and days of arduous work at the War Department, in connection with those trained to study and thoughtfully advise on this subject. General Hugh Scott, as Chief of Staff, is in charge of the War Department in the interim, although fully in sympathy with Secretary Garrison's plans. This is the third resignation from the Cabinet in the Wilson administration, and the last two resigners, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Garrison, were strongly opposed to each other from the very start.

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CANADIAN PARLIAMENT BUILDING AT OTTAWA

Destroyed by fire, which is thought to have been the result of an explosion caused by incendiary bombs, although this has been officially denied. Some time ago the Providence *Journal* claimed that it had information of "demonstrations" by Germans against the Canadian Houses of Parliament, which has helped to crystallize sentiment in Canada that the German "spy" system is responsible for the burning

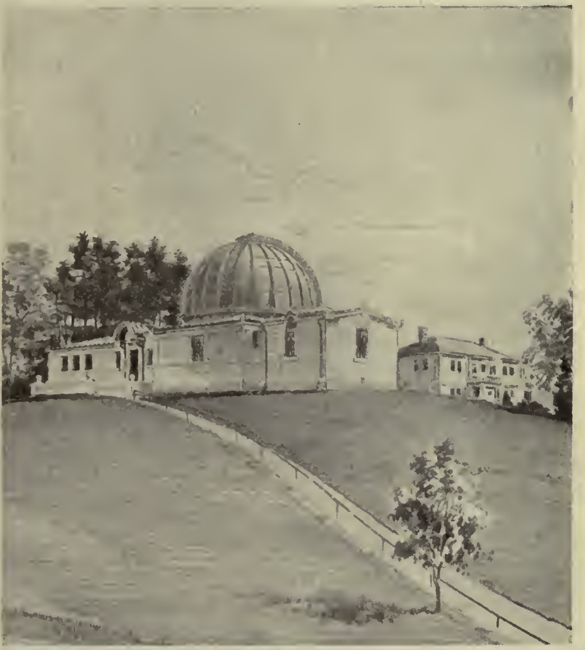
TWO of the old political patriarchs whose names were eminent in the deliberations of the Republican party forty years ago were Wayne MacVeagh, Attorney-General in Garfield's cabinet, and George F. Edmunds, former Senator from Vermont. They live in Philadelphia almost within earshot of the activities at Washington, engrossed with memories of their active lives as applied to current events. How curious it is that one becomes an admirer or partisan of a man in public life whom one may never have met but whose speeches and actions have an especial appeal.

Well do I remember during the convention when George F. Edmunds' name was among the presidential candidates. What an enthusiastic interest I felt in this man, although I could never explain just why. It seemed to me that the work he had done in the Senate fitted him for the Presidency.

Perhaps it was because I wanted to see little old Vermont, the first state admitted to the Union, have a chance. Anyhow I shouted for Edmunds, without realizing that no man had ever passed from a senatorial career into the executive mansion. If the sextette of Senators, listed as candidates, are superstitious as to history repeating itself, a senatorial record is a rough-shod political precedent staring them in the face, as convention day approaches.

ASTROLOGERS and soothsayers have been sending in to Washington their prognostications, wise and otherwise, as to the future of the world following the war. In the Naval observatory, where the science of astronomy is studied with methodical accuracy, these predictions made no impression; astronomers there were interested in the more important event of the apparent conjunction of Jupiter and Venus, which occurred on Sunday, February 13, when to the careful observer the luminous sides of the two planets seemed to touch. This is most remarkable when we consider that Venus is between the earth and the sun, and Jupiter is an exterior planet far outside the earth's orbit.

For those who are literal-minded, it might be stated that Venus is sixty-seven million miles from the sun, the earth is ninety-three million miles from it, and Jupiter is four hundred and sixty million miles distant. Jupiter is computed to be about three times the size of the earth in bulk, and has a wonderful family of moons. Venus is a moonless planet, but it gets a maximum of light which enables it to make a dazzling and spectacular display. Therefore to us Venus is the greatest luminary next to the moon.


*From drawing by Norman Irving Black*

THE WHITIN OBSERVATORY AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE

Although many times larger than the earth, it is estimated that Jupiter rotates in a little less than ten hours—at a great deal swifter pace than does the world, but Venus, like Mercury, does not rotate, keeping always one face toward the sun, "as the sunflower turns on her god when he sets, the same look which she turned when he rose."

Interest in the study of astronomy has grown in the past few years, and there is an increase in the number of observatories at the various colleges all over the country. Among others the observatory at Wellesley is especially well equipped. It is operated by women, who have been able to make many observations which the trained optics of mere man have been unable to discover. An observatory with its glass dome gives a college an air of distinction, for it shows that the thoughts of the students encompass not only mundane things but also the celestial regions.

HON. GEORGE T. MARYE, JR.
Who has resigned his post as ambassador to Russia. No reason has been given for his resignation, but it is presumably because his health has been so impaired that further residence in the Russian climate might prove fatal

THE Attorney-General of the United States, Hon. Thomas Watt Gregory, was born in Crawfordsville, Mississippi, in 1861. His father was from Macklensburg County, Virginia, a physician, who entered the Confederate Army as a captain, served in the Thirty-fifth Mississippi Regiment, and died shortly after the battle of Corinth. His mother was Mary Cornelia Watt, of Columbia, South Carolina. Being left at a tender age the only son of a widow, he grew up in the family of his maternal grandfather, Major Thomas Watt, a prominent planter of Oktibbeha County, Mississippi. Some years later he moved to West Point, Mississippi, where he attended the village school, participated in the village sports, learned to swim in the Tombigbee River, hunted and fished along the banks of its tributaries, and grew up living an outdoor life of which he has always been extremely fond. In 1881 he entered the Southwestern Presbyterian University, at Clarksville, Tennessee. He finished the course in two years, winning the orator's medal and other honors, and was the first student to graduate from that institution in so short a time. Later he won the Jefferson Debater's Medal at the University of Virginia, which he attended the following year as a special student. He was graduated from the University of Texas Law Department in 1885, and began the practice of law in Austin, Texas, that year. In 1892 he declined the appointment of Assistant Attorney-General of Texas, also an appointment to the State Bench in 1896. He has always been interested in church and educational affairs, and was regent of the University of Texas for eight years. In 1893 he married Miss Julia Nalle, of Austin, and has four children. Attorney-General Gregory was never a candidate for any office, but he has taken an active interest in the politics of Texas for thirty years. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in Saint Louis in 1904, delegate-at-large to the Baltimore Convention, and one of its vice-presidents. His life has been that of a lawyer in the broadest sense of the word. He prosecuted the suit against the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, and secured for the State a little less than two million dollars, which was collected and paid into the treasury of the State of Texas, after the case had been affirmed by the Supreme Court. This bit of prize money served to reduce the state tax for the coming year five cents on the hundred.

For many years Mr. Gregory was an ardent friend and supporter of Woodrow Wilson, and succeeded Justice McReynolds who was appointed to the Supreme Bench from the Department of Justice.

PRIZE ships of the present war in Europe find Hampton Roads a popular refuge. Near the spot where the Monitor and Merrimac fought their famous naval duel was anchored the steamer Appam, an English merchant ship, captured by Germany. On board was Lieutenant Berg, the young Naval Reserve officer of the German Navy, who, as commander of twenty-two Germans, made the Appam his war prize on the shores of Africa. He saved the lives of all the passengers, and yet won his honors. Germans need

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THE BRITISH STEAMSHIP APPAM LYING AT ANCHOR IN HAMPTON ROADS
She was brought into an American port in early February in charge of Lieutenant Berg and a German prize crew of twenty-two men. The four hundred and twenty-nine others on board included the Appam's crew and passengers, with some German prisoners being taken to England, and the passengers and crews of seven other British ships taken and sunk by the captor of the Appam

not fear pro-ally sentiment in this country when their own acts appeal to the spirit of fair play. Lieutenant Berg, who was quite the hero of the hour among many admiring Americans, speaks good English, and is not unfamiliar with American ports, as he sailed on mercantile vessels for many years before he was called into the German Naval Reserve service.

Mr. Norman Hamilton, Collector of the Port at Norfolk, has met many perplexing situations confronting him in a cool-headed and common sense way. He has been commended, not only officially, but by the public at large for his tact in untangling international kinks that have arisen.

On board the Appam, a thousand tons of cocoa are spoiling, because it cannot be removed and sold, for the question is still to be settled as to whom the cargo belongs. In his little yacht, Collector Hamilton keeps a vigilant eye on Hampton Roads, and the interned ships are patrolled. The delicate distinctions that arise as to the meaning of words are interesting. A ship cannot be interned unless it is a naval vessel. If the Appam were interned, they could take care of the cargo, but as a prize ship, it remains another matter. In directing the course of the Appam to the United States the treaty with Prussia of 1829 was invoked, but the treaty of '39 with Brussels was forgotten.

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COLLECTOR OF PORT N. E. HAMILTON
Who carried to Lieutenant Hans Berg of the Appam the order from Secretary of State Lansing to release all on board the steamer except the Germans. Under the Secretary's ruling the ship was to be considered a prize, not a ship of the German Imperial Navy

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IN editing the speeches for the *Congressional Record*, some ludicrous situations appear as the galley proofs are produced. One of the leaders in the Senate was unable to look over the copy of a speech that had thrilled the nation, and did not read it until long after the *Record* had gone to press. Imagine his consternation in going over the stenographer's record accurately reported to find four or five successive paragraphs beginning with "I think."

As he laid down his pen, he turned to his secretary and said, "Jasper, I would hate to say just what 'I think.' How repetitions creep in, and how empty appear the very flights of eloquence when you come to go over the spoken word and embalm it for posterity, with hieroglyphics on the margin of the proof that witness the transformation from the oratorical to the written page. As I scan down the long columns of galley proof, and find every sentence beginning with an 'I', it makes me appear in the printed page as an egotistical ass, who builds every paragraph upon the pronoun, and swing aloft the succeeding words simply as fluttering pennons from the pronoun 'I' as the eternal staff. I really dislike very much to say just what 'I think' right now," he said, jabbing his pen into the proof paper before him.

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SOLID logic is manifested in the declaration made by Congressman J. Willard Ragsdale of South Carolina, in the course of a speech in the House of Representatives, that, "if the effort is made here on the part of this government to give governmental aid to rural credit, some gentlemen call it paternalism, but if it is an appropriation that goes anywhere except in rural communities, then the man that proposes it is a wise and patriotic statesman!"

Mr. Ragsdale represents the new kind of energy of the South, and he is one of a group that has done wonderful work in bringing the natural functions of the federal government to the aid of the industrial situation in the South. Incidentally it may be remarked that Congressman Ragsdale is the gentleman who after numerous defeats secured the passage of a resolution in a South Carolina convention declaring "that this convention indorses Woodrow Wilson for President, without instruction." It was a bold stroke, but it won and gave the state to Mr. Wilson.

Quite singularly some people have charged Mr. Ragsdale with deserting the administration; but no such view could be indorsed at the White House, since the President grants the full right

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NAVAJO INDIAN WARRIOR

The Navajos on the reservation in Arizona threaten to go on the warpath and wipe out the white inhabitants on the reservation. There are twenty-five thousand Indians living there, but it is not definitely known how many of these are involved in the threatened uprising to any of his fellow-Democrats to disagree with him upon matters of proposed legislation. And Mr. Ragsdale very seriously disagreed with the administration with respect to the Federal Reserve law. As a result of this difference of opinion the bill was strengthened by extending the time on paper from forty-five days, as provided by the original Carter Glass bill, to six months, thus putting the Federal Reserve bank in a position to help the cotton raisers and farmers in financing their crops. While Mr. Ragsdale is in favor of any reasonable legislation needed for the Army and Navy, he insists that the domestic industrial situation must never be overlooked; and he is bending his efforts in this session to secure a rural credit law.

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REPRESENTATIVE J. WILLARD RAGSDALE

Mr. Ragsdale has made a deep study of rural credits, and insists that there must be a direct guarantee of credit upon the part of the government and that the recognition of this principle will make it possible to extend a proper system of rural credits to the country. He brings the President to his support and says that if it is true, as stated by Mr. Wilson, that the world is in a conflagration, and if "preparedness" must be provided, it is equally important that the country be "prepared" to protect the farm and commercial interests against landlordism, tenancy or the domination of business barons.

In the last Congress provision was made whereby national banks were allowed to loan money to farmers, and this measure has proved a success. Mr. Ragsdale was instrumental in making this a provision of the Federal Reserve act, and it represents a part of his program to aid the farmers of the country. It is gratifying to find a Representative like Mr. Ragsdale, who has constructive ideas about what should be done to advance the interests of his particular locality and the country at large. And it is all the more pleasing to note that he has the ability and courage to squarely state his position on these great questions.

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A NIGHT'S boat ride down the Potomac from Washington brought me to a strategic base of the Navy operations in war and peace. The activity in the Navy Yard at Norfolk, which looks after most of the repairs of the Navy Department suggests the old days at the beginning of the Civil War. Here I saw a Norwegian steamer, with a gorgeous flag covering her broadside, taking coal. There was the old United States training ship, Benjamin Franklin, thoroughly waterlogged with age, which will soon be taken out to sea and scuttled after the copper and brass have been removed. The old Texas, which was used as a target, is a gaunt specter in the Navy Yard of what modern guns can do at long range.

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MRS. HELEN RING ROBINSON
Who has won international fame through her power as an orator and her charming brilliancy

At sea, a few miles outside of Hampton Roads, up and down the coast, is a line of British and French vessels "watchfully waiting." One steamer flying the flag of Denmark is quietly resting in the harbor at Norfolk, because she is under suspicion. Every sort of craft that will float, under neutral flag, is being utilized. Water freights for cotton have jumped to sixty dollars per ton to Havre, and others in proportion. It has even affected coastwise rates, and the exports of Norfolk have increased from twenty-four to ninety millions of dollars, which indicates that there is a lively commerce on the seas from this point.

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WHEN Senator Walsh of Montana begins pulling at that Wild West mustache, you can make up your mind that he is thinking out some knotty kink of a law problem. During his senatorial career he has proven his ability as a debater of the first rank. In a recent chat he called attention to the fact that many complications requiring momentous litigation are likely to accumulate as a result of the war overseas, and while international laws are abrogated with impunity by various nations, there will come a day of reckoning, with a computation of damages that is going to involve some mighty delicate legal problems. As an instance, manufacturers who are depending upon dyestuffs which they should have received under international agreement will have a just basis for a claim for the loss to their business because of this interference.

Even now there are actually Revolutionary claims pending and the grounds for claims growing out of the European war will be sufficient to keep a claim committee busy for another hundred years. It is interesting to observe the manner in which a proposition is presented in the House or Senate by lawyers in contrast to those of equal mental ability from an economic or philosophic side. As long as legislation is the process of enacting laws, the legal profession still remains as essential as ever in the creation of statutes.

Many have thought that perhaps international law has become almost obliterated in the world war struggle; yet it must be remembered that with peace will come an agreement and stipulation from which international law and treaties will develop and remain a governing factor in world affairs.

HON. DAVID R. FRANCIS
Former Governor of Missouri, and Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland, who has accepted the offer of the ambassadorship to Russia made by the President, to take the place of former Ambassador George T. Marye, who recently resigned

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BEFORE returning to his post, Minister Whitlock visited his old home in Toledo, and while there his admirers insisted that when his work in Belgium is completed, there is a likelihood of his being called upon to take up a position of leadership in his party—possibly to accept the nomination for President. During his presence in America, he shunned all discussion of the war, though he probably knows some vivid war stories, and though scores of moving picture men and those ready with tempting offers for lecture tours crowded the boat on which he arrived, he gave them all to understand that he had just one thing to do, and that was the work before him in Belgium. He will probably not return to Brussels, but will follow the fortunes of the little remnant of the Belgian Court, for as long as he is accredited to Belgium, he feels that his place is with the little country whose restoration and integrity has become a matter of vital concern to all the neutral nations. The Germans have refused to recognize him as an accredited minister from this country to Belgium, on conquered Belgian soil, and therein

SENATOR THOMAS P. GORE

During the controversy over the armed ship issue in the Senate on the second of March, Senator Gore, apprehensive that the country was speeding headlong to war, astonished the Senate by saying that President Wilson informed certain Senators and members of the House sitting in conference with him, that, if Germany insisted on the position she had taken in regard to armed ships, the United States would insist on her position; that it would result probably in a breach of diplomatic relations, that a breach of diplomatic relations would probably be followed by a state of war, and that "a state of war might not be of itself and of necessity an evil to this republic, but that the United States, by entering upon war, might be able to bring it to a conclusion by midsummer and thus render a great service to civilization." This was followed by a denial from the White House that the President had said anything to convey the impression that he desired the United States to enter the war to shorten it or for any other reason, but he reiterated the necessity of upholding the national honor of the United States at all costs. There is no doubt that Senator Gore's disclosure has brought about a very serious situation lies another complication of many tangled threads that must be taken up by diplomats when the warring countries in Europe are worn out and exhausted from what Mr. Bryan has termed a "causeless war."

HOW ONE INDIAN FAMILY IS HOUSED
The blanketed Indian is evidently not a thing of the past, and there is a striking contrast between the clothes and the weapons of the past and the present. Note the "white man's" clothes and also the gun

THE Lusitania incident lagged along until the people have become so used to "acute situations" and the "most important aspects" that they are wont to glide over it now, as they do the war news. The Shipping bill, the Philippine bill, and the plans for national defence are all discussed day by day in Congress, with the diversion now and then of a colloquy which puzzles young debaters, to understand why, in Congress, the members are not required to keep on the subject under consideration. Even the dreams of "no cloture" have been forgotten in the exhilaration of the "talkfest," but perhaps the irrelevant discussions served the purpose that the funny story or a reminiscence in opening serious deliberations at a board of directors gathering, or neighborhood gossip at the meeting of the executive committee of the missionary society. Anyhow, it must have a reason, philosophic, political, psychic or otherwise, and merrily the *Congressional Record* pages roll up into generous proportions.

MANY of the peculiar incidents and phases of 1888 may be repeated at the Republican convention of 1916. In 1888 there were thirteen candidates, and the balloting continued for over a week and was watched with keener interest than the baseball scores. The fight was on in earnest when John Sherman led in the race. Then there was Walter Q. Gresham, whose interests were then in charge of a young man named Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana. No one dreamed that a quiet little man from Indiana with the magic name of Benjamin Harrison would be nominated, but this was decided upon at a dinner given by Chauncey M. Depew on Sunday evening. The nomination could have been made Monday, but it seemed better to have it go over to Tuesday so as to "let the other candidates down easy." The Empire State was then as ever an important and determining factor. Among the candidates were Chauncey M. Depew, George Edmunds, William B. Allison and even a former Mayor of Philadelphia, named Fitler. It was at this convention that Robert G. Ingersoll's heart was nearly broken when they refused to hear him in his plea for his candidate. This was only four years after that famous convention in Cincinnati when he had nominated Blaine as his plumed knight. The convention then as now represented a minority party. Then, as now, it was a "favorite son" proposition. Then, as now, the country was emerging from a period of depression and the points of similarity, as one reads the accounts, are generally conceded to be so strikingly close that it gives rise to the time-worn speculation of how history will repeat itself.

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FREDERICK A. KOLSTER, WITH HIS INVENTION, THE RADIO DETECTOR
This instrument will detect ships in fog at sea, giving the exact location, and also the angle of their approach. The invention robs sea fogs of their terror, and does not need any attention for its operation

THERE is a striking resemblance between Miss Margaret Wilson and her distinguished father, and her spectacles lend her that literary air which enhances the similarity. Her voice is well adapted for public speaking, being that much-to-be-desired golden mean between the reedy falsetto and the throaty contralto.

At the recent meeting of the American Civic Association, held during the sessions of the Pan-American Congress, she was chairman of the meeting and made an address on the social center movement, a subject dear to her heart. She was earnest in differentiating between the social center movement and recreation centers, and showed clearly that this was not a plan for a vocational school, but a project to make the school building the center of community life and self-government, something that would retain the spirit of the old town meeting idea of New England. She quoted her distinguished father in insisting that education must come through citizens going to school to one another, and thinks that the school building should be the meeting place as well as the voting place for the citizens of the republic.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL GIRLS FORM RIFLE CLUB

Even the school girls of Washington have harkened to the preparedness slogan that has gone out from Congress and they are preparing for war. This picture shows the charter members of the girls' rifle club formed at Western High School, the first organization of its kind in Washington. Miss Helen Cummings, who stands in the center with her hand on the breech of the rifle, is the organizer and captain of the fair champions of preparedness

When she spoke confidently of the time when women will have a vote—there was an outburst of applause. She drew the picture of the new social centers, accomplishing the twofold object of deliberating at stated intervals on the questions upon which they are to vote, and upon the problems affecting the life and happiness of the community and of the city. These social centers can promote art and science in every form. Her conception includes strictly non-partisan, non-exclusive organizations. She believes in providing for them as for all the other cogs in the machinery of government, considering them integral parts of the mechanism of democracy. Despite her very able discussion, in introducing one of the speakers she could not resist the eternal feminine. She insisted that she had a perfectly "lovely time" talking in a public speech about Mr. Ward because his modesty would not permit him to talk about himself. Mr. Ward is a pioneer in the movement, and through the Department of the Interior is developing the social center movement on a national scale.

FLASHES of humor occasionally penetrate even in the prosaic records of the Treasury Department, where we find a requisition signed by the Solicitor of the Treasury, in payment for adjusting the nose of General Washington. This means that George Washington, or rather a bust of the Father of His Country, which was resting on a pedestal of honor, had his nose badly scratched, when a sudden gust of wind dethroned said bust, and sent it to the floor. This is a rather mysterious bust of Washington which was rescued from one of the store rooms, and no one knows its history, though from a companion bust of Franklin, under which the artist had engraved the name "Franchlin," it is thought that the sculptor was a foreigner, although it may have been merely an error. The bust resembles no known likeness of Washington, and as it is an excellent piece of sculpture, it may perhaps represent only the ideal of the artist, whose dreams of democracy were inspired by Rousseau during the strenuous days of the French revolution.

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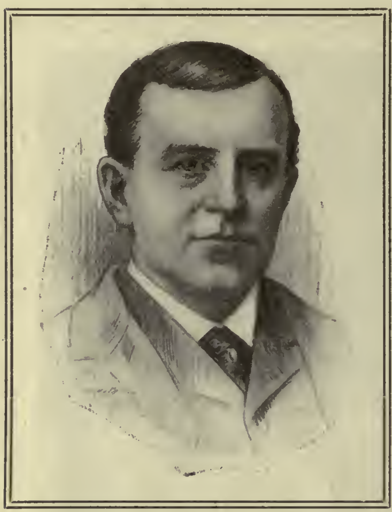
MRS. CLIFTON N. McARTHUR

The "Congressional Set" of Washington has a charming addition to its ranks with the arrival of Mrs. Clifton N. McArthur, wife of the newly elected congressman from Oregon. The usual official amenities over, the social season is settling down to its winter stride and Mrs. McArthur is a popular member of the social colony of the Capital

WE were talking in the cloak room about the successes and failures of different men, and of how certain ones who were apparently well-equipped seemed not to succeed, and others not so well equipped were still on the job, serene and happy. It was a congressman who had served his tenth term who said, "Abraham Lincoln was one of those men who lived without a scalene or isosceles triangle, and the world was better for his living." This was the tribute of a Confederate—a man who had seen his whole plantation wrecked and in ashes—and he felt thus about the life of that one man whose armies had brought his own hearthstone to ashes.



HENRY W. GRADY
The noted Southern orator who was called the "national pacificator"

With men of such heroic stamp, the South has survived a devastation that has come to few nations in history. The credit for the rehabilitation and reconstruction of the South is due to the "New South," the masterly genius of Henry W. Grady and the sturdy spirits that bore the brunt of the great fratricidal struggle. The first people of the North to realize this were the boys who wore the blue, and what a contrast there is in the healing of the scars of warfare between the North and the South, and the race hatreds and feuds between the nations of Europe, where it seems that something is always left to fester, ready at any moment to break forth into new wounds.

As the business genius of the country develops, the men of the South have come to realize that their interests are more identical with that of the North. The old notion of always speaking of "the South" as a distinctive part of the country, has been one of the drawbacks to a more rapid development and appreciation of that section, for the pride of sectionalism, or even pride of state goes before a fall. Even our national pride should have its limitations, for today, as never before, people realize that the world and humanity, as expressed in the ideals of Abraham Lincoln, should be the only limit to the breadth and scope of our visions and hopes.

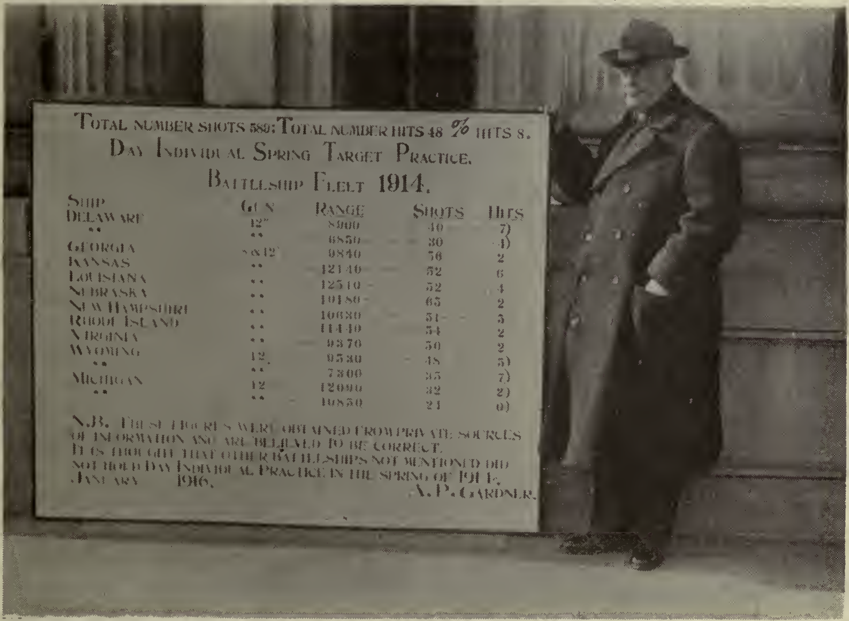
PRESIDENTIAL possibilities still remain an uppermost topic of discussion in Washington, and the prophets and seers are all at work. The Capital City has been likened to a boiler shop in times past as far as gauging national sentiment is concerned. The six possibilities in the Senate—Senators Weeks, Borah, Cummins, LaFollette, William Alden Smith and Sherman continue in the even tenor of their ways and may even be found conferring together on various measures. Theodore Burton is in Ohio, and Charles W. Fairbanks is in Indiana, but there still remain enough men in Washington from these presidential-nominating states to make it interesting as a senatorial sextette that is not from "Lucia," even if it does suggest a phonographic reproduction.

The Indiana delegation just talked on presidential possibilities as though it were a nomination for sheriff and felt that the tall form of former Vice-President Fairbanks would just about fit the entrance to the White House. Senator Weeks, like the others, is kept busy receiving the friends who realize that New England has its opportunity, in the unanimous support of Senator Weeks, of making an impression at the national convention such as has not been possible for many generations.

A man from Missouri arrived in Washington and announced that Governor Hadley's hat was in the ring. He is not going to ask for an instructed delegation, but a review of the convention of 1912 will recall how near he came to having the nomination at that time. I have always felt that if that demonstration had not unconsciously been taken from him by the Rooseveltian followers, Governor Hadley would have been nominated. His slender figure on the platform and his lack of self-consciousness at that psychological moment made a picture of the convention in 1912 that will not be forgotten.

In the Supreme Court grinding away on cases as they come before him is Justice Hughes, who has not effectively suppressed his ardent admirers. Then, of course, there is just a suggestion now and then when Judge Taft or Colonel Roosevelt come to town that something else might happen.

There is a lawyer and orator in New York who is shaking up things—



TOTAL NUMBER SHOTS 589; TOTAL NUMBER HITS 48 % HITS 8.
DAY INDIVIDUAL SPRING TARGET PRACTICE.
BATTLESHIP FLEET 1914.

| SHIP | GUN | RANGE | SHOTS | HITS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| DELAWARE | 12" | 8900 | 40 | 7) |
| " | " | 6850 | 30 | 4) |
| GEORGIA | 8x12" | 9840 | 56 | 2 |
| KANSAS | " | 12140 | 52 | 6 |
| LOUISIANA | " | 12510 | 52 | 4 |
| NEBRASKA | " | 10180 | 65 | 2 |
| NEW HAMPSHIRE | " | 10680 | 51 | 5 |
| RHODE ISLAND | " | 11440 | 54 | 2 |
| VIRGINIA | " | 9370 | 50 | 2 |
| WYOMING | 12" | 9530 | 48 | 5) |
| " | " | 7300 | 35 | 7) |
| MICHIGAN | 12 | 12090 | 32 | 2) |
| " | " | 10850 | 21 | 0) |

N.B. THESE FIGURES WERE OBTAINED FROM PRIVATE SOURCES OF INFORMATION AND ARE BELIEVED TO BE CORRECT.
IT IS THOUGHT THAT OTHER BATTLESHIPS NOT MENTIONED DID NOT HOLD DAY INDIVIDUAL PRACTICE IN THE SPRING OF 1914.
JANUARY 1916.
A. P. GARDNER.

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PREPAREDNESS CHAMPION ADOPTS NEW CAMPAIGN PLAN

Congressman Augustus P. Gardner of Massachusetts, one of the most strenuous champions of preparedness, has adopted a new plan of battle in his campaign. Recently there appeared in the lobby back of the House of Representatives chamber a big board showing what Mr. Gardner says is the record of the Navy in the recent target practice. These figures were tabulated by Mr. Gardner and he points out to all who are not convinced of the need of preparedness that the figures do not tell a very convincing story of what would happen if the guns of Uncle Sam's Navy were called on right now to shoot straight. This picture of Mr. Gardner and his chart was taken outside the Capitol building

Henry D. Estabrook—who has made many effective and telling addresses on the coming issues and whose friends are quietly effecting an organization that is on the dark horse plan. There does not seem to be much indication of LaFollette's becoming a candidate, despite his statement that he intends to keep on until he is nominated and elected President.

Senator William Alden Smith, it is felt, will have the Michigan delegation, although the Progressive party there have declared intentions of maintaining their organization and supporting a candidate of their own. In the meantime the primaries begin to pop in March, with popular interest centered upon who is the man to be named at Chicago on June 7.

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THERE is a thrill at this time in the reading of the story of Jeanne D'Arc amid the scenes and structures connected with the critical history of her native land. You could not conceive of any character in history that would appear more appropriate for an equestrian statue, and when the new statue was dedicated on Riverside Drive at 93d Street, New York, on December last, it consummated a work in which twenty-five leading American and French art and patriotic societies had been interested for some time before. The delegation from the Knights of Columbus and the Color Guard from the Lafayette Guards were present in uniform. Dr. George Frederick Kunz, president of the committee, made the address of welcome. An address was also made by Ambassador Jusserand, conferring in the name of the French Government the cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor upon Mr. J. Sanford Saltus, honorary president of the Joan of Arc Statue Committee, and the gold wreath of Officer of Public Instruction upon Miss Hyatt, the sculptress.

The statue by Miss Anna Vaughn Hyatt represents the Maid of Orleans in armor, standing in her stirrups. Miss Hyatt's niece, Miss Clara Hunter Hyatt, posed in the armor, and the face is idealistic. The horse was modeled at Paris, and when displayed there made quite a sensation on account of the spirit of life and action portrayed by the sculptress. It is the first equestrian statue of the Maid of Orleans ever made by a woman, and Miss Hyatt, in this, her chief masterpiece, displays the strength and vigor of Rosa Bonheur.

The sculptress is a native of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and in early life studied music as a profession, but under the tutelage of Henry H. Kitson, Hermon A. MacNeil, and Gutzon Borglum she found her true bent in sculpture. She has exhibited in many national expositions and private exhibitions, and received honorable mention at the Paris Salon of 1910. This is the fifteenth equestrian statue made of Joan of Arc, thirteen of which are in France, and two in the United States.

Joan of Arc was imprisoned in Rouen before her execution at the stake, and it was from her dungeon the rock was taken from which was made the pedestal on which the statue rests. The pedestal will also contain a stone from the Cathedral of Rheims, in which Charles VII was crowned through Joan's efforts. Her father Jacques was a native of the village of Arc, from which he moved to Domremy, where Joan was born, and he was known as Jacques d'Arc, so that d'Arc became the family name. Joan was called a number of nicknames, but on account of her prowess at Orleans, she has been known as La Pucelle d'Orleans (the Maid of Orleans).

Descendants of the d'Arc family have taken an active interest in the erection of the statue, and some of them were invited to attend the ceremonies of the dedication. Monsieur Louis d'Arc of Villeneuve-sur-Lot, writes that they would all have "been proud to be present at your beautiful celebration in honor of our great-aunt." His mother is eighty-four years old, and his wife and daughters—"three pretty girls"—are either directors or nurses in French hospitals.

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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS

Work of this kind has an influence toward developing an appreciation of art, and in such movements is always found foremost in his zeal and enthusiasm, the president of the committee, Dr. George Frederick Kunz, whose work as president of The American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, has done much to provide and preserve for America the Palisades and other parks, statues and other works of art, that will leave an impress upon the history of the United States for many generations to come.

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IN the northwest district of Washington Mr. D. V. K. Wellington Koo, the Chinese ambassador, was in a singular position when he woke up one morning and found himself transferred from being a representative of a republic to that of an imperial monarchy of China. There is a belief that the transition was more a matter of form than an actual change of government from republic to monarchy. In talking to a number of bright Chinese students, they impressed me that President Yuan Shi Kai will not be successful in making a *coup d'etat*, and that his attempt will prove as great a fiasco as the first attempts of Louis Napoleon to awaken French enthusiasm and confidence.

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DR. D. V. K. WELLINGTON KOO AND HIS WIFE
Dr. Koo is the Chinese minister to the United States, succeeding Kai Fu-Shad. He is the youngest diplomat to fill a post at Washington

It is said that Yuan is desirous that the new imperial government shall receive the recognition of the powers before taking the first step, realizing that he must first have the recognition of Japan, Great Britain and France. If the Washington government fails to fall in line with the other powers it is believed that it will not prevent other nations from giving the necessary recognition to the new monarchial government of China.

The reports of unrest, and the possibilities of popular and revolutionary outbursts are making the Chinese question one of the great problems of the war's aftermath. The sentiment of the Chinese in America is very strong and united against the change back to the imperial monarchy, but this change is naturally favored by some of the monarchies of Europe, who feel that the opening wedge of a permanent democracy or republic in Asia might imperil the Shogun Dynasty.

In my western journeys it has been my good fortune to meet a large number of Chinese students who are studying in American universities, and there is something in the earnest, honest trend of the Chinese mind that appeals to one, in contradistinction to the subtle and alert Japanese characteristics. The suggestion came to me that perhaps the real awakening of Japan came through her Americanized sons, so China may yet be pulled through by the development of the sons of the laundrymen and those in other lowly walks of life, whose unsuspected intelligence and enterprise are really astonishing.

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WHAT a fund of philosophy is struck in the reminiscence and comment of public men who have been on the firing line at Washington! At the State Department I was reminded by a clerk long in service of a conversation that I had one sunny afternoon with the late John Hay in one of his philosophic moods.

"The philosophy of life is paradoxical," said he, "and we seem to learn things only by contrast. Immersed as we are in the contemplation and use of the material, it takes a blow to bring us to a realization that material forms must, after all, remain incidental to those spiritual things that are outside the mere physical self. That thing which is 'you'—that which defies analysis or any apparent logical explanation—that which impels us to go on and on, facing fearlessly the future with an impulse to dare to do even the impossible, is the proof of immortality. If only the obviously possible were attempted in life's struggles, the march of events would lag, and the bliss of creative and constructive work would be known only as the history of a misty past."

PICTURESQUE SCENERY NEAR FLORESTAN, ON THE SOUTH PACIFIC COAST

THE memory of a trip to the coast now is a train sweeping across the prairies of Nebraska, over the site of the overland trail, looking either one side or the other and finding the red, white and blue on the telephone poles and the magic "L" of the Lincoln Highway; seeing the railroad's right of way being cultivated with corn fields, and in millet and grain; finding the desert, where the sage brush a few years ago grew upon the hillsides and valleys, now a-blossoming with yellow fields of wheat under the new methods of dry farming. It is an ever-interesting panorama, and as the train rattles over the rails and we wave from the rear end a salutation to the men working on the track, there is a response that shows the camaraderie of the great West. After the first trip or so it does not seem as if the trip to the Pacific Coast is any more to be considered so far as the task and weariness of travel is concerned, than the all-day trip on a local express train between New York and Boston, because in traveling long distances nowadays people prepare for it and the conveniences are adjusted for the eighty or ninety hours required to cross the continent by rail. It took months in the days of '49.

*Copyright, Clineainst*

MADAME BAKHMETEFF
Wife of the Russian Ambassador to the United States, who foiled a plot to ship cases laden with bombs from Tacoma to Russia

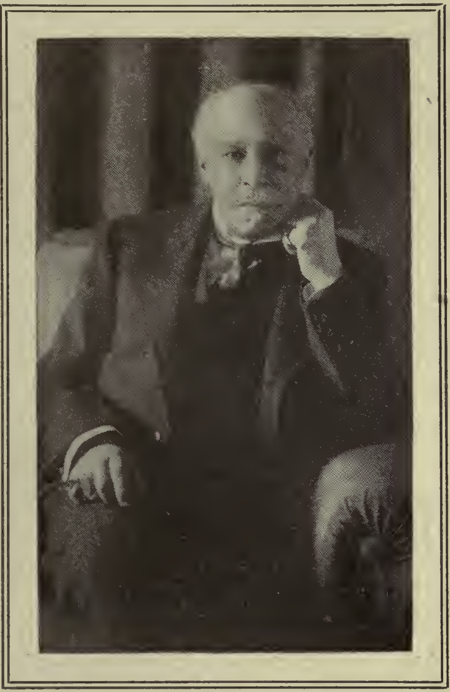
On these trips you meet people who tell you new things, unexpected things—the reservoir of knowledge is filled through the medium of observation, personal contact. Young boys and girls making the trip see with wide open eyes and gather impressions which nothing else can furnish, the school history and geography have a new meaning when they return and tell their companions of the time when "I was out West." One story en route impressed me as to the sturdy virility and vigor of the pioneers.

Men from the Middle West pushing on toward California, left the party at Salt Lake and pushed on ahead over a new trail to make a short cut to Virginia City. One of the horses fell ill and died. The pioneer was left on the bleak and barren waste far away from any civilization with a family of five little children, his wife and household effects, and one horse. Into the harness with that horse he trudged the three hundred weary miles, and brought his family to a place of safety. With the spirit of such men building the West, do you wonder that the spirit of virile hopefulness still prevails?

The story is tragic and the overland trail to the West, which was marked by the bleaching bones of many a traveler who fell by the wayside from exhaustion or became the victim of hostile Indians, also points the pathway of inspiration for the pioneer spirit; but a recurrence of those acts will be impossible; in the development of the future with its undaunted courage and audacity.

AMERICANS little realize how this country has been honeycombed with plots and counterplots, spying and intrigue, resulting from the European war. The secret service men and the Department at Washington have been busy, but there is no doubt that there is much that has not been uncovered. One of the most exciting of these plots was unearthed when C. C. Crowley was arrested in San Francisco for complicity in explosions on the Pacific Coast; he was said to have admitted that he was employed by Austrian consular officials to carry out a plot to ship cases of dried fruit given to the Red Cross laden with bombs on steamers trading between Tacoma and Vladivostock. It was declared that it was the wife of the Russian Ambassador, Mme. Bakhmeteff, who foiled these designs. When Crowley appealed to her for credentials to present as a gratuitous contribution several cases of the fruit to the Russian Red Cross, posing as an agent of the fruit growers, she somehow instinctively detected the possibilities for mischief in the plan and refused her consent.

The training and experience of the Russian diplomats for centuries past has made diplomacy an art in Russia, and they seem to have a way of reading minds and detecting subconscious thoughts. Subsequent events brought out through the startling statements implicating consular agents of plots to cripple ships and destroy American manufactories, demonstrate that even in the most innocent guise of dried apples or terrapin and lobster, there may lurk a plot, and that in one case at least it was planned that even the noble work of the Red Cross should be utilized in a dastardly way to destroy human life and throw suspicion on the good faith of the American republic.



M. BAKHMETEFF
Russian Ambassador to the United States

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THE work of the Secret Service Bureau of the Department of Justice in investigating plots and counter-plots to destroy property on American soil has been a revelation as thrilling in detail as that of a moving picture melodrama. There are very few things going on in these days of the telephone and quick communication that are not known in detail by the authorities at Washington. The old methods of intrigue are obsolete, for by turning a switch the dark corners of the world may be illuminated. The proceedings at the hearings cover many pages of interesting testimony, and the records in the Attorney General's office are voluminous. The Department of Justice has been the guardian of neutrality, and it has been doing effective work that has been as vital in the preservation of neutrality as the work in the State, War, or Navy Departments. Attorney General Gregory has been one of the busy cabinet ministers for the past few months which have reminded him of busy days in Texas.

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DURING a session of Congress, the Congressional Directory is as indispensable as a dictionary—it is a book referred to probably more than any other book extant in Washington—and Mr. Edgar E. Mountjoy, the compiler, deserves more than a passing note of commendation. In the first place, it contains calendars of 1915 and 1916, then it is thumb-indexed, so that you don't have to flutter about four hundred pages to find something you are looking for. It is handy and convenient, and contains tabloid information that would make one pass for the best posted man in the United States of America if he could carry it all in his head and reel it off without stopping for breath. A most convenient and handy map is pasted in the back of the book. If there is anything lacking in the latest Congressional Directory, it has not been discovered in the average editorial office—and it is saying a great deal for the make-up and contents of the book when the voice of the cynic is raised in words of praise.

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THE modest little town of Alexandria, Virginia, with its ten thousand inhabitants, is not so very different today from the time when Nathaniel Hawthorne visited it during the Civil War and wrote the following letter:

> Among other excursions to camps and places of interest in the neighborhood of Washington we went, one day, to Alexandria. It is a little port on the Potomac, with one or two shabby wharves and docks, resembling those of a fishing village in New England, and the respectable old brick town rising gently behind. In peaceful times it no doubt bore an aspect of decorous quietude and dullness; but it was now thronged with the Northern soldiery, whose stir and bustle contrasted strikingly with the many closed warehouses, the absence of citizens from their customary haunts and the lack of any symptom of healthy activity, while army wagons trundled heavily over the pavements and sentinels paced the sidewalks, and mounted dragoons dashed to and fro on military errands.
>
> I tried to imagine how very disagreeable the presence of a Southern army would be in a sober town of Massachusetts, and the thought considerably lessened my wonder at the cold and shy regards that are cast upon our troops, the gloom, the sullen demeanor, the declared or scarcely hidden sympathy with rebellion, which are so frequently here. It is a strange thing in human life that the greatest errors both of men and women often spring from their sweetest and most generous quality; and so, undoubtedly, thousands of warm-hearted, sympathetic, and impulsive persons have joined the Rebels, not from any real zeal for the cause, but because between two conflicting loyalties, they chose that which necessarily lay nearest the heart. There never existed any other government against which treason was so easy, and could defend itself by such plausible arguments, as against that of the United States.
>
> The anomaly of two allegiances (of which that of the State comes nearest home to a man's feelings, and includes the altar and the hearth, while the general government claims his devotion only to an airy mode of law, and has no symbol but a flag) is exceedingly mischievous in this point of view; for it has converted crowds of honest people into traitors, who seem to themselves not merely innocent, but patriotic, and who die for a bad cause with as quiet a conscience as if it were the best.
>
> In the vast extent of our country—too vast by far to be taken into one small human heart—we inevitably limit to our own State, or, at farthest to our own section, that sentiment of physical love for the soil which renders an Englishman, for example, so intensely sensitive to the dignity and well being of his little island that one hostile foot, treading anywhere upon it, would make a bruise on each individual breast. If a man loves his own State, therefore, and is content to be ruined with her, let us shoot him, if we can, but allow him an honorable burial in the soil he fights for.

A POTENT ARGUMENT FOR CHANGING THE INAUGURATION DATE

WITH the Congressmen working hard on plans for preparedness, it seems that the traditional ground hog, between the whirl of war news and the activities of the day, was almost forgotten this year. February 2 slipped by and nobody appeared to think about him. But it was a dark day, and though, according to the old saying, we should expect winter to become a mere memory, we were treated to a big snow storm which was joyfully greeted by the children, who were longing to build snow men and snow forts and to use their sleds and coasters. And yet the same snow that gives joy to the little ones brings shivers of dread to those who have no home, and sad thoughts to those whose lives are not brightened by the laughter of children and the sympathetic ties of family life and love.

The snow fall date comes with the icy glow of February and the blustering blizzards of March. Every year the proposition bobs up as to changing the inauguration day of the President back to the prospective sunny day in April when George Washington, the first President of the United States, was so happily inducted into office in front of the subtreasury building on Wall Street in New York, without a suspicion of being controlled by the "interests."

THE businesslike routine of governmental work at the White House was inaugurated by Hon. George B. Cortelyou of New York—three times cabinet minister and secretary to Presidents William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. He was the first secretary to dispatch answers to all letters on the day received at the White House. The quiet young man of twenty years ago, taking down on his cuff notes of the wants of visitors—as he did on one particular occasion—is a glimpse of Washington activities of the times that will never be forgotten.

This naturally suggests to one who writes that it might be well to take up shorthand, just for the purpose of taking notes, for what can you hope to do when you have to take them in longhand?

The study and mastery of shorthand requires a training of the memory such as cannot be equalled—that is why you will find that the most invaluable secretaries and people who can carry a myriad of details in mind, are those who have been trained to alertness and photographic retentiveness of memory.

CONGRESSMAN W. A. CLDFIELD

REPUBLICAN Congressmen holding committee appointments are anxiously wondering what will happen if the political complexion of Congress is changed in the fall elections. It would seem in the struggle for places that they have contemplated a Republican House when the next Congress convenes. Among the new members there is an enthusiasm in the way they take hold of the work that indicates the development of a new coterie and shows how political leaders are recruited as elections come and go.

Congressman Oldfield, so long in charge of the work of the Patents Committee, has been promoted to the Ways and Means Committee, and is preparing to round out his Congressional career in good shape for the Senatorial campaign in Arkansas in 1918. The committees are now holding frequent meetings and are pushing forward the work, hoping to obviate an extra session which would seriously interfere with the political plans for 1916.

The new Democratic leader of the House is Mr. Claude Kitchin, whose mettle and power, equal to that of a speaker in former times, have made him the man to be reckoned with on any legislation in prospect for the Sixty-fourth Congress.

WHEN Senator Hitchcock began his address in the Senate on the Philippine bill prepared in his committee, it revived memories of the days of William McKinley. He read excerpts from the messages of the President in 1898 that seemed to possess the spirit of prophecy, called attention to the remarkable advance in civilization achieved in the Philippines and stated that five hundred thousand school children were now speaking English and attending the schools maintained on the islands. His discussion indicated a broad spirit, giving credit, as he did, even to an opposing political party for the great work accomplished in the Philippines, an altruistic movement by a nation that has never been paralleled in the history of the world. On the floor of the Senate were native representatives from the Philippines. The bill, which was part of the legislative program of the Sixty-fourth Congress, was thoroughly discussed, Senator Hitchcock showing a masterfulness in debate that is most gratifying to his old newspaper friends and constituents at home. True, his hair is longer than of yore, and his appearance more dignified than in the days when he was just "Gil" Hitchcock, a newspaper man, but he still retains his earnestness and diligence for ferreting out the facts. Twenty years ago, in 1896, he was the "right-hand man" of the new political Lochinvar that came out of the West. He was the ardent champion of William Jennings Bryan, the boy orator of the La Platte, and then the apostle of sixteen to one.

Senator Hitchcock is still the editor and publisher of the *World-Herald* in Omaha, and keeps in close touch with public opinion from his old training and instinct.

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As we bade goodbye to Mr. Brand Whitlock when he sailed to his post as American Minister to Belgium, it was given to none of us to sense the shadow of the impending war cloud. His old newspaper friends rejoiced with him on his appointment, and twitted him on his new and well-fitting suit, his cane, his gloves and silk hat. Still we voted that he was all right, and facetiously predicted great things, for we all felt—whether we said so or not—that there is something about Brand Whitlock that indicates his "preparedness" and readiness to meet an emergency. When he returned from his diplomatic post in Belgium, after experiences that would make a modern "book of horrors," he received the welcome and plaudits of grateful countrymen for the efficient manner in which he had handled his difficult task. The

HON. BRAND WHITLOCK

United States Minister to Belgium, who recently paid a short visit to this country and held an important interview at Washington with President Wilson and Secretary Lansing

Secretary of State in Washington says that Brand Whitlock stands foremost among our diplomats for the manner in which he has conducted himself in trying situations, and it is a comment worth noting for Secretary Lansing is not a man to indulge in mere idle compliment.

SOCIAL activities of Washington have kept many an ambitious young Congressman worried as to how to fill his various engagements. One busy Congressman who has an idea that he makes a good speech was to deliver an address at a women's club in full regalia. He dressed hurriedly, and hoping he would find time and opportunity to change his hosiery after he had reached the hotel, before the meeting, he quickly rolled up a pair of socks and dropped them in his pocket.

He was late in arriving at the hotel, and soon found himself pushed into the red room, bowing to the assembled guests. As the speech progressed, he swept his audience from side to side with the eddies of his oratory. The room was warm, the speaker grew more and more excited, and reaching down to take out his kerchief and mop his massive brow, he pulled out that pair of socks. The audience quickly took in the situation. Although in these days women are said to be unfamiliar with the old method of darning socks, still they intuitively know that a lavender bundle rolled inside out after the manner of our grandmothers can be nothing else but socks.

There was a moment of chagrin and embarrassed silence as the Congressman realized the situation, but all during that evening there was a suspicious look at the Congressman's feet by those who stood near him.

A WINSOME and handsome young lady of my acquaintance who had been educated abroad, has some tales to tell about the young folk and society that are interesting, not to say startling at times. Among other things, she was talking about her formal debut in society, and of the "rich men's sons" who were present, looking over the ground, encouraged and flattered by the doting mothers of the young buds. There was one young man whose father was possessed of a goodly share of worldly goods, who—to quote the young lady—so strongly resembled a pig that when he was without his hat you couldn't be sure whether it was a man or an animal.

It seems that those young hopeful featherheads had gathered the impression that they had only to approach the lady of their choice, and name the figures of which they would some day be possessed, whereupon she would figuratively, if not literally, "fall on his neck."

The young chap in our story, firmly convinced of his assured eligibility, called on this young lady one day without his hat and was gently, though none the less firmly and decisively convinced that he didn't look good to her. Crestfallen and disappointed, the obese young heir to millions took his leave. The brother of the young lady was just returning home, and as he looked at the retreating form of the rejected suitor, he was heard to murmur with a shrug of his shoulder, "Eighteen millions gone to h——."

# Truth About Henry Ford Peace Expedition

## by J. E. Jones

*(Member of the Party)*

IN November, 1915, Mr. Henry Ford engaged in a series of conferences with prominent peace workers, among whom were Miss Jane Addams of Chicago, and Madame Rosika Schwimmer of Hungary. They agreed that the time was ripe for a peace propaganda that would arise triumphant above the noise of a continent at war, and the Peace Ship plan was adopted. Then Mr. Ford broke an almost inviolable rule—he made a speech, and it contained less than twenty words, the substance of which was, "Out of the trenches before Christmas, never to return." Mr. Ford supplemented his remarks to the reporters by telling them that if Christmas did not suit them, they might select New Year's, the Fourth of July, or some other holiday that would be agreeable.

The announcement created a world-wide sensation, just as those who thought it out intended that it should. The lurking hope that actually existed in millions of minds found an outlet in earnest discussion, with the Ford enterprise as the topic. There was an abundance of ridicule, and the more people thought about the matter the more apt they were to be tolerant. Eventually most people found themselves saying: "Of course I believe in peace."

Day by day they read the war news, or such meager truths as were sifted cut of the avalanche of misrepresentation and ridicule that followed the Peace Ship across the seas. There was a steady increase in the number of people who discarded the negative word "can't," and joined with Henry Ford in the greater thought, "Let's try." The forces of intelligent thinking and discussion were unloosened—and that person is short-sighted indeed, who cannot recognize that such a power is not transient or temporary, but that it is bound in the end to accomplish great good.

Our second day at sea was Sunday, and two religious services were held. Dr. Charles F. Aked, in his sermon, told of Paul: "And on the Sabbath we went out of the city by a river side; where prayer was wont to be made; and we sat down, and spake unto the women which resorted thither." The beginning was small, but Paul was not disheartened. Dr. Aked made us feel that, though our beginning, too, was small, our influence, like that of Paul, would extend beyond the shores of a river, and that the waves of the sea might break a few sprays of peace upon the distant shores where men fought in blind passion and hate.

There were fifteen eventful days on the Oscar II before Christiania was reached. Though we had been characterized as the "illustrious unknown," the delegate body included sixty-five of the most purposeful, intelligent and earnest men and women with whom I have ever had the good fortune to associate. Our daily meetings afforded rare intellectual treats. We had with us thirty-five young men and women, picked from the universities and colleges of the country. They held their separate

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SOME OF THE PEACE PILGRIMS

Mrs. J. E. Jones, Washington, D. C.; Miss Katherine Leckie, New York City; Miss Marian Teachner, New York City; Mrs. Frederick Holt, Detroit, and Miss Alice Lawton, New York City

daily meetings, and planned to enlist the co-operation of the student bodies of the countries which we were to visit. The Oscar II was a veritable floating Chautauqua. The suggestion that we were ever on the point of dissolution or breaking up came to us first when we read the American newspapers, which reached us at about the time we were on the homeward voyage. Only two people resigned from the party, and upon the return home one of these gave out a newspaper statement declaring that the expedition had been a success.

Naturally, I felt a good deal of sympathy for the anxious battery of reporters on our expedition who could find nothing better to write about than speeches and weighty discussions. We had been four days out from New York, and nearly half the voyagers had been seasick. Millions of people were waiting for news from the Peace Ship. The reporters knew what the wireless was intended for, but they could not get any news to it—there was no news. Finally an informal discussion of the President's "preparedness" plan arose to about the degree of a tempest in a teapot. Two or three reporters who came along to make trouble seized this opportunity and sent out stories to the effect that the Peace Pilgrims were fighting. Other reporters, some young and inexperienced, apparently determined not to be outdone, followed this lead. Wireless tolls are expensive, but these people seemed to think that after so long a silence it was up to them to create some excitement. How the wireless spluttered! A half dozen men and women who should have known better were in a contest to see who could write the most stirring account of how Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones told Colonel S. S. McClure that he "had better go to bed." For that in truth was the most exciting thing that happened, and doubtless the white-haired clergyman from Chicago and the New York editor might have agreed that it was the proper thing to do, as the hour was late.

The "inspiration" of that night furnished the coveted opportunity which enabled two or three dominant writers, who were entirely out of sympathy with the purpose of the expedition, to control the policy of some of the others who did not comprehend the great importance of the movement. They adopted very questionable methods in order to get "hot stuff" into their dispatches. I do not suppose that any of these men or women realized that they might be adding to the quantity of steel being shot into the bodies of men, through their attempt to discredit worthy, sane people whose mission was to help save their fellow-beings.

Since my return home I have been asked repeatedly about Madame Schwimmer. Evidently the attacks upon her dated from that day when she reprimanded the press. Although a native of a belligerent country she is unquestionably a sincere worker for peace. Her "documents" were no mystery, but the correspondents sought to clothe them with suspicion. As a matter of fact she never claimed to have any papers, other than copies of certain statements that had previously been vouched for by Miss Jane Addams and all the members of the International Congress of Women which had met at The Hague.

A rather extraordinary feature of the Henry Ford Peace Expedition was the personal relation existing between its leader and his guests. During the first days at sea Mr. Ford held regular conferences twice a day with the newspaper people, and he discussed the expedition with practically everyone on the ship. He was subjected to the most searching inquiries, especially by the representatives of the press. Everyone agrees that he is a very unusual man, that he is entirely sincere and absolutely unselfish, and even the most of the correspondents spoke well of him.

The monotony of ocean travel was rudely disturbed by our experiences in the war zone. Three or four hundred miles off the coast of Scotland, we were halted by the British cruisers, and in the grim darkness, the blinking lights, and sparks from the wireless were not at all reassuring. A boat came alongside and a lieutenant and four marines climbed up over the side of our ship. They brought with them what appeared to be an over-supply of rifles. The first evidence of their gentleness was indicated by the wrist watches with which they were ornamented. They remained with us for four days and we were technically under arrest, and were ordered into Kirkwall, Scotland. At the entrance of the harbor something resembling a vast rosary stretched from shore to shore. It was a string of floating mines; two trawlers parted it in the center and made a passage through which we entered the harbor, where we remained for three days. Afterwards, on our return home, we were held up nearly four days at Deal and Falmouth in the English Channel. We saw hundreds of boats of every description, which constituted a part of the British Navy. Unquestionably at that time Britannia ruled the sea. It is also certain that the North Sea and the English Channel are not safe places for a "joy ride."

About a week before we reached Norway an epidemic of influenza broke out, and one case developed into pneumonia, resulting in the death of one of our voyagers. Over half the party were affected, and Mr. Ford was one of the victims. The best physicians in Norway were called. Mr. Ford's business associates who had accompanied him were anxious about his condition, as were also a number of personal friends who had started out with him from Detroit. They decreed that Mr. Ford should leave the party, and he reluctantly obeyed.

The Norwegians waited only a few hours before defining their attitude toward the expedition. At the close of our first

A FORBIDDEN PICTURE

Snapshot of Peace Pilgrims taken in the harbor of Deal, England, and British warships in the background

VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF STOCKHOLM, SHOWING THE
At the Grand Hotel is being held the Permanent Neutral Conference, which is composed of delegates from
Mr. Henry Ford. The conference expects to continue its sessions until peace is

meeting one of the most distinguished clergymen of Christiania took the platform and told us of the misrepresentation that had preceded us. He added that our party had been carefully observed in Christiania, and that the large audience which had assembled was entirely satisfied. He pledged his sympathy and support, "heart and soul." Then followed a tremendous outburst of applause and enthusiasm. Meetings were held every night and every one was successful. Norway, Sweden and Denmark selected their most representative men and women, who accompanied us on our way to The Hague. The people were enthusiastic and sympathetic. The press was friendly, and the *Politiken*, the most powerful newspaper in all those countries, gave us a magnificent reception at their offices in Copenhagen.

From Copenhagen we went into Germany and a special train took us on a night trip across the Kaiser's Empire, landing us on the Holland frontier at three o'clock in the morning. We were treated with every courtesy and attention by the Germans. Even the formality of examining our luggage was dispensed with. The villages we passed were in semi-darkness, and occasionally as our train sped on through the towns we discovered that only a few street lights, with a minimum candle power, were in use. Hamburg was reached at eight thirty in the evening, and except for the absence of people about the station, conditions were almost normal. There were many soldiers, but these were performing the duties that usually belong to civilians. In the railroad yards hundreds of Red Cross cars depicted a mute, grim story. Our own train was allowed but two sleeping cars, although we were a party of nearly two hundred. It was explained that all of the sleeping cars in Germany were needed in transporting wounded soldiers. At one station we came upon fifty of these unfortunates in care of the Red Cross.

On two days in the week meat is not eaten in Germany, and we were supplied an egg omelet as a substitute. The black potato bread was cut in thin slices, passed and then removed from the tables. It was very plain that the food supply was being conserved; although there was evidence in the Scandinavian countries that Germany was being supplied with all the food that she required. However, that night on the dining car, I noticed that there was plenty of the German beer that is no longer to be had in the United States, and there was Rhine wine for any who wished to purchase it.

When we arrived at the boundary line between Germany and Holland a member of our party thanked the Germans for the courtesies we had received. The lieutenant in charge responded with a speech in the English language—a thing almost unheard of in the German army circles.

ROYAL PALACE, ROYAL OPERA, AND GRAND HOTEL
Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland and the United States, and is maintained by
declared. The mayor of Stockholm is presiding over the conference

He addressed us as "Dear friends." He wished our expedition success. That was all, but it meant a lot.

The following morning we looked out of the car windows on the beauties of Holland. The railroad at certain points parallels the Holland frontier; and there were long lines of entrenchments, some of which were built in concrete. Cannon and siege guns stretched for miles beyond the horizon. Other cannon and scientific devices of warfare were placed in position on boats and water craft of various kinds in order that they might be moved up and down the canals. A little farther on we saw a refugee camp of twenty-five hundred Belgians, who are being supported by the people of Holland. We learned that there are many larger camps in different parts of the Netherlands.

Along the country roads soldiers were marching, and we had a closer view of them when we visited the cities. There were thousands of these young men who marched in a state of "preparedness" to defend their country should it be attacked. In little Holland more than a half million men are under arms, all of whom could be destroyed in a half day by just such an arrangement of fighting machines as the country has erected along its own frontier. When one sees these young men, the flower of the nation, it is quite natural to wonder by what method of reasoning it is figured out that the world powers have determined that the national honor can be vindicated by feeding them to machine guns. This identical process is operating in all its horrors within a few hours' ride from where we traveled in Holland. There are plenty of heroes, and John D. Barry, now in Stockholm with the Neutral Conference, has described one in a verse, which was written aboard the Oscar II.

He fancied that he fought,
  For country and for right;
He really fought because
  Some statesman loved a fight;
A hero on the field,
  He suffered and he bled;
His name in the long list
  Was lost among the dead;
His helpless wife and brood
  Bequeathed he to the state,
That left them to become
  The mockery of fate;
And nothing now remains
  In witness of his glory
Except these bare details
  Of his miserable story.

At this point I want to relate that I talked with some of the Dutch mothers and learned of their "silent strike," as a result of which many of them sent their sons to the United States a year or more ago. I was told that the same process had been repeated upon a more extensive scale in Switzerland and that thousands of mothers had sent their boys away. I heard several times while in Holland that Queen Wilhelmina had unofficially informed her Parliament that she would not be a war

Queen, and that in case Holland was drawn into the European struggle, she would resign. In this same connection it may be interesting to state that in conversation with British marines they told me that the common men who do the fighting in the British navy were praying for the success of the Henry Ford Peace Expedition.

Some of our party had an opportunity to talk to German soldiers, and the latter told how anxious they were for the success of the peace movement. In Holland we came into close touch with many of these boys in uniform, and I shall not forget a letter that I saw, telling how thousands of these young men were hoping that their country would escape, and praying for the success of the Americans. This letter was signed by "A Simple Dutch Soldier." The young men of the world are growing tired of the human sacrifice by which they must give up their life blood to fight the battles decreed by kings and rulers.

These incidents are but sidelights upon the main purpose of the expedition. We were greeted everywhere as the "Big Brother." These small neutral nations, which stand in fear and trembling lest they may be drawn into the horrible vortex of war, are waiting for the United States to lead the way into pathways of peace, and no matter what our official course may be they are ready to back us up in helping to save bleeding Europe from self-destruction.

Europeans are not accustomed to unofficial demonstrations dealing with international affairs, and after investigating our purposes they became enthused and were glad to join in a movement in which a body of American citizens had shown the independence to go across the ocean on such a world-inspiring pilgrimage, without even so much as asking the government's "by your leave." Europe was even more surprised than the United States to find that there lived a millionaire willing to spend a fortune for the good of humanity. Among these people war is complacently regarded as the failure of diplomacy; and the neutrals, in their critical positions, are appalled by the awful tragedy at their door.

It is not strange that these people came with open minds to meet us. The problems involved in the world struggle are vital and imminent to them. There were no lips curled with sneers or voices acid with scorn; the weapon of ridicule was absent among these neutrals. There are some American characteristics from which they are pleasantly free. They wanted our thought, and they considered the move-

PEACE PILGRIMS RETURNING FROM RYKS MUSEUM AT AMSTERDAM
With the party is Carl A. Lindhagen, mayor for life of Stockholm and member of the Swedish Parliament. Mr. Lindhagen is at the head of the Permanent Neutral Conference, which was established by the Henry Ford Expedition

RECEPTION TO HENRY FORD PEACE EXPEDITION, HOTEL WITTEBURG, THE HAGUE

COMMITTEE IN CHARGE OF FORD EXPEDITION
(*Seated, left to right*) Louis Lockner, Mrs. Joseph Fels, Mrs. William Bross Lloyd, Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, (*standing, left to right*) Benjamin W. Huebsch, Rev. Charles F. Aked, Judge "Ben" Lindsey, Mme. Rosika Schwimmer, Frederick Golt, Gaston Plantiff

ment in the most serious manner, and used every effort to make the pilgrimage a success that would some day yield momentous results.

The expedition finished its work when it organized a Permanent Neutral Conference, which now sits at Stockholm with Mayor Carl A. Lindhagen at its head. With him are the delegates from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Switzerland, and these thoughtful men and women are engaged in forming peace proposals and suggestions, which will be submitted to the belligerent powers. Should an official conference of the neutral nations be called, the Stockholm Conference will strive to aid it by giving it active support. Until such time as there is an official congress the Stockholm Conference will proceed by the best methods that can be devised, hoping and striving to provide suggestions which may help to restore honorable peace.

I do not see how anyone can go to Europe, or even study the conditions of war, and believe that any of those poor, bankrupt nations, with their best soldiers already dead upon the battle-fields, are going to become the foes of the United States. To my mind the only menace that threatens has been described by Senator Norris, as, "our own hot-headed, unreasonable, 'chip on the shoulder,' 'lick all creation' citizens."

The United States is in a position where it can take the lead in a constructive policy which will eventually build up an international peace that shall last for all time. The Henry Ford Peace Expedition has strengthened the position of the United States. One of its greatest assets was that it gave expression to a movement of the people. As good government and great reforms always start with the people it is the duty of every citizen to work in these critical times for the improvement of conditions throughout the world. The Oscar II was the first dreadnaught of Peace, and it was a memorable privilege to help fire its guns in behalf of world peace.

WINTER SPORTS AT HOLMENKOLLEN, NORWAY
A native beauty, in the skiing uniform, is in the foreground; the others are Thomas W. Steep of the Associated Press, and Judge and Mrs. Ben B. Lindsey of Denver

# The Public's Stake in Railway Wages

### by E. W. Mayo

IN the past half century no other industry in the United States has been so much to the fore in public discussion and agitation as the railway business. During the earlier half of this period the problem that chiefly concerned American communities was how to obtain more and more railroads, while during the latter half they have sought to restrain and regulate the railroads. No other one subject receives more legislative attention.

From 1912 to 1915 there were introduced into Congress and the state legislatures more than three thousand bills relating to railroads, four hundred and forty-two of which were enacted into law. Some of these measures were necessary or desirable in order to increase the safety of travel, or to promote the interests of the public in some other worthy way. Many more, however, served only to hamper the legitimate activities of the railroads, to create useless positions, or to add burdens of expense to the companies, while in no way increasing safety or efficiency. Much of the railroad legislation of recent years answers this description.

#### RAILWAY BUILDING AT LOW EBB

So successful have these efforts been that new construction of railway mileage has practically ceased. More than four-score roads, with mileage enough to form more than a dozen transcontinental lines, and representing a capitalization of over $2,000,000,000, have succumbed to the increasing burdens and have passed into the hands of receivers. It has become almost impossible to enlist capital in railroad development on terms that the roads are able to offer.

In this harrying sort of regulation, as well as in the public attitude which it represents, there is evident a serious misconception of the situation and functions of the country's transportation lines. The railroads are the servants of the public. They exist for the purpose of moving the commerce of the nation in the most rapid, economical and efficient manner. In so far as they fall short of this ideal they fail in their duty to the public, and in so far as they are prevented by publicly imposed restrictions from realizing it, the public is hurting itself. Every cent that the railroads pay out for wages and for supplies is drawn from the public. If the public adds to the cost of railway operation by stringent and hurtful restrictions, the public ultimately must foot the bill either in increased rates for transportation or in depreciated service, which is felt by every form of industry, because it handicaps business and prevents it from attaining its full possibilities of growth and expansion.

All this is simple and self-evident enough. But one need only glance over the legislation enacted or proposed in connection with every phase of railroad activity to realize that it is far from being widely understood. There is in many of these accomplished or attempted enactments the plain assumption that the railroads are tyrants seeking to oppress the public and must for that reason be curbed; that the interests of the railways and those of the mass of the people are opposed; that every form of railroad activity must be carefully regulated, inspected and tied up in red tape; and that the public welfare may be promoted by preventing railroad prosperity. Undoubtedly there have been instances in which railroad officials have abused their power or betrayed their trust. The important point, however, is that in many cases the remedies attempted, instead of preventing abuses, have reacted upon the public by making it impossible for the railroads to serve the public efficiently.

As servants of the public, the same rules hold good in the treatment of the railroads as of other servants. If they are starved, they cannot do their work properly. If they are hampered and interfered with at every step, if one member of the employer's family gives orders directing them to do certain things, and another member issues orders directly contrary, they cannot get through their tasks at all. If their pay is reduced or kept stationary, while their cost of living steadily increases, they will be driven out of their positions, and there will not be enough of them left to do the work required.

### GOVERNMENT REGULATION ACCEPTED

The very definition which describes railroads as servants of the public admits that their activities are properly subject to public regulation. In fact there is hardly a railroad executive in the country who does not accept the *principle* of public regulation, however much he may decry the deficient methods by which this principle is applied in actual *practice.* As time goes on, regulation is likely to be extended to a much greater degree than at present. What is needed rather than more regulation is more intelligent regulation. The longest step forward that could be taken in encouraging the railroads, in helping the public, and in improving the relations between the two, would come from a clear appreciation of the duty of liberal and enlightened treatment by the one as well as of loyal and efficient service by the other.

While many laws and regulations affecting railways now on the statute books might well be erased, there are, on the other hand, certain phases of railroad activity in connection with which the public, for its own protection, should exercise its dominant power to a greater degree than it has in the past. This applies, for example, to the subject of the wages paid to railroad employes. Railroad wages are a matter of direct public concern because the public pays every bit of this annual railway bill of nearly a billion and a half dollars. Obviously the roads cannot pay out this money until they have collected it from the public. Yet in this important matter, which directly affects the cost of transportation to a greater degree than any other single factor, the public in the past has had little or nothing to say.

At the present moment an issue has been raised over the wages of a segment of the great army of a million and three quarters railway workers of the country. The four powerful unions of train service employes, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, the Order of Railway Conductors, and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, have formulated demands which, if granted, will increase their pay approximately twenty-five per cent. This advance in wages would apply to every railroad in the United States. It is estimated by the executive committee of the Association of Western Railways that to grant the demands of the men would add $100,000,000 a year to the payrolls for engineers, firemen, conductors and trainmen. To anyone familiar with the conditions of American railways in recent years, it is obvious that the roads cannot assume an added burden of $100,000,000 a year, or anything like that sum, unless they can increase freight rates to add an equal amount to their incomes. Thus the direct financial interest of the public in the decision of this particular wage issue is unusually clear.

The situation contains another possibility of the deepest importance to the public. If the unions present their demands, and if these demands are rejected by the railway managers, as they undoubtedly will be, the next step, in accordance with the usual procedure in previous controversies of the sort, will be a vote by the members of the unions placing in the hands of the executive heads of their organizations authority to call a strike. This would place in the hands of four men the power at a word to paralyze the transportation system of the country and to precipitate the first railroad strike of national extent in the history of the United States.

What such a strike would mean to the American people cannot be set forth in mere facts and figures. It can be dimly imagined by those who realize what an intimate and vital part railway transportation plays in every industrial activity of the country.

There is scarcely a person in any part of the land who would not be immediately affected if the millions of busily turning wheels on our nearly three hundred thousand miles of railway were to stop for a single day. If the tie-up continued for a week, the blow to the industry of the country would be greater than that caused by any panic of recent history. To the big cities of the country, and particularly to the cities of the eastern seaboard, it would mean a cutting off of food supplies that would place the inhabitants virtually in a state of siege. In the case of many food products these cities do not carry on hand a stock sufficient to feed their people for more than a week, and in the case of some, such as milk and fresh vegetables, supplies are replenished daily. The stoppage of transportation, therefore, would mean suffering and want to these city dwellers, and if continued for long would threaten many of them with actual starvation.

To the farmers of the country a general railroad strike would be a catastrophe, only less serious. Cut off from his market, the farmer could not move his produce, and the price of grain and other staples would be quickly cut in two, while the market value of more perishable articles would disappear entirely. The great industrial plants of the country would soon be forced to close down following the declaration of a strike because they could not obtain supplies needed for their operation, nor could they ship their finished products to market. Their plants would soon be idle, and millions of men would be thrown out of work. With the income of practically every class of citizens either seriously cut down or suspended entirely, merchants would transact little business, because there would be few purchasers. In short, the industrial activities of the whole country would be virtually palsied from the moment the railroads ceased to operate. The injury to the railway companies and to the striking employes would be enormous, but it would be infinitesimal compared with the staggering loss that would fall upon the general public.

### PUBLIC WOULD SUFFER MOST

It may be objected that a railway strike of country-wide proportions would be such a crime against the industrial welfare of the country that it cannot occur. Undoubtedly railway managers and railway employes alike would be loath to engage in such a desperate encounter, but the mere fact that there never before has been a general railroad strike in the United States affords no assurance that one may not arise out of the present controversy. It must be remembered that this is the first time that the unions of train service employes of the whole country have acted as a unit in presenting their demands, and the very fact that their united action gives them a tremendous leverage of power may make them only the more determined to take the ultimate step if it comes to that point. Events of the past two years have shown the world how easily the impossible may happen.

When a strike occurs in a private industry, as, for example, in the plants of one of the great steel companies, it involves a certain degree of loss and inconvenience to the public, but in the case of a railway strike, the public would be by all odds the chief sufferer. In view of the fact that the public stake in this matter is incomparably greater than that of either the employer or the employe, it would seem the part of simple wisdom for the public, through its elected representatives, to take some action and to provide some machinery for protecting itself against such a strike.

In the dispute that has just arisen, if both sides stand to their guns, apparently the only possible way to avoid a strike is by means of arbitration. In the past, when strikes have occurred or have been threatened on individual roads or on groups of roads, the usual way of settling them has been by the appointment to a board of arbitration of representatives of the workers, the managers, and the general public, the latter holding the balance of power. This is an unsatisfactory makeshift for adjusting these difficulties, because the result is seldom determined by consideration of the merits of the case. The functions of the public's representatives usually resolve themselves into the framing of a compromise which yields something, withholds something and is satisfactory to neither party. This, however, is the only device by which the public at the present time can have any voice in the settlement of these disputes.

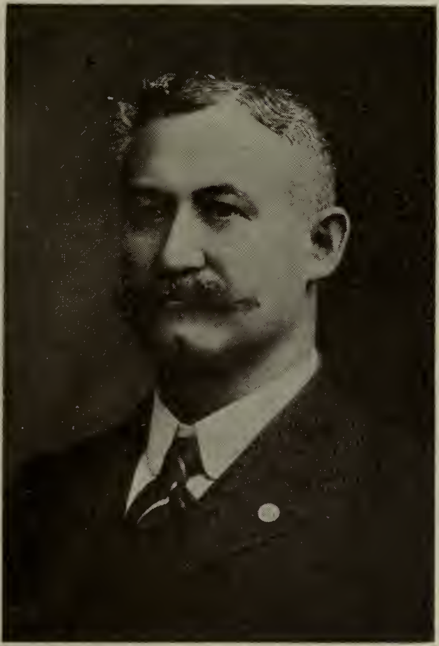
In the present controversy the railway managers have made no statement as to the position they will take if a proposal for arbitration is submitted to them. The leaders of the unions, however, while they have not gone to the length of an official declaration that they will not accept arbitration, have made it evident that they are opposed to it. They take the position practically that this is purely a private dispute between themselves and their employers, and one with which the public has nothing to do. In a statement given out early in February and signed by the executive heads of the four brotherhoods of train service employes, it was made very clear that whether or not advances in their wages led to an increase in the cost to the public of railroad transportation was a matter of indifference to them, as was also the possibility that the success of their movement might cause defaults of interest and dividends and lead to the abandonment of road and terminal improvements of value to the public. Holding this view and realizing that, with no direct responsibility to the public, their power has grown to be greater than that of the railroads themselves in a trial of strength, the unions are disinclined to yield any part of the advantage which they now possess. It is a safe guess that in the final outcome the unions will agree to arbitrate only in case they feel that a refusal would outrage public opinion to such an extent that it would make impossible the successful prosecution of a strike by leading to some drastic legislative or executive action to force an adjustment. They may, as they did in the case of the demands of the western engineers and firemen, make their agreement to arbitrate conditional upon the granting of certain specific concessions in advance.

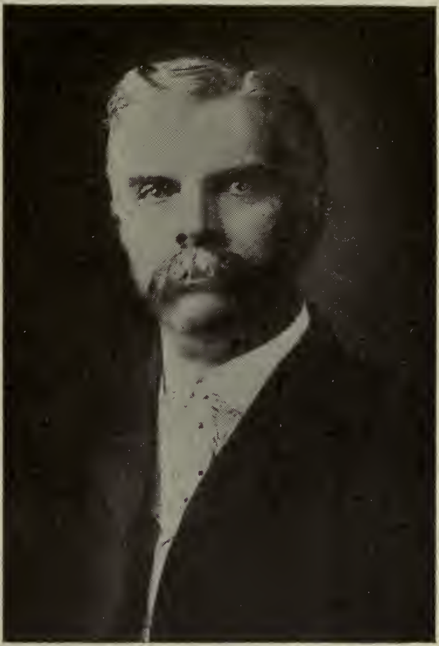
Within a short time, therefore, the public must decide whether it wishes to tax itself a sum which may be set at roundly $100,000,000 a year for the benefit of the three hundred thousand men employed in the railway train service. This really involves, of course, the necessity of determining the justice of the claims made by the men. If they are at present underpaid their demands should be granted. The public means to be fair. If the public, with the facts before it, were satisfied that the men who handle its trains were receiving less than a fair living wage, it would be willing to shoulder the burden in order to do justice to the workers.

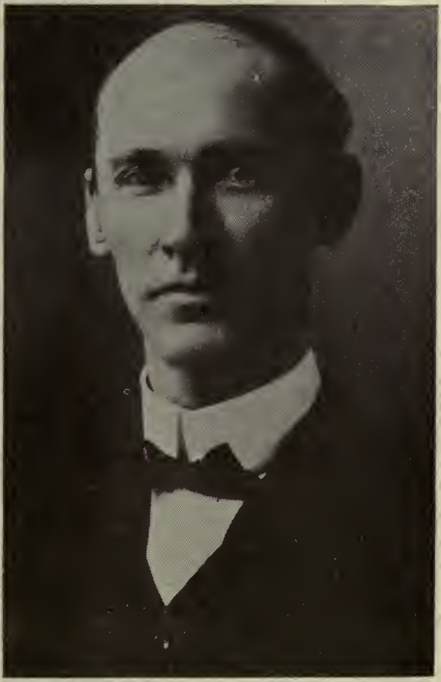
### THE PUBLIC AS JURY

It is, however, a difficult matter for the general public to determine the truth in regard to this matter. It would be much easier for a governmental body to which was delegated the specific task of collecting and weighing the facts in the case to pass upon it. As a matter of actual practice few men are able or willing to give to the study of a situation such as this the time and attention necessary to enable them to act the part of jurors. There are, however, certain general considerations which the public at large can easily determine, and which may be broadly sufficient to enable it to form a just opinion.

As every man knows, the cost of living has increased materially during the past twenty years, and as a result wages in practically every kind of employment have increased also. Among the railway employes these increases have been more numerous, and much more marked, in the case of train service men who are making the present demands than among other classes of employes. From 1903 to 1914 the average pay of the train service men has advanced in amounts varying from thirty to forty-two per cent. Reports to the Interstate Commerce Commission show that engineers, firemen, conductors and trainmen receive an average of $1,240 a year, while the wages of all other employes, who form eighty-two per cent of the whole, average about $700 a year. Certainly as compared with their







*Photos copyright, Brown Brothers, New York*

W. G. LEE
President of Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen

WARREN S. STONE
President of Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers

G. E. CARTER
President of Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen

A. B. GARRETSON
President of Order of Railway Conductors

fellow-workers upon the railways, the men of the "Big Four" brotherhoods are well paid. If one looks outside and compares the wages received by these men with those in other industries where the requirements are comparable, it is evident that their position is relatively an enviable one. Professor Scott Nearing estimates that the average wage received by workers throughout the country is not far from $600 a year. If this estimate is correct, the train employes are twice as well paid as the average American workman. In the steel industry, where wages are higher probably than in any other great industry of the country except railroading, the average for employes of the Steel Corporation has just recently risen to slightly over $900 a year. As compared with steel workers, therefore, the trainmen enjoy an advantage of nearly forty per cent. Farmers, lawyers, doctors and clergymen receive, as a rule, something less than half the amount paid to these preferred workers of the railway lines.

Not only in the matter of wages, but in other conditions of employment as well the men engaged in the operation of freight and passenger trains have secured unusual concessions and consideration. In other trades a man is paid only for the time he is actually at work, and if he receives overtime for working beyond the usual number of hours, he is engaged in productive labor during that period. On the railways, however, men are paid not only for the time when they are actually producing something, but for all the time when they are on duty, which includes in the aggregage millions of hours in which they are not doing anything for which the railways can collect pay. A compilation made from the records of a number of western roads showed that during the year 1913–14, $1,400,000 was paid for "constructive mileage," where the men gave neither their time nor the mileage paid for.

The public does not control or regulate the wages paid in other industries; why should it attempt to do so in the case of the railroads? The answer is easy. In private industries the owners, if compelled to advance wages, can increase the selling price of their products. This power has been taken away from the owners of the railroads. The Interstate Commerce Commission and the many state commissions decide what the income of the railroads shall be. Wages bear a direct and vital relation to freight and passenger rates inasmuch as two-thirds of the cost of railway operation is for labor. Without the power to make the rates charged for service over their lines, railway managers may be placed in a position where they are compelled to refuse demands of their employes, even though they feel that these demands are just. Clearly the power to regulate transportation wages should rest in the hands that fix transportation rates.

### PUBLIC MUST DECIDE

In view of the fact that arbitration is a clumsy and ineffective device, and that at best it affords only an indirect means for the public to express its opinion, it is a matter of first-rate importance to the public to create as quickly as possible some effective agency for the regulation of railway wages. Whether this task should be delegated to the Interstate Commerce Commission, whether a special wage commission should be created, or whether the subject can be handled through some subsidiary body responsible to the Interstate Commerce Commission are matters of detail to be determined. The main consideration is that whatever body is entrusted with this work should be in a position to weigh all factors bearing upon it, including the claims of the less well-organized and less well-paid railway employes, the income of the railways available for wage expenditure, the question of the fairness to the public of increasing the cost of transportation by increasing wages, and all other related matters.

At the present moment it is chiefly important that the public should realize that it is directly involved in the issue of the controversy between the railways and the train service employes. The public should appreciate the fact that it pays the railroad wage bill, and that, if wages are advanced, it must stand the cost. The public should understand that the railways are merely its agents and servants, and that it is for the public to decide the question at issue.

# *Abraham Lincoln— A Prophet of God*

### *by John Wesley Hill*

PROVIDENTIAL leaders are priceless. Their careers are the beacons of human progress. Their thoughts and deeds are the richest legacy of mankind. They are lights kindled upon the dome of the centuries, illuminating the mental and moral atmosphere of the world. History is the story of their epochal deeds, and civilization the lengthened shadow of their exalted soul. Serving most, they are the greatest. They come at great intervals, representing vast issues, founding imperishable institutions and wielding an immeasurable and potent influence.

Only about once in a hundred years does some solitary prophet stand in our midst unannounced, proclaim his message, fulfill his mission, and then vanish as mysteriously as he arrived, leaving behind him a cherished memory half mortal and half myth.

Victor Hugo says, "The summit of the human mind is the ideal to which God descends and man ascends. In each age, three or four men of genius undertake the ascent. From below, the world's eyes follow them. 'How small they are' says the crowd." But on they go, by scarped cliff and yawning abyss, through storm and cloud and night, until they reach the summit, where they catch great secrets from the lips of God. We must look yonder above the cloud line of history, if we would see them. Theirs is a select circle of picked personalities. There is no primacy among them. Genius is equal to itself. They are all the greatest. There is no method for striking the balance between Abraham and Moses, or Homer and Shakespeare, or Cromwell and Luther, or Washington and Lincoln.

They were all Providential men. It is not easy to recognize a prophet. They do not all wear the same robe nor work in the same role. The sheepskin mantle of John the Baptist is no more necessary to a modern prophet than the bow of Ulysses is to a modern soldier. Prophets come upon different missions: one as a patriarch, like Abraham; another as a law giver, like Moses; another as a warrior, like Joshua; another as a disturber and avenger, like Elijah; another as a reformer, like Luther; another as a regenerator, like Wesley; another as a patriot, like Washington; another as an emancipator and deliverer, like Lincoln.

Someone has said that "a saint is a good man dead one hundred years, cannonaded then, but canonized now." It was the Galilean who said, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." This is the history of all prophets. Stones have been their bed and bread. Lincoln was no exception to the rule. In his day, he was slandered and maligned, criticised and cartooned, assailed and assassinated. Thus it has ever been. Aristides was banished because he was known as "Aristides the Just." A monument now stands upon the spot from which Bruno started heavenward in a chariot of fire. John Bunyan wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress" in a dungeon. Wellington was mobbed in the streets of London, on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. Scipio Africanus, who defeated Hannibal at Zama, was arraigned by a factious mob and condemned to death. He repelled his accusers by reminding the people that it was an anniversary of the Battle of Zama, and then he was permitted to go into voluntary exile, where he died.

WHERE LINCOLN WORSHIPPED
New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington

Yesterday, we called Washington a fastidious aristocrat, Lincoln a buffoon, and McKinley a designing imperialist. Today we set these men on Olympus with the gods and speak of them as patriots and prophets. For living prophets we have epithets, for dead ones epitaphs.

About living prophets we have opinions, about departed ones we have judgments; but they must be dead a long time, so dead as not to hear one word of praise, so dead that what we see is a specter rather than a palpitating personality. They must be dim, far-away shadows, coming and going at midnight as at midday, taking up no space, disputing no ambition, contesting no claims, awakening no resentments—so dead that we can get credit for magnanimity in the expression of deferred gratitude—so dead that where we have begrudged bread we may lavish beatitudes. Better to recognize and honor these peerless toilers while they are in our midst, than to wait until they become historical phantoms.

Abraham Lincoln has grown more during the years that have followed his martyrdom than any other man in history. How are we to account for this subtle, intenible, ever enlarging personality rising around us like an atmosphere? There is no other explanation than this: he was a prophet of the Most High, here upon a divine mission, creating an epoch in which he rises as the central figure, even as the Colossus of the Desert towers commandingly above all the neighboring gods standing upright upon their pedestals.

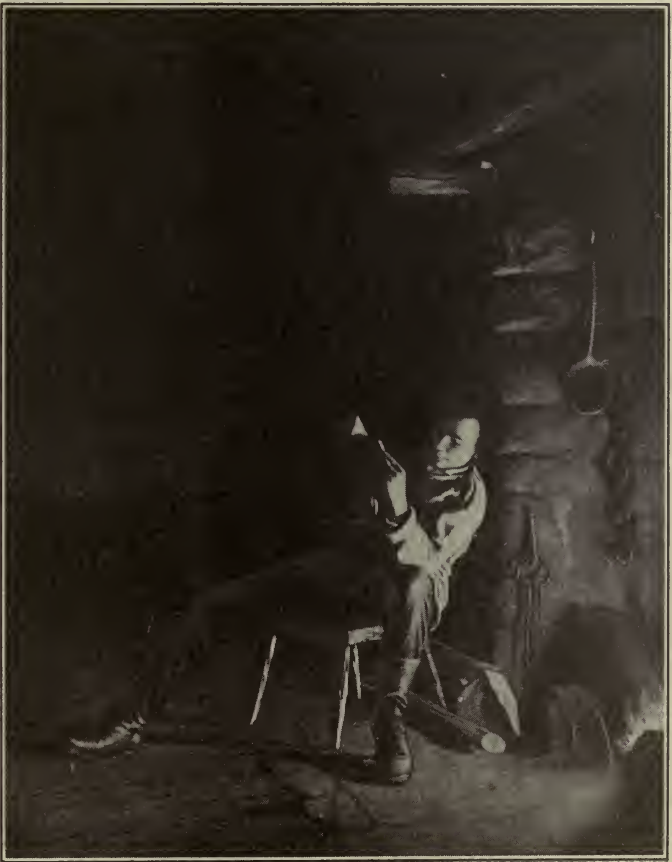
Rightly to measure the Providential character of Abraham Lincoln, we must glance at his early environment. Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel, he was surrounded with a poverty that was as disheartening as it was abject; yet through it he made his way, single handed and alone, with no chart but his comprehensive mind, no compass save his resolute will, no light but that from Heaven. That was the poverty in which the germ of manhood grows, unrestrained by the demands of luxury and untainted by the poison of prodigality.

His school days were limited to a few months and his books to a few volumes; yet Providence built that little library into the foundation of the colossal character that was being fashioned. Look at the list: the Bible, Aesop's Fables, Pilgrim's Progress, A History of the United States, and Weems' Life of Washington. That was his curriculum, and it could hardly be improved. He did not go through the university, but two or three universities went through him. Holland says, "The poverty of his library was the wealth of his mind." It was like a little mountain ravine, through which the flood rushes with greater fury on account of its narrowness. It is easy to see how those works were wrought into his life. The Bible, which was always within his reach, developed that great integrity which was incapable of dissimulation; that great faith which was incapable of bewilderment; that great justice, which was incapable of vindictiveness; that great piety which was incapable of ostentation; that great patience, which was incapable of exhaustion; and that great love, which was so wholly incapable of selfishness.

We find the initial impulse of his exalted character in his faith in the supernatural. When a boy, he trudged fifty miles through the Wilderness, to secure a minister to give to his dead mother a Christian burial. Moses heard the voice of God in the burning bush; Abraham Lincoln heard it in his inner consciousness.

On the eleventh day of August, 1837, we see him with a company of lawyers and doctors, in a band wagon on their way to a camp-meeting at Salem, a few miles out from Springfield. On the way out, Mr. Lincoln was in a merry mood. His jokes occasioned continued laughter among his companions. Reaching the ground, Dr. Peter Akers, one of the great preachers of the West, was just beginning his sermon on "The Dominion of Jesus Christ." The object of the sermon was to show that the sovereignty of Christ could not come until slavery was entirely destroyed, and that it would be destroyed by a great civil war. Suddenly, in the midst of his sermon, the Doctor paused and exclaimed, "I am not a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but a student of the Prophets. As I read prophecy, American slavery will come to an end in some near decade, probably in the sixties." (This was in the thirties.) Then, reaching the climax of his argument, as if moved by inspiration, he cried out, "Who knows but that the man who shall lead us through this strife may be standing in this presence." Mr. Lincoln stood in the aisle, about thirty feet from the preacher.

That night, returning to Springfield, he was strangely silent. At last, a member of the company, one of the doctors, who was a close friend of Lincoln's, turning to him, asked, "What do you think of that sermon?" A few moments of profound silence followed



*From painting by Eastman Johnson*

THE BOY LINCOLN

when Mr. Lincoln answered, "I never thought such power possible to mortal man. Those words were from beyond the lips of the speaker. I believe he spoke by inspiration." Then, pausing for a few moments, continuing he said, "The Doctor has persuaded me that slavery will go down in the crash of a civil war; and you may be surprised at what I am about to say, but when he was describing the civil war, I distinctly saw myself, as by second sight, bearing an important part in that strife."

The next morning, Mr. Lincoln reached his office late. His partner, without looking up, said, "Mr. Lincoln, you have been wanted." Then, looking at Lincoln, he exclaimed, "Why, what is the matter with you?" Mr. Lincoln told him about the sermon, and said, "I never heard such words from mortal lips. The sermon seemed to be directed to me. I am utterly unable to shake off the conviction that I shall be involved in that tragedy." From that hour until his martyrdom, he never doubted the important part he would bear in the overthrow of slavery. Somehow, his soul responded to the call of the Infinite. It was as a sensitized plate, immediate in its registration of the influence of the supernatural.

See him there on that black Friday, the day of that terrible tragedy, in the afternoon at three o'clock, with the members of his Cabinet about him. The Silent Soldier had just come up from Appomattox. Lee had surrendered, Sherman was in front of Johnston, and Grant was anxious. President Lincoln said, "General Grant, dismiss your fears; I know that Sherman has whipped or is today whipping Johnston." The General started up to the front of his chair; every Secretary faced in upon the President. Silence prevailed for a few seconds. Then Grant, turning to Lincoln, asked, "How do you know?" Mr. Lincoln answered, "I know, because I had my old dream, last night, the same old dream I have had before every great victory. I had it before Antietam, before Vicksburg and before Gettysburg, and I had it again last night." General Grant replied, "There is nothing in dreams" to which President Lincoln answered, "I can't help what you think, General, I know to the contrary. It was the same old dream,—I was in a queer shaped vessel, going at an inconceivable speed over an unknown sea, toward an invisible shore. I know Sherman has whipped or is today whipping Johnston."

Not only was he responsive to the supernatural, but his was a definite faith. He believed in Almighty God.

He believed that God was guarding the country, and he never failed in private or public life, to give clear, unmistakable expression to his faith.

His proclamations all body forth this faith. November 16, 1862, he issued an order in which he said, "The sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiments of a Christian prople, and due regard for the Divine Will, demand that Sunday labor in the Army and Navy be reduced to the limit of strict necessity." And again, "At this time of public distress, men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country, without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality."

Announcing the victory at Gettysburg, he called upon the people to "remember and reverence God with the profoundest gratitude." Following the fall of Vicksburg, he appointed August 6, 1863, as a day of thanksgiving, "to render the homage due the Divine Majesty, to invoke the influence of the Holy Spirit to subdue the anger which has produced and so long sustained a needless and cruel Rebellion, to change the hearts of the insurgents, to guide the councils of the government, to comfort the suffering, and to lead the whole nation through paths of repentance and submission to the Divine Will, back to the perfect enjoyment of Union and fraternal peace."

* * *

# A Passage at Arms in the Senate

## Another Old-fashioned Debate

ON February 12 Senator Poindexter of the State of Washington, in discussing the "watchful waiting" policy of the present administration, contrasted it with more energetic and self-respecting actions of other administrations. The debate had already been electrified by Senator Thomas of Colorado, who claimed that the whole Mexican civil chaos of war, murder and spoliation, was the result of intrigues and conspiracy of two great oil companies—the English Pearson Syndicate and the American Waters-Pierce Oil Company of Missouri, assimilated with the Standard Oil Company. Both, he claimed, sought to control the splendid oil deposits of Mexico, and would profit or lose by the results of a war of intervention, as reckoned in the cost of life and millions to the American people who could not share in the dividends of the capitalists, whose plans would win out at no special loss to the victors, in this commercial rivalry.

Mr. Poindexter said in part:

The objection has always been made to any discussion of these questions that it might embarrass the administration. The appeal is constantly made—it was made here today—not to criticize the President, but to give him a free hand; do not embarrass him. Mr. President, we may restrain ourselves here, and we have restrained ourselves. I think one of the most remarkable features of the proceedings of this body during the last three years has been the absence of discussion of the Mexican situation, although I am satisfied that practically every member of the body has deep convictions upon the great issues which are involved in those relations. We have not discussed them; we have given the President practically a free hand; we have not made a partisan issue of it; but it will be discussed by a more important body than this; it will be discussed by the people of the United States; it will be an issue in the forthcoming presidential campaign; and it seems to me that, to a small extent at least, it ought to be discussed here now.

It is altogether aside from the question, it seems to me, that those who are in positions of power and responsibility, great officers of this government, in this crisis turn to other Senators who may raise the question and ask them what they would do. It may be difficult for a Senator who ventures to express the feelings which the impulses of the moment give rise to, to map out offhand a program for the conduct of our foreign affairs; but those who have been given charge of those foreign affairs and vested with responsibility for their conduct ought to be prepared with a program of action.

I listened with a great deal of interest, as I always do, to the remarks of the Senator from Colorado [Mr. THOMAS], and, as has been the attitude of Senators so often in these matters, he confined himself very largely to painting a picture of the horrors of war. If we do anything, we will become involved in war; war means death and loss and destruction; nobody wants war. Does the Senator from Colorado mean to say that nothing can be done to maintain the value

> DISCUSSION THAT COUNTS
>
> *It will be discussed by a more important body than this; it will be discussed by the people of the United States; it will be an issue in the forthcoming presidential campaign*

of American citizenship? That is what is involved; and I am very much afraid that it has been considerably depreciated not only by the conduct of this feature of our foreign relations, but by our entire foreign policy. I am inclined to think that in many quarters American citizenship is being made a byword and a reproach, rather than a protection and an honor, as it ought to be.

Does the Senator from Colorado mean to say when this process is gradually going on, when further depreciation of whatever American citizenship means is brought about by the murder which is reported in this morning's papers, that we cannot do anything, that there is no redress, that there is no policy which may restore us to the position which we once occupied? I do not think that is the case. I think that there are things that might be done. There have been administrations which met crises of this kind with effect, which maintained the rights of American citizens not only in Mexico, but all around the world, which brought our government out of them with increased honor and distinction, and yet left it at peace with the world. Why, if in the past difficult crises which we have gone through the government had taken the position that we must pursue the easy way, the "do-nothing" policy—it may be called a policy of "watchful waiting," but it is a policy of doing nothing—if that policy had been pursued in all of the difficult crises through which we have passed, the United States of America would not be what it is today. There would not be the value and the distinction in being a citizen of this country, which the government now ought to be called upon to maintain and protect.

### The Perdicaris Case

*The note of command which saved the life of Perdicaris and restored him to his American citizenship could not have had the effect which it did have if it had been preceded by three years of neglect of the rights of American citizens*

Why, Mr. President, it has not been many years ago since in the far-off country of Morocco an American citizen became involved in trouble. Some bandit, Raisuli, carried him away into captivity, into the depths of Morocco. Everybody remembers the message that was sent by the Secretary of State, under the direction of Theodore Roosevelt, the President, to the consul of the United States to deliver to Raisuli the ultimatum, "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead."

What was the result? I have here a prepared statement of what the result was:

"In June, 1904, an American citizen, Ion H. Perdicaris, was seized by Raisuli, a Moroccan bandit, and held for ransom. After much shilly-shallying and threats by Raisuli that he would kill his prisoner unless the money was speedily paid, Hay cabled to Gummeré, American consul at Tangier, on June 22:

"'We want Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead.'

"Adding that Gummeré was 'not to commit us about landing marines or seizing customhouse.'

"In his diary Hay made the following entries:

"June 23. 'My telegram to Gummeré had an uncalled-for success. It is curious how a concise impropriety hits the public.'

"June 24. 'Gummeré telegraphs that he expects Perdicaris tonight.'

"June 27. 'Perdicaris wires his thanks.'

"'So speedily,' comments William Roscoe Thayer in his 'Life of John Hay,' 'did even a brigand apparently safe in the depths of Morocco, recognize the note of command in the voice from overseas.' "

Now, Mr. President, murder and indignity visited upon American citizens in Mexico is not such an incident as the Senator from Missouri [Mr. Stone] describes. If it were, it would present an entirely different issue. It is an indication of a condition that exists, and a condition that has existed ever since the time when this resolution described similar conditions in 1911, which the Senator himself recited in the preamble.

Of course, Mr. President, the note of command which saved the life of Perdicaris and restored him to his American citizenship could not have had the effect which it did have if it had been preceded by three years of neglect of the rights of American citizens; and I do not expect, after the course which has been pursued by this government for three years, that we can restore it to the influence it would have had if it had been conducted in a firm and competent manner from the beginning. We can begin a different course, however; and while we cannot expect, through what I am impelled to say seem to be, so far as our foreign relations are concerned, weak and incompetent hands, to accomplish, even though the policy should be reversed, what a great man in the Presidency was able to accomplish for the protection of American citizens and for peace, and peace with honor, yet we can start upon the

### The Policy of Surrender

*A policy of surrender is bound to be a failure. No nation, no set of men, ever arrived at success through a policy of backing out and surrendering and giving way* right road, which sooner or later may restore us to the position which we ought to occupy.

Why, Mr. President, a policy of surrender is bound to be a failure. No nation, no set of men, ever arrived at success through a policy of backing out and surrendering and giving away. The president of the United States was entirely mistaken when he assumed, in a message which he delivered to Congress on the fifth of March, 1914, as he appears to have assumed from the language of that message, that by giving away and surrendering and backing down, so far as our rights in the Panama Canal were concerned, he would accomplish the object which he sought, of securing the good will and the friendship of the world. It had the opposite effect. The way to maintain the respect of the nations of the world is to maintain our self-respect. The people of those nations are people of honor and refined sensibility, and they appreciate honor and sensibility and self-respect and ability and competence in the management of the foreign affairs of a great government.

In that message the President said—this is very familiar, but I read it in order to comment briefly upon it:

"We ought to reverse our action without raising the question whether we were right or wrong."

A most astonishing proposition—

"And so once more deserve our reputation for generosity."

Generosity in what? Not in the President's property; not in his own, in the disposition of his own interests or estate. Generosity in the great trust of the American people; generosity in dealing with the people's rights and the people's property, in foreign relations, which are about as far removed from principles of generosity as any human affairs are. And he adds in his message:

"I ask this of you in support of the foreign policy of the administration."

What does that mean? It never has been explained. It can mean but one thing—that in order to carry out successfully the foreign policy which the President had mapped out for his administration, and maintain the safety of our relations with foreign countries, we must give up this great right.

THE RESPECT OF OTHER NATIONS

*The way to maintain the respect of the nations of the world is to maintain our self-respect. The people of those nations are people of honor and refined sensibility, and they appreciate honor and sensibility and self-respect and ability and competence in the management of the foreign affairs of a great government*

In some countries, when travelers are pursued by wolves, it is said, the one who happens to stumble is abandoned to his fate, and left to be devoured, in order that the rest may escape. So it seems that one after another of the interests, rights and privileges of American citizenship in recent years have been thrown overboard in order that we may maintain peace and safety and the respect of foreign nations, upon the assumption that peace and respect could be maintained by ignoble and unjust surrender.

HOW WE HAVE MAINTAINED PEACE

*It seems that one after another of the interests, rights and privileges of American citizenship in recent years have been thrown overboard in order that we may maintain peace and safety and the respect of foreign nations, upon the assumption that peace and respect could be maintained by ignoble and unjust surrender*

Mr. MARTINE of New Jersey. I know the Senator wants to be fair; but it does seem to me that the trend of his remarks would be to impress the world with the idea that our government is utterly supine so far as action is concerned. Now, with reference to this horrible affair of which we were first apprised only this morning, in the morning newspapers, it is hardly just to permit the impression to go out, as it would from the Senator's remarks, that no steps are being taken toward the punishment or bringing to justice of these vandals or murderers.

Mr. POINDEXTER. What! Has the administration sent another note?

Mr. MARTINE of New Jersey. I have in my hand a copy of the *Washington Times* of tonight, and it says here plainly:

"The United States government today served official notice on General Carranza that it holds him responsible for the Chihuahua massacre, which resulted in the death of seventeen persons, mostly Americans."

So it shows that it must come from some authority. Then, again, in the *Evening Star*, it says:

"Secretary Lansing today telegraphed General Carranza, calling for the prompt punishment of the bandits who executed fifteen Americans near Chihuahua Monday. Through Eliseo Arredondo, the newly appointed Mexican ambassador here, it was arranged to bring the bodies from Chihuahua to Juarez today on a special train."

I am sure the whole Senate and our whole country lament as much as can the Senator the unfortunate and horrible conditions that have prevailed in Mexico; but it is hardly just—it is not just; it is not fair—to endeavor to spread the imputation that the government of the United States and those who are in power in the administration are lying supinely on their backs and allowing this thing to run on. Fifteen men, God knows, is sad enough, but 1,500 or 15,000 men would be sadder.

WEAKNESS OF FOREIGN POLICY

*One basis of the objection which I have and which I venture to express as an individual, to the foreign policy of the government has been not lack of expression, not a lack of strong words, but that there has been too much strong note writing and big talk without any action whatever*

**Mr. Poindexter.** I decline to yield further, Mr. President.

**Mr. Martine** of New Jersey. I do not desire to trespass upon the Senator's time further, but it does seem to me that, with all his fairness, he is not just in this accusation.

**Mr. Poindexter.** There is no Senator whose good will and opinion I respect more than those of the Senator from New Jersey.

**Mr. Martine** of New Jersey. Oh, I know; I think we understand each other.

**Mr. Poindexter.** And I would not have the Senator think I was so unjust as to criticize the future conduct of the President. I have no idea what he is going to do. Furthermore, I am ready to concede that he will write a note about this matter, which the Senator has described in the article which he has quoted from the newspaper. One basis of the objection which I have, and which I venture to express as an individual, to the foreign policy of the government has been not lack of expression, not a lack of strong words, but that there has been too much strong note writing and big talk without any action whatever.

**Mr. Martine** of New Jersey. Well, yes; but this country, thank God, has been saved a war.

**Mr. Poindexter.** It seems to me, Mr. President, as long as we are on the subject of notes, that if the government has arrived at the point where it is going to write strong notes on these various international episodes, it ought at least to have some definite idea at the time it writes the notes what it is going to do to live up to the language which the notes contain, and not come here in the Senate of the United States after a period of "watchful waiting" and note writing for four or five years and practically admit that it did not know what it was going to do, that it had no policy, and ask the Senator from Idaho and the Senator from New Hampshire what is to be done about the situation.

A part of the administration's perfectly supine conduct was the episode at Vera Cruz, which I have never yet heard explained by the government or any of its advocates; and I am not discussing this matter as a party question. I do not think there is any member of this body who is less controlled by a sense of partisanship than I am; but I am opposed to the idea that criticism of the foreign relations of the government ought to be suppressed on the cry that "you must not make it a party matter." I think the President of the United States ought to be criticized when he is wrong, and particularly that in the Senate of the United States, Senators ought to be free to express their opinion of his official conduct without being charged with making a party question of it.

It is not the Democratic party that I am talking about, because I am satisfied that the great majority of the Democratic party agree with me on this proposition. They would not say so; they are not as free to say so as I am. I am referring to the President, the administration. If any one of its advocates can explain to me what was accomplished by the withdrawal from Vera Cruz after the killing of a large number of young Mexican midshipmen in the naval academy and the sacrifice of the lives of seventeen American sailors, whose pitiful funeral was pictured in the newspapers of this country, I shall be very much obliged and very much gratified. If the wisdom of the foreign policy of this country is to be determined by that episode, it is no wonder that the common report that we are held in contempt by most of the intelligent people of the world is true.

NOTES AND DEEDS

*If the government has arrived at the point where it is going to write strong notes on these various international episodes, it ought at least to have some definite idea at the time it writes the notes what it is going to do to live up to the language which the notes contain*

# The National Genius of Business

## by The Editor

THE annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at Washington reveals the spirit of the age in America. An event of increasing importance, it has evolved, in the short period of its existence, from a modest beginning into a movement of wide scope, and today it has accomplished more than was ever dreamed of in the original plans.

This year the meeting occurred early in February, and was attended by over a thousand eminent business men from all over the country. Greetings and social contact took the place of the old-time get-together, convention spirit. There were discussions of vital problems, and papers were read which indicated the active thought concentrated on business affairs. Of more moment than the discussions of mere economic matters, however, was the fact that this organization possesses the cohesive power to mobilize the business sentiment of the country on any particular issue.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States was founded on the sound basis of considering first the welfare of the country at large. The old practice of log-rolling for this or that appropriation for a particular city or section, which was the practice of the average moribund chamber of commerce years ago, was found to be chaotic. Now, subjects are taken up by the National Chamber from a national viewpoint, investigations made, and matters adjusted fairly to all concerned.

The Chamber is on record as in favor of a legislative reference bureau (now partly in operation) for the purpose of providing a system of drafting bills that will prevent duplication and illegality, and will not prevent the enactment of needed and purposeful measures by clogging the wheels of legislation. Only about seventy-five per cent of the bills introduced in Congress are properly prepared, and very often seven or eight bills covering a single subject are brought forward. Sometimes bills represent some little personal pique toward persons or corporations, or the particular hobby of a member who is not cognizant of what has been wrought out previously on the subject.

Then, too, there has been created a practical referendum, or poll of commercial and trade organizations, through which members of Congress may ascertain the thoughtful, sane sentiment of the business man upon any measure pending or proposed. The Chamber's close relation to the Federal Trade Commission and the Department of Commerce and Labor through committees appointed for that purpose, has served to straighten out many troublesome matters by plain business sense.

Under the administration of Mr. John H. Fahey of Boston, retiring President of the Chamber, the organization has made remarkable progress during 1914 and 1915. The meetings this year, which were held in the New Willard Hotel and the Pan-American Union Building, were largely attended, and the discussions were deliberative. The different committees were composed of many men who are rendering valuable public service through their work in the organization. The Resolutions Committee wrestled with and solved in an all-night session, problems that would have staggered a political convention committee. Secretary Daniels and Secretary Redfield appeared and talked of their problems, sensing the trend of public opinion through personal contact with these representative business men.

The federation of the various chambers of commerce throughout the United States has given a new lease of life and activity to the many industrial bodies which are integral parts of the national organization. Field secretaries are provided that are indeed in the field—at work. The official publication *The Nation's Business*, besides recording the activities of the Chamber and keeping up a lively interest in the personnel of the active workers, publishes articles on current business problems and situations of national scope. At the well-organized headquarters at Washington has already been collected information which the government has never been able to furnish. When questions arise concerning diplomatic matters, there is recorded in the files of the National Chamber detailed information that has solved many a vexatious problem for the State Department. In delicate international complications regarding contraband of war, and the details relating to domestic and foreign trade, the organization has been a veritable intelligence bureau. Intricate problems involved in the tariff schedules are solved, and misinterpretations are carefully guarded against.

* * *

The closing session was marked by a banquet, attended by President Wilson, who delivered a notable address, taking the business man into his confidence, and expressing appreciation of the work accomplished, which redounded to the civic and moral welfare of all the people. The banquet was a brilliant affair. Mrs. Wilson, as the first lady of the land, joined the delegates and their ladies, and the location of her table was especially distinguished. There was the "High Table" and "Mrs. Wilson's Table," all others being designated by a letter from A to Z.

At the tables were gathered men from every state in the Union, and men whose names are well-known and widely recognized in the business world were present. This emphasized the fact that the organization, made up of voluntary workers for the common good, is a safeguard much needed in the conduct of modern business.

The resolutions passed upon by the Chamber are most significant. The problem of abnormal foreign competition, and the conditions likely to follow the war, affecting industrial and business affairs, was covered with two resolutions. The Board of Directors was also authorized to take action concerning the banking facilities, civil service, superannuation pensions, a uniform national incorporation law, merchant marine, franking privileges of the government, the "mixed flour" law, railroad regulation, the organization and standardization of State Chambers of Commerce, and transportation with relation to preparedness. Emphatic opposition was also made to the so-called Deitrick Amendment, which prohibited the "making of the time studies and the payment of premiums and bonuses to employees." The general question of national defense was taken up and treated in a resolution of comprehensive terms, suggesting the creation of a council of national defense to mobilize the nation's industrial, scientific and commercial resources.

One of the most important questions considered was presented by Mr. William C. Breed, representing the Merchants' Association of New York, concerning a proposed amendment to the Constitution empowering the President to veto separate items of appropriation bills, and eliminate the appropriation riders. It is felt that this has been a growing evil, and will be submitted to referendum.

During the year 1915, referenda were taken on merchant marine, improving commercial service abroad, and on a business method for securing future world peace. There was also noted the sending out of a new referendum on the Seamen's Act, which is now before Congress.

Keen interest was shown in the reports of the special committees covering the subject of a permanent tariff commission, through the Chairman, Mr. Daniel P. Morse of New York. It indicated prospects for the establishment of a permanent non-partisan tariff commission. Mr. William H. Douglas of New York reaffirmed the attitude of the Chamber in vigorously opposing the government shipping bill, but giving unreserved support to the development of an American Merchant Marine built up by individual enterprise, under the direction of a Federal Shipping Board to provide government aid and supervision—under certain circumstances—to the country's shipping interests.

Former Labor Commissioner, Charles P. Neill, discussed the problem of shifting the labor supply, and the scope and functions of a labor exchange to work out to the advantage of all concerned. The Chamber of Commerce of Buenos Aires has agreed with the Chamber of Commerce of the United States upon a code of arbitration of commercial disputes that might arise between the business men of Argentina and those of the United States. This further emphasized the international scope of the activities of the Chamber.

The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, looking toward the improvement and Americanization of the consular service, was the subject of an interesting paper by Mr. A. W. Shaw of Chicago. The enforcement of anti-trust laws, and the co-operation of the Federal Trade Commission with the Chamber was the subject of a discussion by Mr. Harry A. Wheeler of Chicago, former president and one of the organizers of the National Chamber of Commerce.

A subject handled most effectively by Mr. Frank Trumbull, Chairman of the Committee on Immigration, was the Americanization movement among national and local organizations. The National Budget proposition was the gist of a report made by Mr. R. G. Rhett.

Federal aid to vocational education through grants to the states, and the need for the establishment of a government board, representing agriculture, industry, commerce and vocational education, to advise the states in the matter, was emphasized in a report of the Chamber presented by its chairman, Mr. Frederick Geier.

When it came to a discussion of foreign relations, no less an authority than Hon. Charles H. Sherrill, former Minister to Argentina, called attention to the fact that it had been the custom of the State Department to conclude trade treaties, without consultation with the business interests affected by such treaties. Mr. Sherrill announced that the committee was planning the preparation of new commercial agreements which will be necessary to adjust matters at the conclusion of the European war.

In reviewing a presentation of the report of the Committee on Statistics and Standards, the desire of Secretary Redfield for co-operation with the National Chamber of Commerce was declared most emphatically, and the Chairman, Mr. A. W. Douglass of St. Louis, enumerated exhaustive reports on general business and agricultural conditions, which had been sent out by the Committee during the year. The prospects for good business in 1916 appeared altogether reassuring.

The activity of the organization service bureau maintained by the National Chamber was presented by Mr. S. Christy Mead, Secretary of the Merchants' Association of New York, in an address which indicated the great field of work that is still to be covered. The problem of the Maintenance of Resale Prices was the topic of a report prepared for the Chamber by its Committee, headed by Professor Paul Cherington of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration.

Secretary Daniels, in his address at the Pan-American building, insisted that he is preparing for defense "in the spirit of Benjamin Franklin," and emphasized the necessity of mobilizing the genius of America as well as providing adequate armament.

In his address, Secretary Redfield called attention to the fact that education lies at the very tap-roots of industrial and commercial success, drawing a very vivid comparison between the labor conditions in the United States and in Germany, where every man is an expert in his particular work. The Secretary made an appeal to give young men and women the earning power and better conditions which would result from vocational training.

When Mr. Howard Elliott, President of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, made his forceful address on the railroad problem, he established the precedent of a railroad executive taking the public into his confidence on impending strikes and situations that have heretofore never been talked over until the explosion occurs. He outlined his views in his usual effective manner, and frankly pointed out the grave differences now pending between the railroads and certain of their employees, which, if not adjusted, may result in serious interruption of transportation, which would indeed be a national calamity. The appeal was made to settle the difficulties without recourse to measures that would impair public service. This was the tenor of the first resolution acted upon by the committee, and a sub-committee was appointed to impartially investigate and consider such phases of the critical condition as related to the interests of business and the public. Mr. Elliott's address was appropriately called "The Malady of the Railways," and he stated that less railroad mileage had been constructed last year than any year since 1864, and that the "epidemic of receivers" presented a serious situation. He felt that an appeal should be made to the general public to prevent further "excessive regulation," to help in settling strikes by appeal to reason, insisting that conciliation would result in averting the certain paralysis that would follow if strikes were allowed to fall upon the immense transportation facilities of the country.

It was fitting that Senator Fletcher of Florida, a member of the International High Commission, should sketch vividly the effect of the European war upon Latin-American economic life. He insisted that transportation facilities between the American Republics was a basic consideration. Mr. E. A. Filene of Boston, discussed the economic results of the European war on American business, and urged a study of the situation certain to follow the end of the war.

Commercial conditions between the United States and China were discussed by the Hon. Wellington Koo, Chinese Minister, who pointed out the wonderful natural resources of that ancient land awaiting development, and urged that American business men undertake this work directly, dispensing with middlemen.

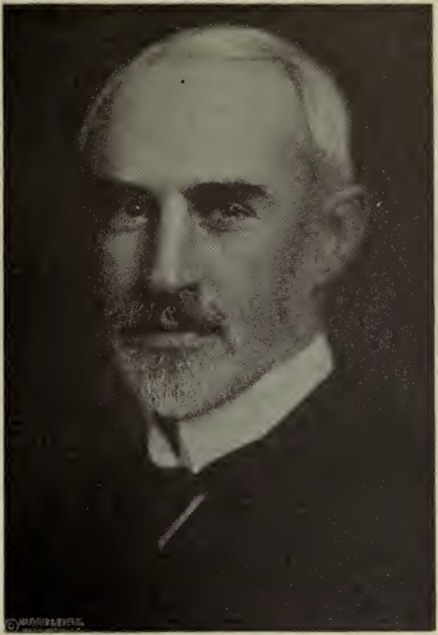
* * *

Much credit is due Mr. Elliott H. Goodwin, Secretary, and his corps of assistants for the efficient and systematic organization of the meetings. The commercial exhibit arranged by the chamber graphically depicted the important work already accomplished. An interesting lecture on the "Columbia Highway," with colored views furnished by the Portland Chamber of Commerce, was much appreciated by the delegates. Many charts and cards upon the walls emphasized important phases of American business development, and calculations as to what must be done to care for the increasing population of the country in industrial and agricultural development.

The thirteen new directors elected to fill vacancies, including several re-elections, are as follows: Edward A. Filene of Boston; James R. MacColl of Providence, Rhode Island; W. L. Clause of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; C. A. McCormick of New Brunswick, New Jersey; Granger A. Hollister of Rochester, New York; R. A. McCormick of Baltimore, Maryland; Homer L. Ferguson of Newport News, Virginia; Leon C. Simon of New Orleans, Louisiana; S. B. Anderson of Memphis, Tennessee; Charles Nagel of St. Louis, Missouri; William Butterworth of Moline, Illinois; F. A. Seiberling of Akron, Ohio, and L. S. Gillette of Minneapolis, Minnesota; James Couzens of Detroit was elected to fill an unexpired term, and the selection of R. G. Rhett as President was regarded as a fortunate selection for a successor to the indefatigable John H. Fahey, whose administration has meant much in the building up of the organization. Mr. Rhett is President of a bank in Charleston, South Carolina, and is also a lawyer. He has been a conspicuous figure in the commercial history of Charleston and the South for many years, and always an earnest worker in connection with Chamber of Commerce matters. For eight years he was Mayor of the City

HARRIS & EWING

R. GOODWYN RHETT
President of the National Chamber of Commerce



JOHN H. FAHEY
Former President of National Chamber of Commerce

*Photo by International Film Service*

OFFICIALS OF CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
(*Left to right*) R. Goodwyn Rhett, president; A. B. Farquhar, vice-president, and John H. Fahey, former president and newly elected vice-president

HARRIS & EWING

ELLIOT H. GOODWIN
Secretary of the National Chamber of Commerce

of Charleston, and it is felt that his broad views and energies will result in a memorable administration for the Chamber. Mr. Fahey, the retiring president, was elected honorary vice-president.

* * *

In the Pan-American Union Building, where the session's last days were held, it was an amusing evidence of the confidence of American business men—in each other—to see the overcoats and hats lining the balustrades from top to bottom on the stairs. It indicated the feeling existing among business men, so far, at least, as their overcoats and hats are concerned.

The large attendance of women at the sessions evidenced the wholesome and lively interest of American wives, as well as those women who have so heroically assumed and carried forward business enterprises and developments that would stagger many men.

In looking over the delegates assembled, day after day, the thought also occurred to me that here are men giving their services to public work without even receiving the honor or salary that comes with a political office. In that very fact, perhaps, they are able to give more efficient service than the average congressman or public man, because they have no worriments concerning re-election, patronage, or the shifting winds of public opinion, and can go ahead, as business instinct prompts, doing the things that ought to be done, irrespective of what may be tactful or politic. Their work, in a way, transcends that of public service, and if the spirit of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States could more generally permeate legislative bodies in the states and in the nation, there would be a tremendous saving in public moneys, and the ill-digested legislation that so often retards and stifles business activities.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States is proving a most essential clearing house on legislative matters, recognizing business as the genius of the age, and realizing that the exploitation of all the business of the country is for the benefit of each individual; keeping in mind the fact that the individual development of the American business man, as exemplified in representative governments, is the basis upon which the republic is founded.

Many of the sluggish organizations in the various cities of the country, known as "chambers of commerce," have been galvanized by the National Chamber into organizations with a purpose. These old-time chambers, conducted on the lines of "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," are passing. Those who sit down at the business feast today, realize that they must do things or receive no honors. The quiet and persistent worker in the committee room, who goes forth giving public affairs the same earnest and sincere effort that he gives to his own business, is now recognized as the man who is justly entitled to be called a real American citizen.

# The Sculptor

## *by Nixon Waterman*

I AM the sculptor; I, myself, the clay,
  Of which I am to fashion as I will,
In deed and in desire, day by day,
  The pattern of my purpose, good or ill.

Not in dull bronze nor the insensate stone
  Must my enduring passion find its goal;
Within the living statue I enthrone
  That essence of eternity, the soul.

Nor space nor time that soul of yearning bars;
  It flashes to the zenith of the sky;
And, dwelling 'mid the mystery of the stars,
  Aspires to answer the Eternal Why.

It loves the pleasing note of lute and lyre,
  The lily's purple, the red rose's glow,
It wonders at the witchery of the fire,
  And marvels at the magic of the snow.

"Who taught," it asks, "the ant to build her nest?
  The bee her cells? the hermit thrush to sing?
The dove to plume his iridescent breast?
  The butterfly to paint its gorgeous wing?

"The spider how to spin so wondrous wise?
  The nautilus to form its chambered shell?
The carrier-pigeon under alien skies—
  Who taught him how his homeward course to tell?"

By force or favor it would win from fate
  The sacred secret of the blood and breath;
Learn all the hidden springs of love and hate,
  And gain dominion over life and death.

In every feature of this sculptured face
  Of spirit and of substance, I must mold
The shining symbol of a grander grace;
  The hope toward which the centuries have rolled.

O hands of mine that the unnumbered years
  Evolved from hoof and wing and claw and fin,
'Tis ours to bring from out the stress and tears
  A godlike figure, fashioned from within.

# *The Origin of the Melody of "Yankee Doodle"*

## *by Haakon Loken*

*Attorney-General of Christiania, Norway*

YOUR American readers may be interested in my extensive investigations as to the origin of the melody of "Yankee Doodle."

When the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven was performed in Christiania in 1880, I was a young student, and it so profoundly impressed me that I read with eagerness all the literature I could find about it.

As I was a radical in politics the Symphony appealed to me as being pleasingly revolutionary—so inspired by a longing for freedom and a hope of brighter conditions and more liberal governments. Beethoven therefore had taken in the song of Schiller—"Hymn to Joy," as a final choir, contrary to the customs of composing symphonies. In this song, which is so charming and enrapturing by reason of its noble harmony of words and melody, Schiller pronounces to the whole of mankind the evangelism of brotherhood:

Fashion's laws, indeed, may sever,
  But thy magic joins again;
All mankind are brethren ever,
  'Neath thy mild and gentle reign.
Welcome, all ye myriad creatures!
Brethren, take the kiss of love!

Any expression of a desire for freedom was throttled in that period, because in 1775 the French revolution, only four years in the future, was already forming. Schiller continues:

Bow before Him, all creation!
Mortals, own the God of Love!

And then follows the splendid verse, singing the praise for the rights of men:

Courage, ne'er by sorrow broken!
  Aid where tears of virtue flow;
Faith to keep each promise spoken!
  Truth alike to friend and foe!

Neath King's frowns a manly spirit;
  Brethren, noble is the prize,
Honor due to every merit;
  Death to all the brood of lies!

Here we find the revolution announced. The struggle is against constraint and oppression. And he shouts to the friends of freedom:

Draw the sacred circle closer!
To be faithful to your oath.

Finally he begins a verse with a flaming challenge:

Safety from the Tyrant's power!

The mighty impression of the symphony led me to learn to play the final choir. Then it occurred to me that the main theme in it resembled the melody of "Yankee Doodle." I played the two melodies together, alternating them, and putting the words of the one to the melody of the other. Learned musicians, who listened, were confused, and they confessed they were genuinely puzzled.

At first this did not impress me as more than an accidental resemblance, an amusing connection between the sublime and the ridiculous—"Freude Schoner Gotterfrucken Tochter aus 'Elysium,' " together with "Yankee Doodle went to town upon a little pony." One musician contended that there was no resemblance. I wondered if the melody had not been an impression, or the result of subconscious thoughts of the composer. "Yankee Doodle" was the same movement with a little variation, as Beethoven's melody in the first strophe, although not as noble in the conception. I was quite positive that Beethoven must have selected his theme from "Yankee Doodle."

I continued my search and was convinced that "Yankee Doodle" had actually furnished the melody for the choral of the Ninth Symphony. Perhaps it was the only American melody that Beethoven knew. And when in 1826 he wrote his Ninth Symphony and gave a melody to Schiller's song of brotherhood, he used an American Theme, because it was in America that the ideals of popular self-governments and of brotherhood, had gotten their best roots. Most of Europe at that time lay bound in the heavy chains of reaction; while America was the great country of ideals. Brotherly love had furnished the name for one of its oldest cities—Philadelphia.

The United States was the one place on earth that had succeeded in "Saving from the chains of tyrants."

It was the only country where all men were brothers, and where they could sing fully in truth, "Bow before him, all creation."

There was also a German melody, made for Schiller's "Hymn to Joy." Beethoven preferred the American "Yankee Doodle"—and how wonderfully he ennobled it!

I was content with my hypothesis, and I experienced a pleasure in fighting for it. I felt a real yearning for evidence to support my theory. I wanted to be able to prove that Beethoven's first sketches had been born from the theme of "Yankee Doodle."

Several years elapsed before I found definite support. It was a newspaper item, and told of a foreigner traveling in Germany. At Schwalm, Hesse, he played "Yankee Doodle" on a piano. "Oh," they said to him, "do you know that old dance?" He answered that it was not a dance, but the old American national song. "Oh, no!" they replied. "It is an ancient Hessian dance." They showed how it was danced.

He inquired about it and found it true—it was an old melody from about the seventeenth century, that probably had been introduced in America by the Hessian soldiers who were hired by the English government to fight against American independence. The Hessians without doubt had played it while marching through the towns of the new country. The air was pleasing, and the Americans made up various verses and sang them to this melody, calling it "Yankee Doodle."

HAAKON LOKEN
Attorney-General of Christiania, Norway

While returning from a Congress at Liége, I searched in the library at Cologne for more information. There I found that the text of "Yankee Doodle" was credited to an American military physician, Dr. Schuksburg—who was living during the war of Independence. The melody was said to have been used by the "Cavaliers" in 1642, in a spiteful song about Cromwell. This is not positive, but it does not stand in the way of the theory that the melody also had been used in Hesse and had been taken to America by the Hessian soldiers.

In Schwalm, Germany, where the melody

is still known as a Hessian dance, the district surrounds the river Schwalm, near Cassel. The main road from Schwalm to the sea goes by the Rhine through Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven.

The marching of thousands of men through Bonn must have made a deep impression upon a little boy—such as Beethoven—who was thirteen years old when the movement of troops ended. The soldiers went to America and returned in many divisions. Their bands played this melody which the Americans had adopted. And to Beethoven's musical soul the impression of the American freedom from revolution was associated with "Yankee Doodle."

We know that Beethoven was also a friend of the French revolution which proclaimed the rights of men. The results of this war were crushed out again by the reaction following 1815, when Beethoven was forty-five years old. In 1825-26 he wrote the final choir of the Ninth Symphony and he took, as a natural thing, the melody of "Yankee Doodle," the mighty memory from childhood that was laying in his soul—the first grand victory for the freedom of which he dreamed. It was an ideal connected with a melody alive in the only country where freedom was still in flower.

It is not my intention in this analysis to imply that the text of "Yankee Doodle" is childish and comic. The text is a well-humored merry song of praise to the Yankee power and the Yankee national mind. We find this truth in the first line: "A Yankee boy is trim and tall."

And the idea of the song shows us this American farmer boy just like the Norwegian hero of the tales of Espen Askeled, and other nation's ideals, like the English Robin Hood, the French Jaques Bonhomme, the Danish Holger Danske or the Russian Tjla the Vigorous.

I do not even insist that Beethoven has known the text. Perhaps he did not even know that the melody had become more than it was in his childhood, a melody of Hessian soldiers, which they played while marching through his native town on their way to, or coming from the land of a free people.

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# TRIFLES

## *By* ELEANOR ROBBINS WILSON

WHAT trifles can unmask the heedless mood,
As with the magic wand of legendry,
And leave us face to face, unsparingly,
With tend'rest thoughts that we have long withstood;
Unheralded, as shadows seek the wood,
They rise and claim their tyrant sovereignty,
While we unbar the heart's full treasury
Of sweet, sad things more dear than our life's blood.

So now in the dense city's thoroughfare,
Forth from some florist's door out on the day
Crept but a lilac's perfumed offering,
Yet arrow-sharp it struck me unaware—
Its dart-like redolence had pierced the way
To the still rapture of a fadeless Spring.

# Judge Koons

By

## Russell Kelso Carter

(CONTINUED)

SYNOPSIS.—*After graduating from boarding school, Mildred Playfair returns to her home at Gotes Corners, where her uncle, Caleb Koons, has his law office. She is thrown much in the society of a young minister, Robert Hamilton, with whom she is in love, but another man, Fordham Riggs, is determined to win her hand, and he views her friendship with Hamilton with disfavor. The Judge does not trust Riggs, and decides to watch him closely. Robert Hamilton continues his attentions to Mildred, which makes Riggs more hostile toward him. On her return from a visit Mildred is saved from death by Riggs, who is himself severely hurt. This gives him an opening to her favor. Besides, he has power to ruin her father and take his property from him. Still, he promises not to press the matter if Mildred will marry him. Meanwhile the Judge is still suspicious. One day while out walking, accompanied by his dog, Sport, Riggs finds Hamilton in a pit unconscious, and leaves him to his fate. Judge Koons, who was to speak at Hamilton's church, goes there with Mildred, and they find Robert absent. Meanwhile Sport returns to the unconscious man in the pit, and the next morning attracts the attention of men belonging to a construction gang, who find Robert and take him away in their caboose. Sport then starts off toward home, dragging Hamilton's coat, but is confined by some children in a yard. He finally escapes and starts off for home again with the coat. On reaching the hotel, Judge Koons, talking with Riggs, discovers that the coat is Hamilton's, and having learned that the dog came from the river road, he starts out with Riggs to find Hamilton*

### CHAPER XIII

THAT ride was never forgotten by Riggs. To save him he could not invent a sufficient excuse for leaving the Judge; he saw the necessity for putting on an appearance of interest in the search. Everybody was interested; why should he not be? It might create suspicion if he was indifferent. Then he felt a keen desire to be on hand and turn off any proper clues by some invention of the moment; and further, he was consumed with a morbid curiosity to see what had become of Hamilton. He feared to discover him dead; yet longed to do so. Anyhow, if they found him, that would settle the matter, one way or the other. If Hamilton were dead, nobody had seen him near the pit. And if he were living, he would appear as a rescuer, and in case of the minister's death, that might give him a lift with Mildred. So he rode on beside Koons, whose mind was at its keenest, and whose humor took the form of strong sarcasm against the evil doer.

"Mighty smart dog that, Riggs," said the Judge. "Where did he go lately? Been huntin' this week?"

Mr. Riggs admitted, hesitatingly, that he had been hunting a few days before, but named a route quite different from that he had actually followed.

"Didn't go near the river?" queried the Judge.

"Yes, over towards Atherton," said Riggs shortly.

"Hm! that's right t'other way from Mrs. Stratton's. I reckon we'll get to her place first. Mebbe we can get that pup to show us something."

"I don't think he knows anything except that he found the coat somewhere," said Riggs.

"Well, that's a whole lot. If we can find where he picked it up, we'll be gettin' hot, as the children say."

In an hour they reached the farm, and the Judge at once got down and examined the place, looked at the yard, saw the hole Sport had dug for his exit under the fence and investigated the hall where the coat had hung. Mr. Stratton was at home, but he could give no information except that Bill Smith, the quarryman over by the railroad, told some men at the cross-roads tavern the night before that he saw a dog dragging something along the road by the bridge.

"That's good," exclaimed the Judge. "Come on, Riggs; jump right in. Where'll we likely find Smith now, Stratton?"

* * *

Stratton thought the quarryman was at work in the slate quarry towards Bruceville, and the Judge turned the horse in that direction, gave him a touch of the whip, and the buggy rolled along at a rapid pace.

Bill Smith looked up from his work as a foaming horse was suddenly checked on the brow of the deep slate quarry towards three o'clock, and answered to a shout from the Judge.

Obeying an imperative wave of the hand, the man climbed slowly up and soon stood beside the vehicle.

"You named Bill Smith?" asked Koons. "Well, Mr. Stratton says you told of seein' a dog draggin' somethin' along the road yesterday. How about it?"

"Yes, I seed him," said the man heavily. "He was a red dog like—" he hesitated, looked round and discovered Sport, who was lying panting under a bush—"like that one there. He was a-draggin' some'n; don't know what; long nigh the trestle."

"Was he close down by the river?"

"Yas, right down to the bank, nigh under the bridge."

"What time was it?"

"Smart airly. 'Bout sunup."

"That's all you know?"

"Yas, thot's it."

"Thank you, Smith. Come along, Sport. Gettin' hot, Riggs, eh?"

"Beastly hot," replied Mr. Riggs, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

They soon reached the vicinity of the high bridge, and the Judge got out and fastened the horse. Sport manifested keen interest in the proceedings, ran ahead and barked several times.

"What is it, pup?" said the Judge coaxingly. "Hunt him up, old fellow."

To Rigg's dismay, the dog led straight to the place under the end of the bridge, near the pier, where the coat had lain.

The Judge had the garment with him, and now called the dog, made him smell the coat, and then said:

"Seek him, pup; seek him! Find it, pup!"

Riggs did not dare interfere. Why should he do so? He was terribly nervous, but strove to control himself as he waited to see what Sport would do. That intelligent creature snuffed the coat, barked, and then sniffed vigorously at the place in the grass where he had found it, looking up at the Judge as if to announce the fact. Koons walked all round the place, and scrutinized every inch of the ground. He laid the coat on the spot where the grass was broken down as if something had pressed upon it for a time. Then he picked it up, twisted his lips into a whistle, and gazed up at the bridge. Then he held the coat again to the dog's nose, waved his hand and said:

"Come, pup; seek him! Where is he?"

Sport barked and started up the little glen, looking over his shoulder to see if he was followed.

"Come back," commanded his master, hastily. "There's nothing up there but rabbits maybe."

"Let him try," said Koons briefly. "Seek him, Sport."

The dog ran on, paused at the mouth of the pit and whined, looking down and wagging his tail.

"Let's see what it is," said the Judge.

* * *

Mr. Riggs was seized with an awful fear. Suppose Hamilton was there, dead. Suppose he had actually killed him by his neglect to act? Suppose—? He started to run, but caught himself up with a powerful effort, and followed the Judge, who was making straight for the hole.

"What you got, pup?" inquired Koons, peering down through the bushes.

Sport barked, leaped up and down, then jumped into the pit, jumped out again, capered and whined.

Mr. Riggs' heart stood still.

"Look down here, Riggs," said the Judge. "Can you see anything?"

The shadow of the foliage hid the pallor on the man's face as he obeyed. Gazing down with strained vision he at length made out the ledge and was satisfied Hamilton was not there.

His heart started again with a thump. He turned slowly, bringing his back toward the Judge.

"Nothing there," he announced finally.

The Judge tried the coat once more on Sport, and told him to seek. The knowing beast looked down the pit, whined, and then turned and ran up the side of the glen to the track above. There he struck the attitude of a game dog when he discovers a bird, pointed his nose towards the north, and howled.

"Smartest dog I ever saw," commented Koons, starting to climb up the bank. "Believe he knows just what we want."

"He don't know what I want," thought Riggs, twisting the end of a little sapling, as he followed the Judge.

* * *

From the elevation of the high bridge, Koons studied the lay of the land. After some time he took a position over the spot where the coat had lain. Then he sat down and thought it over for a while. Mr. Riggs took a seat nearby and waited with many inward protests.

"Looks a bit like foul play," remarked the Judge, at length.

"I'm afraid it does," assented Riggs.

"If it is, we'll get to the bottom of it soon," said Koons.

"Every mother's son of a rascal that does any such dirty work always makes a slip somewheres. Bound to track him to his hole in the end."

"I'm bound I won't make a slip," inwardly asserted Riggs.

Outwardly he had become calm, though tormented by fear and remorse. To put on a better front he resolved to assume a live interest in the matter, and in what the Judge had to say. So he inquired:

"Don't you think some criminals are really original, Judge?"

"'Original?'" echoed Koons. "Original sinners; all of 'em are that all right. But everyone follers the same general trail; has to; for he's only a man, an' all men do 'bout the same thing under the same circumstances. It's the devil's special business to fool the sinner into believin' he's made different from the rest; makin' him think things won't work wrong in his particular case. That's the old rascal's lay, you know. Now this here skunk, that did this business—that is, if there is any foul work in it—he most likely thought he wouldn't be found out, because he did the thing different, or he wouldn't have such bad luck anyhow. That's human nature. The floods, an' the earthquakes, an' the fires, an' the accidents; they'll happen to the other folks. Always that way, you know."

"I suppose that's natural," commented the tortured Riggs, devoutly wishing the worthy man in hades, but afraid to show his discomfort.

"Yes, it's natural. All of a piece with the snake business in the garden. Get a man to believe the Lord meant somethin' else; that's the lay. 'He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' That won't apply to you an' me, of course. Fits some other chap, mebbe. Just the same with Eve in the first place. Ever think of it?"

"No," almost groaned Riggs, feeling as if he was being turned on a frying pan.

"Just look at it," continued the Judge. "Didn't that tarnal snake begin by callin' attention to the fact—not to the apple; mind that; no, sir! he's always been too all-fired sharp fer that way of workin'—but callin' attention to the fact that she'd been ordered to let it alone? Course he did. That proves to me, sir, that that same snake was the first and most original sinner in the universe, fer from that day to this just a-tellin' any original sinner he shan't do it has always had the most aggravatin' itchy effect on his nerves of anythin' you can say to him. So old Satan jagged her mind on her bump of contrariness to make it heave a little. Seein's how he had such a big bump of that kind himself, he had faith he'd find what these here evolutionists call the rudyments of it in Eve's head. An' it does look like the proverb 'bout bein' wise as snakes must have started into use right then.

"But you know how it turned out; next breath he had her lookin' at the apple—at the temptation, mind—while he exegeted the only Scripter she had fer her in the light of his higher criticism. Ever read any of their trash, Mr. Riggs?"

"Oh, yes, a little; but Judge, hadn't we better move along? It's getting late."

"All right, my boy. I'll be ready in a minute. We're on the trail. But I was a-speakin' of the higher critics. Ancient and venerable order. There's where the first one come into sight; old granddaddy of the whole batch. Commenced by a sneakin' doubt of the exact meanin' of the Almighty. Just as if God don't know enough to say what he means, an' to mean what he says! 'Pon my soul an' body! human critters is queer. But that's the way every time. That snake commenced, 'Air ye sure God said?' That's what his question meant. Bless your soul an' understandin' *he* began the job right there of sayin' one thing an' meanin' another. He spoke the words, 'Yea hath God said ye shall not eat (or steal, or kill)', but can't you or any goslin' see that he meant, 'God didn't say that exactly. You must have been listenin' to somethin' else. God didn't say that, or if he did he didn't mean it exactly. You see, Eve, it's this way. I've looked into this thing long before you was born out'n Adam's short ribs. I've lived on this planet when it was all stones of fire.' (You'll find that in Ezekiel.) 'I've watched all things that live on the earth, an' I never saw anythin' die yet.'

"I can see him, sir, in my mind's eye, as the chap in Hamlet says, an' he just sets back an' waits fer a bit fer all that to soak in. Then he says to Eve, 'Now, sister, look here, I've been examinin' an' a-studyin' into this chapter of Scripter; it's mighty short (pity the Lord didn't say more an' make it clearer), but it's full of pointers that show you must go slow in gettin' at the real sense. Fact is, Eve, the infernal evidences is dead against —ahem! I mean the internal evidences; nothin' but a lapsus lingwe.' "

The Judge smiled broadly at his own humor and smoothed his waistcoat with both his broad hands. Riggs forced a laugh for appearance' sake, but wished the Judge and Eve and the snake all together in the depths of perdition. But Koons continued:

" 'Fact is, I tell you, madam, eatin' that there apple will make you just like the gods, like the rest of us superior bein's; you'll know the difference between good an' evil, just like you know that apple tastes fine. That's the truth, an' the Lord knows it, too.'

"'Pon my soul an' body! if all the sinners would only get a cinch on the idea that knowin' the evil is an experience that sticks so tarnal tight only one thing in the whole universe can ever wash it off, they'd go a bit slower I reckon when the temptation's on hand. You see, sir, the man that does wrong finds out all in a minute just how it feels to be afraid of the consequences. He gets to be a coward in a flash, inside anyhow. I don't envy him; do you?"

"No," almost groaned Riggs. "But do come on, Judge; I must get back to the Corners, there is some work I have to do."

"All right, my boy," responded Koons, rising. "But first I must study out this bridge affair a mite more. I've been studyin' at it while I was talkin' 'bout the snake an' old mother Eve. It's a way I've got, to let out a little of what I'm workin' on."

"A blank, blank, measly way!" commented Riggs, to himself.

* * *

Judge Koons examined every inch of the bridge that he could see within several feet of the spot over where the coat had lain on the grass. About six feet further over the water his search was rewarded by discovering on the edge of one of the bridge beams a rough place where a bolt head projected with a jagged edge, and sticking to this a stain of blood and several hairs. Taking his knife, Koons carefully removed all he could from the iron and placed it between the leaves of his note book. Then he measured the distance from the spot to that over the coat's resting place on the bank. Then he went down to the water's edge and studied the thing from that standpoint, measured the same distance out from the coat towards the stream that he had measured on the bridge above. It brought him just over the water, which was quite deep close to the shore, five feet at least.

Calling Riggs to him the Judge pointed to a marked abrasion of the bank, then to the spot where the coat lay, then to the bridge above.

"See what I've found out," he remarked. "Up yonder on the bridge, seven feet out over the water, there's where the man struck his head against the beam, an' left some skin, an' blood, an' hairs to tell it. Then he pitched down through that second truss span, an' fell kerchunk right here in the deep water. Here," measuring with a long stick, "you see the depth's about five feet. My theory—you see I've got a theory like all the detectives—my theory is that the cold water brought him to his senses a bit, an' he crawled up the bank right here. Look sharp, Riggs, right there; see that round mark? That's where his knee—his right knee, because this other mark's made by the left leg draggin' up in the wet—that round mark of his right knee shows, if you look close, the print of the cloth, coarse cloth, mind. Well, Robert Hamilton had on a rough suit; this coat shows that. I've tried a print of it on this mud. Look there! Makes the same print; don't it? Sure."

* * *

Mr. Riggs showed his amazement, and the Judge, evidently pleased, continued in his diagnosis of the case:

"You see, he crawled out here. His coat must have fallen when he struck his head, an' it could easy enough have been blown by the wind a few feet, so it fell on the bank. I've been studyin' an' I remember the wind blowed just that direction Wednesday, when this happened. I noticed it goin' to the lecture. Well, you see, he must have been hurt pretty bad, an' I reckon he crawled up that little valley there, an' I believe fell down into that pit, the dog showed us a bit ago."

"Then, Judge, you don't believe there was any foul play?" queried Riggs, with a deep breath of relief.

"No, I don't. First place, there's what the detectives call the motive. Who on earth had anythin' against Robert Hamilton? Who do you suppose could wish him harm?—eh, Riggs?"

In spite of himself Riggs felt as if the Judge's eyes were boring into his soul. Did he suspect? What could he know? What might he guess? He was so sharp in his deductions, and so unfailing in his perceptions. Riggs was in agony, but he tried his best to be calm.

"I do not see how anyone could hurt such a man," he said, "unless, Judge, unless he met some tramp on the road here, and robbery came into the problem."

"Yes, yes," answered Koons, a little impatiently. "Of course I thought of that; but you see a robber didn't hit the man over the head with the bridge beam, an' there's the blood an' hair just the right height for him to bump against. I measured that, too, an' I know Robert's height."

"But, Judge," said Riggs, "suppose a highwayman struck Mr. Hamilton, and knocked him against the bridge. You don't know how many wounds he may have on his head. This hair and blood show one; he may have had half a dozen."

"Thought of all that, my boy," replied the Judge. "But it don't hold water. You see that place on the bridge beam is underneath, out of reach for a man that was knocked over unawares. But there's a nice place to set down right there an' dangle your legs from the floor beam, an' fish, fer instance; or mebbe just rest a bit. You see I know Robert was in Bruceville Wednesday mornin'. The agent there says he bought a ticket for home, an' he thinks he saw him get on the train for Worthington. But nobody saw him get off at Worthington, an' I don't believe he did get off. Fer some reason he come on through Worthington towards Gotes Corners. He didn't come clear through, so he must have got off soon after leavin' Worthington, an' took to walkin' fer his health. That's my theory. When he come to this bridge he set down on the floor beam yonder to rest, an' mebbe to fish. I found one fish hook in his coat pocket. Been lookin' all over fer a fishin' rod hereabouts, but don't see anythin' like it. Might have fished with a green pole, you know, an' when he fell in, it fell in, too, an' floated down stream. If we had time to hunt, I believe we'd find it somewheres.

"But, mind now, I believe he went to stand up, an' struck his noddle against that beam terrible hard, an' knocked himself off into the water, like I said. The coat floated onto the grass, in the air, I mean.

He went in here, an' climbed out somehow, an' got up that little glen. Then, I'm beginnin' to get stuck myself. I've a notion he lost his wits an' fell in that pit. Come right along now; you're strong an' young. I want you to get down into that pit, an' see fer sure if he's lower down than that ledge. Come on, it's gettin' late."

Mr. Riggs had been immensely relieved, and not a little impressed by the Judge's "theory" and its workings, but he did not relish the task of exploring the pit. He had thought himself that perhaps Hamilton had rolled from the ledge into the possible depths below. But he could not refuse.

* * *

The Judge held back the bushes, cut them away with his clasp knife, and let more light into the hole. Mr. Riggs slid down to the ledge, and then, with the aid of the light now admitted, saw at a glance there was no one below. The pit was not more than twenty feet deep, and the bottom was clearly visible.

"Nothing whatever here, Judge," said Riggs, with almost lightness of heart. "Come down here and see for yourself. I'll give you a lift."

Judge Koons clambered down and soon satisfied himself. Then with a boost from Riggs he regained the upper ground and stood puffing for a minute, and wiping his brow.

"I declare I'm about stuck," said the Judge, regretfully. "We're hot enough so far, but now the thing cools off amazin'. These here Sherlock Holmes chaps in the stories always finds some little mark in the mud, or on the window pane, or pick up somethin' or other just at the right place to carry 'em clear through. I've followed the trail pretty straight down to here, but here's a balk. There ain't any sign to follow. No more marks, the ground's too all-fired hard. No bits of clothes or trash. No nothin' as I can see. He 'pears to have vanished in thin air, so to speak. Here, Sport, good doggie—seek him, seek him! Can't you help us now?"

Sport barked again and wagged his tail, and ran up the bank to the track as he had done before. The Judge and Mr. Riggs followed. But there was nothing to be seen except an iron bolt, dropped on the side of the track.

"I believe he got up here somehow," said Koons. "That dog's all right; you can't fool him. But unlucky fer us, he can't exactly talk. Wish he could."

"Thank God he can't!" ejaculated Riggs under his breath.

"Yes, sir," remarked Koons as he turned toward the place where he had hitched his horse, "I reckon the only thing to be done is to see all the trainmen that went through here that day. Mebbe we'll pick up our clue again that way."

Stimulated by the hope that Hamilton was, after all, not dead, and feeling as if an immense load had been lifted from his shoulders, Mr. Riggs thought it best to take a little further interest in the search.

"What do you think about the creek, Judge?" he asked. "Had we not better drag in it? The body might be at the bottom."

Koons shook his head.

* * *

"Thought of all that," he replied. "Don't you see that riffle yonder? Not more'n fifty feet down stream. Nothin' of any size could float over that, so I know no man's body ever went down stream. Couldn't do it. Then, look at the water. It's clear. Don't you see the stones at the bottom? That's the deepest place. I prodded under that bank. Nothin' there, an' no other place where such a big thing could hide. No, sir! He never stayed in that stream, an' he wasn't drownded. Not a little bit. He got out somehow; an' somehow, alive or dead, he went away from here. I'm dead sure of that."

"Alive or dead," faltered Riggs; "do you think he could be dead?"

"Can't tell. He's hurt bad on the head; that's sure. I'm stuck after that. Only thing gives me hope is that the stain on the bridge beam ain't very big; don't look as if he'd batted all his brains out, you know. Neither does it look that way when you study the marks on the bank. He crawled up there himself; warn't helped up, fer there's no other sign but hisn. Not a speck. If that confounded glen only had a dirt floor 'stead of all that hard slate, I might track him further along.

But that don't show a mark. No, sir! all the smart Alecs in the world, Sherlock Holmes, nor any other chap, can't track where there really ain't no trail; an' this one stops here, 'less we can pick it up from some of the trainmen. Come, jump in! It's time to drive along home."

## CHAPTER XIV

Judge Koons lost no time in hunting up the men of the various trains on the schedule between Bruceville and Worthington, but none of them could tell him anything further than that Hamilton was on the train one day lately; the brakeman could not remember which day it was. He had not noticed where the minister got off. Nobody else knew anything. This was the substance of the information presented by the Judge to the detectives when those gentlemen arrived the next afternoon. They looked wise, asked innumerable irrelevant questions, went to the bridge and to the pit, consulted together, and finally announced their belief that the man had been murdered by tramps and probably buried in some old abandoned mine in the neighborhood. This was their "theory," and they professed to see mothing in the Judge's deductions. At any rate, they discovered nothing, and did nothing but hand in a bill for their valuable services. They intimated that they had a "clue," but did not wish to indicate it; it might bear fruit later on.

At the "big house" the news of Hamilton's disappearance was a terrible shock. David Playfair and his wife were devoted to the talented minister, and loved him as a brother. Poor little Mildred was almost overcome. For hours she locked herself in her own room, and spent the time between tears and prayers. It seemed too horrible to be true. Such frightful things happened to others; she knew that from the daily papers; but it was a tremendous shock to find that they could come to her. One thing was made the more emphatically certain in her own mind—that she loved Hamilton with all her strength. The terrible strain of this unsolved separation brought out the temper of her heart's metal, and the more violent the pull, the stronger grew the tie.

At times the necessity of answering Mr. Riggs swept over her mind like the breath of a threatening prairie fire. She felt like running whenever it occurred to her, and the sound of the door bell made her start. But Mr. Riggs had the good sense to keep away. Indeed he left the town "on business," and it was understood would not return for a fortnight. This was a blessed relief to the tortured girl, but the battle in her soul went on, the battle between her duty and her love. Sometimes it looked like that, but at others it shone out as a conflict between her love for her parents and her love for Hamilton, with the strong element of her own desire thrown on his side of the scale.

Mildred was ageing rapidly. She bore herself with more womanly grace, and showed less of the child every day. The tremendous responsibility upon her made her sober, although naturally light-hearted and gay as the sunshine. The terrible grief over Hamilton ate at her heart like a canker. If only she knew! This waiting in ignorance was awful. Every day she hoped for some news, but none came. The minister was swallowed up in oblivion; blotted from the map of her daily life; gone like the sunlight behind a thick cloud. It was intolerable; yet it had to be borne. She "could not stand it," but she had to; there was no escape. Wherever she turned she was reminded of him; and just because he might appear, she expected him to appear. And then, when each dreary day drew down to its close, and Hamilton came not, she was bitterly disappointed, and her pillow was wet with tears. She had confided in no one, but the Judge watched her keenly, and one day when she was passing his office, and Jimmy Long had gone away for a few hours, he stepped to the door and called her in.

"Come in, child," he said kindly, patting her on the shoulder; "I want to talk to you a bit."

The tone touched the well-springs of her heart and she sank in a big chair and cried silently for a few minutes.

"Oh, Uncle, I am so miserable," she sobbed, at length.

"Yes, yes, Puss, I know you are. Wish I could help you more. I reckon I know how it is. You thought a heap of Robert, didn't you?"

She looked up quickly and actually smiled. It was so good to have a loving voice speak of her secret. It seemed to rest her heart.

"How could you know, Uncle? But I suppose you saw something. You always do."

"Yes, I saw a little; just a mite, but it pointed one way, the old way, child; and I suppose a very sweet way to you young folks. Always bordered with roses an' lilies, an' sweet peas, an' heliotrope, an' pansies. A very sweet way, I reckon. Never trotted far along it myself, but I've seen a heap of others traveling that way. Looks nice, must confess. An' smells awful sweet. An' there's always a great big angel with tremenjus handsome wings standin' at the far end an' beckonin' you to hurry up an' enjoy yourselves all you can while the sunshine lasts."

* * *

The girl's eyes were wide as she followed his words. But they brimmed over as she said:

" 'While the sunshine lasts!' yes, that's it. But, Uncle, it will not always last, and the angel's wings turn black instead of silver-bright so soon, so soon. And the sunshine is dead."

She spoke calmly, and the tears stopped flowing. She was gazing out of the window where the sinking sun was throwing splendid harmonies of color on the canvas of the heavens.

"Look, Uncle," she said, stretching out her hand; "it is going now. How beautiful it is; but in a few minutes it will all vanish."

Judge Koons spoke up cheerily.

"Now, child, look here! This ain't the last sunset you're going to see. That sun 'll be up in the mornin', an' mebbe tomorrow 'll be ten times finer a day than this has been. You're young, an' hope ain't gone to sleep forever. Keep up your spirits, an' trust in Providence. I believe somethin' will turn up one of these days."

"Oh Uncle!" she gasped, "do you really think there is any use hoping? I could wait ten years if only I could believe he would come."

"'Pon my soul, that's sweet," said the Judge. "I like to hear you talk that way. Yes, child, I do have some hope. I don't believe Robert was dead when he got out of that hole, an' I believe somebody found him. Who it was, I don't know, but I can't get rid of the notion that it was somebody on the railroad. I know I've seen all the train men, but I can't get rid of the notion. That dog, Sport, couldn't lie, you know, an' he said, plain as a dog could say it, that he was up on that track someway or other. Fact, I believe that when he set his nose to the north he meant Robert went off that way."

"But, Uncle, that would go right through Worthington and Bruceville, on to the junction and the main line to the city."

"I know it; I know it," said the Judge. "But we'll find him yet, I'm sure."

"Oh, oh Uncle, you have made me feel better, indeed. I'm so glad you called me in. Thank you a thousand times."

She put her pretty arms round the Judge's neck and kissed him warmly.

"Now, goodbye!" she said, arranging her hat. "Mrs. Hamilton is to be at the 'big house' tonight, and I must run home and fix up a little. Don't you think she is nice, Uncle?"

"Most sensible woman I ever met," answered the Judge, as the door closed behind his niece.

"Poor child! poor child!" he muttered, rubbing his chin softly, "she's in a peck of trouble, an' no mistake; but I do hope it'll turn out right. Ha! there's Riggs again. Wonder what he's up to now."

Koons got up and watched Mr. Riggs through the window. He saw him meet Mildred on the street, but he made no effort to stop her; merely gave her a most courtly bow and passed on. The Judge pursed up his lips.

"Reckon he's a deep one. Hm! Acts mighty well sometimes; he does fer a fact. But—hm!"

The sight of Mr. Riggs put Mildred's heart in a flutter. She felt that her day of decision was very near and the knowledge frightened her. What was she to do? Mr. Riggs was certainly kind; he had saved her life, and that of her friends; his manner was most considerate; she could not pick out one thing to resent. He certainly owned the house and land, and ought not to be kept out of his possessions any longer. Then, suppose Hamilton never was found! The thought stopped her heart, but she faced it bravely. If he never came, should she allow this terrible exposure and grief to reach her dear father? She could prevent it; of that she felt sure. While she appreciated Mr. Riggs' delicacy in not plainly mentioning it, she knew in her heart that he wanted to tell her she could do anything she pleased with the house and land if only she accepted his proposal of marriage.

If Hamilton never came! The thought recurred over and over. She would suffer always. She could not forget him. She could not love another. These were all axioms to her fresh young mind. They permitted no argument whatever. But ought she to shrink from the added suffering of marrying a man she did not love, when she could thereby save her parents from cruel shame and severe loss? It seemed to her that she should make the sacrifice. Duty, like a threatening angel, rose up and pointed sternly that way. Suppose she refused Riggs. What then? She would not escape additional suffering. Her parents' grief would be hers also. She could not escape the weight of their pain. Every day she would reproach herself with the thought—if I had done as he wished—I might have spared them all this. Could her suffering from her marriage with Riggs be any worse?

* * *

Mr. Riggs had been most kind. She was conscious of a little resentful feeling; resentment of his kindness. If only he had been mean! But he had not. He was very gentlemanly. And there was no denying the fact that he was handsome. Mildred always recoiled at the fulsome praise lavished on the man by the whole female fraternity. But he was good looking; she could not gainsay that. He was graceful in his movements; one could be proud of his horsemanship, and of his athletic skill in many ways. She had discovered that he was an unusually fine tennis player, and in spite of herself that fact set him a notch higher in her estimation. She had not had the opportunity of playing against him, but desired to do so; though, from what she heard, she felt doubtful of the result.

These thoughts, and many more, crowded her pretty head that afternoon, and she turned with genuine pleasure to the meeting with Mrs. Hamilton in the evening, relieved for the moment from thinking over her problem. That good lady was overcome by grief at her son's mysterious disappearance, but was sustained by good health, strong hope, and a simple faith. She insisted on taking a cheerful view of the situation, and asserted her confidence in Robert's return. In fact she comforted the friends at the "big house," rather than sought comfort from them, a disposition that won the hearty approval of the Judge.

"You're not like the folks I meet often," he said. "People that find themselves between two evils, an' choose both. You believe in choosing neither one. Don't you?"

Martha Hamilton smiled a little, in spite of her sorrow.

"When the evils must come, I think it is time enough to accept them, Judge. We cannot escape trouble in this world, but I do not think we need to look for it, nor to add to it by fretting and fearing."

Judge Koons bowed to the still handsome lady and exclaimed:

"You're dead right. So you are. Pity there ain't more like you nowadays. I was talkin' to Robert one day 'bout a call he had to some other place, time he came to Worthington. The other one paid the biggest salary, but I found he leaned to Worthington; said he thought there was more real work to do there with the College, an' all that. I see he warn't the kind that makes the mistake of thinkin' they can always do the most for the Lord where they get the most pay in hard cash. Now I see, ma'am, where he got it from," and the Judge bowed again in his best style.

Mrs. Hamilton was evidently pleased at the honest compliment, but her smile was considerably saddened at the thought of her son.

"We must trust in God's mercy, Judge," she said.

"Course we must," replied Koons. "Trust in a reasonable way. We'll trust as well as we can, and we'll hope, Mrs. Hamilton; we'll hope."

"Yes, Judge," sighed Martha Hamilton, "we will hope."

## CHAPTER XV

"Ever notice, Jimmy," said Judge Koons to his clerk, "what a queer concern human nature is?"

"Many a time, Judge," replied Jimmy. "Shows up mighty different in different folks."

"Right, my boy," answered the Judge. "But the principle of the thing's about the same. Everybody that's goin' wrong always tries to cover it up somehow; makes believe they're right as far as they can. Mind that snake business there in the garden; the old rascal was tellin' the truth when he told Eve she would know good from evil. That's the way with critter's that's off color; they always manage to mix up some truth with their foolishness. But you know how that adventure turned out. Eve got caught right through the gills, an' the hook was baited in the first place with a touch on the contrariness bump, an' in the second place with a hint that the Almighty wasn't as well acquainted with the rules of syntax as he oughter be. Hm! It was a sin-tax, sure enough got levied on Eve, then an' there. Now, Jimmy" (the latter snickered immoderately), "don't tell that. Puns like that oughter die a sudden death."

The Judge chuckled softly to himself, and was about to continue, when the door opened and Rev. George Harold and Mr. Fordham Riggs entered the office. Two armchairs were provided and the visitors sat down. Mr. Harold had come to see if anything further had been heard from Hamilton, and Mr. Riggs professed his interest for the same reason. This was true, for he was nervously alert, fearing and hoping to hear something definite about the unfortunate minister. It also had occurred to his mind that he should show this interest practically, and as his expedition with the Judge had linked him with that worthy gentleman, he thought it wise to drop in at the office on this occasion.

Nobody had heard anything, and in a little time the talk drifted back to the Judge's theme. Koons could not help treating subjects in a humorous way, even when they were of a deeply solemn nature. But his humor was never offensive to good taste, although the edge of his sarcasm was at times as keen as a Damascus blade.

On this subject he allowed Jimmy to call out something of his first remarks, all except his atrocious pun; that he waved aside when the clerk attempted to recall it.

"Yes," he said, "human nature is mighty queer; most powerful queer. Ever notice how it throws a man on the track of spreadin' out his neighbor's sins, an' coverin' up his own? Does it every time. It comes just as handy as anything to pick up the little end of the telescope when you're spyin' out what so an' so did; but to ketch it by the big end when you try to see where you're in the wrong.

"I was talkin' to a woman t'other day; got a lot of children; thinks they're fine as silk. One of 'em was sort of mixed up a bit in some questionable transaction, an' one of the daughters got herself talked about considerable. 'Twarn't nobody round here; fifty miles away. She heard I was a bit acquainted with the law, an' she come to me to have a confab. But when I tried to get her down to the evidence she shied in a minute. Her son couldn't do such a thing. No indeedy! Her daughter—whew! how she blazed up at the faintest notion that her daughter might be off just a shade. Well, sir, she was so unreasonable that I went at her on the square question, which one of the ten commandments did her children ever break? Which one was it possible that they might have smashed a trifle? Would she be so kind as to spot the particular commandment, just fer once?

"Hoo! hoo! you oughter heard her. The sixth commandment? No, never, never sir, never. The seventh? Holy Moses, how she bridled up. Couldn't find words anywheres in the language to resent the touch of the idea. The most I could get her to admit was that some little subdivisions under the whole lot of commandments might have been jarred a fraction out of plumb; but she only admitted that when I fired the text at her, 'All have sinned and come short.' She had to give in that they were sinners."

"Just common sinners," says I.

"Oh, no, Judge," says she, "not *common* sinners."

"Well, now, I see from the evidence in the case that her daughter was in danger of ridin' over the seventh commandment, if she didn't watch out; an' I tried to tell the mother so in a way not to make her too all-fired mad to see straight. But it warn't no use. Her daughter! I see my advice was bein' thrown away, so I charged her nothin' an' left. But not long after I saw in the papers how the daughter ran off with a married man. That is, she started with a married man, but the feller's wife died the next mornin', an' the thing was hushed up all it could be. They went south an' stayed a month, an' then got married, so the papers said, havin' met at a winter resort. Human nature! That's all there is to it."

"Well, Judge," remarked Mr. Harold, "human nature gets punished for its shortcomings."

"It certainly does, but the fools won't believe it. I was talkin' to a lot of folks down to the hotel a bit ago, an' some drummer chap from the city had a load of conceit on board, an' he ventilated himself pretty good. He didn't believe in no future punishment, not he. God was too good to send any creature to hell, an' all that worn-out trash. I told 'em about a chap that used to live in a western town where I worked a spell. He got to forgin', an' he didn't believe the kind-hearted judge would ever send him up for it, so he kept on. First thing he knew he was landed fer five years, an' had plenty of time to revise his beliefs.

"I says, says I, 'I'm most tremenjusly concerned about keepin' on the outside of the penitentiary. Some folks is all wound up about the general humidity of Hades, an' the state of the thermometer in Gehenna, an' the probable extent of Tartarus; but my chief aim is to never know anything more about the batch than I do now.' I know a lot—a tremenjus lot."

The Judge's tone became as solemn as it ever could.

"I know it's so infernal hot that nobody but God Almighty can cool it off; an' he can't do that when a man's bent on findin' out fer himself just how deep it is."

Mr. Riggs did not relish this conversation; it kept his own sin too vividly before him. Of late he had been persuading himself that he was genuinely sorry for Hamilton, and that he had actually done a good thing in assisting the Judge to follow his clue.

* * *

"Don't you think all that about eternal punishment is a trifle old fashioned, Judge?" he asked. "It seems to me a man must use his reason, and all that looks most unreasonable to me."

"Trouble is the head," replied Koons. "Many a man's heart gets touched, an' acts like a bob on a fish line, tries to float an' point to heaven; but his head's the sinker that drags him down."

"That looks strained, Judge," said Riggs, with an effort to humor. "A man's head isn't under, it's on top."

"Ah, yes, my boy," said the Judge; "it was on top. But you forgot man got turned upside down in that unpleasantness with the snake. Shows every time when human nature gets a chance. Always splittin' hairs on this an' that, 'stead of goin' right at the meat of the thing. T'other day I come on Mick Peters an' another old onery sinner just like him, settin' in the store, squirtin' tobacco to beat the band, an' argufyin' about baptism all over the earth. 'Look here,' says I, 'don't you fellers know one thing?' 'What's that?' says old Mick. 'Why, while you're gassin' an' gassin' about water or no water, you'll both get drowned in the lake of fire an' brimstone.'

"You know them same two chaps used to have little farms right up there where you see the big bunch of rocks at the cross-roads. The line fence run over the rocks for a hundred feet. They got into a dispute about it; an' hired lawyers, an' the fight went on. Warn't any use to point out that there was nothin' but a crop of big rocks to fight about; they kept at it till the lawyers got all the land, an' they had to turn out an' work on the road.

"I told Mick once he was like my old cow; had to have that same old cud to chew on, or one just like it. Now an' then the cow lost her cud, an' went round as miserable as all possessed till I fixed her up a new one with a rag an' a bit of salt fish. Then, when she got into the same old chaw, chaw, chaw, she felt better, an' more like herself. 'That's the way with you, Mick,' says I; 'you've got to have your cud an' chew away on what somebody's done to you, an' how you want to get even.' He laughed, the old sinner, fer he knew 'bout cows losin' their cud; but he kept right on in his old ways."

In spite of all his planning and self-control, Mr. Riggs had been unable to resist the impression that the Judge was in some way aiming at him. So he remarked, with a shrug of the shoulders:

"Judge, you seem to have somebody's sins on the brain. What have we done to call out all this?" and he smiled round on his companions apologetically.

Judge Koons looked at his questioner with a slightly sarcastic smile—

"Because a man's had the rhoomatiz twenty years ago, it don't follow every time somebody mentions that disease that his particular case's bein' described. Don't be too blamed conceited; other folks 've had the rhoomatiz as well as you."

* * *

Mr. Riggs joined in the laugh that followed; but he felt uncomfortable nevertheless. He strove to put on a careless front, however, and manifested as much interest as possible in Koons' remarks.

"But that's the way with human nature," concluded the Judge, softly rubbing his chin, and looking at Mr. Riggs. "Always thinks things will be different this time; fools itself same old way. You know, Mr. Riggs, I'm thinkin' the skunk that had to do with Robert Hamilton—if there is one—will find his mistake before long. All we'll have to do is to watch sharp, an' we'll get him."

Mr. Riggs stammered something rather incoherent in reply, and gladly availed himself of Mr. Harold's suggestion that it was nearly train time, to withdraw with that gentleman. He could not get rid of the impression that Koons had his suspicions, and, as the Judge expressed it, it "got onto his nerves."

Mr. Riggs was in hot water. He tried to persuade himself that Robert Hamilton was dead after all, or that in any case he would never be heard from again. He also strove to induce his mind to rest easy as to any suspicions that might have sprung up in Judge Koons' fertile brain.

"What can he know?" inquired Mr. Riggs of himself. "He didn't find a thing except what I saw. There was nothing in all that to point to me, or to any other man. It is all his theory anyhow."

Nevertheless he was restless and felt impelled to cultivate the Judge's friendship as much as he could. With this in mind he drifted down to the hotel and found Koons on the portico, as usual, surrounded by a small crowd of men. laughing at his sallies. The Judge was a general favorite; everybody liked him; he was kind and generous to all, and the little community was really proud of his gifts. As Riggs came up, someone asked:

"Judge, did you see that report in the paper of the president of a big college that thinks all this talk about muckrakers and corruption is wrong; says we must have more confidence in men, and that the country can't exist without it?"

The Judge recognized Riggs and made room for him.

"Here's a seat," he said; "set right down. Did I see that stuff about muckrakers an' confidence? Certain I did. Just another blast on the almighty wonderfulness of human nature. 'Pon my soul an' body! he must be green. Why he flies in the face of six thousand years of history."

"How is that, Judge?" asked Mr. Riggs, inwardly hoping he would not have to listen to another discourse against wrong doing.

The worthy gentleman leaned forward, putting one plump hand on his stout knee, and waving the other towards his questioners.

"You'll mind that a short time after that unpleasantness with the snake the human race managed to get stuck up pretty bad."

"I thought they got stuck up pretty bad in the garden of Eden," ventured a listener.

"So they did," replied the Judge. "That was what was the matter. Thought they knowed it all, an' even the Lord didn't know any too much. But that cost a heap, you'll remember; an' after a while the disease began to work again. There was that Tower o' Babel business. Ain't forgot that, I reckon?"

His auditors nodded assent, and the speaker continued:

"The main trouble in the whole thing was the tremenjus confidence the crowd had in human nature. Ever stop to think of it? No? Well, that's what it was. Yes, sirree. Ole Nimrod an' the rest of those mighty fellers got possessed with the notion in general that human nature was about the biggest thing on earth. They got the idea that the only thing to be afraid of was any outside interference, so to speak. You mind the Lord had come down rather sudden on the old sinners at the flood, an' wiped 'em all off the map. There wasn't enough left to make a political speech; but they got another start somehow after that mean cuss, Ham, went into business fer himself, an' before long the crowd swelled considerable, an' when somebody reminded 'em of the flood, they said they was all right, if only the Almighty'd let 'em alone. An' in case he couldn't be depended upon, they started the subscriptions fer the Tower o' Babel. Now, don't you begin to see?"

"What do you think ought to be done, Judge?" asked a voice.

"I think," said Koons, sententiously, "that the nearest feller to the demnition bow wows, is the chap that keeps his blind eye always turned that way."

Then as he rose from his chair and started to walk home, he remarked thoughtfully:

"I've always heard that every dog has his day. It's a trifle unlucky fer the country that the particular dog ain't come along yet to get this, er—er—this big gun. But he's a-comin' sure; he's a-comin'."

*(To be continued)*

# THE MARSHLANDS

### *By* WALTER S. WEEKS

FROM the darkening woods, the marshlands reach
To the curving line of the ribbon of beach
With its pounding surf and its blackening hulls
And its feathery halo of circling gulls.
Away on the river's distant lea,
Winding, turning, down to the sea,
Waves an ever growing line of sedges brown,
That shelters when the storm clouds frown,
The sad-voiced birds that the flooding tide
Drives away from the ocean side.

Over the breakers' curling crest
Steal the slant beams from the glowing west,
And the stubby grass so sere and old
In the magic light is a field of gold;
But the waves roll in with the setting sun—
The gold is gone and the day is done.
Out from the woods the shadows creep
And the night birds wake from their daily sleep.

Far above in the last bright ray
A lonely heron wends his way,
And the cry of the bittern dull and harsh
Echoes far and wide o'er the silent marsh,
As the mighty herald holds his flight
And sounds the approach of the coming night.

# The Crowning Event

by

## Sara Lindsay Coleman

"I AM afraid you are bored to death"—the girl leaned toward her companion—"a charity concert at a crowded summer resort—"

"Is, in spite of heat and length, anything but boring."

He let his eyes linger on her fair face, and watched the color creep into her cheeks and mount to her brow.

"It is hot and stuffy," she protested. "The whole thing is a drag, but the crowning event is to come. Best things are always last, you know."

"Yes?" with a shrug of the handsome shoulders.

"Wouldn't you like to know something of my song bird? I found her here, and it is I who persuaded her to sing tonight. I won't tell you! You are not interested enough!" This with a ring of real indignation in her voice.

"Please," the man's voice was duly penitent.

She shook her head with a positiveness very charming in an attractive woman, but she told him, as he knew she would, of a beautiful and lovely woman who had come from the great world to this resort for a few months, of their friendship, and the girl's reluctant promise to give the last number on the program—a song.

"Can she sing?" he asked idly.

"Yes." Her voice was low, almost reverential.

"This paragon has sung your heart away, or your judgment," he said mockingly.

The girl turned from the stage and fixed her eyes upon him. There were unmistakable lines of maturity on his face which told of a fierce early struggle with the world.

"Will you ever get over being cynical?" she asked plaintively. "You put me in an apologetic attitude. I apologize for the concert, for the town, for myself."

"I haven't had such a pleasure in ages (reproachfully), I was so surprised to meet you here."

"When you last saw me (her eyes still on his face), you were an eager and enthusiastic boy in spite of your years."

"Yes?"

"It isn't often success is won in so short a time," she said slowly; "all your dreams have come true."

"All?" he questioned.

"How faint and far-away those old days lie; the little schoolhouse and the master who stood in the doorway between the rooms. Isn't it strange that we happened there that winter and were sent to school together? Isn't it strange that our friendship still holds good?"

"And will!" The mockery had gone from his voice.

"In those days," she went on in a tender, musing way, "you were such a very bad boy. You worried the poor master's life almost out of him."

"By walking home with you and breaking the rules?"

"Yes," with a little rippling run of laughter, "by doing that very thing."

"What were the dreams?"

"Success first."

"And afterwards?"

She did not answer, but she smiled into his face. The soft laughter of women and the deeper tones of men came from the box on the left. The protesting cry of violin strings, responding to preparatory sweeps of the bow, rose from the orchestra below. A plaint of the violins breathed over him. What did they promise?

"And afterwards?" he questioned eagerly.

"In a boy's dreams he battles with the world—battles and wins."

"Elsie!" He leaned toward her impulsively, then drew back into the shadow of the box.

"I miss the boy," her voice was steady, but the color came and went in her face, "for the man looks on life from the outside —with never an overwhelming impulse. I—don't understand."

He was watching her with a keen scrutiny. As he again leaned forward he saw a warm light kindle in the gray depths of her eyes. He could win her. Happiness, that will o'-the-wisp that had slipped from him, would return. Life offered him this chance, and the task would be sweet. At the thought he felt a sudden tug at his heart-strings, then his pulses beat quite regularly again. A loveless marriage perverts all that is sweet in a woman's nature. Her content would be the content of ignorance.

"May you never understand," and in spite of himself his voice was tender. "The true heart holds but one song. When that goes out of one's life it leaves the music mute."

"Where is she?" Her voice was singularly clear and aloof. The music in its solemn swell seemed mingled with her consciousness. Then it died away into murmurous indistinctness and gradually receded into the dim distance as she awaited his answer.

"I do not know," he said slowly.

* * *

She started slightly, and turned, giving her whole attention to the stage, as the first notes of a song—the last on the program—floated to them. The man leaned back among the shadows, his eyes downcast. There was such a confused mass of people, and lights and color. He felt it all dimly, and through it, glancing in and out like a golden cord, this voice dreamy, melting, liquidly tender, moved. A strain of an old poem drifted through his thoughts. Something, the music perhaps, had set it going in his heart:

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
Of the letter that brought me back my ring,
And it all seemed then, in the waste of years,
Such a very little thing.

The music rose higher. It took definite meaning, all the sweetest, tenderest, maddest meanings of which it was capable.

And I thought were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her.

In an ecstasy of rapture the voice died suddenly, softly, with a sigh breathed between parted lips. It shook him with a tremor. It forced him further and further forward until he sat in the full glare of the house, and to him the theater seemed to rise and fall; the heads of the people to seethe together and blur, for the singer leaned forward, her lips aparted, her wide blue eyes full of a beseeching appeal for understanding, for forgiveness. The moving lights touched her figure, threw her gauzy draperies into high relief, caught a jewel vibrating on its spiral, and lingered in the loose ripples of her shining hair.

Heaven knows what the message was that flashed from the eyes of the man in the box, but it held the singer's eyes, and before it the blue ones receded and dropped like shy, dewy violets. An instant—but her soul was naked to him.

She stood motionless, a little smile upon her lips and in her downcast eyes—

My early love, with her downcast eyes,
And over her primrose face the shade.

The applause thundered about her and reluctantly subsided. The curtain fell. The people rose from their seats.

"Did I not tell you," the girl in the box stood up to have her cloak put about her, "that last things are always best."

"You told me," the man answered, leaning to look into her eyes, and there were shadows in their gray depths, "that the end crowned all."

He fastened the high collar of her cloak.

It stood up to her ears and made her face look like a pale, heart-shaped flower.

The protesting cry of the violins, the pleading violins, came to him, as he guided her footsteps down the stairway. Whither would they lead him?

> She is not dead, and she is not wed,
> She loved me then and she loves me now.

The music followed him, its throb, like a heart in a frenzy of exaltation and triumph.

"The end crowns all."

Through the man's blood, to the time of his heart beats, the words rioted, the words spoken by the girl walking so quietly by his side.

But of her thoughts he knew no more than of the stars that burned in the vault above them.

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# THE OPENING

### By AGNES MARY BROWNELL

"O WHAT'S the fashion now to be
Sweet Mistress Nature?" begged a tree,
(A slender aspen) tremulously;
The others bent and swayed to hear,
The sleepy fields pricked up an ear,
A vine began to sway and peer.

"So dingy brown—so sodden gray—
How shall we meet the May—the May?
Ermines we wore on Christmas Day—"
And brave I looked in my red feathers,
Till sodden and November weathers
Faded my reds to rusty leathers—"

The sumac sighed; a faded curl
Like spinster ringlets, from the swirl
Of a wild grape-vine's spiral whorl,
Hung stiffly in a shuddering wind;
The ragged grasses sore repined—
Now Mistress Nature speaks them kind:

"This season, green is very good,
Whether for mantle or for hood—
A slender creek for silver snood
Through the rough tresses of the wood—"
Upon a bank, beside a stream,
She spreads a misty purple gleam:

Upon a hillside toward the town,
Stretches a sprinkled fabric down—
Blue and white daisies thickly strown.
And over in a farther field,
Purple pompons the thistles yield,
And blowing wind-flowers stand revealed.

Brave polka dots of clover blooms
(Wrought cunningly upon her looms)
She tosses through her windy rooms.
And vetch and starry dog-wood sprays
Border her winding country ways
Through the bright leisure of the days.

All day blow thin Aeolian airs;
And floating down the purple stairs
Of the far hills, the Summer fares.

# Mary, the Manager

By

## Helen Ward Banks

"HERE comes Mary," exclaimed Frank, desperately. "Oh, Mary, can't you persuade her?" His light hair stood on end and his eyes gleamed behind his glasses.

"I've been Phylly's best friend for ten years," answered Mary, dropping into a big chair, "and I've never yet persuaded her to anything she didn't want to do. What is it?"

"Frank has a wonderful position offered to him in Buenos Ayres," began Phyllis.

"And you're going with him," cried Mary. "Oh, Phylly, when's the wedding?"

"She won't leave her family," interrupted Frank, fiercely smoothing down his hair and more fiercely standing it up again.

"I can't," said Phyllis miserably. "I promised mother I'd always take care of them. I must."

"But they're such a grown-up family," objected Mary. "Professor Fenton, your illustrious father, and George the judge, your illustrious brother, and Margery and Jimmie and Lena. She's the youngest, and she's twelve. And there's Melissa, who's lived with you twenty years, to take charge."

"Lena's the oldest," objected Phyllis. "Father's the youngest. And Melissa's the worst of the lot. She's a wonderful cook, but I fight her fourteen hours out of every day to make her understand I'm mistress of the house. If I weren't here she'd feed them on rice pudding once a day every day in the week."

Frank, with a groan, seized his hat. "Do your best for me, Mary," he whispered and fled.

"I think your duty is to Frank," Mary decided.

Phyllis shook her head and took up another stocking to darn. "I've got to stay, but I think it will kill me. It wasn't so bad being just engaged when I could see Frank every day and he hadn't money enough to marry on anyhow. But for him to go way off there all alone! Oh, Mary, I don't believe I can stand it."

"I don't believe you can," meditated Mary. "I could—if I had to, but I think you really would die. Therefore you've got to marry Frank and go to South America. If Melissa won't do, send her away. Mrs. French would gobble her up at sight—and you get a competent housekeeper."

"Let Melissa go?" cried Phyllis, wide-eyed. "She's one of the ones I promised to take care of."

"Then let Margery take charge; she's old enough."

Phyllis' look of scorn was marred by the tears that stood in her gray eyes. "Margery would let father go to class in his pajamas while she painted a madonna. Lena could do better than Margery."

Mary laughed. "You'd be among the swells instanter with luxurious Lena at the helm. How about George, the judge?"

"I shan't tell George anything about it," Phyllis said quickly, "and you must promise me you won't. If he thought I wanted to go away he'd give up everything."

"Climb down from the bench and come home to wash dishes, I suppose," scoffed Mary. "I'm not going to tell him; that's Frank's business, and it takes some courage to face the judge anyway. He doesn't outwardly look the domestic creature you paint him, but he's your brother, you ought to know."

"I do know. He's carried us all since mother died, and I won't desert him. It's useless to talk, Mary, for the thing is impossible."

"It shan't be impossible," declared Mary. "Obstacles are only made to be overcome. I shan't eat nor sleep, Phylly, till I've overcome you and shipped you to South America, willy-nilly. I've always pitied you. I wouldn't take your place for a million dollars. With all respect—I can't imagine a worse family to manage than yours. You're immured in a dungeon, and now you've got to come out. I'll batter the walls till you do."

Phyllis sighed and folded her last stockings. "It's the irony of fate, Mary. I'm in love and tied fast, and you—who don't know the meaning of the word 'love'—are free to go to the ends of the earth at a moment's notice; you and your aunt could get on as well separately as together."

"We could," agreed Mary, "and things *are* ironical sometimes; I've noticed that myself once in a way. But here's a new idea. You have an aunt, too—rich and a widow—get her to come and keep house."

"Aunt Myra dislikes father and she'd never leave the city."

"Oh! Well, it doesn't look hopeful, but I'll keep on battering. Every day I'll think up new arguments till I convince you. Hello, Margery!"

"Phyllis," said Margery, "father's gone to bed. Don't you think you'd better see if he's sick."

Phyllis jumped and ran. Margery and Mary trailed after to listen at the crack.

"Are you ill, father?" Phyllis asked anxiously.

"No, my dear."

"Then why are you in bed?"

"Isn't it bed-time?"

"It's just half-past six."

Professor Fenton blinked at his daughter in mild surprise and then looked at the day-lighted window. He sat up.

"I suppose, my dear, that I was thinking of tomorrow's recitation when I took off my coat to change for dinner, and I went on and undressed. Close the door and I'll get up. Do you know if Margery brought my books from the library?"

"I'll ask her," said Phyllis, and came out and closed the door. "Did you, Margery?"

"Oh, Phyllis, I never thought."

"You didn't forget to order the steak?"

"I'm awfully sorry. I was sketching in the orchard."

"Maybe Lena will go for it," Phyllis sighed. "Jim mustn't have his studies disturbed."

"Jim's studies!" scoffed Margery. "He's scrubbing to get ready to call on that little Farley girl tonight."

"He mustn't," Phyllis protested, and went back downstairs to find Lena.

"Oh, Phyllis," the child fretted, "I have on my bronze slippers and it's so dusty. Melissa will have to go."

"And there comes George now," said Phyllis. "You see, Mary!"

"Yes, I see," assented Mary. "You're a slave and no mistake. I wouldn't stand in your shoes for *two* million dollars. If George is coming, it's time for me to be going."

* * *

She ran plump into the judge on the walk. He stiffly remarked that it was a warm evening and she agreed that it was —and dusty; and went on to her own house to a *tete-a-tete* dinner with her spinster aunt.

"If there are prevailing arguments in the world, I'll find them," she thought, "and pry Phylly out with them. My, what a family to care for; it's too much to ask of mortal woman."

Aunt Fanny had been reading anti-suffrage literature all the afternoon and came to the table armed for mortal combat. Mary, however, was intent on finding arguments to convince Phyllis where her duty lay and refused the arena. Miss Mowbray had a Beatrice Herford monologue all to herself.

"Woman's place is in the home," boomed Aunt Fanny in peroration.

"If there isn't too much home," assented Mary.

"Every woman ought to marry. I hope

you will not let all your chances escape you, Mary."

"I don't seem to care for them," answered Mary. "Why isn't it up to you, Aunt Fanny?"

Miss Mowbray bridled. "I certainly have kept my looks and my figure. I asked Professor Fenton the other day to guess my age and he apologized for naming thirty."

Mary gazed at her aunt with wide eyes.

"Is it so incredible?" asked Miss Mowbray tartly.

"What? Oh, your being thirty? No, indeed. I was just thinking of a story I used to read in my childhood about an old woman who had a pig who wouldn't go across the bridge. She was a clever old woman, for she gave up arguing with the pig and took to outside agencies until she coaxed the stick to beat the pig across. The professor is a charming man, Aunt Fanny, but he needs a woman to look after him."

"I've sometimes thought that myself," deliberated Aunt Fanny, "but there's his family—no woman could stand that."

"No woman could," agreed Mary. "Do you remember that pig story, Aunt Fanny? Wasn't it that the stick wouldn't beat the pig for the old woman till she got way back to a rat to gnaw the rope to hang the butcher to kill the ox to drink the water to quench the fire to burn the stick? You can't start just with the stick."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Aunt Fanny.

"We were talking about Professor Fenton before I began to tell stories. If he were unencumbered, he'd be an eligible *parti*, wouldn't he?"

"To a woman of proper age," answered Aunt Fanny quickly. "You're not interested in him, Mary?"

"Not—especially," answered Mary with an odd flicker across her face. "But I think that I, or any other woman of intellect, who set about it could rouse an interest in him. I hope no one like Miss Stover will get him."

With this squarely planted shot, Mary arose, and, leaving Aunt Fanny to companion with her thoughts, withdrew to the window-seat in her own room.

"I won't try to move Phyllis by argument; I'll try action," she sang. "'Frank' Frank, marry Phylly.' 'I can't; she won't leave her father.' 'Aunt Fanny, Aunt Fanny, marry the father.' 'I can't, there's too much family.' 'Family, family, get out from under.' 'We can't, there's no one to push us.' But there is! Behold, *c'est moi*, Mary, the Manager!"

She lay flat on her back, her hands clasped behind her head, and looked up at the far-distant stars.

"Even if I mayn't have any romance of my own, Phylly shan't miss hers. I'm really started. Aunt Fanny will never let a cat like Miss Stover carry off the professor from under her very nose. If I can remove the superfluous family, I'll trust Aunt Fanny to do the rest. She'll take wonderful care of the dear old professor and her money would buy him no end of bugs. He'll be 'as snug as a bug in a rug,' and she can have 'Mrs.' on her tombstone; nothing but bliss there. But what can I do with the others? George the judge"—she gave a little sigh—"he's too much for me. I can't stir him; he'll just have to sit still on his bench and swing his legs. But Margery must go. Imagine Aunt Fanny bringing up Margery!"

* * *

She laughed as she pushed a pillow into a more comfortable incline. "Margery ought to go on her own for a bit. It would do her all the good in the world. If she's so mad about art, let her have a year in New York at the League. She's eighteen and she has a thousand dollars quite her own in the bank. Can I put enough gelatine into her art dreams to stiffen them into action? I'll try."

She smiled gently at the stars, thinking of Phyllis' dawning happiness. "Melissa might stay on with the judge—oh, no, she'd feed him rice pudding and Phylly would smell it even from Patagonia. And she can't go with the professor, for she and Aunt Fanny would be the Kilkenny cats. And I know I won't have her; nothing would induce me to live with Melissa. All that remains for Melissa is Mrs. French; she has the brass, both literally and figuratively, to wile Melissa away, once she is convinced what a superfine cook she is."

Mary sat up and clasped her arms

around her knees. "I'm getting on famously; only Jimmie and Lena left. Jimmie ought to go away to school; fourteen's too young to neglect learning and begin to call on the girls. It's really righteous for Jimmy to go to school. I'll take my courage in my fists and talk to George the judge. He'll see the sense of it; Phyllis' misfit Puritan conscience would find some reason to keep him home. That only leaves fat Lena; I don't see how a mere child can be so disagreeable. I'd die if I had her on my hands, but Aunt Fanny can manage her. She oughtn't to kick at having only one to adopt. Oh, but there's Lena's own aunt—rich and childless; those two must come together. If only Aunt Myra can be made to desire Lena! Lena will take to the life of the idle rich like a kitten to cream."

She stood up and shook herself. "There, Phyllis Fenton, your devoted friend has cleared the ground for your wedding, and may you live long and prosper!"

Mary slept that night better than her designing mind deserved, and woke to put her scheming into action. She planned her marketing hour to suit the moment at which the judge invariably walked downtown, and caught him coming out of his gate. As there was no escape, he joined her and told her the weather had turned cooler.

Only Mary knew how the conversation drifted to Jim and the temptations to idleness for a stay-at-home boy. The judge, in considering his young brother, became quite a human being and brought to bear on the case the clear wisdom and quick decision that had made him judge so early in life.

"Jim must go to boarding-school this fall," he declared. "I hadn't realized how much social life he is getting here, and I don't suppose Phyllis has. I've left all those things to her."

"Everybody always does leave everything to Phyllis," Mary said, "and Phyllis always chooses the thing hardest for herself."

"We're a difficult family for one woman to manage, I know," George Fenton answered grimly. "No sane woman would assume such a position if she had a choice in the matter, but unfortunately Phyllis was born to it. How is she going to get out?"

"Frank Ryder would get her out if he had half a chance," said Mary impulsively.

The judge shook his head. "It's a long engagement and likely to be longer. Phyllis seems the hub of our wheel. You go in there? Good morning."

"And all you old selfish spokes go on turning around her," Mary commented as she watched the judge's erect back fade in the distance. "I don't suppose you're really selfish, though; it's only the habit of turning; spokes always are habitual."

Jimmy's school was promptly provided and Phyllis' scruples overcome. When she ought to have been sewing on her own trousseau, she was feverishly sewing Jimmy's name on every belonging of his that would hold stitches. Mary helped and so did Margery—by snatches. Mary used the snatches to discuss art and the delights of living in New York and going to the Art League. By the time the last "James Fenton" went into place, Margery was firm enough to go to the judge to demand her thousand dollars that she might spend a winter in the city studying art.

"You are eighteen," George Fenton said. "The money is yours and you're free to choose. What made you think of it?"

"Why, I suppose talking to Mary. She's keen on art."

"Oh," answered the judge. Immediately his legal mind hooked the departure of Margery to the departure of Jimmie.

* * *

Mary went to the city with Margery to look up a boarding place, and she dressed Lena in her slimmest clothes and took her along. Moreover, she asked Aunt Myra to join them and took them all to lunch at Sherry's. She had already impressed on Lena's direct, worldly-wise young mind the loneliness of Aunt Myra and the admiration which wealthy ladies who have lived alone entertain for good manners and deference from the young. Lena knew how to be agreeable when it suited her. She was charming to her aunt.

It needed only the flutter of an eyelash to send Mrs. French swooping down on Melissa, and a tactfully dropped criticism to induce Melissa to accept the offer. A young girl was installed in Melissa's place.

The judge lifted his eyebrows and said nothing.

He made no remark on the departure of Jim and Margery except to advise that as Phyllis had more time on her hands, she should use it to get herself some new clothes. Mary—after painstaking effort to assure herself as to the correct wear for South America—superintended the visits to the dressmakers.

* * *

Then came Aunt Myra's letter asking the loan of Lena for a time. The judge's eyebrows lifted again as he read it. "She's getting along fast; father next, I suppose. Has she forgotten she must reckon with me?"

Mary heroically stabbed more holes in her needle-pricked fingers and sent Lena off to luxury. It was not till Lena had vanished that Aunt Fanny, blushing and bridling, confessed that she was "betrothed." She and the professor were to be married at once.

Mary offered her house and set the day. She also had to announce the event to the Fenton family, for the groom's absent-mindedness kept him from doing it and the bride's blushes prevented her.

Phyllis received the news with pale cheeks and hands clasped together. "Oh, Mary, it's wonderful how things are coming out. It almost looks as if I could be married. There's no one now who needs me but George."

"And George is old enough and big enough to take care of himself," declared Mary.

"How?" questioned Phyllis, who knew.

"Oh, he can get married or get a housekeeper or something."

"George will never marry; he hates women," declared Phyllis.

"Then he doesn't need you," jibed Mary. "Does he, Frank?"

Frank's hair was fairly turning somersaults in its desire to stand up. "It is now only one man against another," he stuttered, "and I in South America need you more than George needs you here."

"Yes, because they don't have boaconstrictors here nor scorpions, nor panthers," suggested Mary.

The scorpions carried weight. Phyllis listened to Frank's pleas and Mary's demands. Finally she timidly consulted George as to the possibility of her marrying Frank before his departure, and he did not forbid it. The wedding day was set for the following Friday, and the visits to the dressmakers were tripled; they had to be when there were only seven days before the wedding.

Mary met the judge but once in her coming and goings.

"Could you not have carried your purposes without giving me a stepmother?" he demanded sternly. "Could I not have been spared that?"

Mary blushed and gasped. She had not thought that George would find her out.

"It is for Professor Fenton's good," she stammered. "He needs a woman to take care of him, and Aunt Fanny will. And she has lots of money. Phyllis had to get married."

"What part have you given me?"

"Not any," she faltered. "I couldn't manage you. I just had to leave you out."

"A poor, homeless orphan, but perhaps not quite a negligible quantity," he chided and turned away.

"Was that meant to be funny?" Mary pondered. "It couldn't be in George the judge. Can he really mean to be horrid now at the last moment when every rat is gnawing and butcher killing and ox drinking and water quenching and fire burning and stick beating and the pig trotting across the bridge just like a kitten—with Mary the Manager running joyfully along behind! If George cuts up any didoes at the last minute to spoil Phyllis' wedding, I'll never forgive him."

Aunt Fanny was to be married at four o'clock on Thursday and the event kept a secret until it was announced the next day at Phyllis' wedding. Margery and Lena were coming home. Jimmy was too far away.

The preparations went smoothly on. The girls arrived and George did not cut up any didoes. On the contrary, at three o'clock on Thursday afternoon he sent in from the florist's a huge box of pink and white asters to his stepmother-to-be. Mary, in her wedding garments, routed out every unfilled jug in the house and went to filling them with asters.

"If Margery and Lena had any sense

of decency, they'd have been over before now to see if they could help me," she thought as she worked. "They're really impossible. I'd end in a lunatic asylum if I had to live with them. Jimmy is the decentest of the bunch. There's someone; maybe it's the girls."

It was not; it was the judge. He came deliberately into the living room and sat down opposite her at the table where she was working.

"Everything seems to be going well, Mary?" he asked. "I haven't seen the bridegroom since breakfast, but I suppose Phyllis has him up her sleeve in his wedding garment. I want to tell you that I appreciate what you've done to clear the way for Phyllis. It really was a great act, which everyone else was too blind to see should be done. There's only one flaw in your work. You ignored me."

"Oh, George," she protested, with trembling fingers trying to make a rebellious aster stand straight, "you wouldn't be horrid now at the last minute!"

"I must be provided for before the wedding can go on," he said, firmly. "I refuse to be ignored."

"Don't look so judicial," fretted Mary. "I'm not a criminal. I'll do my best to find you a housekeeper. Why didn't you speak before?"

* * *

He rose and came around to a chair beside her. His face wore its usual gravity, but his voice shook. "I couldn't till I was sure your scheme would work. It isn't a housekeeper I want, Mary. I want a wife. I've always wanted her, but I never could tell her so, for I couldn't ask a woman to come into a family like ours. You've cleared the way, Mary, not only for Phyllis, but for me, too. Will you come?"

Mary flushed as pink as the pink asters and paled as white as the white.

"Me?" she breathed.

"Yes," he said humbly. "I'm not a lady's man and I've always been specially bearish to you because I wanted you so. Will you come?"

The legal voice was soft with emotion and the impassive face pleading as a boy's. The aster pink stayed in Mary's cheeks.

"Oh, George," she whispered. "You have been stiff and horrid and I've always kept out of your way, for I thought you hated me specially. I've adored you since I was fifteen—you're such a tower of strength. And I didn't mind your being a bear. But I never dreamed you could be like this."

"I never had a chance before," he answered and gathered her into his arms.

"I must finish the flowers," she protested presently.

"I can't believe my fortune," he murmured as he let her go. "I never thought the time would come when I could speak. There's one thing, Mary. We'll have to have Lena home, I'm afraid. You won't mind? Aunt Myra doesn't want her to go back."

"Wise Aunt Myra," commented Mary cheerfully. "I'd rather it would have been Jimmy, but Lena and I will get along all right. I'll love her because—she's your sister."

"Angel!" exclaimed the judge and again imperilled the asters.

A dry cough behind them made them fall apart suddenly. Melissa stood in the doorway.

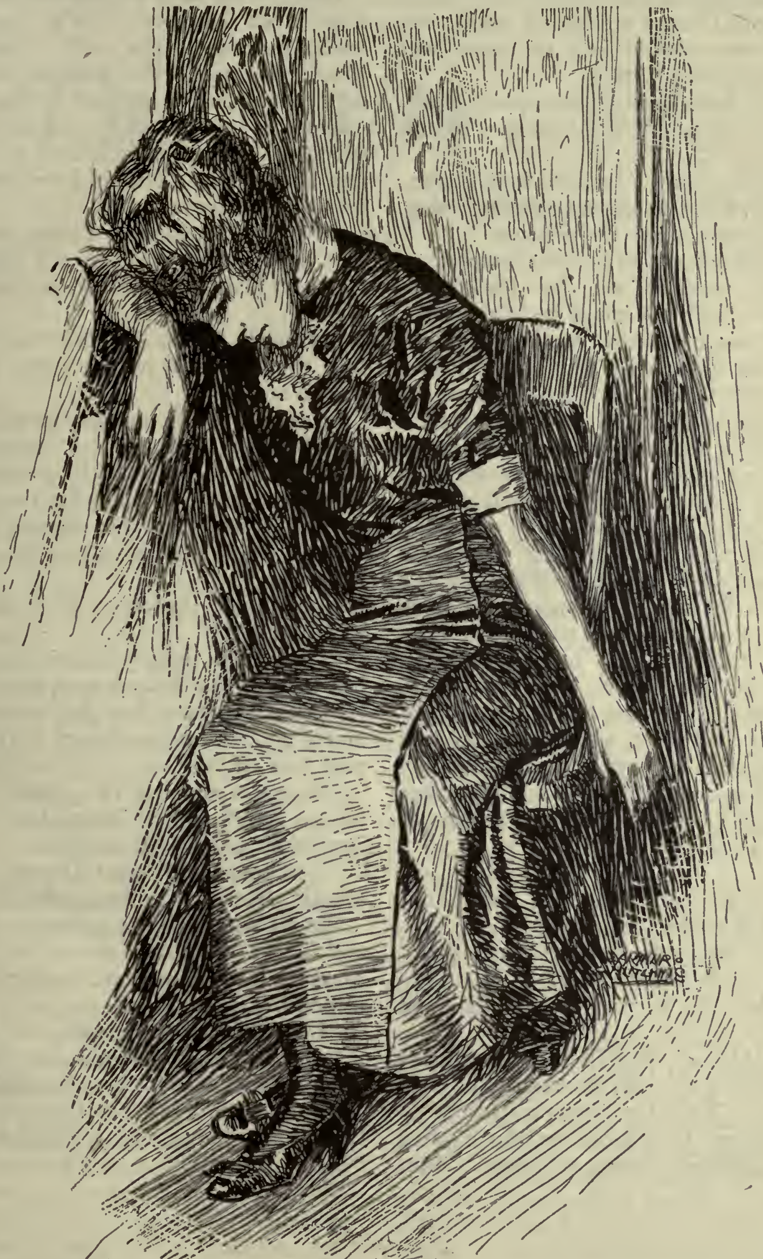
"If there's going to be a wedding, I'm coming to it," she announced. "I've summered and wintered with the Fentons twenty odd years and they're not going to marry or die without me. Looks like I was going to get a third one."

"You are, Melissa," said the judge. "As Miss Mary and I were each giving a wedding, we concluded to join in one ourselves. Have we your good wishes?"

"Take 'em for what they're worth," snorted Melissa, "and what's more to the purpose, you've got *me*. I've come back. Mrs. French can have all the French cooks she wants, but she don't get Melissa Barker—a girl under my feet every time I stepped; it clean wore me out! I've been home. I told that chit that took my place what I thought of her and she's packed her trunk and gone. 'Good riddance to bad rubbage.' It'll take me a week to clean up after her. Then we'll have some comfort. I'll go home now and get an apron and come back and help."

George looked apprehensively at Mary as Melissa disappeared.

"Never mind," she said hastily, "I'm



*Phyllis sank into a chair and the slow tears filled her eyes. "I'm just back where I started," she said* not afraid of Melissa. I can manage her and Lena; it's only two. Don't let Phyllis fuss about it."

"Angel!" George murmured again, but Aunt Fanny walked into the room and stopped anything further.

"Why, Aunt Fanny," exclaimed Mary, "it's after three o'clock and you're not dressed."

"There's no need," retorted Aunt Fanny. "There'll be no wedding in this house today. I've just telephoned the minister."

They stared at her in consternation.

"Don't look at me like that," she snapped. "I'm well out of it. I've been a fool and now I know it. An angel couldn't live in the house with that man without getting the temper of a fiend. I've listened by the hour and haven't turned a hair while he talked about his horrid bugs. I never mentioned it when he took me to a concert and came home in the middle of it and forgot I was there. I even stood his giving me a bug instead of an engagement ring, but when a man on the day he's to be married at four, telephones at three that he is twenty miles from home bug-hunting and that he's just remembered he had an engagement with me—that's too much. I told him he hadn't any engagement and that he needn't do any Sheridan rides on my account. I'm only thankful no one outside the family, except the minister, knows how near I came to making a fool of myself."

* * *

The front door slammed and Aunt Fanny fled up the back stairs.

"That ends me as well as father," George concluded gloomily.

"Hush!" said Mary. "It's Phyllis—and Frank."

"Oh, Mary," Phyllis gasped, "father hasn't turned up. He promised to be back at twelve. What can be the matter?"

"He's over in Penrose Swamp hunting bugs," said Mary, trying to laugh. "Aunt Fanny's broken her engagement—but not her heart."

Phyllis sank into a chair and the slow tears filled her eyes. "I'm just back where I started," she said. "Melissa is whacking around the kitchen, Margery declares she'll never go back to New York, where they tie her genius down to mere drudgery. Aunt Myra is tired of Lena—and now father! There's no wedding for me. I can't leave."

"Phyllis!" exclaimed Frank, his hair like a barbed-wire fence. "I claim my rights. I insist that our wedding shall take place."

"It must, Phyllis," George said gloomily. "Frank would not be a man if he let you go now."

"I got her on the bridge, Frank," Mary said between laughing and crying, "but now somehow I've lost the combination. There's nothing for it but for you to pick up Phyllis and carry her off the far end, while I stay and patch up the broken bridge."

"You!" said Phyllis. "What have you to do with it?"

"I built the bridge to carry you over; if it breaks, I'm the one must prop it up."

"Casually, Mary had just promised to marry me," George explained. "Of course now it is off."

"George would not be a man if he let me go now," quoted Mary, her sea-blue eyes full of squalls and sunshine.

"You mean it!" cried George. "You angel!" This time nothing stopped him.

Phyllis sat still and gasped. "George and Mary! You take care of the family, Mary? Why, you don't realize what a responsibility it is."

"Don't I?" answered Mary.

"And it wasn't a month ago you said you wouldn't do it for a million dollars."

"But I didn't say I wouldn't do it for George the judge, did I?" defied Mary. "That's different."

# The Little Lady

### (Grandmother's Story)

by

## Edwin L. Sabin

FATHER had taken up a half section, 320 acres, of raw prairie land, in that northern Iowa of sixty years ago. Here we lived in a story and a half log cabin—two rooms downstairs, one room, the loft, reached by an inside ladder, upstairs. There were three of us girls—Helen, Margie and I; and there was George, our brother, the first-born, and at sixteen quite a man.

Helen and I slept in one end of the loft, George in the other, but Margie, who was slightly lame, slept downstairs in the room with mother and father. That was her especial privilege as the "pet." She had her own little bed, for which she herself had sewed a dainty quilt of her fantastic designing. This was Margie's characteristic—daintiness. Father and mother understood and appreciated; we others didn't.

While the rest of us (of course nothing else was to be expected of George, a boy) were brown and hardy and dressed in homespun like most frontier children, Margie remained white and delicately sweet. Her rude dolls were cleaner than Helen's and mine; she kept a calico dress neat a week, and a fresh ribbon in her hair; she was forever washing her hands; she brushed her hair without being reminded (and it was beautiful hair); she hated to go barefoot; she wrote "poems," and everybody liked her. At neighborhood gatherings she was known as "Lady Margie," and father and mother called her the "Little Lady."

As for Helen and me, we were regular tomboys—I could ride bareback and drive the cows, and even milk. But Margie, because she was lame (yet she was not very lame), was given the soft end of things, mainly helping mother at simple indoor tasks. So Helen and I vaingloriously dubbed her the "pet."

Early in September, when Helen was fourteen, Margie twelve, and I eight, father and George drove with a load of grain for mill, to the Mississippi River, a four-days' round trip. From the mill settlement father was going on down the Mississippi by boat to St. Louis, on a visit to a brother whom he had not seen for ten years. George drove back alone.

Father had planned to be gone a month; but about the time when we were looking for him home again we received word that he was very ill in St. Louis, and that mother was needed at once.

The word arrived at night. Mother packed up immediately, decided to take Helen, and they left early in the morning, George driving them for the river and steamer, as he had driven father. So here were Margie and I, to manage for ourselves on that big lonesome farm, with our own meals to get, and the cows to milk, and the other chores to do as best we could—town ten miles distant and the nearest neighbor three.

"Margie, you take good care of Lizzie," had quavered mother, when they drove away—as if "Lady" Margie could take care of rough-and-ready *me!* When they had dipped below the turn in the road Margie was still sitting crying in the yard, and that made me vexed. I wanted to cry, too, for I loved my father (although the suddenness of the news and the departure had bewildered me), but we had work waiting. George had not been enabled to finish the chores, and mother had not washed the dishes or tended to the beds.

"Oh, get up and stop blubbering, Margie," I ordered, in my childish way. "What's the use of crying?"

"I don't want to get up," sobbed Margie. "I want to cry."

"Aren't you going to wash the dishes?" I demanded.

"I don't feel like washing dishes. I hate to wash dishes," sobbed Margie.

"Oh, shucks!" I retorted, great with importance. "You can't sit here all day. I'm going to work." And off I trotted, intent upon the unfinished chores.

I turned out the chickens and turkeys, scattered grain for them, and left them to wander; aided by Shep our black dog I drove the cows from the barnyard down the lane to the big pasture; I carried husks and some swill to the old sow and her litter—and that was heavy work. And the sun was high when I toiled to the cabin again and found Margie tearfully putting a doll into black, for mourning; a dreadful and aggravating sight. The dishes had not been washed nor the beds made.

"Margie Fellows!" I scolded. "I think it's awful of you, to act this way. You aren't helping a bit." I was hot and tired, and if she was lame it was what we called a "natural" lameness, and she could do plenty when she liked to do it.

"You wash and I'll wipe," proposed Margie. "I don't hate wiping. And then I'll make my own bed. I want it made just right."

Her pillow, you see, always had to be arranged exactly so, and her covers turned back exactly so; and we all claimed that she was afraid somebody would soil her precious quilt. Fussiness! And yet I did love Margie—dear, dainty Margie, whom in our matter-of-fact way we other children didn't comprehend.

We got through the day, eating pick-up meals to which Margie added fanciful concoctions of her own, and at evening gathering the barnyard stock—I milking three cows while Margie was churning patterns with the streams from one. We cuddled together in my bed in the loft, while Shep slept below; for the farm was lonely.

George would not return until the fourth day, at least, and on the morrow we had the same round of work ahead of us. The morning chores were finished about ten o'clock; Margie had arrayed her two rag dolls in the shade, and I was sitting, tired, watching her, when a horseman came at a furious gallop along the road which passed before the cabin. He pulled short and beckoned. He was too far to be heard, and I ran forward. His horse was streaming with lather.

"Tell your folks to flee for their lives!" he shouted. "The whole prairie's ablaze, to the north, and traveling fast. You'll have to make right out of here. Not a minute to spare."

And kicking with his spurs away he went. He did not know that we two little girls were all the "folks" on the premises; and I had no time to tell him.

My heart was in my mouth as I turned, dazed, and ran back to Margie. But *she* had heard, for the man's excited voice had rung like a trumpet. She was on her feet, dolls forgotten; her eyes were wide, her lips parted.

"Did he say fire?" she uttered.

"He said to tell our folks and to get right out; but we haven't any folks," I panted. "It's a big prairie fire! Oh, Margie! What'll we do? We'll be burned."

"I see it!" exclaimed Margie. "Look!"

In the north rose a broad fume of smoke. The breeze was wafting idly—the regular morning breeze when we had any; all the countryside seemed peaceful, shimmering under the hot sun of warm mid-fall; but the rapid hoof-beats of the galloping horseman had scarcely died away, and there was the smoke.

A prairie fire had never occurred, in this locality, since the country had been settled. However, there were some fears of fire. Now the virgin grasses and brush of all the uncleared leagues were waist-high and higher, thick with the recurrent seasons, and as dry as tinder; and the sap was beginning to descend from the branches of the timber tracts. Surrounded by the prairie, we were in the middle path (as seemed) of those advancing flames.

George had taken the team, the other horses were almost unbroken, and where could we go afoot, especially Margie who was lame?

"Margie! Margie!" I implored. "What'll we do? Let's run for the creek."

"I won't," said Margie, breathless. "And leave all those sheep and horses and cattle to be burned? What would papa say? I won't run. We've got to save them. Maybe we can save the cabin, too."

She didn't think of saving herself—brave Margie. It was astonishing how quickly she took the upper hand over me; her slim little figure fairly radiated power and determination.

"Come along, now," she bade, and she did run, for she was nimble despite her lameness. "We've *got* to save them."

"How?" I piped dubiously, following—and Shep gaily barked as he raced ahead.

"Put 'em all in that twenty acres. Then the fire can't touch them."

She referred to the twenty acres behind the house, which father and George had ploughed for spring sowing. But the sheep and horses and cattle with which thrifty father had stocked the farm were a quarter of a mile away, in their big pastures; and we had to collect them, and drive them out and across and through the fence into the twenty.

Lashing his team, down the road from which we had diverged rattled a settler, his wagon bulging with his family and household goods. He, like others, assumed of course that we at our place could care for ourselves, and so he never paused to inquire. It was every settler for himself, this day, when the ominous smoke fume was swiftly veiling the horizon.

Panting, sweat-dripping, we frantically threw down the bars of the sheep pasture and entered. The sheep lifted their heads and stared at us, the way sheep do.

"You stand here and head them through," gasped Margie. "Go 'round, Shep! Go 'round!" And she gestured. Away raced Shep, obedient, for he knew how to drive sheep. And away, in the opposite direction, ran Margie.

To Margie's cries and Shep's barking at their rear the sheep crowded forward to the gate. Urged from behind, they poured through, jostling and "baa-ing," into the other pasture where the horses and cattle were. The last squad was out; Margie and I lugged the bars into place again.

"The other bars," panted Margie.

As I cut across this pasture, over my shoulder I noticed, with affrighted face, that the smoke veil in the north was wider and higher. The breeze had entirely died, and I imagined that in the calm I could hear the faint crackle of fire, and the appeals of thin distant voices driving teams and live-stock. Our own animals apparently suspected something; the sense of fire was upon them; they stared and snorted, alarmed; horses and cattle began to gallop wildly about.

I managed alone to throw down the heavy bars at the farther side of the pasture; already Margie and Shep were pressing the mixed herd, so that the horses and cattle trod upon the sheep. The horses first, then the cattle and sheep mingled, the frenzied throng jostledthrough these bars also and flowed in among the wheat shocks.

The ploughed twenty acres adjoined, divided off by a stake-and-rider rail fence.

"We'll have to take down that other fence," cried Margie, her young chest heaving, her face crimson, as she came to my rescue where I was struggling again with the bars. "Hurry!"

Through the shocks amidst the stubble we lurched, for the dividing fence, and as we ran we scattered the panicky herd. To take down a section of this fence was desperate work. The rider rail was long, heavy, and well-nigh too unwieldy for us to manage. But Margie seemed to be twice as strong as I—we upset it and dumped it over, and one by one the rails followed, torn loose to lie we cared not where.

The air was warmer—with a heat that was not merely of the sun; a scorching heat, rolling in waves. The smoke smell was plain. The sun had waned to a brazen ball behind a drifting brown haze; and the black horizon had swelled upward almost to the zenith. Now the sheep, like the horses and cattle, were crazed with fear. All surged and galloped. I stood at the gap, to turn them in; Margie and Shep raced and commanded; but it seemed impossible to get the animals started through, the field was so large, the fence opening so small, and we two were so little and Shep exhausted. Yet ever it was Margie—Margie, the "Little Lady" and the "Pet"—who, limping nimbly and unconquerably, urged on Shep and me.

At length through the waiting gap galloped the old mare and her colt, and of course the other horses followed; through the gap trotted the brown ram, leading at last the sheep; and the foolish cattle piled after. But the more obstinate, contrary beasts, still shying and veering about, were yet to be rounded up. There were not many—and how large loomed the smoke! Below the swiftly mounting haze great billows of seething black were belching, and the breeze was blowing in fierce gusts, from one direction and another, as if warning the land.

"Oh, Margie!" I gasped, spent.

"Never mind," she called. "We must get them all—every one. Sic', Shep! Sic'!" And she sent the lagging, wearied Shep after the brindled muley cow, who appeared to know nothing whatsoever.

Shep brought her, and other laggards, at a run; and to the waving of our arms and our hoarse shouts, the last was hustled through. Every animal was in the ploughed twenty. We might strain and raise the leaden rails into place, closing the gap.

"The pigs, Margie!" I panted.

"We can't, now," answered Margie. "They're in the timber. Maybe they'll hide in the creek. But we'll save the house."

"How?"

"We've got to."

Margie was reeking with heat and dust and perspiration; her once dainty clothing hung wet and draggled and torn. Our breath came in harsh wheezings. My legs gave way under me and I sat down.

"Oh, Margie! Can't we rest a minute?"

Margie sprang and tugged at me.

"Get up!" she ordered. "Get up! You must, Lizzie!" I tried, and sank back. "Oh, dear!" she sobbed, breaking. "If you won't help me I'll do it alone." And off she set, for the yard.

"I'll help you, Margie!" I croaked, after. "Wait, Margie!" But she didn't wait; and scrambling to my stinging feet I went plunging in the same direction.

The countryside around us had grown quiet; not the sound of a human voice reached us, as if we were abandoned. Only the sheep "baa-ed," the horses snorted, the cattle bawled; and yonder, to the north, were welling higher and higher and nearer and nearer those furious belches of brownish-black smoke, in a front extending on right and left as far as we could see. At intervals we caught a dull, muffled roar punctuated by a thousand cracklings.

Into the cabin dashed Margie, reappearing almost instantly with the kitchen towel and one of mother's aprons.

"Get all the pails you can find," she bade, tensely; and seizing from the wash-bench the wash tub she dragged it away with her. What surprising strength she had, for a little lame girl!

The house bucket was for me, and with it I followed her to the well. Tub and bucket were not enough, and before I knew what she was doing she had run to the out-door cellar and had emerged hauling two milk-pails, the milk splashing at every laboring step. One pail she dropped, as mine; and using both hands I lifted it and with difficulty carried it to the well.

"It's as good as water," she uttered, dumping her half-pailful into the tub; so I dumped mine in, also.

"Fill everything with water," continued Margie, not losing a moment, and hauling on the windlass crank.

The well was a deep one, operated with bucket and windlass. We toiled at the windlass. Up rose the brimming bucket. Reaching, Margie grabbed for it; together we bore it to the well curb and poured its contents into the tub. When the tub was full of mingled milk and water we filled the house bucket and the milk pails.

"Come on; bring a pail," gasped Margie, pausing not a second, and lurching away with her pailful.

There was no opportunity to ask questions, even if I had the breath for them.

And I was so exhausted (for I was only eight) that the ground swam dizzily as I plodded after her, toting the heavy bucket.

We set pails and buckets at intervals along the farther fence of the barnyard; and imitating Margie I kicked and wrenched at the rails of the fence here, tumbling them behind us so as to clear a space. This was the center of Margie's battle-line.

To the west of the house were the ploughed twenty acres, where the pent animals careered crazily about. To the north of the house, where we were, stood the out-buildings, flanked by the barnyard which was fenced from the grain-field beyond. The grain had been shocked (as said), and along the outside of the fence lay a path. But the barnyard was sprinkled with hay and chaff, providing a foraging ground for the fire; and behind the barn was a huge compost heap. To the east of the house, or in front of it, was our yard, matted with dried grass and clover, eight and ten inches high. The well was located near to the barnyard, between it and the house.

But oh, there was plenty for the fire to feed on.

Rabbits began to scuttle through the grain shocks; every few leaps stopping, to sit up, ears pricked, and look northward. Our chickens were squawking, and half running, half flying, were making for the refuge of their coops. But every turkey, save one cock, was burned in the fields.

Now, in a single jump, as seemed to me, the fire was upon us. The breeze blew smart and gusty and burning hot, furiously whipping our faces. The crackling volleyed loud and angry—and all of a sudden, with a terrific medley of explosive poppings father's timber track, by the creek on the north, flamed right into the air; the serried trees bowed, lifted, and vanished, literally wiped out. The uproar was deafening. The hay stacks beyond the grain shocks flared magically in advance of the wall of soaring blaze which sweeping toward us occupied the whole horizon; the breeze struck us with a parching, avid gale, like the breath of the fire; a multitude of cinders came whirling and driving. Margie, posted with the dripping towel in her hands, at one end of the line of pails, while, equipped with mother's apron, I waited at the other end, glanced vigilantly backward at the roofs behind us. Fortunately they were of sod.

The timber boomed and crashed; the hay stacks roared; and now the grain shocks at the farther side of the field before us burst by the dozen into a spontaneous combustion. The hot gale flattened cinders and brands against us; the rabbits fled past—the ploughed field was alive with them; our whole farm was in a tumult of fear—and devouring the tall grasses west of the ploughed twenty the line of fire, executing a turning movement, rushed on south. On the east it followed the timber; and here, flanked on east and west, we had our fight.

The grain shocks immediately before us began to blaze, and the fire confronting us charged viciously along the stubble, greedy for us and our little oasis behind us. Already the fence of the ploughed twenty was burning; and recoiled to the far side of the tract the animals were racing and cowering in terror. But darting at the stubble, fire licking the path, Margie was lashing it with her wet towel; bending to the furnace blast I lashed, too, with mother's apron. Up and down we ran, lashing, lashing, beating the life out of the determinedly countering enemy. We paused only to dip again into the nearest pail.

The heat was intolerable; it scorched my eyes and lips and cheeks, and dried the perspiration on my face. The fumes of pungent smoke blinded us and choked us. The crawling, burrowing, leaping flames were very quick.

"The yard!" panted Margie.

The house yard was aflame in a dozen places where brands had been hurled. Back I raced, aghast, to lash them out.

"Water! More water!" screamed Margie. She was running toward me with two pails hastily grasped. I seized them from her, half filled them from the tub, and took them to her where she was doing double duty, along the line and in the barnyard as well.

The fire had sneaked past her, the standing fence of the barnyard was burning. I lashed it out.

"Help!" called Margie; for the compost

pile, against the barn itself, was blazing. She dashed a bucket upon it; I staggered with another; and clutching the two ran again for the tub. It was almost empty, and I hauled at the windlass for another temporary supply.

To tell the details of that fight would be but to repeat over and over, as a jumble of running, gasping, lashing, screaming, hauling water, and lashing again—a jumble shot through with crackle of flames, swish of whirling cinders, and shrill appeal of frenzied sheep and horse and cow and ox. But it was Margie—Margie the "Little Lady" and the "Pet"—who held the command. Sighting first the dangerous blazes, covering twice the territory that I covered, encouraging me to renewed efforts, scolding me for my slowness, grabbing at tardy buckets, never faltering, her hair (her beautiful hair) singed and shriveled and shorn of its ribbon, her frock burned to tatters, her eyes alert in her blistered, sooty face. And beaten down, here, the fire must be content to pass around, leaving us on the battle-line; a crooked line, where the flames had penetrated between us, extending its avid fingers for the outbuildings and the cabin, but leaving us, suddenly, with little more to do except to spring at a smouldering spot and administer the *coup de grace.*

We straightened up and gazed about, expectant. The house was safe; the outbuildings were safe; the yard, blackened in patches, was safe; and in the twenty acres the animals, heads high, forms trembling, were safe; but the fence dividing ploughed twenty from grain and pasture, was gone.

"I guess we can look around; there might be cinders," spoke Margie, thickly. A few we found, smoking in the grass and chaff and on the roofs. Margie it was who climbed to the roofs, by a ladder, and put out the cinders there.

Before the cabin we met, and stood, uncertain, for another survey. What a sight was this once fair land! All around us, to north, east, west, and south, the country had been leveled, and lay black and smoking; and southward still the two wings of the fire, united with the center, were sweeping on, to consume farms and towns. We were alone in a desert. Black we, too, were, with eye-brows gone and hair singed short, our dresses sopped with water and eaten by sparks, our shoes curled by heat and burned through at the soles, our apron and towel mere rags, worn by fire and whippings.

My legs abruptly gave way under me, again, and I sat down hard. My racked body ached with fatigue and smarted with blisters, my face felt stiff and leathery. My very tongue was blistered. And my hands!

"Oh, Margie!" I wailed. "I'm so tired."

Margie, more tired than I, sank beside me, encircled me with her brave arms, and said, in her funny thick voice:

"Yes, dear. But you did fine, and we saved the sheep and the horses and the cattle and the house, and everything—almost."

"We didn't save the pigs," I wailed.

"No," she agreed. "But I guess we saved more than anybody else." Her voice broke. "I'm tired, too," she confessed.

And with her arms about me we cried together. Shep issued from the barn, where he had hid, and joined us.

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# LIFE

Why did the Fates set us so far apart
Knew they not we should meet and love, dear Heart?
Alas! 'twas only a scene of the play called life
But it left me weak and marred for the Strife.

—*Marie Richardson.*

# Reunion—Victory

by

## Hon. Ormsby McHarg

*Ormsby McHarg was born in Wauzeka, Crawford County, Wisconsin, April 11, 1871. His father was born in Scotland; came to this country as a young man; enlisted and served throughout the Mexican War. His mother was born in Ireland, came to this country with her family at the age of seven years, and lived at New Orleans, Louisiana. Mr. McHarg attended the public schools in Wisconsin until twelve years of age, when he went with his family to the territory of Dakota, where he lived on a farm near Jamestown, in what is now the State of North Dakota. He entered the law department of the University of Michigan, from which institution he graduated in 1896. He returned to North Dakota and took up the practice of the law at Jamestown. He was active in public affairs. In 1899 he was elected a member of the legislature of North Dakota and served one term. In 1900 he went to Washington, D. C., to take post graduate law work at Columbian University, that city. For six years he was a student and assistant professor in the law department of that institution. Thereafter he practiced law in Seattle, Washington, and later became an assistant to United States Attorney General Bonaparte. At the solicitation of President Roosevelt he resigned that position in 1908, to take part in the campaign for the nomination of Mr. Taft, and he continued his work throughout the campaign for election in that year. In response to the personal request of Secretary Nagel, Mr. McHarg became Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and remained in that position until the completion of certain important work, when he resigned to become a member of the law firm of Noble, Estabrook & McHarg, New York City, of which firm he is at present a member. Mr. McHarg has always been a Republican, and has always stood for clean politics. He believes that the Republican Party is the party of true progress, and that any necessary reforms can and will be worked out successfully within and through that party. Realizing the need for certain party reforms, which he believed could be best accomplished through Colonel Roosevelt, who was then recognized as a regular Republican, Mr. McHarg late in the year 1911, inaugurated the campaign for the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt for the presidency to succeed Mr. Taft. He continued with the forces of Colonel Roosevelt until his defeat in the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1912. He made the fight for Colonel Roosevelt strictly within the Republican Party lines, and in the election campaign of 1912, as always, he supported the Republican Party and voted the straight Republican State and National ticket that year.—*Ed.

READING the life of Lincoln recently I was impressed with a paragraph in an address delivered by him at Chicago in December, 1856. It is clearly applicable to present political conditions. Lincoln made this statement soon after the election in that year which resulted in Buchanan—the friend of slavery—becoming minority president, through a division of the opponents of slavery. Pleading for harmony, Lincoln said:

> All of us who did not vote for Mr. Buchanan taken together, are a majority of four hundred thousand. But in the late contest we were divided between Fremont and Fillmore. Can we not come together for the future? Let everyone who really believes and is resolved that free society is not and shall not be a failure, and who can conscientiously declare that in the last contest he has done only what he thought best—let every such one have charity to believe that every other one can say as much. Thus let bygones be bygones; let past differences as nothing be; and with steady eye on the real issue let us re-inaugurate the good old "Central Idea" of the Republic. We can do it.

No better nor more appropriate message can now be borne to the Republicans and Progressives of this country. During the Lincoln-Douglas debates in 1858, Douglas stated: "There can be but two great political parties in this country." Lincoln never questioned the soundness of this doctrine. The past three years have proved it.

The situation here described by Lincoln has an exaggerated parallel in the situation of today, for all of us who did not vote for Mr. Wilson in 1912 were a majority of over two million, four hundred thousand. All of us who did not vote for Mr. Wilson, but voted for Mr. Taft or Mr. Roosevelt, were a majority of over one million, three hundred thousand.

In 1864 the life of the Republican Party was endangered by opposition to the renomination of Abraham Lincoln. A split occurred, and Fremont was nominated by a faction of the party to oppose Lincoln. An effort had to be made to preserve the party. Zachariah Chandler, Michigan's great Senator, although he had steadfastly opposed many of Lincoln's policies, stepped into the breach, and entirely independent of party machinery, made the fight which resulted in the withdrawal of Fremont. Thus, the Republican Party was preserved, and Lincoln saved to the nation.

A similar situation arose in 1912. The differences were caused by party practices. All were agreed upon the essential party principles. The split finally came on the choice of a candidate. Had there been a Zachariah Chandler in the party this country would not be in its present condition.

Republicanism is not a "fixed belief." Republicanism is a doctrine, and it will, when consistently followed, revive the Constitution of the United States and make it a living force.

The Democratic Party is not, from the very nature of its principles, a national party. Whenever entrusted with national control its leaders defy well-known economic laws. This is well illustrated in its attempt to execute its promise for greater economy in government by amending tariff laws, which they had represented to the country as producing revenues greatly in excess of the public needs. This economic experiment failing, the administration resorted to emergency legislation to provide for deficiencies. Their campaign pledge of "Economy" was followed by their Congress making larger aggregate appropriations than any previous Congress in our history.

The Democratic Party promised an immediate reduction in cost, without impairing the American standard of living. Instead, it has accomplished the reverse.

The Democrats received a full treasury from the Republican Party and within the brief period of two years faced the alternative of a bond issue or new tax levies. They chose what they are pleased to call a "war" tax, but the act itself is a "deficiency" tax. Is this not practising a deceit upon the country?

The Southern business man's experience with the Democratic Party is costing him heavily. He had hoped that the cry "Buy a Bale" would move his cotton crop. A moment's consideration will show that tariff protection against substitutes for cotton would insure a home market for a large part of the annual output. Instead we have the unprecedented action of a Democratic Secretary of the Treasury proposing to relieve the cotton growers by depositing millions of government funds in the South, upon which no interest is to be charged to the Reserve Banks; and no benefit has resulted therefrom to the cotton grower. What has he done for the ruined planters, merchants, manufacturers, lumbermen and transportation men of the country? Their need is equally obvious.

* * *

Capital is the result of self-denial of those who engage in legitimate industries. All industries should be made to respond to the dictates of economic law. No preference should be shown to any branch of American industry. Twenty years ago the Democratic Party sought to place the fiat of government on silver. Now they have selected cotton. The result was disastrous to silver, and there is no wise business man in the South but will say that the attempted charity of the present administration has hurt the cotton growers.

The policy of "Watchful Waiting" in Mexico is a failure. Hundreds of American lives have been sacrificed, millions of dollars worth of their property destroyed. The administration's ultimatums, without number, have been ignored. A former President of the United States recently said.

> We are nearer to intervention in Mexico than we ever have been before, by reason of the policy of "watchful waiting." We have neither watched nor waited.

The country is protesting against the efforts of this administration to create a false issue, by claiming credit for keeping us out of the European war. It is hoped that thereby public attention will be diverted from closed factories, bread lines, bankrupt railroads and armies of unemployed. Nothing but the most stupid blundering could, by any possibility, plunge us into that war. This administration should heed George Washington's admonition to avoid involving the nation in European politics.

The Democratic administration has destroyed what remained of our merchant marine by the enactment of the so-called Wilson-LaFollette Seaman's act. Until this act is repealed all American-owned ships engaged in foreign trade will, for self-protection, be forced under foreign register.

Invidious distinctions have been drawn by the present administration between naturalized and native-born Americans, by provoking antagonism to the naturalized American. This land has always welcomed the man and woman of foreign birth. The hyphen has never been considered a mark of separation. It is, in the language of Henry D. Estabrook, "the umbilical connection with mother earth." And, he continues:

> . . . we do know that there come events and crises in events when every hyphen, copula, vinculum, and all the Greek and Latin stuffing of our language is knocked out of it, and there stands forth the solid concrete fact of citizenship.

The Republican Party should have this situation in mind when it returns to power, and revive the fine old spirit of Americanism which prevailed before it became conventional in Washington official circles to suspect one who makes tender and kindly reference to the land of his birth.

In order to overcome the disadvantages at which the present administration has placed the country, the Republican Party must legislate to restore a protective tariff. At no time in the history of the country has a protective tariff been so necessary as it will be at the close of the present conflict in Europe. It is conceded that the European countries will flood us with cheap manufactures, made at war wages, in their efforts to recoup for the tremendous outlay of the war.

The so-called "war" tax should be promptly repealed, as such extraordinary measures for raising revenues are unnecessary under Republican administration.

We should repeal the laws which provide for the creation and operation of the many meddlesome commissions which are roving about the land seeking to devour what is left of American business.

If the country is to benefit from the present business disorganization in Europe merchant ships must be built to carry our products to the markets of the world, particularly to South America. The ships should be built on lines approved by the government, to serve as naval auxiliaries in time of war. At the present time not enough of our ships are engaged in international trade to carry the necessary coal to our navy should we unfortunately be plunged into war.

The Republican Party should devise a comprehensive plan for adequate national defense. This contemplates a large navy with merchant ships as auxiliaries. This is real defense. History records no instance where a navy has ever subverted the country which owned it. Provision should be made for a standing army large enough to supply the framework for a war force. This can be padded out in time of need by a well organized and disciplined militia which the government should aid in maintaining, as it is, in practically all instances, used for national purposes. In this connection, the public schools and colleges should devote a reasonable amount of

HON. ORMSBY McHARG

time to military teaching and necessary physical training. This, when sanely done, will strengthen the moral and physical fibre of the youth of the land.

The preceding references have been largely directed to the material affairs of the country. An organization like a political party has a soul as well as a body. In 1912 many Republicans insisted that the Republican Party should stop, look and listen! Much attention was being drawn to the personnel controlling the party machinery. A majority of Republicans voted to rebuke the organization as it then existed. It took Spartan courage to do this, as it meant the breaking of life-long political associations. It has taken Spartan fortitude to withstand the effects of the act.

* * *

There is an honest and well-defined effort on the part of a large majority of those who broke away from the Republican Party in 1912 to arrange a basis for a reunion. Persistent efforts on the part of personally ambitious individuals have been and now are being made to keep the breach open. The Republican Party has profited by the experience gained in 1912. The state and congressional elections of 1914 clearly demonstrate that former Republicans are getting together under the old party name. It is apparent that a continuing division will only operate to perpetuate a political regime opposed to the beliefs of a majority of the people.

Much of the matter made prominent in the Progressive platform in 1912 was purely local in character, and was incorporated to attract local support. It did not belong in a national platform, and a President, if elected on that platform, could not consistently have recommended such matter for congressional consideration. On all matters proper for national consideration in 1912 the progressive and regular Republicans agreed. Certainly they agreed in the most important ones, such as the tariff, and questions affecting the business interests of the country.

The next Republican platform should be limited to essentials. If kept within these proper limits, it need be no longer than the Ten Commandments:

1. Restore the protective tariff, and thereby rehabilitate the industries of the country.
2. Provide for adequate national defense, but not extravagant appropriations.
3. Repeal the Wilson-LaFollette Seaman's act, which is driving our American shipping under foreign register.
4. Provide for a merchant marine, which will enable our merchants to reach the markets of the world.
5. Endeavor to reduce the per capita cost of government, and institute a system of annual department budgets. Repeal existing laws under which meddlesome commissions, dominated by untrained men, are operating.
6. Modern business is complex and needs for its free activity sensible regulation. Business also requires a freer movement of labor for its development. It is necessary, therefore, for the federal government to devise a plan for the distribution of immigrants coming to our shores, as well as a plan for mobilizing and moving the great armies of labor that are so necessary to meet seasonable conditions and varying trade requirements. To carry out this plan, the transportation systems of the country should be free to give special rates to laborers seeking employment. Labor needs direct capital, particularly in the producing sections of the country, and plans should be developed, through co-operation and enlarged credit facilities, to provide this capital and thus develop the resources of all sections of the country.
7. The high cost of living is due largely to an uneconomic system of distribution, involving both water and rail transportation. A sensible plan is needed for the development of interstate shipping and the transportation systems of the country should be allowed to co-operate more freely for the purposes of economic distribution. Another contributing cause is the example of national and municipal extravagance.
8. Repeal the "deficiency" tax, which the present administration has improperly designated "war" tax.
9. Amend existing trade laws, so that our merchants can operate business on lines recognized as fair and legal throughout the world.
10. Recommend an amendment to the

Constitution of the United States to increase the length of the term of office of the President and the Vice-President, and limit them to one term. This for the purpose of removing the President while in office from all temptation or incentive to continue himself in office.

The best way to meet the problems now confronting the country is for all those opposed to the present national order of things to unite upon a platform, and proceed to find the man who will honestly and courageously execute it when elected. The country is tired of the same old names, old faces, and old personalities. What the country and the Republican Party want is a *new* man. A man who has kept the faith; who has kept abreast of the times in business and politics—one who will, in his own person, typify the platform. The candidate must not merely stand upon the platform. He must *embody* it. He must be prepared to enter wholeheartedly into a campaign to educate the whole people as to the meaning of the platform, which is to constitute the party law for the next four years.

Such a man on a proper platform will sweep all opposition before him. *The party has the man! Let us unite on him!*

# THE TEMPLE OF MY SOUL*

### *By* KATE TANNATT WOODS

I GIVE thee thanks
O Temple of my Soul,
For noble service given
Through long, long years
For service steadfast, true,
Despite all pain
And sorrow mingled with
Some bitter tears.

I give thee thanks,
O brain of mine,
Which pain has never clouded
And grief has failed to conquer
Night or day
For one brief hour
When pain held sway.

I give thee thanks,
O brain of mine,
For God's dear love
Which gave me power
And greater thanks than all
That word of mine
Has helped some suffering soul
In trial's hour.

I give thee thanks,
O Temple of my Soul
That thou hast bravely held
God-given power to share
With others on my way
To do and dare,
To feel the bliss of life
The sacred depths of joy
With earth's alloy.

I give Thee thanks, dear God,
For power to work
From night to morn;
For love of children
Near my heart once borne;
For love of faithful friends
Grand, noble, ever dear
Whose courage gave me strength
From year to year.

And now, O Temple,
If the hour has come
And my once earnest voice
Must now be dumb,
If this once busy pen
Must tire and rust,
I still will thank thee
And my Maker trust.

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*Accompanying the manuscript of this poem, the last written by Kate Tannatt Woods, the editor received the following letter from the executrix of Mrs. Woods' estate: "I am enclosing herewith a poem, 'The Temple of My Soul,' by Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, it being a manuscript Mrs. Woods wrote from her couch before her death in July, 1910. It was her special request to me to submit this manuscript to your magazine which I should have done sooner had it not been, by mistake, left in some trunks which were placed in storage at that time."

# The Circus Comes to Town

## A Monologue

### by Mary Penniman

O DEAR! Here 'tis 4 o'clock in the afternoon—the "P.M." the schoolma'am used to say—though how she made "P.M." spell afternoon, I don't know.

Ain't I tired! What with washin', scrubbin' floors, bakin', goin' over the house and pickin' up Zenas' things, which he leaves all around any place, like all the rest of the men folks, and then expects to find 'em jest where he left 'em, of course.

An' long about ten o'clock, when I wuz up to my elbows in suds, didn't that plaguey calf git out the yard and go tearin' down towards Mrs. Lewis' garden, and of course I hed to go chasin' after, cause I knew there wouldn't be enough garden to mention in half an hour, once that calf got at it. If there's anything more aggrevatin' than a contrary calf, I dunno what 'tis. If young 'uns gits balky, ye can give 'em a lickin' and a tongue thrashin', but both kinds is lost on a calf. No need of her ever gettin' out, if Zenas wuzn't too lazy to fix the fences.

Now I've jest got time to set down and rest my face and hands a few minutes, and then the young ones will come tearin' home from school, an' then my cookies and doughnuts will suffer, I bet ye.

Sometimes I think life ain't worth livin'. Nothin' but scrub and cook and eat. Nothin' ever happens in this town. We ain't even hed a funeral since old Aunt 'Tilda died last fall, and she wuz ninety-eight. Seems funny her dyin'. The doctor said 'twarnt no disease ailed her, but I guess this place never agreed with her very well.

There comes the whole howlin' lot of children now. There, there, children, don't tear down the house. Abel, shut that door, and don't one of ye dare to come into the settin' room 'til ye've cleaned yer feet.

What you makin' such a fuss about, anyway? Circus? Where? Here in this town! Comin' tonight and goin' to give a show on the Green tomorrer? You don't say! Wall, now. We'll ask Pa about it when he gits home. He's jest gone down to git ole Charley shod, and I don't suppose he'll git home 'til supper time, cause when he gits to swappin' yarns to thet shop, nothin' but supper time will fetch him.

I dunno how he'll feel about goin' to a circus, him bein' deacon in the church, but you jest hold your tongues an' I'll see if I can't manage it. Now, Bub, you git the wood-box filled up; and Hezekiah, you fetch in a pail of water; an' you, Abel, drive up the cows while Jinny and Judy will set the table, and I'll slap up some o' them sweet cakes your Pa likes so well; 'n then I'll make some hot cream biscuit; and don't none o' ye dare to say "Circus" 'til we git his stomach filled.

There, now, everything's about ready, and here comes Pa, too. Come right in and git washed for supper, Pa, and Hezy will go put up the horse. We thought we'd hev supper a little early 'cause we knew you'd be hungry.

Set right down everybody. Stop pushin', Bud. Jinny, set still, can't ye, until the supper gits dished up. Have some more biscuits, Pa? Hed about enough, hev ye? What news did ye hear down town? Buddy says the Circus is comin' tomorrer, and what do you say if we all go? Now, you know, 'taint half so bad to go to the Circus as some other things you do. I ain't forgot about you're swappin' horses, and how mad you got when Jim Brown cheated ye. And I don't think them words you said when you hit your shins agin' the rocker the other night, wuz very suitable for a deacon.

Yes, I do think we ought to take the children to see them wonderful things we've read about; all them noble animals Noah hed in the Ark, to say nothin' about them T. Roosevelt hez added. And I see the circus folks hez advertized a "Blood-Sweatin'-Behemoth." Now Job mentions that critter in his book. I don't suppose Job ever went to Barnum & Bailey's Circus, though, did he?

You say you "can't afford it." Sis, go and get that stockin' I tucked away behind the clock. Let's see. There's one dollar an' fifty-five cents in that. That's my own money I earned sewin' carpet rags, and the hens hez been layin' pretty good, and I'll take sum eggs and five pounds of butter, which is sellin' for thirty cents a pound, and I'll leave 'em to the store. Yes, Jabe will take 'em. An' three of the children can go in on the eggs and you and Bud and I will go in on the butter. For go to the circus I will!

Goodness sake! How do you suppose a town can run if ye don't support the elervatin' things that is provided for our edifyin'? You, bein' one of the Selectmen, *ought* to patronize things. Now that's settled—*we'll go*. Now you children will hev to go to bed early so as to git up early, so as to start early, for it's a good three mile to the Green, an' ye can't expect an ole horse twenty year old to go racin', luggin' our whole family. Zenas, you'd better git the express wagon fixed tonight. Put a couple of boards across for extra seats for the young ones, and you and Bub and I will ride in front.

### THE DAY AFTER

Yes, we went to the circus, the whole on us, and I dunno as I ever got so much for my money before ez I did for them eggs and five pounds of butter. We started early and we made considerable of a show, ourselves. 'Twas lucky I'd jest got Bud a pair of pants made out of some old ones of his Pa's. I made a mistake puttin' 'em together; but his blouse come down real long, so it didn't look too bad. The boys' hair wuz too long to look nice, so Zenas fitted a bowl over their heads an' cut round it, ez we couldn't spare no time to go to the barber shop. Wall, no—I can't say I think it made 'em look real hansome, but 'twas out of their eyes, anyway.

The twins, Jinny and Judy, looked real cute with their muslins all starched up stiff, an' their pig-tails tied up with blue ribbons. We had our lunch in a basket, 'cause we couldn't waste no money buyin' any. We hed cookies an' doughnuts, and cheese an' pickles, an' two whole pies, an' a gallon o' milk—fer I knew the children would git hungry; and Zenas put in a bag of feed for ole Charley, so we hed about all we could carry.

'Twuz a fine mornin', an' we got along without no serious accident. To be sure, one of the pies we had for lunch wuz blueberry, an' I s'poze Zenas hit the basket over with his foot some way, 'cause when I looked back once, there wuz a blue streak runnin' along after our wagon, but we hed enough left. An' once I missed Judy, and what do you s'poze? Her Pa hed told the children thet if they didn't keep their mouths shet on the way they shouldn't go to the circus. He warn't going to be pestered with them askin' questions all the way—an' so, when we went over a "thank-ye-ma'am," why poor little Judy wuz jounced out. Say, she hadn't been with us for five minutes, but none of the young ones hed dared to speak!

When we'd went back and picked up Judy an' wiped the dust off of her, we went along all right to the Green—where the circus wuz. Now, I dunno where the folks cum from, 'cause I never saw so many folks together before in my life. It's hard work to get enough people out to church to keep a minister goin', an' it's like pullin' teeth to git money enough to pay him. Yet here wuz all them folks crazy to pay fifty cents apiece to git in.

There wuz men sellin' balloons and

popcorn and peanuts outside the big tent, an' I got each on 'em a balloon an' sum peanuts, for the ticket-man let Jinny and Judy go in on one ticket, they bein' twins; and Jabe give me a good price for the eggs and butter, so I had my stockin' money to spend. I don't wonder they have so many accidents tryin' to go up in balloons.

While Zenas wuz hitchin' ole Charley, I got out the piece of clothesline I'd brung along, and tied all the children together, so we shouldn't lose none on 'em. We wuz early, so we went round to see the animals before the show begun. There wuz rows of cages along the sides of the tent, an' strange and awful noises comin' from 'em, an' more *smells* than I knew there wuz!

Yes, 'twas an eddication to see all them animals—lions and tigers and bears, though somehow most on 'em didn't look so very savage, and some wuz almost *shopworn*. But I s'poze they wuz a deal more of a curiosity to us than we wuz to them. The cages of monkeys hed a crowd all the time. Why, some of 'em looked so human, an' reminded me so much of some of Zenas' folks—'twas real startling. I don't for the life of me see how Noah ever took care of so many critters, and the Ark must have been a monstrous boat. I can't say I think camels and elefunts is real pretty; but the children wuz crazy to feed 'em, an' them elefunts swallered down peanuts ez easy ez pie. Once I felt my bunnit risin', and what do you think? One of the pesky things wuz eatin' the cherries off of my bunnit, and folks wuz laffin' fit to kill! Sez I, "Now 'taint no laffin' matter to that poor critter thet's been kept in a circus so long he can't tell bunnit trimmin's from fruit." And I really believe the elefunt knew what I said, for he winked his little eyes at me, and then begun to swing his trunk back and forth agin until he saw the peanuts Abel hed, and made for 'em.

The children wuz much took with the giraffe, but I'm glad my neighbors don't have such long necks. Their noses is in other folk's business enough, as 'tis.

By this time the seats wuz gittin' filled up, so we thought we'd better find ours. We wuz right in front of the ring where we could see fine. 'Twas pretty hard work for me to git seated in them little seats—me bein' considerable hefty, and after I got set, I couldn't very well do anything else, as I got wedged in so tight Zenas an' one of the show fellers had to haul me out after 'twas over.

O, I couldn't begin to tell you all we saw. When that parade come in with the band playin', the trumpets blowin', them performers on their horses, all tricked out with spangles and gay clothes, the young ones wuz struck dumb. I forgot how sick I wuz of livin' and Zenas hollers right out: "Gee-whitaker!"

Them clowns wuz awful funny, and I wonder more of the queer-lookin' folks I know don't go into thet bizness. Seems to me 'twould be better if they didn't have to "make up" their faces.

No, I didn't jest approve of all them circus women that performed, and I told Zenas he'd better shut his eyes (him bein' a Deacon) 'til they got done. He being back of me, and me being so firm wedged in, I couldn't see whether he did or not.

I would jest like to get some o' them poor, spindly-legged gals that performed out on the farm, and see if good vittles would fat 'em up. But I don't suppose there'd be excitement enough in our town to suit 'em. When the Goddess of Liberty rode by, way up high in her painted chariot, she looked fine; but I hoped the real Liberty of this free country of ours warnt so tickelish on its throne as she wuz on hern.

Zenas wuz so took up with it all that he wanted to stay and see the side-shows, but I put my foot down and put it down hard! I know what men-folks is, be they Deacons or not, and I wuzn't goin' to run no risks. The children's heads wuz noddin' by the time the show wuz over, and I tell you I wuz glad to git unpacked from that little seat, and be behind ole Charley, headed for home.

The circus hed come to town, and we hed been to it; even if we wuz short five pounds of butter and some eggs. I'd forgot all about my hard work and the plaguey calf, and the pants thet wuz put together wrong, an' only thought how glad I wuz to be joggin' home behind ole Charley with Zenas by my side, little Bud asleep in my lap, and the rest clutchin' the sticks of their floatin' balloons, an' all blissful an' happy.

# The Close of the Exposition

## by Edward J. Martin

AN account of the closing exercises of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, giving the details of the ceremonies as the lights went out, has been sent out by President Moore. This booklet is handsomely bound in orange, emblematic of California, and contains as frontispiece a portion of the facsimile of the toast written by President Wilson, followed by Mr. George Sterling's poem, "The Builders," written especially for the occasion.

The details of this closing event are symbols of that bright, kindly, sympathetic spirit that has been manifested in the administration of the Exposition. A charming bit of allegory was included in the services when a Boy Scout was summoned to carry the message of the Exposition to the school children of the world, then a journalist was decorated, and sent forth with the admonition by President Moore that—"To Journalism has been assigned the great task of carrying the meaning of the Exposition to all men. Go, good friend, there is work for you to do." To a Toiler, armed with a sledge-hammer, President Moore said: "Tell the toilers of the world, our brethren, that they have contributed nobly to man's betterment and the world's advancement." The Cowboy, the Surveyor, the Soldier and the Sailor were summoned, and commissioned to carry the message into the unsettled places of the earth, to all far shores and throughout the seven seas. At the conclusion, three Exposition Guards were summoned, decorated with the colors of the Exposition, and charged to despatch the message of President Moore of the Exposition to Woodrow Wilson, the President of the United States.

Even in the poetic spirit of the hour a review of gratifying if prosaic facts was not overlooked. The total attendance for the period was 18,876,438, larger than that of the St. Louis Exposition.

The buglers and town crier in colonial costume accompanied the President and Director of the Division of Exhibits as they went the round of the palaces to bid the chiefs good-bye on the last day. Night came on, and the world's wonder of lights, which was never to shine again, blazed in added splendor across the skies. There were fireworks on the Marina, booming of guns, and the choir sang Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," all waiting the striking of the midnight hour. In the crowd could be heard here and there a half-stifled sob as the end of a perfect day was merged into the beginning of an endless memory. The stirring lines of George Sterling were recited:

The hour has struck. The mighty work is done.
Praise God for all the bloodless victories won.
And from these courts of beauty's pure increase
Go forth in joy and brotherhood and peace.

The last words of the President, as the lights began to dim were: "Friends, the Exposition is finished. The lights are going out."

When the clock chimed the hour of midnight in San Francisco, joining together December fourth and December fifth, 1915, it announced the celebration of a nuptial of the oceans, where continents, rent asunder by the Panama Canal, have made new highways of the seas. From out of the black shadow of the tragic war cloud came the glow of the sunset from the golden west, marking the triumphal close of the most notable Exposition known in world history. It was a rift in the clouds, a beacon light of hope to the world in the dark and bloody story of the year, suggesting in the import of its message the "light in the east" nearly two thousand years ago.

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THE TOWER OF JEWELS

On the Exposition grounds in 1915 there were no aliens. The flags of all the nations waved in harmony, stirred only by the balmy breezes wafted in from the placid Pacific. Fitting indeed that one of the glowing memories of the Exposition was the illumination—its "nights of a thousand eyes"—for illumination, in the broadest sense of the word, was the mission of that great achievement. It dispelled not only the darkness of the gathering night, and the fogs that swept in from the seas, but it illumined the ideals of peaceable pursuits and prosperity, and the indissoluble union of the nations of the earth, as exists between the states after the war of the North and the South, to be evolved at the termination of this world-conflict. The frowning fortresses that now mark the boundaries of nations will be dissolved in the light that has been cast upon the progress of civilization in this incomparable Exposition, which, under masterful hands, has played a part in history quite as significant as the construction of the great canal itself, which this celebration has so impressively commemorated—an event of today, looking fearlessly forward to the future, with no regretful reminiscence of a day that has passed.

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition has been the first of its kind in history to typify the pulsating present and to reflect the spirit of the new civilization which has been so gloriously revealed in the luminous glow of the forty-eight searchlights, diffused in perfect oneness, symbolizing the union of the States—"now and forever, one and inseparable."

The auroral beams of the searchlights faded and the outlines of sculptured forms receded into the friendly night, lighted now only by the glimmer of the stars, and in the witchery of the velvety darkness "Taps" was sounded in liquid notes from bugles high on the Tower of Jewels.

# The Children of the Parque Lezama

## by Mildred Champagne

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Indications of the increased friendly relations between South America and the United States of America is the reception accorded to Miss Mildred Champagne on her recent visit to South America. She was received by the President of the Republic and given a banquet and all the distinctions accorded to former President Roosevelt. These observations are especially interesting coming, as they do, from the pen of Mildred Champagne. The subsequent success of the Pan-American Scientific Congress only confirms the early predictions of Miss Mildred Champagne, that the future relations of the Americas will be closer than ever because of the social friendliness which usually precedes business regulations in South America.*

A NUMBER of the delegates to the South American Scientific Congress meeting at Washington, who are now in the United States, and with whom I had the good fortune to come up on the steamship Vestris, asked me what impressed me most in the Argentine Republic during my recent visit there, and I answered at once, "The public schools of Buenos Aires, and the school for backward children of the 'Parque Lezama' most especially."

If you had a child in the public schools of Buenos Aires, and that child happened to be behind in his studies, would you get a note from the teacher telling you to reprimand the child because he was lazy, deficient, and was not able to keep up with his class?

REFRESHMENTS SERVED IN THE GARDEN WHILE THE CHILDREN ARE AT PLAY

Answer—Most decidedly, no.

Instead, this is what would happen. That delinquent child would be watched—not severely, but tenderly, solicitously, by a special agent assigned to that purpose, and after a careful watching the agent would have decided what ailed your child.

In nine cases out of every ten that child is not lazy or mischievous, and thus deliberately neglecting his studies. The chances are that this expert study of the child reveals that in some way or other his faculties are impaired. He is mentally or physically deficient. Perhaps it is because of malnutrition, or because of conditions in the child's home that impede his welfare. Then you receive a notice something to the following effect:

"We want to take your child and care

UP FOR DAILY MEDICAL EXAMINATION

for it for a period of three months in our special school for indigent children. At the end of that time we believe your child will be ready to take his place with the other children of his class. He will be bright, healthy, intelligent, progressive." And if you are an Argentine mother you are very glad of this offer, because you know what a wonderful institution is the "Escuela Para Niños Debiles" of the "Parque Lezama."

It was on a Saturday morning that Dr. Cardenas, the chief of the Consejo Nacional de Educacion in Buenos Aires, called on me in the Plaza Hotel and told me he would be very glad if I would honor him with a visit to some of his pet schools the following Monday. I make special mention of the time which elapsed between the invitation and the realization of it, just twenty-four hours, with a holiday in between. How the elaborate festivities which I enjoyed the following Monday could have been prepared in so short a time will always remain a mystery to me. But it shows the "muy Yankee" spirit which the Argentines so eagerly reach for, because it embodies our North American hustle and energy. This special demonstration in the public schools was given me because I am from Boston.

The Argentines are grateful to us because their great educator, Sarmiento, one time minister to Washington and friend of our own Horace Mann, admired the Boston school system to such an extent that he transplanted it bodily to his country, not only the system, but forty Boston "school-marms" as well. As a consequence, we are proud to say that the Argentine Republic has the best school system in South America, and the Argentinians are so grateful to their Sarmiento that there is scarcely a town, village or hamlet in the Republic that hasn't a Sarmiento school. And they are so grateful to Boston that they are going to send us a statue of Sarmiento, toward which every school child in the Republic is contributing the equivalent of ten cents.

On Monday Dr. Cardenas called for me, and in company with his charming daughter and his secretary we made a tour of the public schools. The first and most wonderful was the "Escuela para Niños Debiles." This school is probably one of the most unique institutions of its kind in the world. It is an out-of-door school in a large and magnificent park, the "Parque Lezama." There are clumps of shady trees where classes of from twenty to twenty-five pupils sit upon rustic seats and take their lessons. There are well-kept lawns with the sun beating down upon them, where hundreds of little children, girls and boys, lie stretched out on the grass to take a sun bath. There are fountains and Italian Gardens where the children are taught gardening. There are wonderful flower beds that the little ones care for under the tuition of an expert gardener. There are vegetable patches where the children are taught agriculture. There is a large one-story cement building of shower baths, and another similar building where they take their meals.

When the child is brought to the school a very careful diagnosis of its condition is made by the house physician. A map is drawn of the child's exact mental, moral and physical status, its character, degree of aptitude and intelligence, and from day to day the map is changed, according to the child's improvements.

Now comes the curriculum for the child. At 7.30 in the morning he is brought to the school. Between 7.30 and 8 A.M. he is marched to the baths. Here he is stripped and with twenty or thirty other boys (for in squads of twenty or thirty they can only take their baths, as there are others waiting) he is put under the shower and there he scrubs and diverts himself, and for ten or fifteen minutes has a grand old time with the other boys, when he emerges clean and bright as a new pin, while the waiting squad take their places. The girls in another building are doing the same. At eight o'clock all are ready for breakfast, shining, refreshed, and happy. Think of it! Some of these children come from homes where they never see a bath, or breathe the fresh air. This is their chance of a lifetime.

Do they go to this bath as our children do—as to a slaughter? The screams of laughter and the splashing of water tell another story, and the attendants have all they can do to get these children out to accommodate those who are waiting.

In orderly files the little boys and girls march to the breakfast table. Here they are given all the fresh bread and butter and coffee or milk they desire. This is their "desayuno," or early breakfast. When they are finished, for the next forty-five minutes, they are marched out into the sunshine and made to lie out full length on the grass to take a complete sun bath.

Can one under-estimate the benefits of this treatment to the thin, emaciated little bodies that probably for the first time in their lives are receiving proper care and nourishment? You can actually see them improve mentally and physically day by day.

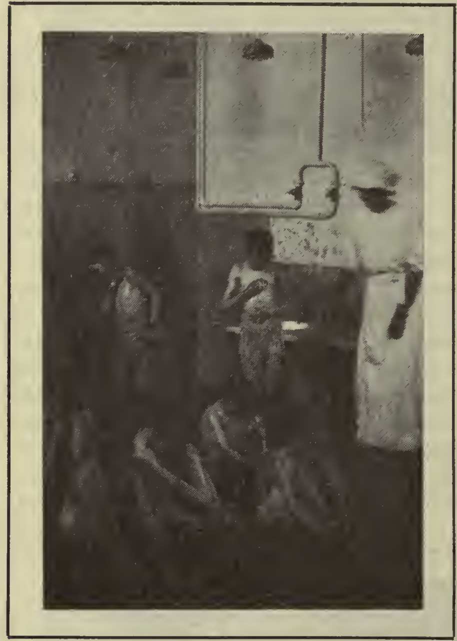
When the children are thoroughly rested,

IN THE PERGOLA AMONG THE FLOWERS OF THE "PARQUE LEZAMA" they are taken and divided into classes of twenty-five each and marched to their rustic seats under the trees. Here a gentle, smiling, soft-voiced teacher is waiting for them. The one I remember is a young girl of twenty-two. She is holding up a toy cow before her charges, and the lesson continues somewhat along these lines:

Teacher—"What is this animal I am holding up?"

A moment of hesitation, and then a dozen little hands are raised in the air.

One little girl answers: "A cow."



SCRUBBING THEMSELVES IN THE BATH

Teacher—"What is the color of the cow?"

Fewer hands are raised. One boy says: "It's a black cow."

A little girl ventures, "It's a white cow." It happens to be a tan cow with white spots.

The children in this class do not seem to be very decided about color, but the teacher tells me they are gradually learning to distinguish, and to prove it she holds up an Argentine flag, and all the little children shout:

"Blue and white—blue and white." As a compliment to me the teacher holds up an American flag, and she calls upon one bright-faced little boy to distinguish its colors.

"Red, white, and blue," he answers promptly, and I wonder how long he has been taught to say that.

She tells me this little boy has only been in school one term of three months and he seemed hopeless when he came. Now he is almost ready to rejoin his proper class in the regular schools.

After this object lesson, which lasts from 8.45 to 9.15 (they are always extremely careful not to tire the children or to give them problems which would be difficult for their brains to grasp) they are taken out into the open for gymnastic exercises, and afterwards for a romp and games through the park. From 10.45 to 11.15 they are assembled for a class in arithmetic and geography. From easy object lessons they are led by a gradual and gentle process to the more intricate studies which are taught in the regular public schools and for which they are now strengthening themselves physically and mentally.

From 11.30 to 12.30 comes the gala event of the day for them, the "almuerzo," or midday meal.

I went through the splendid kitchen preparing these meals. Everything is spick and span, and the food is abundant, wholesome, and appetizing. Their dinner consists of soup, with plenty of fresh bread and butter, an excellent roast meat or the wholesome, appetizing "puchero," the native stew made of meat and vegetables, and a dessert.

The children are given as much as they can eat, and the open air and exercise and the bath and the wholesome living have given them a splendid appetite.

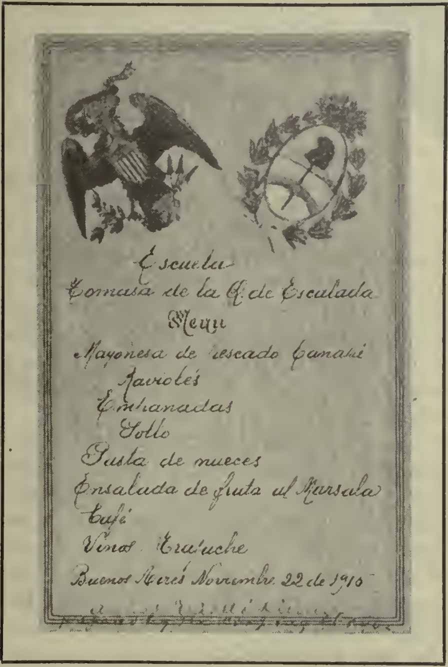
After dinner they are again made to lie down and rest. At 2.30 they have music and singing. At 3 o'clock another class. At 4 o'clock they work in the garden. Afterwards the little girls are assembled for a sewing class and the boys are engaged in manual labor, and at 6 P.M. they go home.

Now from the time they have entered the school at 7.30 in the morning until 6 P.M. they have eaten and played and studied. Every minute has been taken up in an agreeable and useful way, always under the watchful care of their teachers and of the house physician and his staff of assistants. The condition of each child is carefully studied and registered every day, and as soon as the child is pronounced normal it is obliged to leave the school to make way for another child who is eagerly waiting to enter.

The school term is from September to May and is divided into three monthly periods. A child may be graduated in one, two or three periods of the term.

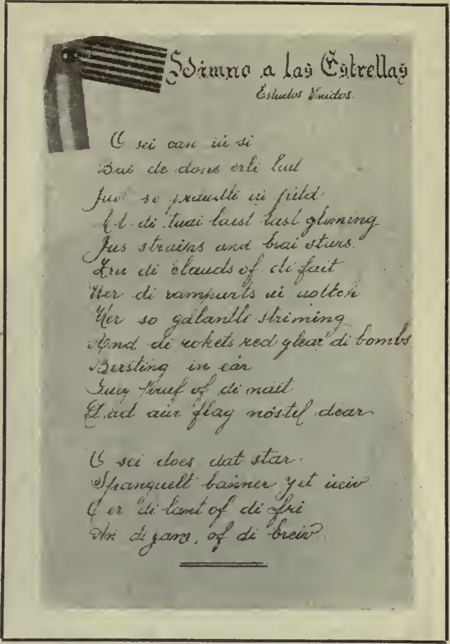
I asked Dr. Cardenas if a child felt any reflection on himself in after years that he had been to the school for backward children. And he says, "No, indeed, they are only too glad to tell how they were mentally and physically encouraged at a time when they needed it most."

Before leaving, the children had gathered a huge bouquet of flowers for me out of their own garden. The teachers had given me some excellent coffee from their own kitchens. I shall always remember the beaming and happy faces of the children and teachers alike as they waved me a farewell from the "Parque Lezama."



Escuela
Tomasa de la Q. de Escalada
Menu
Mayonesa de Pescado Canapé
Ravioles
Empanadas
Pollo
Pasta de nueces
Ensalada de fruta al Marsala
Café
Vinos Trapiche
Buenos Aires Noviembre 22 de 1910

THE LUNCH MENU



Himno a las Estrellas
Estados Unidos.

O sei can iu si
Bai de dons erli lait
Juot so praudli ui jeild
At di tuai laist last gliming
Jus straips and brai sturs
Tru di clauds of di fait
Oer di ramparts ui uotch
Uer so galantli striming
And di rokets red glear di bombs
Bersting in eir
Gaiv pruf of di nait
Dad aur flag uos stil dear

O sei does dat star
Spanguelt bainer yet ueiv
Oer di land of di fri
An di jom of di breiv

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER
In phonetic spelling, as sung in English by Argentine children in the Buenos Aires public schools

The next school we drove to was the Escuela Tomasa de la Quintana de Escalada, a large and stately edifice, as, indeed, are all the schools of Buenos Aires.

The children of the Argentinians are, as they proudly declare, their special charges, and I dare to say that nowhere are children so tenderly and solicitously cared for. The school rooms are large, lofty, airy and sunny. The children's desks are roomy and especially designated for comfort, their playgrounds are always ample and are oftentimes very beautiful with trees and flowers. The very best sanitation prevails.

The Escuela Escalada was draped with flags and bunting—the American and Argentine flags entwined. A group of teachers of the faculty met us at the steps and conducted us into a huge hall where, to my astonishment, eighteen hundred children were assembled.

This is a girls' school, the girls ranging from five to fifteen years. Each girl wore a decoration of the combined colors of the American and Argentine flags. From out the group stepped a tiny little tot and handed me a huge bouquet of white roses tied with red, white and blue ribbons. At the same time she lisped a verse of welcome. The children formed an archway of the combined flags of the United States and Argentina, and wherever I passed, the little tots ran in front of me and strewed my path with white roses.

MILDRED CHAMPAGNE

After this amazing and touching welcome, the children returned to their classes. There were thirty classes in all, and I was conducted through each one of them. Every class was decorated with flags and bunting, the American flag and the Argentine entwined everywhere. Expressions of welcome and good will were written on the blackboards, and pictures prominently displayed of Washington, Franklin, Lincoln and other of our great men, with the history of whom these children, I dare to say, are more familiar than many of the children of our own schools.

In each class there were special exercises in the geography and history of the United States, and these children all showed a surprising knowledge of all the affairs of our country from the beginning until the present day.

The girls of the higher grades in the school had prepared for me a true "criollo," or native dinner. They have a thoroughly up-to-date cooking school here as well as a school for dressmaking and fancy needle work. Wonderful examples of these useful industries were on exhibition in a large hall. There were baskets and fancy work, painting and embroidery, dresses and the most delicate underwear, all made by the pupils of the school.

The cooking classes conducted us to a large, gayly decorated room where a long table was spread for us. We sat down to a magnificent banquet, some fifty strong, including the faculty, several newspaper reporters, the brilliant young editor and proprietor of *La Razon*, Dr. Cardenas, his daughter and myself. We were waited on by several very charming girls of about fifteen, members of the cooking class. The menu was well arranged, and never was a meal more tastefully prepared or daintily served.

The climax of this superb hospitality was reached, however, when the eighteen hundred children of the school had again assembled in the big hall, and waving the American flag high in the air, they sang to me to my utter amazement, the "Star Spangled Banner" in English. Each girl had before her a little card from which she read phonetically.

I turned to Dr. Cardenas: "In heaven's

name, how could you do all this in less than twenty-four hours?"

"We are 'muy Yankee,' " he replied with a smile.

When we returned to the Plaza Hotel, a structure essentially "muy Yankee" in all its elegant appointments and modern comforts, a number of Americans were lounging about in its magnificent lobby, for it was the fashionable tea hour of Buenos Aires. When the Americans saw the red, white and blue streamers flying from my numerous bouquets, they rose in a body and shouted: "Three cheers for the Stars and Stripes! Hurrah for America!"

"Hurrah for a United America, both North and South," I responded, turning to my Argentine friends. They made the welkin ring with their applause. A United America is their desire, and they express it in the cordiality with which they treat all visiting Americans of the North. And one beautiful expression of their Pan-American ideals is teaching their school children to sing our "Star Spangled Banner."

# THE MELODY OF SPRING

I HEAR once more the voice of Spring,
And once again the song-birds sing.
The balmy zephyrs breathing soft,
The swallows soaring high aloft,
The sheen on yonder rising hill,
The rushing stream where was the rill,
The silver clouds high overhead,
All show that Winter's force is dead,
And lark and grosbeak piping clear
Announce with joy a glad new year.

The year begins when comes the Spring,
When living thrills each living thing.
The ancient tree bursts into life;
The aged man forgets his strife;
The youth is overcome with glee;
From Winter's slumber wakes the bee;
The whole earth stirs with life anew;
The gray takes on a verdant hue;
The bloom is from its bud uncurled
And life seems glad to all the world.

—*W. Mattershead.*

# The

# Californian Riviera

### by Mitchell Mannering

THE incessant activities of the American people have naturally resulted in an inherent restlessness to want to be "up and going," that has made traveling not so much the exception as the rule in the life of the average family. The Expositions gave thousands of people an idea of California in the parched, heated days of summer when the dull brown of the hills was the dominant note of the landscape. When they come to realize that even in the month when bitter winds and sleet and snow prevail in some parts of the country, California's roses are still blooming, and the skies are still balmy, they then begin to feel that it is no wonder the railroad literature is so alluring and attractive. Who that ever felt the balmy atmosphere of Santa Barbara, could wonder that people build their winter homes there? Even the fog that comes in during the summer is attractive, and the view of the Pacific Ocean from the railroad train above the surf which dashes on toward Castle Rock is something that cannot be forgotten and is the subject of many a delightful reminiscence. Now that so many hundreds of thousands of people are not going to Europe to spend the summer or the winter, American resorts are coming into their own, for many more people "know the way" to California than ever before.

One of the ambitions of the "average

THE ROMANTIC FRANCISCAN MISSION NEAR THE RIVIERA

A PICTURESQUE SPOT ON THE RIVIERA

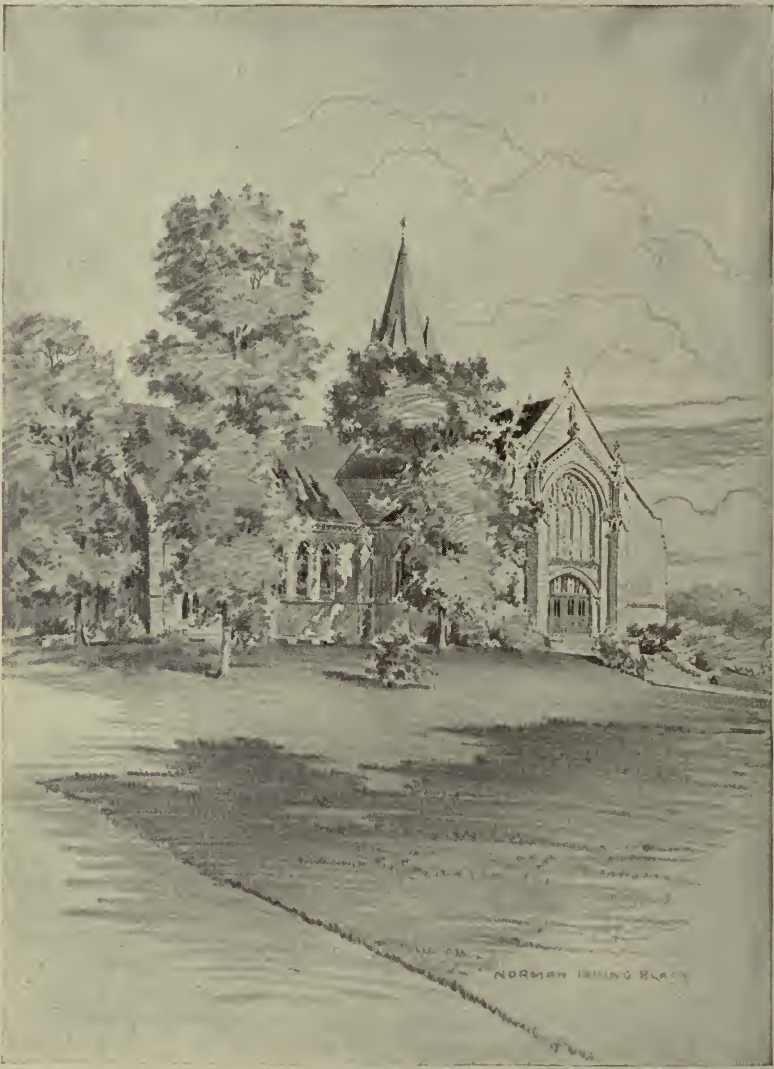
A BEAUTIFUL VISTA FROM THE RIVIERA — QUAINT CITIES. DISTANT MOUNTAINS AND PLACID BAY

FROM FLOWERS TO SNOW
Among the impressive scenes of California is the picture of the little Saxon car rolling blithely among flowers one hour and in the snow on the mountain sides the next, for there does not seem to be any variety of climate known on the earth's surface, that is not felt within the boundaries of the Golden state

American" is to obtain a competence that will permit him to just live in California, especially during the winter. The radiance on the face of the man who says he is going to spend the winter in California is difficult to describe. Later as he reads of the snow storms and icy blasts sweeping over the North and East, he just shivers in sympathy, but he does not feel it in the marrow of his bones for weeks at a time. The coast of southern California from San Diego up to Santa Barbara has been recognized as the ideal Riviera of the coast. Santa Barbara has initiated a recreation center that indicates how the people understand the art of just "getting together;" the palatial homes already built are an evidence of faith in the future, and new developments constantly attest to the increasing faith in America's western Riviera. The romantic art of Belasco in staging his California plays, is realistic to the very smallest detail in shadow and shrubbery, for here are the real pictures of the play repeated every day, with God's own sunshine for lighting effects.

The vital point that the railroads have to make, and the reason why they confront us with gaudily colored illustrations and drawings, is simply to create in people the desire to realize the pleasure of a trip to California. There is no argument after they get there—but how to persuade them to start, to buy their tickets and check their baggage—that is the problem. There is something suggestively popular for a trip in just saying Southern Pacific, for that means an appropriate route to the land of sunny skies.

It is not a mere outburst of enthusiasm to insist that the Riviera of the Mediterranean has no more alluring climate to offer than that of Santa Barbara and other portions of California. For those of us who are not able to be there, the next best thing is to sit up close to the fire and look at the pictures, and wonder how it would feel to live out of doors in an atmosphere even more warm than that maintained within our closed walls, while the cold winds and sleet rage without.



THE CHAPEL

In looking back over her college years, the Wellesley girl sees nestling among the trees the college chapel, with its beautiful doorway. On November 22, 1897, the cornerstone of the Houghton Memorial Chapel was laid, a building destined to be one of the most satisfactory and beautiful on the campus. It was given by Miss Elizabeth G. Houghton and Mr. Clement S. Houghton of Cambridge as a memorial of their father, Mr. William S. Houghton, for many years a trustee of the college

# The Fascination of Wellesley

## by Myrle Wright

WHENEVER the subject of higher education for women is mentioned, the name of Wellesley College comes instantly to mind. It is an institution that was born with the earnest and enthusiastic development of higher education for women. For many years the site of Wellesley College has been noted as one of nature's beauty spots, where Greek plays have been produced and where the beautiful rolling hills, woods, and lakes of the grounds have been adorned with the energetic activities of fifteen hundred girls.

It is quite natural that an institution of this character should some time or other be the subject of a book, and this has been accomplished in a handsome book, beautiful in letter press and cover of cerulean blue, "The Story of Wellesley,"* told by Florence Converse.

Whether it is the association with Wellesley or otherwise, the book itself seems winsome and attractive. A visit to Wellesley during the early days of June when Class Day exercises are in progress, or in the dead of winter when Whittier's "Snow Bound" seems the appropriate volume to read in the evening by the fireplace, no matter what point of view, winter, summer, spring, or autumn, during all four seasons, nature has lavished on Wellesley a beauty that can never be adequately portrayed.

The history of Wellesley harks back to the days when Henry Fowle Durant was easily the most striking personality, if not the greatest lawyer of the Suffolk Bar. Success seemed to attend his every appearance in the old, historic Court House, lately destroyed and replaced by the Annex to the City Hall, and whether defending a criminal in the Superior Court, or arguing a knotty point before the august jurists of the Supreme bench, his careful preparation, invention and resourceful strategy, wonderful ability in discerning the real character and trend of mind in each juryman, and keen wit, quick retort, biting sarcasm, with withering invective, made sad inroads on the dignity and courtesy of many of his older confreres of the profession, and attracted a horde of visitors when a celebrated case was on trial with Durant in the leading role as counsel. His charges for any service seldom escaped being considered handsome. In the midst of the great Civil War period and at the height of his fame and prosperity, he became a Christian, gave up the practice of the law, became a lay preacher or revivalist, and devoted to the cause of religion, reform, education and the general uplift of humanity his splendid talents and the greater part of a moderate fortune.

The most prominent and lasting of his good works was the founding of the Wellesley Female Seminary, chartered by the legislature of 1873, renamed Wellesley College, which, on September 5, 1875, opened its doors to three hundred and

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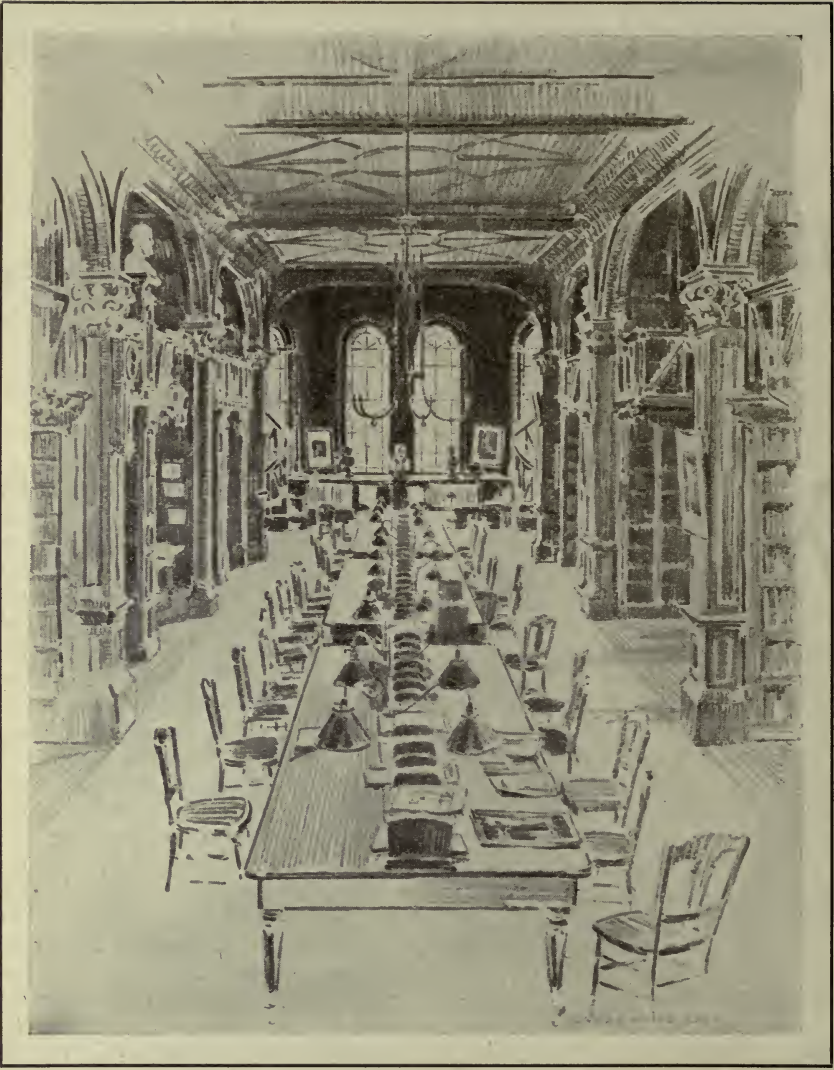
***"The Story of Wellesley," by Florence Converse. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $2.00 net.**

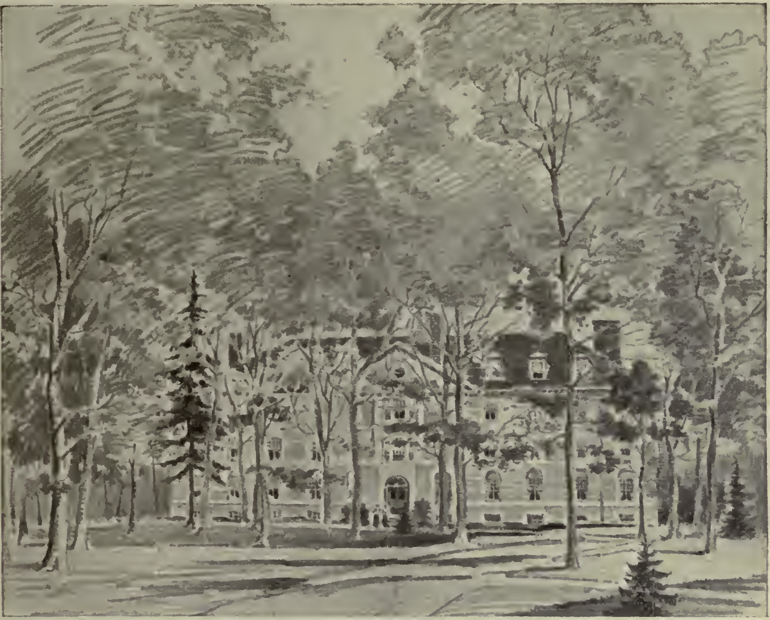


IN THE OLD COLLEGE HALL LIBRARY

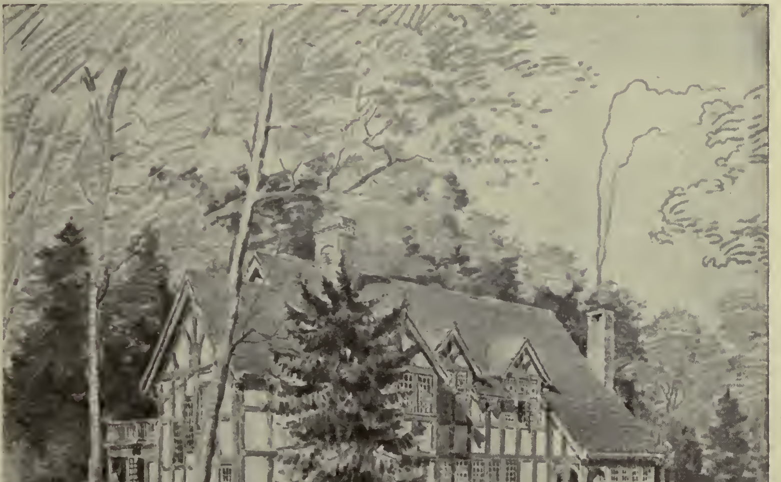
fourteen students, with over two hundred applicants turned away.

Beautiful in location, stately and handsome in architecture, and surrounded by most attractive and varied natural scenery, Wellesley soon became the beloved home as well as the inspiration of the young girls who sought its teachings, and the gifted women who formed its Alumnæ.

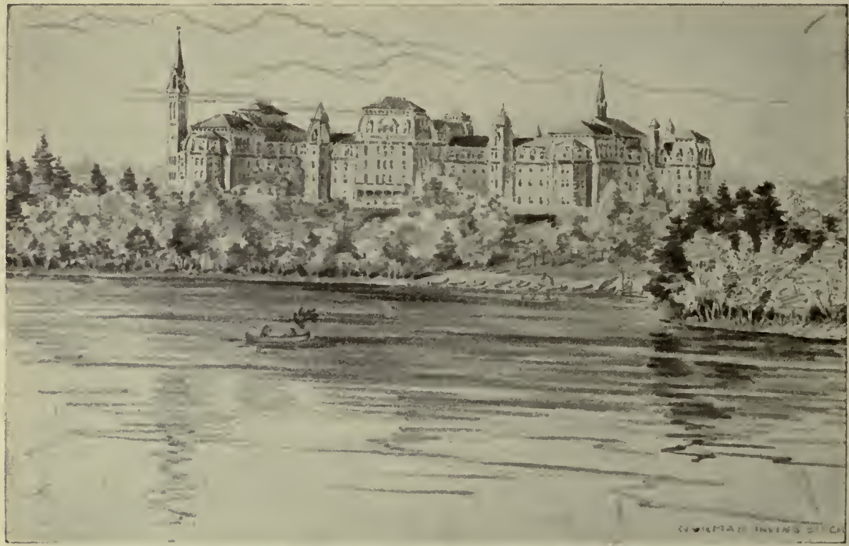
The story of its progress, its faculty, its success and renown are well and simply told, as well as the sudden destruction which overwhelmed College Hall, the oldest of the Wellesley buildings in the early morning of March 17, 1914. Fire was discovered in the fourth story of College Hall, and in ten minutes, by its thorough system of fire-drill, the building was vacated by its hundreds of occupants who had been aroused from sleep by the call of "Fire!" A short time later everything had been consumed and only the blackened walls remained, but the spirit and enterprise of Wellesley was not dead, for a new hall has arisen from its ashes on a basis of strength and beauty which promises



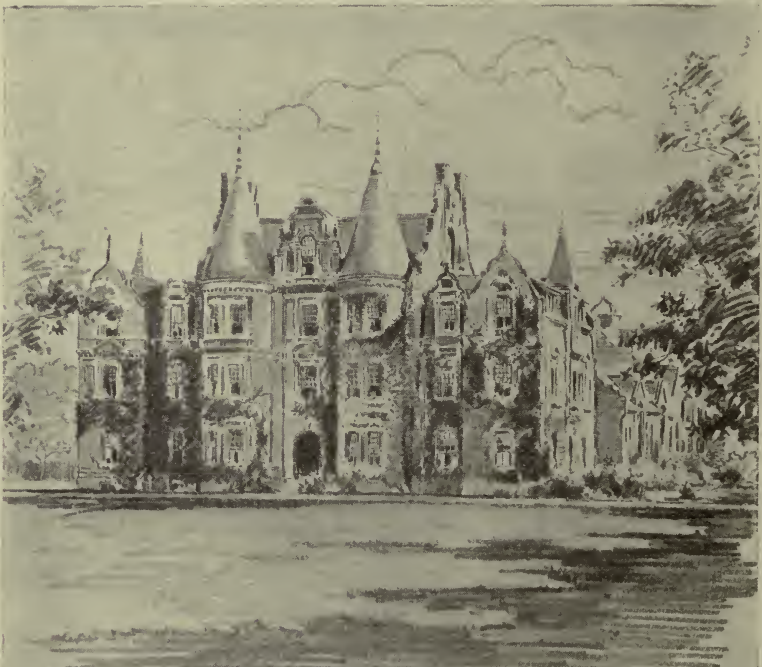
WILDER HALL



SHAKESPEARE



COLLEGE HALL FROM LAKE WABAN

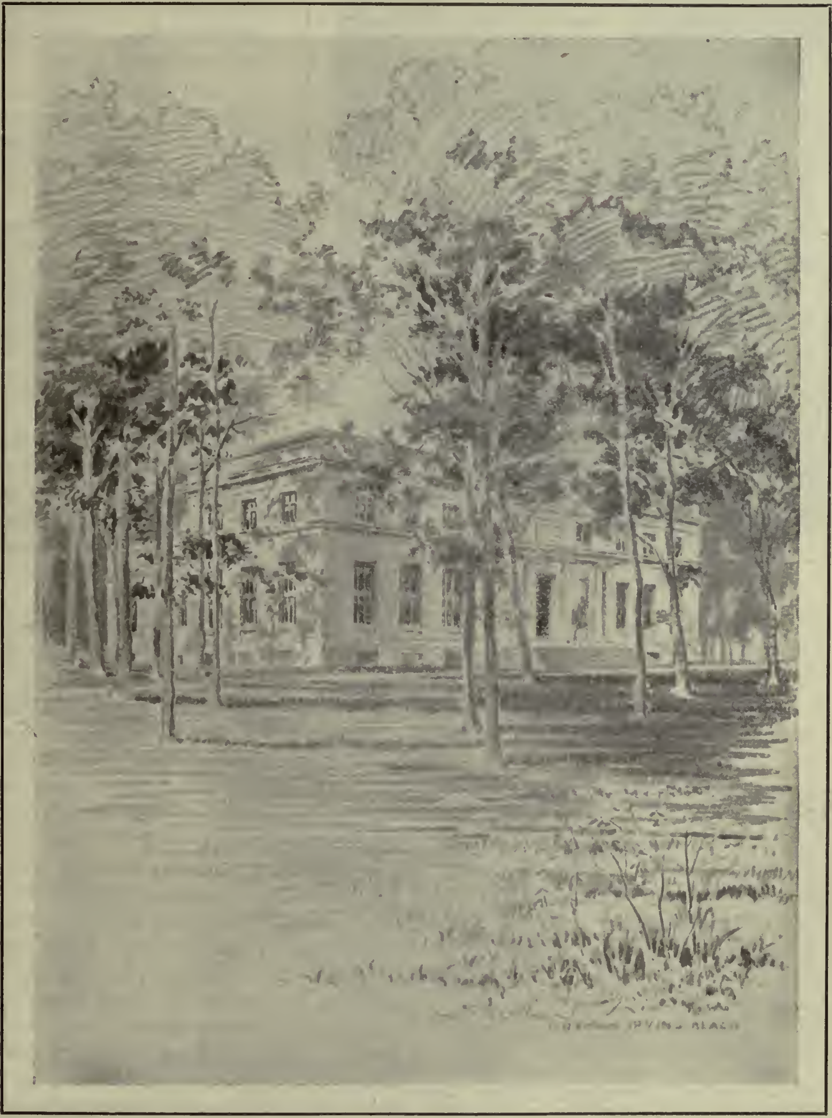


THE MUSIC HALL

to add even greater interest to the future history of Wellesley College.

The illustrations of the book are from drawings by Norman Irving Black, and a short poem by Anne L. Barrett, '86—"Alma Mater"—occupies the first page.

The story of Wellesley that is most interesting is the description of the faculty and their methods. Wellesley's development has been largely due to the high academic standing, devoted scholarship, and initiative of the faculty, who have proved that a college for women can be successfully taught and administered by women, for women have ever predominated in the faculty. Little effort has been made to attract graduate students for post-gradute courses, nor has Wellesley yet exercised her rights to confer the doctor's degree. In all departments there is enthusiastic co-operation between the faculty and the students, which makes the



THE NEW LIBRARY

*Photo by Nichols Studio, Wellesley*

KATHARINE LEE BATES

college seem like a great home circle of real girls.

It will be of special interest to the readers of the NATIONAL to know that a frequent contributor and friend of ours has been paid the following tribute:

> Her most noted woman of letters is Katharine Lee Bates, Wellesley, '80, the beloved head of the Department of English Literature. Miss Bates' beautiful hymn, "America," has achieved the distinction of a national reputation; it has been adopted as one of America's own songs and is sung by school children all over our country. The list of her books includes, besides her collected poems, "America the Beautiful and Other Poems," volumes on English and Spanish travel, on the English Religious Drama, a Chaucer for children, an edition of the works of Hawthorne, and a forthcoming edition of the Elizabethan dramatist, Heywood. Since her undergraduate days, when she wrote the poems for Wellesley's earliest festivals, down all the years in which she has been building up her Department in English Literature, this loyal daughter of Wellesley has given herself without stint to her Alma Mater, and on Wellesley's roll-call, there is no name more honored than Katharine Lee Bates.

In reading the writer's enthusiastic descriptions I have been wondering if the strength and power of Wellesley is not supplemented largely by its natural setting, where one can just breathe in beauty.

> And are there Wellesley women anywhere in the autumn who do not think of Wellesley and four autumns? Of the long russet vistas of the west woods? Of the army with banners, scarlet and golden, and bronze and russet and rose, that marched and trumpeted around Lake Waban's streaming Persian pattern of shadows? When you speak to a Wellesley girl of her Alma Mater, her eyes widen with the lover's look, and you know that she is seeing a vision of pure beauty.

It is the play work at Wellesley, play work in more ways than one, for its Greek plays, and Shakespearean plays, and just real every-day, modern, down-to-the-minute plays, are famous in themselves.

The natural limitations of Wellesley have been felt so keenly that Wellesley graduates who become mothers, immediately after christening enter their daughters—they are already entered there for 1930, so it would seem that if those who have not the blood of Wellesley girls in their veins should wish admission, they will have to wait a long time.

The enrollment indicates why Wellesley is such a virile student body, for the West, North, and South have been more largely represented than in other colleges, and wherever they may go after laying aside the cap and gown, on that never to be forgotten commencement day, they go forth with memories and inspirations drawn from their Alma Mater that form the foundation for the life of many a successful American woman.

# The Reformation of Light Opera

## by Frederick Hulzmann

COMIC opera is apparently the only form of entertainment today where seats are at a premium. The advent of moving pictures has supplied the masses with entertaining drama and farce hitherto denied them. But thus far all attempts to combine music, the songs of the heart, with moving pictures, have failed. This emphasizes the distinct advantage the musical play today holds over all other forms of theatrical entertainment, and as elevation to a more responsible position sobers a frivolous person, so a realization of their responsibility impels the light opera producers to more worthy effort.

Justly criticized in the past for its lapse into vaudeville, the comic opera is undergoing a silent reformation. More and more the trend points to a return of the melodious regime of Gilbert and Sullivan, or in more recent days of De Koven's "Robin Hood." The success of the waltz motif in the "Merry Widow," marked the beginning of an age of frothy musical productions. Good in itself, the theme has been greatly exaggerated. The gilded café, the overdressed—or shall we say underdressed—chorus, the atmosphere of giddy life have all had their vogue. The drink-befogged henpeck and his Amazon wife have run their course as a mirth-producing element. More than ever before, the world is demanding of musical comedies sincere and wholesome emotion blended with the melody of sound.

The return of light opera to this more estimable sphere has opened up a wide musical field. Breezy and syncopated ragtime has had its day in the vaudeville operettas of recent years, and a higher order of musicianship is coming to the fore. There is a feeling that an opera should offer to the public a choice of more than one song worthy of popularity. This standard can be attained only by those composers who give their natural talents unstintedly to the study of music.

Of the light opera composers writing today, only one, Victor Herbert, has notably succeeded in combining master workmanship with the font of melody. His operas have been instantaneously successful and he stands preeminent as leader in the great light opera field. Mr. Herbert's fame as

IRÉNÉE BERGÉ
The musical composer, whose latest work is "The Haymakers," which will soon be given to the public

America's greatest composer does not rest on his operas alone; he was no stranger to the musical world before he began contributing to the stage.

Where, then, are we to get our new Herberts to carry on this work? Not in the dancing flurry of Broadway, nor in the jigging vaudeville; the new writers of light opera will be recruited from the same sources whence real music has ever been recruited—the choir lofts. Arthur Sullivan gained his mastery of song writing in the support of his work in the realm of religious composition. With light opera reinstated in its rightful place in the musical field, many composers hitherto unknown in this special line are being attracted to its possibilities.

An illustration of this is the entrance into the field of American light opera of Irénée Bergé, one of the younger members of the French school of composition, and a pupil under Dubois and Massenet; he has brought to his adopted land the perfect musical training of Europe upon which to build his success. Seldom has a pupil received higher endorsement from his teachers, and Mr. Bergé prizes greatly this letter from the distinguished Massenet:

> PARIS, 1st Dec., 1909.
>
> I have received your works. I have read them. You are a master, my dear friend; yes, you write with a power and a musicianship which are rare. And what sentiment in those works. It is beautiful. The voice too is treated admirably. I do not know of any one who could realise as you have, such music, at the same time modern, classical and sincere.
>
> (Signed) MASSENET.

As the musical director at the famous Covent Garden in London, Mr. Bergé attracted the attention of Maurice Grau of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and was encouraged to make his career in America. Here he has struggled up the ladder of success slowly and surely. As music teacher, or musical director, he has earned his livelihood, giving all his spare time to composition until today his work is recognized by the best musical critics, and he numbers among his publishers the most eminent American music houses.

Irénée Bergé is a thorough contrapuntist as well as a harmonist. The composition of good music demands, in combination with the gift of melody, the blending of a proper proportion of these two qualities. It is here that Mr. Bergé excels. His compositions for voice, though decidedly above the commonplace, are yet not unusually difficult, and are eminently singable. Among his numerous published works are several operas in French, two well-known cantatas, a symphonic poem for orchestra, lyric poem for bass voice and orchestra, and over a hundred piano pieces and songs. His most recent work is a light opera, "The Haymakers," which will be offered to the public in the late spring or early fall of this year. Mr. Bergé's cleverness as a composer and his sound musicianship are exceeded only by his modesty and diffidence as an individual. His name is destined to rank among the great composers of America.

# SPRINGTIME GLADNESS

AMONG the buds of coming Spring,
  Amid the sprays of Nature's green,
With good old Sol, a-shinin' down—
  Say, a fellow can't feel mean.

The dawning day, so fresh and sweet,
  Now kissed awake by chirps serene,
Of happy birds, in nesting time,
  Go 'long, a fellow can't feel mean.

For what is life, unless it be
  On happiness we learn to lean.
With Springtime full of gladdened days—
  Say, a fellow can't feel mean.

*—George Willoughby.*

# Reminiscences of the Army of the Potomac

## by John B. Gorgan

HOW delightful it is, after being bombarded with all sorts of books, to find on the reviewing table one that is just a little out of the ordinary and that does not call for the critic's scalpel or rapier. "Essays and Speeches,"* by Charles G. Dawes, the well-known Chicago banker, is a handsome bit of bookmaking and binding, but more than that, it is one of those rare volumes that overrides any suggestion of bookishness.

A tribute to the author's son, Rufus Fearing Dawes, who was drowned in Lake Geneva, when just on the threshold of a most promising career, forms the third chapter. This eulogy in memory of a beloved son is already a classic of filial devotion in American literature, and has been reprinted by hundreds of thousands. In a little memorandum book found after his son's death were epigrams that indicated the profound thought of the young philosopher and the scope of his visions and ideals. These dreams the father has pledged to fulfill, and the inspiration of the life and career of Rufus Fearing Dawes has been widespread. In his honor the Rufus Fearing Dawes Hotel for the homeless was built in Chicago, and another in Boston.

The address of the author's father, General Rufus R. Dawes, delivered in 1881, which has already become part of notable American war records is included in the book. It is a wonderful replica of the feeling of the times, and a quotation will not be amiss.

> You soldiers of the West have your hard-earned victories. On a hundred fields you scarcely knew defeat. Perhaps, more strictly speaking, on three hundred and sixty-five; for it has been said that you have a battle anniversary for every day in the year. You have the forward sweep of your banners across the land, from the Mississippi to the ocean. You have given from your ranks leaders whose immortal deeds will forever mark historic epochs of the war. These are your distinctive honors. They were fairly won, they are well deserved, and, as I see in the badges all around me, they are, as they should be, proudly worn.
>
> In rising before you as a representative of that body of soldiers called in history the Grand Army of the Potomac [applause], to stretch my hand across the historic chasm to the representatives of that grand army of the West, the Army of the Tennessee [applause], I should do grave injustice to the survivors of that army of the East, if I failed to express our profound admiration for the grand achievements of the famous army of the West. [Applause.] But, fellow-soldiers, we representatives of the Army of the Potomac have a pardonable pride in the distinctive honors of our army. [Applause.] Our honors do not trench upon yours. As far as the east is from the west, so far was our history in its beginning, in its course and in its conditions, removed from yours. More men fell upon the field of battle action of the Army of the Potomac than from the ranks of any other army of the nation. [Applause and voices, "That's so, that's so."] Nevertheless, bloody repulse rather than glorious victory was the rule in our battle history. But defeat left no demoralization, no discouragement; and sublime fortitude and unflinching endurance glorified every field that was lost. [Applause.]

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* "Essays and Speeches." By Charles G. Dawes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company Price, $3.00 net.

It was this battle quality, broken by no disaster, discouraged by no defeat, that rose to the crisis of the war, and even-handed upon open field of battle wrested victory from the strongest and best-led army ever put into the field by our enemy, and that victory saved your nation. [Applause.] It was this unparalleled tenacity that applied the death-hug to the rebellion, commencing at the Wilderness and squeezing the life out at Appomattox. Marching through a sea of blood and across a wilderness of defeat, it was still the Army of the Potomac that brought the nation in sight of the promised land at Gettysburg [applause] and carried it over Jordan at Appomattox. [Renewed applause.]

It is but a glance that can be given at its history tonight. Strange conditions commenced your war. The distinguished orator of last night very ably presented them. The soldier of the Southern army marched to the first Bull Run fight with the utmost confidence of victory, because he believed one Southern man could whip five Yankees. The Northern soldier marched to that absurd field with the same confidence in victory, because he believed Secretary Seward's proclamation that ninety days would end the war, and the only thing that he was afraid of was that somebody would get there and crush the unholy rebellion before he had a chance. [Applause.] These conditions brought to that battlefield zeal without order, enthusiasm without discipline, bravery without the touch of the elbow, and they crumbled to dust in the heat of action, and both armies had disintegrated before the battle had commenced. [Applause.] But the defeat was ours, and an appalling calamity was inflicted upon our cause. The stinging disgrace upon our pride brought overwhelming conviction that instruction, discipline, and drill were essential conditions to effective action of an army, and, in a word, they are and ever will be.

But the Army of the Potomac was the victim of an exaggerated policy in that direction [applause]—a season of masterly inactivity when all was quiet on the Potomac fell upon us [applause and laughter]—a strategic condition which Horace Greeley called "rooted inaction," and it was amenable to the criticism of your distinguished President today, because under that system it was high treason to steal a chicken. [Applause and laughter.] So, until the spring of 1862, after you men of the glorious Army of the Tennessee had marched down and placed your victorious banners upon Donelson and electrified the nation with the conviction that there was some virtue in God-like action, we were still sticking in the mud; and when you had marched forward to that field commemorated tonight, the flaming field of Shiloh, and fought upon it, we had only got to creeping in the ditches at Yorktown.

Nevertheless, the battle quality of the army developed beyond doubt in the camps of instruction. It was sweetness long drawn out. It showed itself in the heroism of the Seven Days' struggle, and flashed to brilliancy at Malvern Hill. [Applause.]

This ends the first epoch of the history of the Army of the Potomac. Now comes what we called a "change of base" in the old days. The failure of the Peninsular campaign made it necessary to change our base to cover a beleaguered Capital, and the corps were scattered, and some of them, under the heroic leadership of a Kearny, a Reynolds, a Reno, and a Hooker [applause], reached the field of battle of another commander, and for that leader and their country fought like heroes. Another leader of a corps reached the field also, and gallantly halted and heroically engaged in the bloodless reconnoissance of a cloud of dust, and if we may believe some of the official records of the Government, he is likely to be handed down in history as the hero of that day who saved the army by not fighting, and as the most prescient general on the field. Another corps general, marching to the sound of cannon, every report of which was an appeal from the battle front to comrades to come forward, rushed to the rescue six miles a day [laughter]; and the commander of our grand army sent words of cheer to the commander at the battle front that he would reinforce him with every wagon he had if he would send him cavalry for an escort. [Laughter and applause.] But the army raised up the fallen banner and marched forward to repel an invasion made possible by the failure to join these two columns, for which the stern judgment of history will hold somebody responsible; and in the victorious sweep of our lines over South Mountain, and the gallant but desperate struggle upon the field of Antietam, there was victory for the army, vindication for our men, and honor for our first commander.

I will hurry up, now. [Cries of "No, no; go on, go on."] We changed commanders, and the black cloud of defeat at Fredericksburg rolled over the army, but it was a cloud illumined by the heroic struggles of our men against fate. No finer example upon the history of war is recorded of men giving life for honor, where there was no hope of victory, than is afforded by the heroism of men against the stone wall at Fredericksburg. But that defeat is relieved by the skillful withdrawal of a hundred thousand men across a deep river in the face of a successful army, and it is glorified by the noble courage of Burnside, who could say, "For the failure of this attack, I am responsible, not my army."

And we changed commanders again. [Laughter.] After a winter of splendid preparation, Joe Hooker took the head of [loud cheers] the finest army on the planet, made so by his reorganization and inspiration, and crossed the Rappahannock River. There was a prestige of victory in the name of

Hooker. He was an Apollo at the battle front, and along our lines in the heat of action, like the white plume of Navarre, his gallant form had ever been seen.

> Hooker's across, Hooker's across,
> River of death, you shall make up our loss;
> Up from your borders we summon our dead—
> From valley and hill-top where they struggled and
> bled—
> To joy in the vengeance that traitors shall feel
> In the roar of our guns and the rush of our steel,—
> Hooker's across!

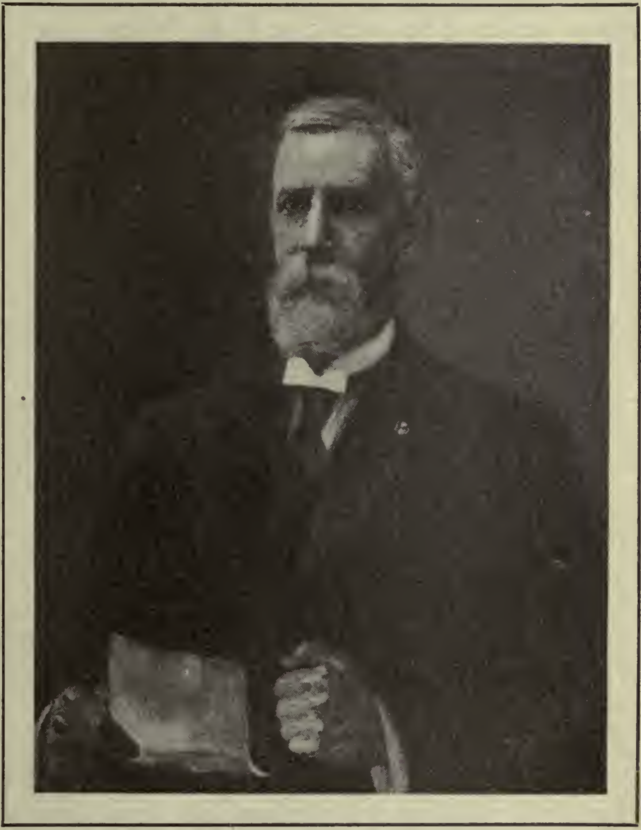
Gallant Joe Hooker! His defeat was as crushing as unexpected.

But the last shall be first; no question, the last commander of the Army of the Potomac will stand first upon its scroll of historic names. He came not exactly like a thief in the night, but just as suddenly and unexpectedly. He said the assignment was totally unexpected and unsolicited by him. I can say that it was totally unexpected and unsolicited by the army, but almost like Lincoln, Meade proved to be the man for the crisis, and not only does the glory of Gettysburg crown his career, but tried in the crucible of the campaigns, the battles of his army from Gettysburg to Appomattox, he will stand before the world as a successful commander, great in his achievements as he was modest in his personal pretensions. [Applause.]

Now I am done with the history of the Army of the Potomac, and, indeed, is there more distinctive history after Gettysburg? Do I not see before me flashing in these badges the star that shone above the clouds at Lookout? [Applause.] It shines here, a star of the West, but is it not a star of the East, also? [Loud applause.] Under the leadership of Hooker and of Howard, those men, veterans of the old Army of the Potomac went West to help you. [Applause.] Our comrades on the field of blood will claim an interest in their Western glory.

But you men of the West sent us help, too. You repaid the debt in kind and with high interest, for there came to us from you the man who had reached the command of all the armies of the nation [applause] and upon whom there rested all hopes of the nation. To our field of action he transferred the titanic death-grapple of the rebellion. Under his leadership we fought it out on that line all summer. [Cheers and loud applause.] The tenacity, heroism, and devotion of the Army of the Potomac, marching through a sea of blood, crowned that leadership with Appomattox and the nation with peace. And you sent that right arm of power of that great leader, Phil Sheridan, and Fisher's Hill, Five Forks, and marvelous pursuit of General Lee were among the laurels in his chaplet; and you did more. Almost had the two columns and the grand armies of the East and of the West united, when victory and peace crowned the common effort. Was not this the strength of the East and the strength of the West striving together, triumphing together in a common cause for a common nationality—for the United States? [Loud applause.]

United in the glory of a restored nation, the two armies marched together in final review, they dispersed and army lines were forever broken. They remain only upon the records of history and graven upon the hearts of the men who followed their several banners. But soldiers of all armies remain a common



THE LATE GENERAL RUFUS R. DAWES

brotherhood, cemented by a common devotion to a nation restored by their united achievements. For that nationality may they ever stand; to that may this occasion inspire them; and may their example so inspire their children and their children's children. [Long-continued applause and cheers.] . . .

He was introduced on this occasion by General William T. Sherman, and was received with great enthusiasm. The elder Dawes' exhausting experiences in the "Iron Brigade" left him as a young man prematurely old, and business adversity did not spare him in his early career. Mr. Dawes' tribute to his father, as to his son, is full of sweetness and beauty, and intimates that, even in his business activities, he has still found time for real literary effort.

Mr. Dawes includes a number of the notable addresses on economic and banking topics which he has made from time to time. They form a veritable encyclopedic survey of business conditions during recent years, a discussion of the banking power in the Middle West, the Aldrich bill, National Reserve Association, banknote currency, Nebraska railroad rates, maximum rate bill and Federal reserve bill.

"The Question of the Hour" and the issues of various campaigns are discussed with corporation reform, as is "The Sherman Anti-Trust law—why it has failed and why it should be amended." These are topics that Mr. Dawes discusses with clearness and decision, based on his keen observations in his busy life. But one cannot put down the book without the thought that Charles G. Dawes, big, brainy man that he is, draws his strength from the broad stream of affection that flows deep in his soul.

# LE COEUR BRISÉ

## *By* EDWIN LIEBFREED

THOUGH the breast of a bird may be blithely song-laden,
Yet the pathos of pain will pulse in its heart
When it mourns for its mate like the soul of a maiden
On the day when a maid and her lover must part;
For the bird that was blest with the song of the singer,
Like the lover who listens to sweetness retold,
Will cling to the notes as they tenderly linger,
And sing them again when the song has grown old.

There are depths in the soul where Love's words stay unspoken,
Whose silence is music and memory sounds
With the notes that died out in a heart that is broken,
And the plaint of the past forever abounds;
For no woe can e'er wither the love that once waited
With all of its freshness and fervor for fate
To furnish the flower that Heaven created
With perfume perennial no grief can abate.

There are days to be darkened by dread and confusion,
When courage will wane like the sun in the sky,
And the death of a day have its saddest conclusion
When every fond hope slips away with a sigh.
Yet the embers that fade are their own sweetest token
Of a joy that once lived that we would not avert,
For a heart that is dead can never be broken,
And a love that is cold can never be hurt.

# Massenet, l' Homme d' Esprit

by

## Louis Lombard

HAVING enjoyed the friendship of Massenet for more than twenty-five years, and knowing all his works, I might presume to speak at length of them. But to speak of Massenet, exclusively as the composer, who has been analyzed and praised by so many capable and, particularly, incapable critics, would add nothing to his fame and might bore you. I shall refer principally to the many happy remarks he made in my presence during one very short railway journey.

At Nice, one morning, he hailed me on the Boulevard des Anglais, saying: "Don't you want to go with me to Monte Carlo? I am on my way to rehearse one of my works."

The invitation was eagerly accepted, not alone on account of the fact I was always glad to hear his compositions under his direction, but because it was a pleasure to be with him at all times and places, for he was a magnetic, witty companion and a very mine of anecdote. Massenet's poetic, emotional nature was balanced by an intellect so healthy that even a melophobe would have admired in him the man of wit.

During the forty minutes on the train carrying us to that lovely, naughty nook of Europe, the composer emphasized my opinion he could have achieved greatness in other fields also. This may be said of the majority of those who distinguish themselves in any one branch, for the main factors of their success are similar—brains and creative energy.

As we entered the railway carriage, I introduced him to a fine looking girl. "May I ask," said he, "what is your nationality, mademoiselle?"

"I am half German, half English."

"Well, you certainly could not say you are half pretty," he quickly retorted.

Another lady told him: "I looked at you from our box over the stage the other night while you were conducting, and," with a little pout, "you never once looked at me."

"I am so sorry," he replied with a regretful air, "but, you see, my dear madam, while conducting I have the bad habit of looking now and then at the orchestra."

To another fellow-traveler, also of the effusive sex, who said: "I am so glad to meet you, dear Maestro! I have often thought I would give five years of my life to make your acquaintance," he roguishly replied: "To whom would you give those years?"

The husband of a singer he once heard wished to know his opinion. "Your wife sings like an angel," he dramatically asserted, while, in the same breath, whispering into my ear: "Of course, you know, I have never heard angels sing."

Then he seriously informed me that the digestion of one of his favorite interpreters was not good in America, "because she has been regular at her meals all her life, and since crossing the Atlantic all her meals have been five hours late."

He also referred to one of his librettists who greatly resembled him. "That unfortunate collaborator of mine seems to seek opportunities for overhearing anything unpleasant that may be said of our works. In a theatre box, within my co-worker's hearing, someone was tearing to tatters a recent opera of ours when, suddenly mistaking my fellow-sinner for me, a lady audibly whispers: 'Hush, there's the composer.' 'Never mind,' adds the individual who had mistaken my luckless librettist for me, ''tis not the music I was disgusted with: it's the libretto I hate!' "

To an autograph maniac who wrote him for a few bars of "Sapho," an opera he was composing at that time, and from which work, according to contract, nothing could be given out before the first public performance, our waggish musician—too courteous to refuse and too intelligent to explain—simply mailed a few measures of an old Provencal folk-song introduced in the opera of "Sapho."

Hearing me remark that "Faust" still drew the largest audiences, he added: "Just the opposite as regards woman. The more we know an opera, the more we love it. The more we know . . . " and here he gallantly stopped short. By the way, he told me that he made his début in "Faust" appearing as the triangle player in the orchestra of the Paris Opera, while a student at the Conservatory.

Complaining of some criticism in a Paris journal, and heedless of my soothing assumption that this critic must be ignorant, jealous, envious, Massenet exclaimed: "I don't know any more how to compose! If I write as I feel, they say: 'Oh! I understand that music. It is too simple.' If complicated, critics maintain 'it is nebulous, but, at least, he now tries to imitate a good model, Wagner.' " And in a sorrowful voice, while shaking his head in utter discouragement, he asserted that "in the eyes of some of those French critics, to be a good musician one must either be dead or German."

His every remark was accompanied by fitting facial expression and gesture. His forceful mimicry convinced he could have been a great actor. I had special opportunities to discover that gift of his. While showing me the scores of "Sapho" and "Cendrillon" he was about to complete, Massenet would sing to me every vocal part and occasionally shout out some instrumental obligato, all the time accompanying himself upon, above, and below the piano. If necessary to particularly impress some incident or scene upon my bewildered and admiring self, he would impersonate the hero, the heroine or the villain, as if the life of the solar system itself hung upon the thoroughness of that impersonation.

The rehearsal of that far-famed Monte Carlo orchestra interested me in more than a musical way. How inspiring, and, what is rarer yet, how kind and encouraging Massenet was to the musicians! It was a memorable lesson to me who, up to that time, had never dreamt of being tactful, or even considerate during a rehearsal.

* * *

In his charming, roundabout way, peculiar to the French, he used to say things which, uttered by a tactless man, would wound. A young woman I brought to his studio had just sung without feeling his own poignant "Elègie." Thereupon he imitated an imaginary old lady singing with exaggerated pathos, then, turning to the young singer, he gently remarked: "After all, mademoiselle, there may be something here worth imitating!" The polite hint was not lost upon that inexperienced singer, now a well-known artist.

Massenet seemed to be a very modest man; yet, in his heart of hearts, he was not that. The superior intellect knows its superiority. He simply pretended not to care for praise. The pride of humility is not monopolized by theologians. Modest ways in a world-renowned genius may disguise vanity. The very rich dislike to speak of their wealth, the very talented of their talents. It is true also that reiteration of a flagrant fact may annoy. 'Tis the obscure, though able, man who needs be self-assertive, who must throw bouquets to himself, thereby suggesting to the world to throw him some. And after all that is practical psychology, for mankind often must be told what to applaud. Mighty is the power of suggestion!

I shall now read some paragraphs I translated from the closing chapter in Massenet's Memoirs, which appeared in 1912, shortly after his death. This last chapter, entitled "Posthumous Thoughts," gives additional evidence of a sense of humor which he evidently desired should live even beyond the grave:

"I had departed from this planet, leaving the poor earth-dwellers at their numerous and useless occupations. At last, I was living within the scintillating splendor of the stars, each one of which seemed as large as millions of suns! Before this, I have never been able to obtain that lighting effect for my scenery in the big Paris Opera, where the rear wings are often too dark. From now on, no longer was I obliged to answer letters; I had said goodbye to first nights and to the literary discussions that resulted therefrom.

"Here no more newspapers, no more late dinners, no more restless nights.

"Ah! If I could advise my friends to rejoin me here, I would not hesitate to call them to me! But, would they come?

"Before going to that distant residence I had written my last will. (Another unhappy husband took a similar opportunity to joyfully write the words: My *first* will.)

"An evening paper informed its readers of my death. Some friends—I had some up to the night before—came to my doorkeeper to learn if this was true, to which he answered: 'Alas! Monsieur has gone away without leaving his address.'

"That day, here and there, some acquaintances honored me with their condolences. In some theatres they said: 'Now that he is dead, he will be played less often, don't you think so?'—'Are you aware that he left one work yet unperformed?'—'When is he going to quit bothering us?' "

May I also read part of a translation I recently made of Xavier Leroux' preface to Massenet's Memoirs?

"One who guided an entire musical generation toward the beautiful is dead.

"His work is indeed gigantic. If Massenet has known triumph and glory, he has truly earned both by his fruitful work. Many have been creators of but one thing, of a symphony, of an opera; he threw himself into all the manifestations of his art, and in all these he was victorious. His reputation among musicians was made by his symphonic works. His scores of 'Erinnyes,' 'Les Scenes Alsaciennes,' 'Les Scenes Pittoresques,' abound in expressive discoveries . . . The Massenet of oratorios should not be disdained; he undertook biblical poems and depicted an Eve, a Virgin, and especially, a Mary Magdalen of the purest outlines. Some years ago, I heard the interpretation of Mary Magdalen, and I was charmed by its dramatic beauty. Before such burning pages as: '*Oh bien aime avez-vous entendu sa parole,*' one can well understand that this work laid the foundation, forty years ago, for the reputation of its creator,—a reputation which grew into world-fame when his theatrical works appeared, each bringing him nearer to glory. To review these works would be to recite the repertory of the modern opera house, for Massenet was, first of all, an operatic composer. Writing scenic music is to create by means of sounds an environment, an atmosphere in which the action moves, delineating the character of heroes, painting in large frescoes which localize the plot historically and psychologically. The composer of 'Manon' has combined these qualities to an extent never before reached by any musician. And one should also distinguish in Massenet the composer of opera and the composer of opera comique. He who conceived 'Le Mage,' 'Le Roi de Lahore,' 'Hérodiade,' 'Le Cid,' 'Ariane,' 'Bacchus,' 'Roma,' particularly expresses his personality in 'Manon,' 'Werther,' 'Esclarmonde,' 'Grisélidis,' 'Le Jongleur de Notre Dame,' 'Thérése,' and so forth. The troubadour of love has transfixed its sentimental outlines—and with what clearness! His original phrase, caressing and supple, undulates like a wave and, also like a wave, is born again and expires in a light foam. It particularizes itself, and no one could mistake it for another. A perfect and sober technique distinguishes it, and the sobriety of style does not exclude the minute daintiness and the power of expression."

* * *

Massenet was indeed a great operatic composer, but, even the sun has spots, and I hope to be pardoned for saying that he was, at times, too light, too frivolous. Had he added to his extraordinary inspiration and science a little more patience and a little less eagerness for popularity, he could have created a larger number of great works, as his opera "Werther" easily proves. His pen was so facile, he often presumed upon that. Now and then, would he hastily compose a score, mail it at once to publisher, and return proof, without making the slightest change or improvement, either on manuscript or proof—an unusual occurrence among composers, most of whom remember to hasten slowly.

I saw Massenet, the last time, a few years ago, at the first night of "Roma," his last production. During entr'acte, behind the scenes, at the Paris Opera, I came across the exquisite old gentleman who, now bent and aged, was yet energetically giving all sorts of orders and suggestions as to the mise-en-scène.

We had not met in fifteen years, although pleasant relations had been maintained by frequent letters: afar or near, he was courtesy incarnate, the most entertaining conversationalist, the most punctilious correspondent.

"Well, my dear Lombard," said he, placing his hand upon my shoulder, "what is the composer of 'Errisiñola' working upon just now?"

"Nothing, Maitre. When there are men like you still producing such wondrous music, it were presumptuous for fellows of my caliber to write anything."

"Tut, tut, tut," interrupted he. At that very instant the signal for the curtain made us rush to our respective boxes.

A few months later, that big, sympathetic soul returned to its Maker.

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# THE THORNS

### *By* ELMA PARKER KIRK

THINK you, dear friend, my life is all of sunshine,
  Because, for you, I shine each day,
And let the radiance of my love for you
  Beam softly and tenderly alway?
Think you, because I touch so softly,
  With imagings of fancy, the tenderness that in you lies,
That when you bare to me the thorns that pierce your soul,
  I will not understand—as one who sympathy denies?

Think you, dear one, that *I* no cross may bear,
  Because God's sunshine seems my every thought?
Think you no thorns have piercéd deep *my* soul,
  No stain lies there, by sin's deep misery wrought?
Nay, dear—not so—the years so full have been
  Of bitterness and heart-aches, garnered far and wide—
For I have lived and loved! For which, thank God,
  All else on earth is naught beside.

So to your heart, my friend, I fain would give,
  With tenderness and pity, all that your lips implore—
Would touch, with reverent fingers, the scars you bare,
  And pray God's blessing on you, now and evermore.
And then—ah, then, dear friend—arise and go your way,
  And bear your cross—by God sustained;
Thy wounds are healed through Jesus Christ
  And perfect fellowship with Him, through Him, maintained.

# Heart Classics of American History

## by George Lippard

### X—THE BIBLE LEGEND OF THE WISSAHIKON

IT was here in these wilds of the Wissahikon, on the day of the battle, as the noonday sun came shining through the thickly clustered leaves, that two men met in deadly combat. They grappled in deadly conflict near a rock, that rose—like the huge wreck of some primeval world—at least one hundred feet above the dark waters of the Wissahikon.

That man with the dark brow, and the darker gray eye, flashing with deadly light, with the muscular form, clad in the blue hunting frock of the Revolution, is a Continental named Warner. His brother was murdered the other night at the massacre of Paoli. That other man, with long black hair, drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half-military costume of a Tory refugee. That is the murderer of Paoli, named Dabney.

They had met there in the woods by accident, and now they fought, not with sword or rifle, but with long and deadly hunting knives, that flash in the light as they go turning and twining and twisting over the greensward.

At last the Tory was down! Down on the greensward with the knee of the Continental upon his breast—that upraised knife quivering in the light, that dark gray eye flashing death into his face!

"Quarter—I yield!" gasped the Tory, as the knee was pressed upon his breast—"Spare me—I yield!"

"My brother," said the patriot soldier, in that low deep tone of deadly hate, "My brother cried for 'quarter' on the night of Paoli, and, even as he clung to your knees, you struck that knife into his heart! Oh! I will give you the quarter of Paoli!"

His hand was raised for the blow and his teeth were clenched in deadly hate. He paused for a moment, then pinioned the Tory's arms, and with one rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rock and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the Tory, turning black and ashy by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below. "Mercy! I have a wife—a child—spare me!"

Then the Continental, with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed this bitter sneer between his teeth:

"My brother had a wife and two children! The morning after the night of Paoli, that wife was a widow, those children were orphans! Wouldn't you like to go and beg your life of that widow and her children?"

This proposal, made by the Continental in the mere mockery of hate, was taken in serious earnest by the horror-stricken Tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children, to have the pitiful privilege of begging his life. After a moment's serious thought the patriot soldier consented; he bound the Tory's arms yet tighter; placed him on the rock again; then led him up to the woods where a quiet cottage, embosomed among trees, broke on their eyes.

They entered that cottage. There, beside the desolate hearthstone, sat the widow and her children. She sat there a matronly woman of thirty years, with a face faded by care, a deep dark eye, and long black hair hanging in dishevelled flakes about her shoulders.

On one side was a dark-haired boy of some six years; on the other a little girl, one year younger, with light hair and blue eyes. The Bible—an old and venerable volume—lay open on that mother's knee.

And then that pale-faced Tory flung himself upon his knees, confessed that he had butchered her husband on the night of Paoli, but begged his life at her hands!

"Spare me, for the sake of my wife, my child!"

He had expected that his pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart—but not one relenting gleam softened her pale face.

"The Lord shall judge between us!" she said in a cold, icy tone that froze the murderer's heart. "Look! The Bible lays open upon my knee. I will close that volume, and then this boy shall open it and place his finger at random upon a line, and by that line you shall live or die!"

This was a strange proposal, made in full faith of a wild and dark superstition of the olden time.

For a moment the kneeling Tory, livid as ashes, was wrapped in thought. Then in a faltering voice he signified his consent.

Raising her dark eyes to heaven the mother prayed the Great Father to direct the finger of her son—she closed the Bible—she handed it to that boy, whose young cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer!

He took the Bible, opened its holy pages at random and placed his finger on a verse.

Then there was silence!

Then that Continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood there with dilating eyes and parted lips.

Then the culprit kneeling on the floor, with a face like discolored clay, felt his heart leap to his throat.

Then in a clear, bold voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testament; it was short, yet terrible:

"THAT MAN SHALL DIE!"

Look! The brother springs forward to plunge a knife into the murderer's heart, but the Tory, pinioned as he is, clings to the widow's knees! He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl, that child of five years, with golden hair and laughing eyes.

The widow consents; there is an awful pause.

With a smile in her eye, without knowing what she does, that little girl opens the Bible as it lays on her mother's knee—she turns her laughing face away—she places her finger upon a line.

That awful silence grows deeper!

The deep-drawn breath of the brother, the broken gasps of the murderer, alone disturb the silence. The widow and dark-eyed boy are breathless.

That little girl, unconscious as she was, caught a feeling of awe from the horror of the countenances around her, and stood breathless, her face turned aside, her tiny fingers resting on that line of life or death.

At last gathering courage the widow bent her eyes to the page, and read. It was a line from the New Testament:

"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES."

Ah! that moment was sublime! That book of terrible majesty and child-like love, of sublimity that crushes the soul into awe, of beauty that melts the heart with rapture, never shone more strangely beautiful than there, in the lonely cot of the Wissahikon, when it saved that murderer's life!

For—need I tell you—that murderer's life was saved! That widow recognized the finger of God—even the stern brother was awed into silence.

The murderer went his way.

Now look ye, how wonderful are the ways of heaven!

That very night as the widow sat by her lonely hearth—her orphans by her side—sat there with crushed heart and hot eyeballs, thinking of her husband, who now lay mouldering on the blood-drenched sod of Paoli, there was a tap at the door.

She opened the door, and—that husband living, though covered with many wounds, was in her arms! He had fallen at Paoli, but not in death. He was alive; his wife lay panting on his breast.

That night there was prayer in that wood-embowered cot of the Wissahikon!

# The Wonderful Winston

## by Oscar Frichet

AIRSHIPS and aeroplanes are very much in the atmosphere just now, and so was the name of the Right Honorable Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, when, in November of last fall, he resigned his position in the Cabinet and joined his old regiment in France as a major. One has but to look at and walk with this young politician, who could half-electrocute the entire House of Commons with a wag of the tongue, to realize that he is a born leader of men and would, if it were possible, take a trip Upstairs and rule a planet.

Winston had scarcely left off knickerbockers when he secretly vowed that he would occupy a seat at Westminster, but it was not until his twenty-fifth birthday that he endeavored to realize his ambition. It was the year 1899 then, and he wooed as a Conservative the double by-election in Oldham with the late Mr. James Mawdsley, but was handsomely beaten. He was returned, however, for the same constituency in the general election of the following year. The Conservative leaders were not wholly pleased with their young recruit, for his outbursts in the Commons were somewhat wild and erratic, and one old Parliamentary hand declared that the "nipper," besides having too much hustle in his composition, had fallen into the unpardonable habit of talking out of the back of his head.

Even as a lad at Harrow College Churchill's "gift of the gab" showed itself in long, cold, clammy strips. A distinguished visitor to this English training house for youths born with silver spoons in their mouths, was once surprised at seeing a solitary small boy running round the cricket ground. "Who is that boy?" asked the stranger of the head master. "That is Lord Randolph Churchill's son," was the reply. "Whenever he talks too much we make him run three times round the cricket ground as a punishment."

During the first four years of his career at Westminster Winston managed to hold himself in, as it were. Then, when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain promulgated his policy of Tariff Reform, he broke into open revolt and became as unwieldy as a bucking broncho. As a consequence he went over bag and baggage to the other side, the Liberals taking him up officially for his assistance to the Free Trade cause. In 1906, after being elected the Radical member for North-West Manchester, he was awarded the post of Under-Secretaryship for the Colonies. That little uplift forced him to buckle on his armor, and go forth to fight the Conservatives tooth and nail. Not content with opposing the Chamberlain policy in the Commons, he ran up and down the British Isles between Land's End and John o' Groats acting the fiery part of Free Trade "tub-thumper" and astounding the peasants with the lava of his language. It can be said without fear of contradiction that but for him the Liberals would not have so easily "banged, barred, and bolted" the door on Tariff Reform at the Imperial Conference.

When Mr. Asquith became Premier at the time of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's resignation, Winston was made President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Lloyd George giving up that "job" in order to become Chancellor of the Exchequer. Churchill became Home Secretary after that, and somewhat later he and Mr. R. McKenna, First Lord of the Admiralty, exchanged offices. Notwithstanding that the headship of a great department of State ought to require the training of a lifetime, a position of this kind passes from hand to hand in England. I rather fancy Churchill was placed into the Admiralty because it was his wish to avoid a conflict with Labor, but some people have it that the Government, desiring more vigorous preparation of the Navy for possible European complications, thought he was a better man for the purpose than Mr. McKenna. Those folk do not seem to remember that when it was proposed to begin the building of eight dreadnoughts in 1909, Lord Charles Beresford, in his campaign against the programme, had in the Cabinet as his chief allies Winston Churchill and Lloyd George. But as First Lord of the Admiralty Winston adopted the opposite attitude, and announced that a big increase in the British Navy estimates would follow the enactment of the new German Navy bill.

* * *

Then someone twitted the First Lord on his cleverness as a quick-change artist in the matter of opinion, and Churchill promptly replied, "St. Paul, you must admit, was a greater man than I. Did he not change his views?" According to his intimates the son of Randolph, although not being a truly religious man, knows by heart most of St. Paul's writings, and he is also reputed to be always on the hunt for good statues and pictures representing the great saint.

To my mind Winston doesn't look sweet in naval attire. A khaki jacket suits him better, but he makes the most striking figure in a bob-tailed coat and a hat of the "topper" variety.

Winston cut a strange figure during the famous Sidney Street siege in the East End of London, when members of the Scots Guards had a little extra rifle practice. He dashed to the haunts of the aliens in order to direct operations in person, and the next day an illustrated paper came out with a photograph of him peeping round a corner! At the commencement of the siege someone whispered "Big guns!" and a little later a Maxim gun and a few of the weapons of the Royal Horse Artillery were brought up, but before they could be sighted the house which sheltered the armed Anarchists caught fire. When the fire brigade put in an appearance Winston forbade the firemen to risk their lives. And so the criminals were allowed to burn, whether when dead or alive no one seems quite sure. "Now I begin to understand the Boer War!" maliciously exclaimed Madame Novikoff when the whole thing was at an end.

Before the Admiralty opened its doors to him, Winston Leonard Spencer was very fond of poking his nose into Army affairs, and this is not surprising when one remembers that he began life as a soldier. He had a brief spell at Sandhurst after his ordinary college up-bringing, and was a soldier-subaltern at twenty-one. He sought service with the Spanish forces out in Cuba, and was awarded the first-class insignia of the Spanish Order of Military Merit. From the west he hurried eastward to serve with the Malakand Field Force, and in 1898 he acted as orderly officer with Sir William Lockhart in the Tirah Expeditionary Force. Then he rushed to Egypt and joined the Nile Expeditionary Force. As a member of the Twenty-first Lancers he took a leading part in that regiment's charge at the memorable battle of Omdurnam. From the banks of the Nile he took the trip to South Africa, where he had many exciting experiences. He joined the S. A. Light Horse and also acted as correspondent of the London *Morning Post*. In those days he was afraid of neither man nor beast, and he was ready to go anywhere and do anything. He was finally captured by the Boers, conveyed to Pretoria, and thrown into the military prison there. Late one evening, when the sentry's back was turned, he scaled the outer wall and marched off. He reached the Delagoa Bay railway station without being challenged, and catching sight of a goods train he promptly boarded it and hid himself under a pile of coal sacks. He left this refuge at dawn and started off again. After several hair-breadth escapes from recapture he succeeded in crossing the frontier and reaching Delagoa Bay. From the bay he worked his way to Durban, where an enthusiastic multitude greeted him to the tune of "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

In Africa one day Winston found himself seated at mess with an officer who was voted a "beastly bore." The latter so upset the nerves of the future Cabinet Minister that he said quietly: "Do you know, I met a man today who would have willingly given fifty pounds for the pleasure of being able to kick you!"

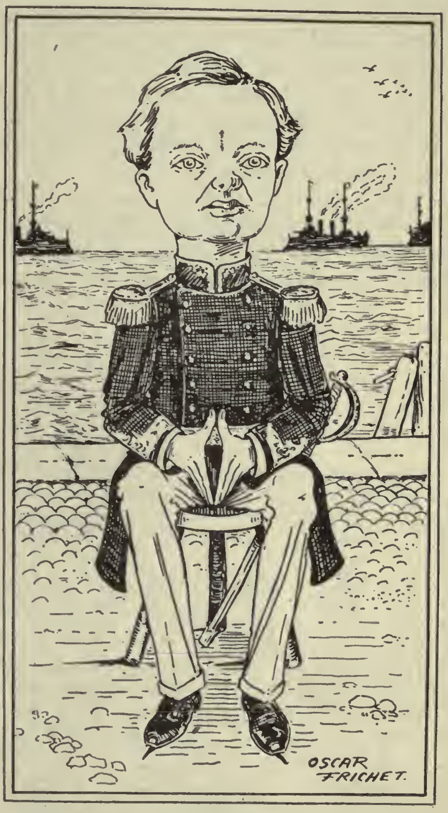
"To kick me, sir—here in Africa!" exclaimed the irate soldier. "I must request you to give me his name at once."

"Oh!" replied Winston. "It was only a poor young chap in the hospital who has lost both of his legs by the bursting of a shell."

The House of Commons will never forget the day when Churchill had the temerity to stroll down the floor during an all-night sitting of Parliament wearing a pair of slippers, a flannel suit, and a graceful pink collar that overflowed his neck. "Pajamas!" one member shouted. "Take 'em off!" yelled another, while even Lloyd George turned a stern eye upon him and exclaimed, "Oh, and pink of all colors!" In the end Winston felt so uncomfortable that he left the House at the half-gallop.

Churchill has always been tender-hearted with the ladies, and even when a suffragette endeavored to raise a welt on his cheek with a dog-whip he merely smiled and passed on. This reminds me that some time back he wrote the following letter to Miss Marie Corelli, the famous authoress who is noted for her fearless outspokenness: "I often look back to the time when I had the pleasure of sitting beside you at the Whitefriars Club dinner, and of listening to a speech the rhetorical excellence of which almost disarmed my opposition to Female Suffrage."

There is no doubt whatever that as a politician Winston Churchill is all fire and gunpowder, and that his attitude when he "catches the speaker's eye" seems to say, "Listen, I am going to speak—I—Winston Churchill—the one and only commander of the legions of language!" And, barring a bad cold or a swollen tongue, his words more often than not make those to whom they are addressed imagine they are sitting on red-hot bricks placed on top of a red-hot stove. It seems strange that this young politician should openly abuse the Tories when his father, the late Lord Randolph Churchill, openly abused the Liberals. His lordship denounced that grand old man of politics Mr. Gladstone, as "an unkenneled fox," "a poltroon and a traitor in the garb of a Minister of the Crown," and "a purblind and sanctimonious Pharisee," and today his son agrees with a good share of Gladstone's ideas of "country-running."


OSCAR FRICHET.

THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL
As First Lord of the British Admiralty. He is now serving under the colors as major of his old regiment

Winston has a little bit in common with America for his mother was a daughter of the late Leonard Jerome, of New York, and she is still, as Mrs. George Cornwallis West, one of England's most charming reigning society leaders. In September, 1908, young Churchill led to the altar Miss Clementine Hozier, and now the pair succeed in carrying everything before them wherever they go. Mrs. Winston accompanied her husband to Belfast where he made a speech a few years back on what he considered the benefits of Home Rule for Ireland, and I have heard since that the Orangemen considered that they were not being fairly dealt with in having to reckon with so much fascination.

The Liberals say that their youthful member is very tactful, but he seems to be possessed of one of those minds that hasn't time to think about tactfulness. Winston was born to make a noise in the world, and he will continue to make a noise even if the bits of politics that come his way are like a lot of old rusty kettles with their bottoms falling out.

Undoubtedly the Right Honorable Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill is a conspicuously clever politician, and one of the hardest nuts his opponents have to crack. His supporters firmly believe that the day is not far distant when he will reside at No. 10, Downing Street, Whitehall, as the Premier of England; but, for my part, I shouldn't be surprised to see him return to his father's colors and opinions if the Liberals suffered a tragic breakdown. Lord Randolph had a hereditary distaste for Radicalism, but his dashing son's distaste for Tory Democracy—if it actually exists—appears to be due to the "tide of circumstance."

# MADRE D'ORO

### *By* EDWARD WILBUR MASON

O COME let us go forth adventuring
  And search for treasure in a hidden mine,
For who would care to sit where locusts sing
  And drowse forevermore beneath the vine
    When he might like the argonaut of old
    Cry "Westward Ho!" and turn him toward the skies
Where fortune and romance like jewels shine!

Ah for a Prairie Schooner of the soul!
  With eager prow and ermine breezy sail
To launch on deeps where starry billows roll
  Beyond the sunset and the evening pale
    When suns and planets all in splendor dance
    Poised on their crystal feet in meads of light
  Richer than Golden Fleece or Holy Grail!

Ah, for the fleetness of the startled deer!
  To track the lightning and the rainbow down,
And skill to winnow from the sunbeams clear
  The glory and the radiance of a crown!
    What joy to snatch like Prometheian fire
    The conflagration from the robin's breast
  Where song runs riot on earth's bosom brown!

# Great American Humorists

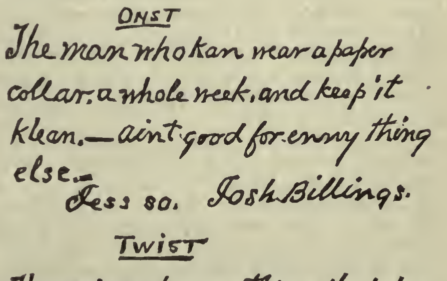
## Josh Billings

### by Bennett Chapple

THE well-known humorist, Josh Billings, whose real name was Henry W. Shaw, began life as a farm auctioneer. Born in the little village of Lanesborough, Massachusetts, in 1818, of a family of politicians, his father and grandfather having both served in Congress, he left home in his early manhood to make his way in the bounding West. He did not enter public life as a writer or lecturer until after he was forty-five years of age. In the years previous he had been unconsciously storing up that fountain of epigram and humor that should one day burst its bounds. He was happily married, the author of several books, and died wealthy, but his literary fame, which had spread over two continents, was the greatest legacy of all. He died in Monterey, California, in 1885.

His best biographer, Melville D. Landon (Eli Perkins), wrote of his old friend as follows:

> The last time I saw Josh Billings was on a Madison Avenue street car in New York City. I think of him as I saw him then, sitting in the corner of the car, with his spectacles on his nose, and in a brown study. His mind was always on his work, and his work was to think out dry epigrams so full of truth and human nature that they set the whole world laughing. That morning, when the old man espied me, he was so busy with his thoughts that he did not even say good morning. He simply raised one hand, looked over his glasses, and said quickly, as if he had made a great discovery:
>
> "I've got it, Eli!"
>
> "Got what?"
>
> "Got a good one—lem me read it," and then he read from a crumpled envelope this epigram that he had just jotted down:
>
> "'*When a man tries to make himself look beautiful, he steals—he steals a woman's patent right*'—how's that?"
>
> "Splendid," I said. "How long have you been at work on it?"
>
> "Three hours," he said, "to get it just right."
>
> Mr. Shaw always worked long and patiently over these little paragraphs, but every one contains a sermon. When he got five or six written, he stuck them into his hat and went down and read them to G. W. Carleton, his publisher and friend, who was an excellent judge of wit, and he and Josh would laugh over them.
>
> One day I told Josh that I would love him forever and go and put flowers on his grave if he would give me some of his paragraphs in his own handwriting. He did it, and when he died I hung a wreath of *immortelles* on his tombstone at Poughkeepsie. These are the sparks from his splendid brain just as he gave them to me:



ONST

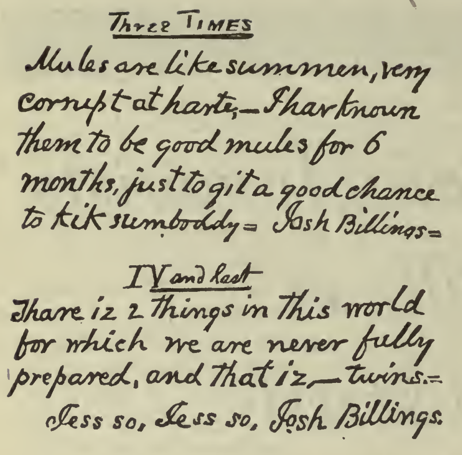
The man who kan wear a paper collar a whole week, and keep it klean.—aint good for enny thing else.—

Jess so. Josh Billings.

TWIST

Thare iz only one thing that kan be sed in favour ov tite Boots—

—they make a man forgit all his other sorrows.—Josh Billings.



Three TIMES

Mules are like summen, very
corrupt at harte,—I hav known
them to be good mules for 6
months, just to git a good chance
to kik sumboddy= Josh Billings=

IV and last

Thare iz 2 things in this world
for which we are never fully
prepared, and that iz,—twins.=
Jess so, Jess so, Josh Billings.

Josh Billings was the first public lecturer to address his audience sitting down. With his bright eyes peering over his nose spectacles, he shot his quaint philosophy with the rapid fire of a gatling gun. Are you ready? Then listen.

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

I hope you are all well. [Looking over his glasses.]

Thare is lots ov folks who eat well and drink well, and yet are sick all the time. Theze are the folks who alwuz "enjoy poor health."

Then I kno lots ov people whoze only reckomendashun iz, that they are helthy—so iz an onion.

The subject of my lecture is Milk—plain M-i-l-k.

The best thing I've ever seen on milk is cream.

That's right [joining laughter]. "People of good sense" are thoze whoze opinyuns agree with ours.

People who agree with you never bore you. The shortest way to a woman's harte iz to praze her baby and her bonnet, and to a man's harte to praze hiz watch, hiz horse and hiz lectur.

Eliar Perkins sez a man iz a bore when he talks so much about hisself that you kant talk about yourself.

Still I shall go on talking.

Comik lekturing iz an unkommon pesky thing to do.

It iz more unsarting than the rat ketching bizzness az a means ov grace, or az a means ov livelyhood.

Most enny boddy thinks they kan do it, and this iz jist what makes it so bothersum tew do.

When it iz did just enuff, it iz a terifick success, but when it iz overdid, it iz like a burnt slapjax, very impertinent.

Thare aint but phew good judges ov humor, and they all differ about it.

If a lekturer trys tew be phunny, he iz like a hoss trying to trot backwards, pretty apt tew trod on himself.

Humor must fall out ov a man's mouth like musik out ov a bobalink, or like a yung bird out ov its nest, when it iz feathered enuff to fly.

Whenever a man haz made up hiz mind that he iz a wit, then he iz mistaken without remedy, but whenever the publick haz made up their mind that he haz got the disease, then he haz got it sure.

Individuals never git this thing right, the publik never git it wrong.

Humor iz wit with a rooster's tail feathers stuck in its cap, and wit iz wisdom in tight harness.

If a man is a genuine humorist, he iz superior to the bulk ov hiz audience, and will often hev tew take hiz pay for hiz services in thinking so.

Altho fun iz designed for the millyun, and ethiks for the few, it iz az true az molasses that most all aujiences hav their bell wethers, people who show the others the crack whare the joke cums laffing in. (Where are they tonight?)

I hav known popular aujiences deprived ov all plezzure during the recital ov a comik lektur, just bekauze the right man, or the right woman want there tew point out the mellow places.

The man who iz anxious tew git before an aujience with what he calls a comik lektur ought tew be put immediately in the stocks, so that he kant do it, for he iz a dangerous person tew git loose, and will do sum damage.

It iz a very pleazant bizzness tew make people laff, but thare iz much odds whether they laff *at yu*, or laff at *what yu say.*

When a man laffs at *yu*, he duz it because it makes him feel superior to you, but when yu pleaze him with what yu have uttered, he admits that yu are superior tew him.

The only reason whi a monkey alwus kreates a sensashun whareever he goes is simply bekauze—he is a monkey.

Everyboddy feels az tho they had a right tew criticize a comik lectur, and most ov them do it jist az a mule criticizes things, by shutting up both eyes and letting drive with hiz two behind leggs.

One ov the meanest things in the comik lektring employment that a man haz to do is tew try and make that large class ov hiz aujience laff whom the Lord never intended should laff.

Thare iz sum who laff az eazy and az natral az the birds do, but most ov mankind laff like a hand organ—if yew expect tew git a lively tune out ov it, yu hav got tew grind for it.

In delivering a comik lektur it iz a good general rule to stop sudden, sometime before yu git through.

This brings me to Long branch.

Long branch iz a work ov natur, and iz a good job. It iz a summer spot for men, wimmin and children, espeshily the latter. Children are az plenty here, and az sweet az flowers, in an out door gardin. I put up at the Oshun Hotel the last time i was thare, and I put up more than I ought to. Mi wife puts up a good deal with me at the same hotel, it iz an old-fashioned way we have ov doing things. She allways goes with me to fashionable resorts, whare young widows are enny ways plenty, to put me on mi guard, for i am one ov the easyest creatures on reckord to be impozed upon, espeshily bi yung widders. She is an ornament to her sex, mi wife iz. I would like to see a young widder, or even an old one, git the start ov me, when mi wife iz around. If I just step out sudden, to get a weak lemonade, to cool mi akeing brow, mi wife goes to the end ov the verandy with me, and waits for me, and if i go down onto the beach to astronomize just a little, all alone, bi moonlite, she stands on the bluff, like a beakon lite, to warn me ov the breakers.

The biggest thing they hav got at Long branch, for the present, iz the pool ov water in front ov the hotels. This pool iz sed bi good judges to be 3,000 miles in length, and in sum places 5 miles thick. Into this pool, every day at ten o'klock, the folks all retire, males, females, and widders, promiskuss. The scenery here iz grand, especially the pool, and the air iz az brazing az a milk puntch. Drinks are reasonble here, espeshily out ov the pool, and the last touch ov civilizashun haz reached here also, sum enterprising mishionary haz just opened a klub house, whare all kind ov gambling iz taught.

Long branch iz a healthy place.

Men and women here, if they ain't too lazy, liv sumtimes till they are eighty, and destroy the time a good deal as follows: The fust thirty years they spend in throwing stuns at a mark, the seckond thirty they spend in examining the mark tew see whare the stuns hit, and the remainder is divided in cussing the stun-throwing bizziness, and nussing the rumatizz.

A man never gits to be a fust klass phool until he haz reached seventy years, and falls in luv with a bar maid of nineteen, and marrys her, and then—

Here he took out his Waterbury watch and remarked, as he wound it up, "You kant do two things at wonst."

I luv a Rooster for two things. One iz the crow that iz in him, and the other iz the spurs thar are on him, to bak up the crow with.

Just here there was a little disturbance in the gallery, and Uncle Josh looked over his glasses and remarked: "Yung man, please set down and keep still, yu wiil hav plenty ov chances yet to make a phool ov yureself before yu die." Then he went on with the lecture:

The man or mule who can't do any hurt in this world kan't do any good.

This brings me to the Mule—the pashunt mule. The mule is pashunt because he is ashamed of hisself. The mule is haf hoss and haf jackass, and then kums tu a full stop, natur diskovering her mistake. Tha weigh more accordin tu their heft than enny other creeter, except a crowbar. Tha kant heer enny quicker nor further than the hoss, yet their ears are big enuff fur snowshoes. You kan trust them with enny one whose life aint worth more than the mule's. The only way tu keep them into a paster is tu turn them into a medder jineing and let them jump out. Tha are reddy for use jest as soon as tha will do tu abuse. Tha aint got enny friends, and will live on huckleberry bush, with an akasional chance at Kanada thissels. Tha are a modern invention. Tha sell fur more money than enny other domestic animal. You kant tell their age by looking into their mouth enny more than you could a Mexican cannon. Tha never have no disease that a good club won't heal. If tha ever die tha must come right to life agin, fur I never herd nobody say "ded mule." I never owned one, nor never mean to, unless there is a United States law passed requiring it. I have seen educated mules in a sircuss. Tha could kick and bite tremenjis. . . . Enny man who is willing to drive a mule ought to be exempt by law from running for the legislatur. Tha are the strongest creeters on arth, and heaviest according to their size. I herd of one who fell oph from the tow-path of the Eri canawl, and sunk as soon as he touched bottom, but he kept on towing the boat tu the next stashun, breathing through his ears, which was out of the water about two feet, six inches. I didn't see this did, but Bill Harding told me of it, and I never knew Bill Harding tu lie unless he could make something out of it.

The bumble-bee iz more artistic than the mule and as busy as a quire singer. The bumble-bee iz a kind ov big fly who goes muttering and swearing around the lots during the summer looking after little boys to sting them, and stealing hunny out ov the dandylions and thissells. Like the mule, he iz mad all the time about sumthing, and don't seem to kare a kuss what people think ov him.

A skool boy will studdy harder enny time to find a bumble-bee's nest than he will to get hiz lesson in arithmetik, and when he haz found it, and got the hunny out ov it, and got badly stung into the bargin, he finds thare aint mutch margin in it. Next to poor molassis, bumble-bee hunny iz the poorest kind ov sweetmeats in market. Bumble-bees have allwuss been in fashion, and probably allwuss will be, but whare the fun or proffit lays in them, i never could cypher out. The proffit don't seem to be in the hunny, nor in the bumble-bee neither. They bild their nest in the ground, or enny whare else they take a noshun too, and ain't afrade to fite a whole distrikt skool, if they meddle with them. I don't blame the bumble-bee, nor enny other fellow, for defending hiz sugar; it iz the fust and last law of natur, and i hope the law won't never run out. The smartest thing about the bumble-bee iz their stinger.

Speaking of smart things brings me to the hornet:

The hornet is an inflamibel buzzer, sudden n hiz impreshuns and hasty in his conclusion, or end. Hiz natral disposishen iz a warm cross between red pepper in the pod and fusil oil, and hiz moral bias iz, "git out ov mi way."

They have a long, black boddy, divided in the middle by a waist spot, but their phisikal importance lays at the terminus of their subburb, in the shape ov a javelin.

This javelin iz alwuz loaded, and stands reddy to unload at a minuit's warning, and enters a man az still az thought, az spry az litening, and az full ov melankolly az the toothake.

Hornets never argy a case; they settle awl ov their differences ov opinyon by letting their javelin fly, and are az certain to hit az a mule iz.

This testy kritter lives in congregations numbering about 100 souls, but whether they are mail or female, or conservative, or matched in bonds ov wedlock, or whether they are Mormons, and a good many ov them kling together and keep one husband to save expense, I don't kno nor don't kare.

I never have examined their habits much, I never konsidered it healthy.

Hornets build their nests wherever they take a noshun to, and seldom are disturbed, for what would it profit a man tew kill 99 hornets and hav the 100th one hit him with hiz javelin?

They bild their nests ov paper, without enny windows to them or back doors. They have but one place ov admission, and the nest iz the shape ov an overgrown pineapple, and is cut up into just as many bedrooms as there iz hornets.

It iz very simple to make a hornets' nest if yu kan, but i will wager enny man 300 dollars he kant bild one that he could sell to a hornet for half price.

Hornets are as bizzy as their second couzins, the bee, but what they are about the Lord only knows; they don't lay up enny honey, nor enny money; they seem to be bizzy only jist for the sake ov working all the time; they are alwus in as mutch ov a hurry as tho they waz going for a dokter.

The hornet iz an unsoshall kuss, he iz more haughty than he is proud, he is a thoroughbred bug, but his breeding and refinement has made him like sum other folks I know ov, dissatisfied with himself and every boddy else, too much good breeding ackts this way sometimes.

Hornets are long-lived—I kant state jist how long their lives are, but I know from instinkt and observashen that enny krittur, be he bug or be he devil, who iz mad all the time, and stings every good chance he kan git, generally outlives all his nabers.

The only good way tew git at the exact fiteing weight of the hornet is tew tutch him, let him hit you once with his javelin, and you will be willing to testify in court that somebody run a one-tined pitchfork into yer; and as for grit, i will state for the informashun of thoze who haven't had a chance tew lay in their vermin wisdum az freely az I hav, that one single hornet, who feels well, will brake up a large camp-meeting.

What the hornets do for amuzement is another question i kant answer, but sum ov the best read and heavyest thinkers among the naturalists say they have target excursions, and heave their javelins at a mark; but I don't imbide this assershun raw, for i never knu ennybody so bitter at heart as the hornets are, to waste a blow.

Thare iz one thing that a hornet duz that i will give him credit for on my books—he alwuz attends tew his own bizziness, and won't allow any boddy else tew attend tew it, and what he duz iz alwuz a good job; you never see them altering enny thing; if they make enny mistakes, it is after dark, and aint seen.

If the hornets made half az menny blunders az the men do, even with their javelins, every boddy would laff at them.

Hornets are clear in another way, they hav found out, by trieing it, that all they can git in this world, and brag on, is their vittles and clothes, and yu never see one standing on the corner ov a street, with a twenty-six inch face on, bekause sum bank had run oph and took their money with him.

In ending oph this essa, I will cum tew a stop by concluding that if hornets was a little more pensive and not so darned peremptory with their javelins, they might be guilty of less wisdum, but more charity.

This brings me to Flirts.

Flirts are like hornets, only men like to be stung by them.

Some old bachelors git after a flirt, and don't travel as fast as she doz, and then concludes awl the female group are hard to ketch, and good for nothing when they are ketched.

A flirt is a rough thing to overhaul unless the right dog gets after her, and then they make the very best of wives.

When a flirt really is in love, she is as powerless as a mown daisy.

Her impudence then changes into modesty, her cunning into fears, her spurs into a halter, and her pruning-hook into a cradle.

The best way to ketch a flirt is tew travel the other way from which they are going, or sit down on the ground and whistle some lively tune till the flirt comes round.

Old bachelors make the flirts and then the flirts get more than even, by making the old bachelors.

A majority of flirts get married finally, for they hev a great quantity of the most dainty tidbits of woman's nature, and alwus have shrewdness to back up their sweetness.

Flirts don't deal in po'try and water grewel; they have got to hev brains, or else somebody would trade them out of their capital at the first sweep.

Disappointed luv must uv course be oll on one side; this ain't any more excuse fur being an old bachelor than it iz fur a man to quit all kinds of manual labor, jist out uv spite, and jine a poor-house bekase he kant lift a tun at one pop.

An old bachelor will brag about his freedom to you, his relief from anxiety, hiz indipendence. This iz a dead beat, past resurrection, for everybody knows there ain't a more anxious dupe than he iz. All his dreams are charcoal sketches of boarding-school misses; he dresses, greases hiz hair, paints his grizzly mustache, cultivates bunyons and corns, to please his captains, the wimmen, and only gets laffed at fur hiz pains.

I tried being an old bachelor till I wuz about twenty years old, and came very near dieing a dozen times. I had more sharp pain in one year than I hev had since, put it all in a heap. I was in a lively fever all the time.

I have preached to you about flirts (phemale), and now I will tell you about Dandies.

The first dandy was made by Dame Nature, out of the refuse matter left from making Adam and Eve. He was concocted with a bouquet in one hand and a looking-glass in the other. His heart was dissected in the thirteenth century, and found to be a pincushion full of butterflies and sawdust. He never falls in love, for to love requires both brains and a soul, and the dandy has neither. He is a long-lived bird; he has no courage, never marries, has no virtues, and is never guilty of first-class vices.

What about Marriage?

They say love iz blind, but a good many fellows see more in their sweethearts than I can.

Marriage is a fair transaction on the face ov it.

But thare iz quite too often put-up jobs in it.

It is an old institushun—older than the Pyramids, and az phull ov hyrogliphics that nobody can parse.

History holds its tongue who the pair waz who fust put on the silken harness, and promised to work kind in it, thru thick and thin, up hill and down, and on the level, rain or shine, survive or perish, sink or swim, drown or flote.

But whoever they waz, they must hev made a good thing out of it, or so menny ov their posterity would not hev harnessed up since and drove out.

Thare iz a grate moral grip to marriage; it iz the mortar that holds the sooshul bricks together.

But thare ain't but darn few pholks who put their money in matrimony who could set down and give a good written opinyun whi on airth they come to did it.

This iz a grate proof that it iz one ov them natral kind ov acksidents that must happen, jist az birdz fly out ov the nest, when they hev featherz enuff, without being able tew tell why.

Sum marry for buty, and never diskover their mistake; this is lucky.

Sum marry for money, and don't see it.

Sum marry for pedigree, and feel big for six months; and then very sensibly cum tew the conclusion that pedigree ain't no better than skim-milk.

Sum marry bekawze they hev been highsted sum whare else; this iz a cross match, a bay and a sorrel; pride may make it endurable.

Sum marry for luv, without a cent in their pockets, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop ov pedigree. This looks desperate, *but it iz the strength of the game.*

If marrying for luv aint a success, then matrimony is a ded beet.

Sum marry because they think wimmen will be scarce next year, and live tew wonder how the crop holdz out.

Sum marry tew get rid ov themselves, and discover that the game waz one that two could play at, and neither win.

Sum marry the second time tew get even, and find it a gambling game—the more they put down the less they take up.

Sum marry, tew be happy, and, not finding it, wonder where all the happiness goes to when it dies.

Sum marry, they can't tell why, and live they can't tell how.

Almost every boddy gets married, and it it a good joke.

Sum marry in haste, and then sit down think it carefully over.

Sum think it over careful fust, and then set down and marry.

Both ways are right, if they hit the mark.

Sum marry rakes tew convert them. This iz a little risky, and takes a smart missionary to do it.

Sum marry coquetts. This iz like buying a poor farm heavily mortgaged, and working the balance of your days to clear oph the mortgages.

Married life haz its chances, and this iz just what gives it its flavor. Every boddy luvs tew phool with the chances, bekawze every boddy expekts tew win. But I am authorized tew state that every boddy don't win.

But, after all, married life iz full az certain az the dry goods bizness.

Kno man kan tell jist what calico haz made up its mind tew do next.

Calico don't kno even herself.

Dry goods ov all kinds iz the child ov circumstansis.

Sum never marry, but this iz jist ez risky; the dizease iz the same, with another name to.

The man who stands on the banks shivering and dassent, iz more apt tew ketch cold than him who pitches hiz head fust into the river.

What about courtin'?

Courting is a luxury, it is sallad, it is ise water, it is a beveridge, it is the pla spell ov the soul.

The man who has never courted haz lived in vain; he haz bin a blind man amung landskapes and waterskapes; he has bin a deff man in the land ov hand orgins, and by the side ov murmuring canals.

Courting iz like 2 little springs ov soft water that steal out from under a rock at the fut ov a mountain and run down the hill side by side singing and dansing and spatering each uther, eddying and frothing and kaskading, now hiding under bank, now full ov sun and now full of shadder, till bime by tha jine and then tha go slow.

Thare iz one man in this world to whom i alwus take oph mi hat, and remain uncovered untill he gits safely by, and that iz the distrikt skoolmaster.

When I meet him, I look upon him az a martyr just returning from the stake, or on hiz way thare tew be cooked.

He leads a more lonesum and single life than an old bachelor, and a more anxious one than an old maid.

He iz remembered jist about az long and affektionately az a gide board iz by a traveling pack pedlar.

If he undertakes tew make his skollars luv him, the chances are he will neglekt their larning; and if he don't lick them now and then pretty often, they will soon lick him.

The distrikt skoolmaster hain't got a friend on the flat side ov earth. The boys snowball him during recess; the girls put water in hiz hair die; and the skool committee make him work for haff the money a bartender gits, and board him around the naberhood, whare they give him rhy coffee, sweetened with mollassis, tew drink, and kodfish bawls 3 times a day for vittles.

And, with all this abuse, I never heard ov a distrikt skoolmaster swareing enny thing louder than—*Condem it.*

Don't talk tew me about the pashunce ov anshunt Job.

Job had pretty plenty ov biles all over him, no doubt, but they were all ov one breed.

Every yung one in a distrikt skool iz a bile ov a diffrent breed, and each one needs a diffrent kind ov poultiss tew git a good head on them.

A distrikt skoolmaster, who duz a square job and takes hiz codfish bawls reverently, iz a better man today tew hav lieing around loose than Solomon would be arrayed in all ov his glory.

Soloman waz better at writing proverbs and manageing a large family, than he would be tew navigate a distrikt skool hous.

Enny man who haz kept a distrikt skool for ten years, and boarded around the naberhood, ought tew be made a mager ginerall and hav a penshun for the rest ov his natral days, and a hoss and waggin tew do hiz going around in.

But, az a genral consequence, a distrikt skoolmaster hain't got any more warm friends than an old blind fox houn haz.

He iz jist about az welkum az a tax gatherer iz.

He iz respekted a good deal az a man iz whom we owe a debt ov 50 dollars to and don't mean tew pay.

Fortunately he iz not often a sensitive man; if he waz, he couldn't enny more keep a distrikt skool than he could file a kross kut saw.

Whi iz it that theze men and wimmen, who pashuntly and with crazed brain teach our remorseless brats the tejus meaning ov the alphabet, who take the fust welding heat on their destinys, who lay the stepping stones and enkurrage them tew mount upwards, who hav dun more hard and mean work than enny klass on the futstool, who have prayed over the reprobate, strengthened the timid, restrained the outrageous, and flattered the imbecile, who hav lived on kodfish and vile coffee, and hain't been heard to sware—whi iz it that they are treated like a vagrant fiddler, danced to for a night, paid oph in the morning, and eagerly forgotten.

I had rather burn a coal pit, or keep the flys out ov a butcher's shop in the month ov August, than meddle with the distrikt skool bizziness.

I propose now to close by making Twelve Square Remarks, to wit:

1. A broken reputashun iz like a broken vase; it may be mended, but allways shows where the krak was.

2. If you kant trust a man for the full amount, let him skip. This trying to git an average on honesty haz allways bin a failure.

3. Thare iz no treachery in silence; silence is a hard argument to beat.

4. Don't mistake habits for karacter. The men ov the most karacter hav the fewest habits.

5. Thare iz cheats in all things; even pizen is adulterated.

6. The man who iz thoroughly polite iz 2-thirds ov a Christian, enny how.

7. Kindness iz an instinkt, politeness only an art.

8. Thare iz a great deal ov learning in this world, which iz nothing more than trying to prove what we don't understand.

9. Mi dear boy, thare are but few who kan kommence at the middle ov the ladder and reach the top; and probably you and I don't belong to that number.

10. One ov the biggest mistakes made yet iz made by the man who thinks he iz temperate, just becauze he puts more water in his whiskey than his nabor does.

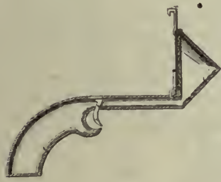
11. The best medicine I know ov for the rumatism iz to thank the Lord—that it aint the gout.

12. Remember the poor. It costs nothing.

# Wonders of Today

## A Story of New and Notable Inventions

SUMMER brings in its wake the inevitable fly, who through long generations of combat with the human race has grown wary and hard to catch. So each season brings a new trap for Mr. Fly. Here is a pistol-handled fly-trap with a hollow butt, a plate for holding attractive fly bait, covered by a perforated plate and a striking plate, which crushes the flies attracted to the baiting plate by a finger—an ingenious and sportsmanlike method of "swatting the fly." The patentee is Frank J. Anderson of Box Elder, Montana.



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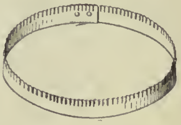
CARRYING for its point a hardened drill which the rotation of the shot is supposed to drive more certainly into armor of any kind, a projectile has been invented by Martin Wesner of Cleveland, Ohio. This would probably increase the energy and effect of small-bored artillery, though it is hard to say how, for this differs from other drill or punch-tipped projectiles tried as far back as the Civil War.

* * *

BARRELS that will stand much wear and tear can be built by using a barrel hoop of flat iron, corrugated along the upper outer edge and forming tiny "crimps" on the inner side, giving a hoop that may be driven in, slightly impressing the wood of the staves and making a neat, strong and easily handled barrel, tub, keg or other container. Max E. Lobley of New York City, the inventor of this hoop, assigns this patent to the Brooklyn Cooperage Company of Brooklyn, New York.



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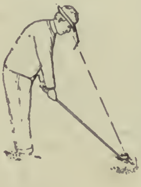
IN playing golf, the scientific golf-player may now fit a sighting combination to his vision, by which a more accurate line on the ball is secured and many awkward drives eliminated. Arthur E. Peck of Minneapolis, Minnesota, has invented and introduced this device among the many enthusiastic golf players of the Twin Cities.



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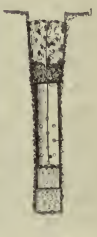
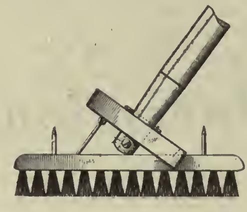
THE use of dynamite cartridges for breaking up refractory subsoils has become a great industry, and it has been discovered that volatile hydrocarbons can be used for the same purpose. A cartridge for holding and exploding these liquids, invented by Justin F. Simonds of Riverdale, Maryland, is placed in the ground, a charge of hydrocarbon, such as benzine, poured in, the hole tamped, a few seconds



allowed to elapse for the mixture of air and volatile gases, and the fuse lighted. The result is said to exceed that of a light charge of rendrock or giant powder.

* * *

FILLED with a natural compassion for those excellent women who on their hands and knees clean millions of floors with sandsoap and scrubbing-brush, James T. Phares of Carlinville, Illinois, has invented and patented a "stand-up scrubbing brush," which enables the discourager of uncleanliness to stand up and bear her weight on in effective manner.



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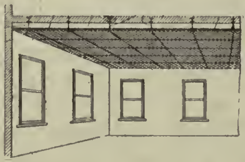
REFRACTORY vitreous substances, such as artificial gems, are, by the recent invention of Henry Julius Salomon Sand of Nottingham, England, produced by incasing the refractory substance in a case or bag of vitreous material; when sealed and heated this becomes plastic and collapses on the enclosed crystals, which, in their turn, are fused, cleansed of their impurities and compressed into a solid mass, that, when cooled, becomes through great pressure homogeneous, transparent or translucent and of uniform color.

* * *

PROTECTION from destruction by fire is secured by an overhead fire extinguishing system recently patented by Martin J. Walsh of New York City. It consists of a false ceiling with fusible, metallic supports over the rooms to be safeguarded, on which are layers of non-combustible material, which, when released, covers everything with a thick layer of smothering, refractory powder, rendering it impossible to injure anything by fire, water or smoke after the powdered mass is precipitated.



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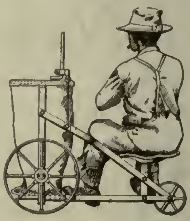
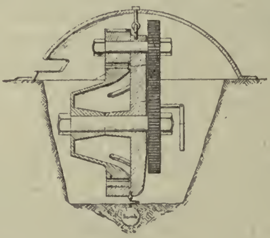
COTTON-PICKING is not only a back-breaking occupation, but many minutes and much cotton are wasted in "toting" the bags in which the raw cotton is deposited. Thomas J. King of Richmond, Virginia, has patented a truck of light but strong construction which holds open the empty bag, furnishes the picker with a seat that can be lowered or heightened to suit the crop and "hitched" along from bush to bush of the cotton rows.



* * *

FED by a double-acting cartridge feeder, giving great volume of fire and complete shelter from rifles or small-gauge machine-gun fire, a machine gun, with metallic cover shield suspended therefrom in a pit of suitable depth and capacity, has been patented by Alfred L. Clark of Dubuque, Iowa.



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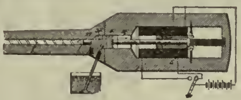
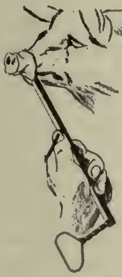
ILLUSTRATED herewith is an electro-hydraulic gun, which, among many inventions of weapons and other martial appurtenances, is one of the most puzzling of all the curious plans and specifications yet published. The immense disproportion between the breech of the gun and its barrel, the infinitesimal projectile it carries and the fact that a liquid is drawn in behind the same, and that through the action of a piston on the propelling liquid the bullet is finally propelled, all tend to present a very pretty puzzle for such readers as are "electro-hydraulic" experts. We don't pretend to understand it, or to pronounce judgment on the value and practicability of the ingenious invention of Rollie Calvin Hill of Memphis, Tennessee.



* * *

TO catch and hold a fugitive and recalcitrant hog is not always an easy task, even to the initiated who are expert in the ways and shortcomings of hogs, but Oliver E. Scheidler of Old Fort, Ohio, has evolved a tubular catcher, having at the business end a metallic wire band connecting with a flat-linked chain passing through the tube and easily "stopped" or held by placing one of the links flatwise across the tube. Seized by the snout and thus deprived of freedom of motion, the most bulky porcine may be held captive.



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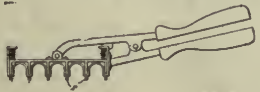
A CURRYCOMB consisting of a plate studded with teeth which pass through another plate pierced to let these points pass through, is hinged and furnished with two seine-like handles which may be closed, used as one, or opened out to separate and clean the plates. Michael A. Hoffman of Roca, Nebraska, invented this novel and sanitary currycomb.



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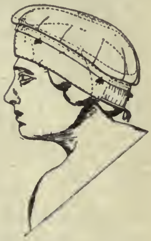
A COMBINATION barrel for firearms is made by winding a steel bar with a ribbon of combined steel and iron, which, when hammered into a homogeneous covering, imitates the "wire twist" and "Damascus twist" so long in use, while the solid steel case is bored out, and the whole finished and brought to standard gauge. As most of our shotgun barrels have been hitherto imported from Belgium and German factories, Franklin Brockway Warner of New York City should find good opportunities for floating his invention.

* * *

VERY ingenious and convenient is the addition to the devices for making easier the lot of the sick pictured herewith. It is a cap which can be used to apply either heat or cold to the head, having a band made to hold hot water or cracked ice and a pocket for the appliance of ice or hot water to the top of the head or back of the neck. Margaret E. Burns of Chicago, Illinois, is the inventor of this simple but effective invalid's cap.



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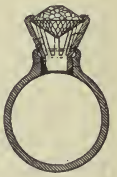
A DETACHABLE open bezel or setting for a diamond or other gem that screws into the ring, whose socket compresses the fastenings which hold the gem in place, is the invention of Vernon L. Capwell of Dorranceton, Pennsylvania. A single heavy gold circle may thus be made to fit half a dozen or more different precious stones, of the same or approximate diameter.



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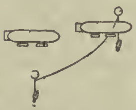
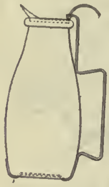
ZEPPELIN raids may lose their terrors if Joseph A. Steinmetz of Philadelphia, sees his device for an "aerial aircraft destroyer" coming into general use. Seines of connected small balloons supporting torches of fiercely burning composition and powerful bombs, form over the threatened city or fortress, a network which can be



raised above the altitude of the aero-cruisers, forming a curtain of devouring flame and high explosives.

* * *

MILK bottles are always clumsy to hold and inconvenient to decant from, and Mr. William Emery Hoffman of Sunbury, Pennsylvania, has patented the subjoined handle and pouring device, which seems strong, clean and adaptable to almost any bottle.



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DETAILS of an inexpensive and permanent sewer-tile trap for cottontail rabbits, which has proved very effective in Kansas, have been supplied by Mr. J. M. Walmsley, who has used it successfully on his and other farms in that state. To make the trap proceed as follows:

Set a twelve by six-inch "tee" sewer tile with the long end downward, and bury it so that the six-inch opening at the side is below the surface of the ground. Connect two lengths of six-inch sewer pipe horizontally with the side opening. Second grade or even broken tile will do. Cover the joints with soil so as to exclude light. Provide a tight removable cover, such as an old harrow disk, for the top of the large tile. The projecting end of the small tile is then surrounded with rocks, brush, or wood, so as to make the hole look inviting to rabbits and encourage them to frequent the den. Rabbits, of course, are free to go in or out of these dens, which should be constructed in promising spots on the farm and in the orchard. A trained dog will locate inhabited dens. The outlet is closed with a disk of wood on a stake, or the dog guards the opening. The cover is lifted and the rabbits captured by hand.

These traps are especially suitable for open lands and prairies, where rabbits cannot find natural hiding places. They are permanent and cost nothing for repairs from year to year. If it is desired to poison rabbits, the baits may be placed inside these traps, out of the way of domestic animals or birds. This trap also furnishes an excellent means of obtaining rabbits for the table, or even for market.

# LITTLE THINGS

'TIS little things that count in life,
 That make it worth our while,
'Tis little things that cause much strife,
 And little things that cause a smile.
A little word of cheer, you'll find,
 Is like a sown seed
Which buds and blossoms into kind
 Just where there is most need.
A little effort every day
 To lift a brother's load of strife
Brings large returns, the best of pay,
 'Twill make you happy all through life.

—*Geo. B. Griggs.*

# In the Footprints of Lincoln

### Address at Hamilton Club, Chicago, February 12, 1916

by

## Joe Mitchell Chapple

BEFORE me on this one hundred and seventh anniversary of the birth night of the man we honor is revealed the shining trinity of wisdom, justice and mercy—the incarnated wisdom with which great laws are made and stable governments organized, the wisdom of Plato transmitted through the centuries. But wisdom is of no avail without justice. Is there another career in all history in which is intermingled these two qualities so completely? Justice was ever in Lincoln's mind and yet there was always present the tempering spirit of mercy. Is there another character in the record of the ages in whom these three supreme qualities of the fundamental virtues are so perfectly blended?

Human history moves in cycles. Each race in turn rises from barbarism to the acme of its importance, and perchance goes as swiftly to decadence. The extinction of races and nations is the pathos of the past. The rough barbarian, without riches, knowledge or influence, through his virility and force, rises quickly, and often declines as rapidly. In every cycle towering figures appear, who arise irrespective of adverse conditions, perceive the genius of their race, and become its wise men, sages, prophets, priests and leaders. Their power may deal primarily with the material interests of a people, but it goes deeper than that—it is seated in the very soul-emotions of their fellow-men, so that their memory evokes a devotion that is akin to worship. Such were the "Six Wise Men of Greece"; Moses, the Hebrew emancipator; Zoroaster, the fire-worshipper of Persia; Mohammed, the camel-driver of Arabia; Buddha, the great teacher of Asia; Merlin and other unnamed Druids of ancient Wales; Confucius of China; Cromwell of England; and others less known to fame, who expressed the soul of their people, and the irrepressible longing of a humanity that all but touched divinity.

Such a man, in the supremest sense, was Abraham Lincoln, born of the strenuous pioneers, whose forces had nearly spent themselves in settling Kentucky and Indiana, and whose descendants followed when the frontier line was far flung on the prairies of Illinois. From a mere lad, burdened with cares and sorrows, he ever stood face to face with people. Lincoln never turned his back on any person or problem. Thousands like him had led the half-savage life, schoolless, apparently doomed to a lifetime of sordid labor and tardy development, but this lad caught the vision through the smoky glow of the pine knot, in the pages of the Bible, which he read and re-read, until its teachings became a part of his very life.

The fame of the immortal Shakespeare reveals like source of greatness, for all through the writings of the immortal Bard of Avon we find phrases and words adapted from the Bible, the eternal text book of greatness and the great.

Lincoln lived so close to the soil in its virgin state that his human soul itself partook of the deep and enduring mysteries of Nature primeval. He believed in the simple ideals of right and wrong, of mercy and justice. He saw more clearly than the brilliant Seward "that irrepressible conflict" between free men and slaves, and yet he never lost his poise nor ever retraced his steps, when he made a movement forward. Analyzing the careers of American statesmen, none seem to have made so few mistakes, none so unerringly and mercifully wise in dealing with fellow-men.

* * *

What would have been Abraham Lincoln's idea of "preparedness" today? We find in his life as a frontier militiaman, and in his public addresses, the conviction that the American people were capable of taking up and carrying to success any undertaking, such as the defense of the country, the establishment of law and justice, and the settlement of great problems. There was no time for Lincoln to prepare for the great Civil War. It had virtually begun before his inauguration, and he made his first inaugural address with the conflict and the clash of arms rumbling in the South.

With that sad but almost saintly smile, and with never a bitter word, he passed over the sneers of ally and foe alike, and pressed on to new achievements, with the refrain of the song of the Union ever ringing in his ears. Lincoln's reply to the "Little Giant," in that historical open-air forum on the prairies of Illinois was not an appeal to passion, but with calm wisdom, even-handed justice, and with tolerance and mercy, he approached the solution of each problem, as it appeared, taking them up one by one, and when they were settled, they were settled right and permanently.

It is interesting to read over the historic debates of Douglas and Lincoln—when the brilliant and masterful eloquence of the "Little Giant" was matched with the high-pitched voice and plain simple utterances, and ingeniously outstretched hand of Abraham Lincoln. His opening words in these debates were full of sincere compliment and admiration of the eloquence of Douglas, but when it came to answering questions and squaring human act and word by the test, the two plus two of eternal verity, Abraham Lincoln was easily master. It was then that he laid down the proposition which unconsciously enacted and spoke the prologue of the great drama of his life. "If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand," quoted he, and his words might have been a prophecy. "I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be destroyed, I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect that it will cease to be divided."

The very defeats of Lincoln in his early life stand out in history as his greatest victories. Douglas won the senatorial honors, but died three years later, a man who had outworn his influence. Lincoln saw the eternal distinctions between right and wrong, and shattered the makeshifts of the hour as the great mountain peaks pierce the evanescent clouds and scatter them.

Confronted with the perils of losing the support of loyal people in the border states, and of offending thousands of Northern supporters who could not understand why he should not at once proclaim a crusade against slavery, every day seemed to find the judgment of Lincoln tempered with this trinity of virtues,—wisdom, justice and mercy—that form the beatitudes of statesmanship.

He glorified the commonplace, and the commonplace in all life is glorious, for even death itself is often commonplace. To strike the common note is to attain wisdom; justice is reflected in the righteous and impartial execution of law; and we always recall Sir Great Heart in his ideals of mercy, for "what we need most is not so much to realize the ideal as to idealize the real."

In his life and activities we can trace incidents that would apply, in concrete instances, to each one of these three qualities. Many honest and self-sacrificing men were alienated by his apparent indifference toward those who would divide the Union and tear to tatters the traditions and sentiment of the Stars and Stripes. Many held he was too merciful to spies, deserters and military offenders, whose acts threatened the very life of the republic. In those days the cartoonist portrayed Lincoln as a buffoon, a visionary, but today he is placed on Olympus with the gods, and his name is spoken with reverence. In the routine of his everyday life Lincoln's mind demanded first to ascertain the truth—which is wisdom; second to determine the fairness of the evidence in the case—which is justice; and in the last analysis he held himself free to withhold or to exercise that mercy vested in him as the supreme commander-in-chief of the republic.

* * *

Although almost every word of Abraham Lincoln's public life has been recorded, either by writer or hearsay, not one syllable breathes an echo of resentment or revenge. Amid the torrents of abuse, he never retaliated. If Abraham Lincoln had lived, Jefferson Davis never would have been in irons or the South humiliated. This was indicated when Lincoln was serenaded at the White House, celebrating the surrender of Lee, when the entire absence of bitterness was the keynote of his last spoken public words.

Lincoln and Davis were born in Kentucky within one year of each other, in homes not far apart, one the product of the log cabin. Davis, of gentler birth, shared none of Lincoln's struggles in early life. With temperaments antipodal, their lives culminated in parallel duties in a titanic struggle. Davis was inaugurated as President of the Confederacy less than a month before Abraham Lincoln took the oath of office. A fortnight after Lincoln's assassination, the public career of Jefferson Davis ended with his capture. Each seemed to possess a peculiar fitness for the responsibility before him, and neither the North nor the South could have had leaders better fitted to present the issues settled by the Civil War, than the two Kentucky lads.

Abraham Lincoln went to Washington without a policy. Other leaders had well-defined plans; he approached his great work with an open mind, impartial and fair, with a prayer on his lips for guidance. He took up his responsibilities with wisdom and pursued his duties with justice; for today, after all these years of search and investigation, we can scarcely find a record of an injustice of the slightest and most trifling nature charged to Abraham Lincoln. At the close of his career, the crowning halo of mercy irradiated his last acts, when he again proved his friendly feeling for the South, ordering General Wertzel to give protection to the Virginia State Government and Legislature if it assembled, and to General Sherman to authorize Governor Vance of North Carolina to resume his duties with an assurance of recognition. Even amid the exhilaration following the victory at Appomattox, with a host of men at the North crying out for revenge even to the shedding of blood, Lincoln's hands were upraised in that mercy which forever bridged the bloody chasm between victor and vanquished.

We might paraphrase the lines of Edwin Markham to fit the trinity of ideals:

The Wisdom of the light that shines for all!
The Justice of the rain that falls on all!
The Mercy of the snow that hides all scars,
He built the rail-pile as he built the state,
The conscience in him testing every stroke,
To make his deed, the measure of a man.

* * *

Over a thousand books have been written about Abraham Lincoln, and the end is not yet, because the subject only increases in interest each year. There is not a poet, or a speaker or a writer, or a thinker, who does not long to give expression to the feeling within him concerning the towering genius of Lincoln.

His great name and fame are more than embalmed in books, more than immortalized in marble—Lincoln lives! When we clasp hands, we feel that same throbbing magic impulse of human sympathy and friendship. When we look on a picture of Lincoln, we think of it as not merely a likeness—we feel that we could almost grasp the hand of that man and feel the pulsing throb of sympathy. There are yet those living who touched his flesh, and he still lives, a real and integral personality in our national life.

What a valued privilege it was recently to grasp the hand of the son of Abraham Lincoln. This son is a native son of Illinois. And to realize that this was the very flesh, the very blood of Abraham Lincoln. That this head, now grown gray, was once adorned with the boyish curls that Lincoln patted, that those very hands he had once clasped lovingly.

New England, that once looked askance

upon the simple rail-splitter, is now proud to furnish him a genealogical tree rooted in Massachusetts soil. Of Quaker descent, he was the central figure in the bloodiest war in our history, but not one drop clings to his garments in the sanctified memory of his fame.

What other name could have been given him that so fitted his illustrious career? Abraham! With it we have the vision of the patriarch of old. Abraham! A name appropriate to the great work for which he was consecrated. Abraham! Father of the Multitude! A name that carried with it all the dignity of the ages, and yet bandied about by the little group on the corner, when he was called just Abe—"honest Abe."

All the music of the masters comes from the eight notes of the octave. There may be a chromatic ripple or subtle undertone between the notes; there may be resounding chords and noble phrasing, but every note is contained within the scope of the octave. The master composer, in arranging a sequence of notes, creates an immortal symphony, or a song that will never die. So, in the "music of the spheres," Abraham Lincoln, with the simple octave of life—the gamut of human emotions, seemed to play upon them in proper sequence, and never was there a discord in the wonderful harmonies born of his character and career.

"Four score years and seven have passed." Read again those immortal lines at Gettysburg. Read again the classic phrases of his addresses, and in them find the music of ideals and words, so blended that they cling to our hearts with the tenacity of the old songs. The favorite melodies of today may be forgotten, but Lincoln's words will live on and on forever.

With the black pall of war covering two-thirds of the lands of the earth today may we not stop for a moment and repeat the words of Lincoln's prayer? "Fondly do we hope, reverently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away." Was poetic line ever written with more of the majesty of an invocation on prayer?

The individuality of Lincoln, eternal and unchangeable, rings true with his personality. Personality is the impersonation of individuality, and Abraham Lincoln's character always rang true with his reputation, whatever notes were struck, and the harmony of his career grows richer and more melodious with each recurring birthday.

* * *

Lincoln's mind never scattered, it focused on the yea or nay without circumlocution or rattling rhetoric, and his brain worked in the direction he aimed his thought.

Veterans of the Civil War often tell of the time when "Uncle Abe" came down the line reviewing the troops, and of how their hearts seemed to beat with sympathy and silent affection for the man whose sad and melancholy eyes looked into theirs with a glow of tenderness and sympathy. The pomp and splendor of war was absent—it was the touch of Nature that made them kin. His heart bled for the soldiers wounded and dying on the field. His sympathy poured out to grieving mothers, wives and sisters at home. His great heart was broken over and over again with each throbbing moment of that great conflict. It was not the loss of one, even in the broken arc of his own hearthstone, but of the myriads that bore down upon his soul, every hour of the day, and during the sleepless nights.

There are books about Lincoln as a lawyer, and the most remarkable thing about it is that a lawyer-author naively concedes that he was great because he was an absolutely "honest" lawyer. He was not afraid of facing the people with the truth or to brave popular clamor. Lincoln maintained his convictions, without respect to shifting currents and mad whirlwind of fury and fads. Even when the prospects of defeat for re-election stared him in the face, and the votes of the soldiers cast in the field went against him, he wrote a sealed letter and gave it to the cabinet, in which he pledged his unwavering devotion to the cause of the Union, should his rival be elected. This was the stamp of the man's unswerving integrity of purpose. It was Lincoln who suggested and urged a compensatory emancipation upon the slave-holding states. It was Lincoln who resisted the efforts to deprive the South of her property rights and her homes. It was Lincoln who prompted Grant at Appomattox to take not one button or shred of gray from the men who had laid down their arms, for even these ragged clothes were needed at home. Not one horse that had been ridden in the many cavalry charges was taken, for the plow-share had now supplanted the sword, and even the swords and the arms were carried back by the soldiers as mementoes of American valor. Sons and daughters of the South are privileged to look upon the relics in their own homes of the gallantry of their fathers. Even the captured flags, won after many a bloody conflict, and taken as trophies to the North, have been returned; monuments for the blue and for the gray are erected impartially, and the scars of the battlefield obliterated. It was the mercy of Lincoln that made possible the reunion at Gettysburg, where the men who fought to destroy one another in that bloody conflict of fifty years before, mingled in comradeship and messed together in the same tents. Is there a picture like this in all history? What an object lesson it furnishes to the old civilizations of Europe living under the ideals of Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon, that military conquest never conquered, without the wisdom, the justice and the mercy, as exemplified in the life of Abraham Lincoln.

Over and over again we love to hear the story of the life of Lincoln. We are all familiar with the incidents of his career, and some are intimately acquainted with the smallest detail of his daily routine. Almost every footprint of Lincoln has been marked. Each new biography tells essentially the same facts—but the point of view of three generations, even though phrased differently, always mirrors the same ideals. In his life we see the development processes of manhood. In the crudities of his early years and triumph of his later life is revealed the great object lesson of a man in the making.

One of his earliest speeches in 1842 shows promise of the matchless broad mind of Lincoln. "On that name (of Washington)," he said "a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun, or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on." In his own words, uttered in youth, Abraham Lincoln phrased a most fitting eulogy for his own name and fame.

Little did he dream, in those unconscious moments, with spectacles a-tilt low on his nose, as he was writing, in his own hand, letters and addresses, that he was penning lines that were to remain classics, to be graven indelibly upon the hearts of humanity.

Fortunate indeed it was that a young Illinoisan, rosy-cheeked, with black hair and eyes, should become assistant secretary of Abraham Lincoln, for to John Hay we are indebted for a permanent record of a great career. In the notes of this young secretary, we see Lincoln referred to affectionately as "the Tycoon" and "the Ancient."

There are many rollicking references to "the Tycoon," and "the Ancient," which indicate that John Hay seemed to reverence the greatness of Lincoln, but never stood in awe of him, for he remained to the rosy-cheeked secretary, just a man, even in the blaze of heroic deeds.

* * *

When Lincoln assumed the leadership of the Republican party, he resisted firmly the counsels of radical politicians, hot-heads and partisans, who would achieve success through the passions and emotions. Step by step, appealing to the heart and the reason, he accomplished results.

Lincoln recognized that permanence and strength followed the process of elimination. He did not deem it necessary to declaim as well as proclaim his messages, nor did he seem to feel that the statute books should be flooded with a mass of ill-considered, ill-digested, irrational and emotional legislation. Would not the memory of Lincoln's common sense suggest today a reversal of the tendency of recent years, and instead of adding legislation, rather to begin a systematic process of repealing and amending laws which we have? And will the various state legislatures of the Union, one and indivisible, ever see the light of Lincoln's wisdom in enacting legislation that first kept in mind justice to all the people, irrespective of station, not forgetting tolerance and the gentle spirit of mercy, again revealing the light of the trinity of ideals which marked all of his actions?

Men of constructive genius have been Republicans because that party stands irrevocably today, as it stood in the days of Lincoln, for preparedness in the way of protection; preparedness for sound money; preparedness for the safety of American citizens wherever they may be; preparedness not only with armament, but preparedness that develops the merchant marine and industrial genius of the nation and holds out hope to the American boy and girl that their opportunity may be enlarged in the welfare of all. Preparedness for every patriotic purpose, but one that gives heed to appeals for help; firm in the faith of the man who found expression for his wisdom, his justice and his mercy, not only within the ranks of his own beloved Republican party, but even to those of opposite political faith whose loyalty to the Union he never challenged.

* * *

When Woodrow Wilson, now President of the United States, made his appeal for preparedness, he found a ready champion in the Republican leader in the House, your own son of Illinois, that matchless leader of the legislators, James R. Mann.

It comes to me as peculiarly fitting tonight that I should touch on a subject that was dear to his heart, an institution which he inspired. At Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, a spot at the intersection of the states of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, the location he indicated to General Howard, is being builded a university to serve the mountain lads and lassies of that region, after the plans and ideals of Lincoln. In this section of the Appalachian range there dwell a people in whose veins flows the pure Anglo-Saxon blood of the thirteen colonies. To the north and the west a system of public schools is maintained for the aliens whom adverse conditions overseas have sent to this country. To the south, the same educational advantages are provided for the colored population. Until the founding of this—the Lincoln Memorial University—there were few advantages offered to the people of the mountain region by which they could obtain an education—not as a free gift, but through a plan enabling them to work their way through school with the labor of their own hands.

This was Lincoln's idea. He understood, no man better, the innate longing of the country boy and girl, the crying out of the soul for a chance to break the fetters forged by ignorance, and come forth free, untrammeled, worthy citizens of the United States. Under the present conditions, it is impossible to accommodate more than a very small number of students, and the project has been launched to provide more buildings, enlarged equipment; in fact, to bring to full fruition the plans so dear to the heart of Lincoln.

And what more noble cause than this? What more worthy of philanthropic interest? A most appropriate monument this to the man of lofty ideals—a monument that will endure, when chiseled marble has crumbled to decay, when eulogy has trembled into silence—a monument that is builded of the living flesh and blood, the throbbing hearts of these mountain lads and lassies and their descendents for generations to come.

How appropriate it seems that at this banquet board to honor Abraham Lincoln should be gathered four speakers—from the East, the West, the North and the South, suggesting the Union indivisible. The glory of the eloquent words that come from the sons of the South, the breezy phrases of the sons of the West, and the sturdy tribute of the sons of the North is a tribute in unison of a Nation's expression of the dominant love for the name of Lincoln.

In these days when peace and prosperity, unity and amity bless our beloved land, our thoughts and hearts go out to those suffering under the black pall of the war cloud across the seas. I can fancy Abraham Lincoln arousing from a troubled couch as in days agone in one of those dreams that haunted his life. He knew the civil conflict would be the last great war on Americans oil, even though it robbed the country of her flower of youth, even though it required that the blood of one million men should stain our land. Now he sees the lives of five million men offered in sacrifice upon the altar of Moloch. He perceived long before the people realized that the great statue of Moloch was but a hollow shell, in which were hidden the priests and royalty, building the fires, opening the great mouth to receive the innocent children for burnt offerings and causing the smoke and flame to burst from the nose and eyes, to further frighten the people and spur them on to greater sacrifice.

Lincoln, as he glimpses this vision, remembered that it was written "I will set my bow in the sky," when the radiance of rainbow appeared—a symbol of Divine promise irradiating colors of seven nations at war. In that rainbow he also recognized the symbol of the promise that the bloody deluge of wars shall subside, and that across the bitter waters stained with blood would fly the dove bearing the branch of olive—a pledge of no more wars.

Lincoln's birthday is fittingly celebrated with the white candle, emblematic of the purity of his motives, a green candle, a symbol of undying remembrance; and the golden candle, which leaves his words and life an imperishable heritage, full of the glow of the sunrise and hope for the future. In those dark days when he arose, with prayers on his lips, he saw the gleam of the stars in our flag—the first flag in all history to have emblazoned upon it a star, carrying the emblem of the light in the east which guided the wise men in the blue dawn of Bethlehem. He saw in our flag a suggestion of the glorious Gift of Galilee—the now fadeless eternal stars—held within that field of blue in our country's flag.

In 1898, on American soil, a tall, stoop-shouldered, blue-eyed prince of the royal blood, as he sat looking into the face of William McKinley, felt the impact of democracy in the very room where Lincoln gathered with his cabinet in the dark days. When he had descended the stairs, I saw this prince looking upon the flag floating proudly to the breezes, and he said, "What a great flag you have. Out of its folds has been born a new flag with a single star—the emblem of the free and independent republic of Cuba!"

In the bursting of the war blaze overseas there came the flash of the proclamation of a king, not phrased in terms of royal mandate, but in words which Abraham Lincoln might have used as he addressed the throngs on the frontier—"my fellow-citizens." In those simple words is a tribute to Abraham Lincoln, who brought to the world the full significance of fellowship in citizenship.

In the hour glass, the sands of time continue to run as in the days of old, and how often fame seems like the hands of a clock marking the hour! There are those whose fame flutters quickly by with the second hand, others more deliberate, with the minute hand, others leisurely with the hour hand, others measuring the day, and others the years, but Lincoln's fame lengthens into cycles, aye into the eternity of time.

Lincoln's fame comprehends the entire lapse of the years. Not alone the illuminated face of the clock, but the rythmic measured swing of the pendulum. The inspiration of his life keeps us mindful of the necessity of rewinding the clock tonight, realizing that no matter what may have been the failures of today, there is ever the hope of tomorrow's fulfillment that comes with the tick-tock of Time's great clock, illumining the ever-living name and fame of Abraham Lincoln.

# The Legend of Saint Methodius

## by Charles Winslow Hall

BOGARIS of Tirnova, Bulgaria's warrior-king,
Sate throned amid his men-at-arms, a grim and mail clad ring.
A stranger, worn and travel-stained, unarmed, unhelmeted,
Stood calmly meeting the fierce gaze of the Slavonian dread.
"Who art thou?" thundered forth the king, "What seekest thou of me?
What service true, what pleasure new, can come from such as ye?"

In accents deep yet strangely sweet, the pilgrim meekly said:
"All worldly aims and earthly hopes in me are cold and dead.
Methodius the Evangelist hath thrown the sword aside,
The greed of gain, the lust of fame, the love of child and bride.
And from the far Bosphorus I come to bring to thee
The message which the King of Kings hath deigned to send by me.

"Yet though its priceless tidings, outweigh the brightest gem
That blazeth on thy sabre's hilt, or in thy diadem:
Skill have I in the limner's art, and on thy walls shall live
Whatever scene from God's fair earth thy high behest shall give:
And in return I ask but bread, the water of the rill,
And freedom here before thy chiefs, to speak my master's will."

Bogaris started to his feet: "Welcome! Thrice welcome here.
Ho! Bid them open wide the gates of the great Hall of Fear,
Let the red torches show our guest the pictured walls which tell
How great Bogaris won his crown in battles fierce and fell."
Prompt at his word the brazen gates opened with thund'rous clang.
And on the marble sheath of steel and jingling rowel rang.

By the red torches' lurid glare, Methodius gazed in dread,
On pictured rapine, torture, woe, and carnage wide and red.
Leading the phalanx' deadly wedge, Bogaris, drenched in gore,
Heaped high with corpses rocky wastes, beside a wreck-strewn shore.
Or smiled exultant, as poor babes, tossed from his cruel spears,
Fell at the feet of mothers wronged beyond relief of tears:
Or saw in crumbling chaos, the city wall go down
And fire and massacre complete the ruin of the town.

There, wan and famine-stricken, the foemen writhed in death,
Crushed by huge stones and blazing beams; and here with tortured breath,
And hideous stare, the crucified hung between earth and sky.
There lacking seemed no ghastly form of all the deaths men die.
"Ho painter! Place on yon blank wall a scene more dread than these;
Then come to me, nor ask in vain such boon as thou shalt please."

They left Methodius all alone in the great Hall of Fear.
The bronze doors clanged behind the king; nor friend nor foe was near.
Each day upon the threshold stood a dole of wine and bread:
His couch the spoils of bear and wolf, slain by Bogaris dread.
But on the seventh day his voice rang from the vaulted hall,
"Ho! Vassels of Bogaris! The king the courtiers call."

They came from board and council, from sword-play, dance and chase,
Bulgaria's fiercest chivalry, the noblest of his race.
Their voices loud in mocking, their lips were red with wine.
But speechless in the Hall of Fear, they stood and made no sign.
The terrors of the Day of Doom the painter's skill had shown,
And the All-mighty Lord of All sate on His judgment throne.

There unto slaughter merciless, on a white charger led,
One followed close by Death and Hell, Famine and Carnage red.
Around them gleamed the wolves' fierce jaws, and flapped the raven's wings
As they ate the flesh of captains, and drank the blood of kings:
And crumbled into dust the power and riches of the world,
As the ancient oak is shattered when the lebin-bolt is hurled.

Before that dread tribunal, bowed warriors, pale with fear
Whose courage and whose crimes alike had been unrivalled here.
Here mighty kings knelt sceptreless, there women proud and fair,
Shuddered to scan their earthly crimes, the future's dark despair.
There Avarice and Rapine threw their useless gold away.
Here Cruelty and Murder shrank from the accusing clay

Of countless victims. All the woe with which the earth is filled:
The mighty seas of human blood in countless ages spilled:
The nameless crimes: the countless wrongs done to the poor and weak:
Yea and their sure avenging too, seemed from the wall to speak
And when Bogaris saw, he feared, his heart within him died,
He ceased from mocking laugh and sneer, and cast away his pride.

"Thou seest," said Methodius, "that great and awful day
In which all earthly power and pomp, and pride shall pass away,
In the dread furnace of God's wrath like withered straw thou art,
Nor flight nor wile can him beguile whose eye can read each heart.
I bring His words of peace and love to thee and thine today,
Ere in the furnace of His wrath thy power shall pass away."

Bogaris of Bulgaria bowed low his haughty head
And far and wide on every side, low knelt his warriors dread,
"Our homage and our swords," he said, "to none on earth we yield,
We well can hold our fatherland with scimitar and shield;
But lead us to the knowledge and the mercy of your God
And turn aside in life and death His all-avenging rod."
And when Bogaris and his peers all penitent were gone
Methodius in the Hall of Fear, knelt, rapt in prayer—alone.

# BOOKS *of the* MONTH

A MODEST little volume with a title that lures in these days when women are taking a more active part in business and professional life has been prepared by Miss Mary A. Laselle and Miss Katherine Wiley, instructors in the Technical High School of Newton, Massachusetts. The title itself, "Vocations for Girls,"* commands attention and interest, and is followed by an introduction by Mr. Meyer Bloomfield, director of the Vocational Bureau of Boston, which tells how two teachers in a large high school undertook to prepare a book after studying the question from the viewpoint of the boys and the girls with whom they came in daily contact.

The movement for training youth for efficient self-support is no longer a fad—it must become the aim and basis of school efficiency. Those teachers who do not recognize this and the conditions, environment, and surroundings which demand it, are making a great mistake. The volume is just a plain presentation of facts that every girl ought to know, and the girl who has chosen a vocation for which she is not fitted, is almost as much to be pitied as if she had made an unfitting marriage, for the struggling stenographer often finds that she should have been a nurse, and the inefficient teacher realizes that she should have become a dressmaker. It is the old problem of finding the work into which you can put your heart and enthusiasm, and find out what you can do well.

The first chapter is "Salesmanship." Even the masculinity of the word fades from view in the broad presentation of this new field and wider scope of feminine endeavor.

"Stenography and Typewriting" is a chapter that will very likely be read and re-read, because it indicates a knowledge of the trials and tribulations in studying, and does not forget to emphasize the one thing that so many learn too late, and that is simply how to spell and use the English language. But alas, these are arts that some never seem able to acquire. The details of wages and hours are discussed, but the fact is plainly pointed out that when the stenographer finds that she is not increasing her ability from day to day, where possible opportunities afford, she may as well try something else. Even the work of a social secretary is outlined, and the one important little sentence appears on page twenty, in reference to "confidence," and what it means to be trusted not to talk about business affairs outside of the office. This might explain the difficulty of many girls who have never been able to hold positions.

A stenographer is encouraged to know how to write letters without dictation, and to realize that when she leaves the business college, she has but begun—that knowledge and efficiency are, after all, the power that increases salaries. Again and again is emphasized the necessity for studying spelling, and a serious, systematic effort to enlarge the vocabulary, for when she comes to the point where she can write a better letter than the man who dictates it, then Miss Stenographer becomes indispensable.

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* "Vocations for Girls." By Mary A. Laselle and Katherine Wiley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, 85 cents net.

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The story of "The Telephone Operator" reveals how much it means to train the voice. It involves as much detail as that of studying singing or speaking, and all through their book these teachers repeat their advice, to look first to one's health. How simple a thing it is to push forward if the mind is concentrated and the energies bent toward that purpose. The story is told of a Greek girl working in a factory, without a relative in this country, and never earning more than eight dollars a week. With this meager salary she paid her expenses, dressed neatly, took music lessons, enjoyed a trip to the White Mountains and to Washington, and when she returned to her home in Athens, she had traveled more than many girls in this country who had twice as much. But she made the sacrifices that the average American girl could not be expected to make.

Another girl proved that intellectual growth and factory life are not incompatible, and became the possessor of a fine collection of books. It does not take many books, nor a large investment of money to amass a really valuable library. A story is told of a Swedish girl who had been in a factory ten years, eager to bring her brother to this country. He and his family came from Sweden, and his sister met them at the dock, gave them their first automobile ride from the station, and welcomed them to a cozy, modest flat she had furnished from her own savings. But don't forget that she had strength and health.

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There are girls who just naturally love to cook—to prepare dainty dishes, and it is told of two young girls that they cleared fifteen hundred dollars in one year by keeping a small tea room in a college town, and did all the cooking themselves. Good cooking teachers are rare and in demand, and we may well believe that this is one of the occupations not overcrowded.

The chapter on "Nursing" emphasizes the necessity of the nurse being ready to meet the long, wearisome hours of convalescence as well as the critical time in illness. Every branch of the calling from that of the nursemaid to the superintendent of a hospital is aptly considered.

"Sewing and Millinery" is largely a natural gift—for some just simply know how to make this hat or that hat look well, and every woman must have a new hat once in so often—something that will make her look different, or even young again. The department stores have classes in dressmaking, and a little knowledge of sewing in time saves a lot of trouble. Here, as in all fields, there are great opportunities of advancement for the girl with artistic taste who is a skilled needlewoman and good manager, and the girl who can design becoming hats and has the patience and tact to get the right hat to the right person is assured of a good income.

* * *

There was a time when the only thing open to a girl was school teaching, and the modern school teacher must know her pupils not as a group, but individually. There is, perhaps, no other vocation in which women are exercising so powerful an influence as in teaching, because they are molding the minds and hearts of the future men and women of the country. Curiously enough, the teacher is not paid a salary commensurate with her ability, or the preparation necessary for the work, for the good teacher is always a student—she not only must study the subjects she is to teach, but the workings of the mind (psychology) and the good teacher always keeps before the pupil the vision of success, and reiterates the words of Emerson: "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm." Could you expect enthusiastic boys and girls without an enthusiastic teacher? The education of today teaches the boys and girls to work harmoniously in groups for the good of the whole, but the teacher without enthusiasm and broad sympathies can do great harm rather than good.

In connection with teaching comes the chapter on "Kindergartening and the Montessori System." Choosing between kindergarten and general teaching is a decision that necessitates a strict self-analysis, to find out whether or not there is a strong love for little children, to find out whether or not it will be possible to enter into their little games, to direct their simple work and imagination without the spirit of condescension. We are told how "Marguerite, a dreamer," who was the despair of her practical, hard-working mother and father, decided on taking up kindergarten work, and it seemed such a radical change from her previous butterfly existence that she was asked why. "I just love them," she said, "and they taught me that life was too wonderful a thing to fritter away." The story of Dr. Maria Montessori simply involves the observation of the self-directed activities of children.

The ideal librarian must love books and humanity, have an unconscious appreciation of the best books, and a sympathetic insight into the needs of the people who visit the library. This in contrast to the librarian who hands out books as though they were bricks and looks up from her absorbed reading with a look of impatience at being disturbed. Without the love of books, the richest man is poor, but endowed with this, the poorest man is rich, and the library now has become as necessary an institution to the small town, city or village as was the church years ago.

* * *

Now we come to the problem—"Domestic Service"—and we can see the disgusted look which comes over the face of most girls when they read even the heading of the chapter. It is not necessary to recite why it is so, because the domestic feels herself at the bottom of the social ladder, has comparatively little time of her own, must live in her employer's home in the poorest room of the house, receiving little consideration that is not condescending, and a constant suggestion of inferiority. There you have the reason, but with what enthusiasm the authors tackle the problem, and insist that while these unfavorable conditions do exist, there is a service that may be rendered by the young woman who lives at home and not lower her self-respect, and yet earn a satisfactory wage—but that depends on how the work is done. There are girls who are doing just the mending of families, having a certain day or an hour for performing the work—in other words, they specialize—and the next generation of housewives ought to be good housekeepers if they utilize the knowledge of home economics that is pouring in upon them, and how much better the work is done when the housewife knows just a little bit of how this or that should be done, so that she can have her work intelligently directed.

The book is replete with interesting incidents, such as that of a young girl suddenly left without means, having to face the support of an invalid mother. She had been well educated in academic subjects, but not qualified to teach or to enter business. One day a chance remark of a visitor opened her eyes to her capabilities, and she found that she just had the "knack" of keeping a house neat and tidy. The next day she discovered a friend who was not a housekeeper, and went there daily at a wage of eight dollars a week, just to straighten that house, and was less than two hours doing it. Later she received fifteen dollars a week for the service, and had five houses to take care of, and yet they say that domestic service does not pay.

* * *

Contrasting the conditions of forty years ago, with those of today, you have the more pathetic phase of the girl who stays at home. The love of excitement and change, of meeting strangers, has its appeal to the girl who seeks to get away from the humdrum of staying at home. But hasn't the girl at home better advantages for all-round growth and development than her sister in a business office? There are the lectures, concerts, and intellectual treats which she has the time to attend. The girls of colonial times who stayed at home, compared with those of modern times, must have had "hard lines," for then there was always something to do. She did not read much because she had no spare time and few books, but she was not unlettered, and her knowledge of human nature and her self-reliance were something that have been lost in the law of compensation between the modern girl and the dream girl of long ago.

The authors have not overlooked the study of vocations for the country girl, who has realized what she can do with the little vegetable or flower garden. They tell of one Cape Cod girl who earned more than a school teacher in the entire year by selling flowers to summer boarders; and a Wellesley graduate nearby sells enough choice fruit to support both herself and her father because she knows how to select it. They have not overlooked raising chickens. Some girls can make pies for which campers will gladly pay twenty-five cents—because they are good pies.

The avocation should be the work that one loves best, because it naturally develops a fuller life, and the girls that love books and are obliged to give up thoughts of a university course can take up some special subject.

The last chapter glows with the title of "The Successful Girl." There is a magic about that word "success," and it is shown that of two girls of apparently equal attainments and ability, one will succeed and the other will fail, for the very stars in their courses seem to fight against the inefficient girl; if she is a typist, her machine is always out of order, and she never can find anything. If she is a cook, the fire never cooks anything right, and the conclusion is drawn that a girl should learn all that can be taught about an occupation before attempting to earn her living by it. The orderly person usually eliminates about a half of the hard struggle. Dispatch is the impress of a strong mind, because, after all, the will is really the spur that "drives" work. Success in all undertakings depends on being ready for an emergency, not only doing routine work well, but being ready to act when initiative and responsibility are required.

It is interesting to note the dominant impression left in the mind after reading the book. To my taste, the picture of the successful girl—the climax in the closing chapter, for which all that comes before seems to have been built up—is a wonderful forecast of the future, and mere man, jealous of the prerogatives of his sex, must look to his laurels.

* * *

TO Mr. John H. Williams of Tacoma, Washington, the thanks of all Americans are due for his three beautiful books —"The Mountain that was 'God,' " "The Guardians of the Columbia," and "Yo Semite and its High Sierra."* To these should be added the fourth—Mr. Williams' edition of Winthrop's "Canoe and Saddle."

Fully and superbly illustrated, with vivid descriptions of the scenes presented and notices of their traditions and history, these books are of great value and delight, and must long remain the most attractive pictures in line and brief word of the natural splendors of the Pacific Slope.

"Yo Semite and its High Sierra" must have been a charming and most helpful guide to visitors to the Exposition who went into the mountains. No one needs to be urged to visit the famous region in these days; on the contrary many are like the eminent Bavarian explorer, Robert von Schlagintweit, who in 1869, coming out of the Valley, said to an ingoing traveler whom he met at "Clarke's;" "When I was a boy, and we were beginning, in Europe, to hear of the wonders of Yo Semite, I thought if I could live to see it I should be willing to die. Now I have seen it, and I want to live to remember it."

We all wish to see and remember, and we are greatly indebted to Mr. Williams for the excellent taste and discrimination and sympathetic insight of these books that so delightfully assist us to do both.

* * *

WAR and romance walk hand in hand throughout "The Nurse's Story."† One can scarcely detect whether this story is a true record of events experienced by the writer, so bravely does it wear the semblance of truth. Adele Bleneau, the daughter of a skilled physician of Louisiana, upon the death of her father at the outbreak of the great war, volunteers her services to the Red Cross, and as she is a skilled nurse, she is welcomed in the hospitals at the front. Her observations on life and character and various incidents of her life at the front, the strong attachment formed between herself and an English captain whom she met on the Lusitania *en voyage* from America—an attachment which culminates happily at the end of the story, make a book of strong heart as well as war interest. Adele tells her story in a simple, interesting manner, without that touch of conceit which so often spoils a tale told in the first person. Throughout the story are sidelights on personalities and national characteristics that in themselves make interesting reading.

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*"Yo Semite and its High Sierra." By John H. Williams. Price, cloth, $1.50; leather, $2.50.

† "The Nurse's Story." By Adele Bleneau. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, $1.25 net.

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EVERYBODY goes to see the "movies." Everyone is interested in learning how the wonderful comedies, tragedies, travelogues, educational demonstrations and historical events are reproduced for the eye and condensed into such tiny films that a small casket of them contains material for the use of a large theatre for many performances. To a multitude of striking and beautiful *tours de force* which in the beginning constituted the main charm of the movie picture, have succeeded a vast number of photo-plays with a regular cast of characters, ornate and often splendid scenery, and the services of the best and most successful actors and actresses known to the legitimate stage. The success of this new development has necessitated the writing of a great number of plays, comedies, dramas, tragedies, etc., which must take rank in interest, action and novelty with the best productions of the stage. Necessarily, the photo-play is rendered largely by pantomime, since the players are seldom aided at all by the spoken word; their words are suggested by their actions, assisted by certain descriptive words thrown upon the screen, answering in fact to the verbal announcement of the ancient chorus, not infrequently met with in Shakespeare and other ancient writers.

J. BERG ESENWEIN

A photo-play in the program of a moving picture theater, like the short story of the popular magazine, supplies the dramatic or comic element; and, in some cases the program of a moving picture show, for several days of each week, consists entirely of such photo-plays, just as some magazines consist entirely of complete or serial fiction. As a result, the all-photo-play program is made up entirely of what would answer to the drama or comedy of the legitimate stage.

It is evident that the highest type of theatrical composition is needed to perfect plays of this sort, which owe everything to the eye, assisted by the genius of the player in representing the varied emotions and actions of the characters. At the same time, a large number of successful photo-play films have been founded on scenarios contributed by writers who have never before attempted anything in connection with the stage; and as the demand for such plays is constantly increasing, a work explaining what is needed, how it should be prepared, submitted for acceptation and adapted to the special needs of certain houses engaged in photo-play supplies, should be of great general interest.

J. Berg Esenwein and Arthur Leeds have recently prepared "Writing the Photoplay,"* which appears to be, as is claimed, a complete manual of instruction in the nature, writing and marketing of the moving picture play. It is liberally illustrated, a number of the pictures showing the immense plant used as the stage and studio in which the new plays are prepared for distribution.

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APPROPRIATELY bound in Belgian blue, a new novel by Joe Mitchell Chapple entitled "The Heart Chord"† is already counted one of the popular successes of the season. Mr. Chapple, as the maker of "Heart Throbs" and "Heart Songs," is already known to book lovers throughout the country.

A modest preface, contrary to the usual custom, in "The Heart Chord" explains it all as it involves the widely varied phases of editorial life from a country weekly and daily newspaper to a magazine of nation-wide fame. The story is a succession of scenes and is graphically told.

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*"Writing the Photo-play." By J. Berg Esenwein and Arthur Leeds. Springfield, Mass.: The Home Correspondence School. Price, $2.00 net; by mail, $2.12.

†"The Heart Chord." By Joe Mitchell Chapple. Boston: The Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd. Price, $1.35 net.

There is a simplicity in Mr. Chapple's treatment of his characters that makes one recognize the truth in the little verse:

> "There is so much bad in the best of us,
> And so much good in the worst of us,
> That it hardly behooves any of us
> To talk about the rest of us."

Elbert Ainsworth, the hero, develops from an ordinary boy to a strong and virile Congressman. Boss Bart, though he had his faults, is a lovable and interesting man. Veo is the sweetest and most charming little character in the book. Mrs. Daniels, strong and vigorous, is perhaps one of the most artistic characters, but then it would not be right to tell you about all these people without telling the story, and the scenes of the story are laid in the quietude of rural and village life and the exciting rush and bustle of Chicago and Washington. It is to be regretted that Mr. Chapple did not give us a better and more detailed account of Washington social life, which he knows so well, but perhaps that is reserved for another story.

The book is affectionately dedicated to the mothers, school teachers and wives, those whose vital influence helps many men to success.

* * *

AN eminent archeologist, speaking recently of the work of Miss Alice Fletcher of Washington, said: "She is one of the wonder-women of the world." Her book just issued, "Indian Games and Dances with Native Songs,"* is another proof of her research and sympathetic interpretation.

Of Indian dances she says: "Every Indian dance has a meaning. The dance is generally either the acting out of some mythic story or the presentation of a personal experience. Every movement of the body, arms, hands, feet and head is always in strict time with the songs that invariably accompany the dance. Indian dances are complex rather than simple. Their 'spontaneous activity' is not the result of 'a dominating emotion,' but of a desire to present dramatically certain mental pictures. This is particularly true of dances which form a part of religious ceremonials. As a consequence, none of these dances are improvised. All follow forms that have been handed down through generations and have become more or less conventionalized. . . . A study of these dances shows that by means of them the vocations of men and women were lifted out of drudgery, made types of activity and allied to the forces recognized in the religious beliefs of the nation." Among these dances none is more significant and poetic than that which portrays the life of the corn: ". . . Mother Corn who breathes forth life."

Of the Indian games she writes: "All the games here presented have been played in our land for untold generations, while traces of articles used for them have been found in the oldest remains on this continent."

ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE STREAK" *

Altogether, this is a delightful book, revealing anew the poetry in the heart and life of the Indian, and charmingly supplementing Miss Fletcher's previous studies.

* * *

DESIROUS of showing those who look with gloom upon the present war that ultimately good will come of it, as has been the case in our own American history, Josiah Nicholas Kidd has written in compelling verse "The Riddle of the

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*"Indian Games and Dances with Native Songs." By Alice C. Fletcher. Boston: C. C. Birchard & Co. Price, $1.00.

*"The Streak." By David Potter. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.25 net.

Beast."* He declares that God must be reckoned with in all world movements, and that he will turn this unfortunate conflict toward accomplishing his own good purposes. At present we cannot see that the precipitation of the European war can be condoned, but of course a world chastened by sorrow must stop and reflect when it is all over, and possibly there will be more charity and brotherly kindness among the nations than is being experienced at the present moment.

ILLUSTRATING "THE REAL ADVENTURE"

IT almost seems that Rose, the heroine of "The Real Adventure,"† by Henry Kitchell Webster, is an abnormal character, for it is unbelievable that a young woman happily married to a man who could give her all the advantages of wealth and good position and who desired her happiness above all other things, would care to give up these things and start out to wrest her living alone and unaided from a harsh and unsympathetic world. Yet this is what she did, and was meteorically successful at it. We must, of course, remember that she had advantages which do not usually fall to the lot of the ordinary working girl, and that may help to account for her so easily adapting herself to her work. And when at last she consents to acknowledge that she is Rodney's wife and to let him see just what she has accomplished, she has established herself in her own business and her husband, home and babies are to be incidentals to her career. Of course she was goaded to do as she did partly by the reproaches of an elder sister, and partly by her desire to do something that would put to use the latent powers that she felt were being wasted. More sympathy goes to the husband than to the wife. He did just what was best—let her carve out her career without any hindrance from him, save one or two occasions when it seemed more than he could bear. But owing to his sanity there was no great scandal. As we look at the matter from another angle, we are forced to give Rose a little sympathy, for she did want to be more than a spoiled, petted woman, kept for the amusement and pleasure of the man who had married her—something of a parasite, in short, who could not share her husband's real life, or even care for her own children. The story is original and full of interest, for one cannot help wanting to know just how Rose made her life count, and there are carefully drawn pictures of contemporary American life. The book is charmingly illustrated by R. M. Crosby.

* * *

HOW refreshing it is to find a book of verse that gleams with good humor—it is almost as rare as a blue dandelion. Miss Madeline Bridges is the author of a volume of humorous verse called "The Open Book,"* and its name does not belie its contents, which somewhat suggests the verse of John G. Saxe, and furnishes gleams of humor that fit the mood of almost every day of the year. The very titles of the poems make interesting reading, and "The Open Book" is dedicated in an original way. The first poem is "Fate and Lace Work," and then we are confronted with such headlines as "My Neighbor," "The Mad, Mad Hats," and the plaintive "Cry of the Hostess."

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*"The Riddle of the Beast." By Josiah Nicholas Kidd. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. Price, $1.00 net.

†"The Real Adventure." By Henry Kitchell Webster. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, $1.50 net.

*"The Open Book." By Madeline Bridges. New York: The Knickerbocker Press. Price, $1.25.

"Between the Lines" has a tragic suggestion, but it refers only to the "lines" of a love letter. The book reveals how narrow is the shadowy borderland between smiles and tears. It is redolent with the discussion of the ever-interesting subject of love, on which over half the literature of the age is based. There is a pretty little tribute to "Peggy" and "The Happiest Time."

It is just such a book as one would feel like quoting from extensively, for the verses are as brief as they are crisp. There are suggestions of new forms and formulas for lovers who would tell the old, old story —three verses are taken to describe what a real lover is like; and the last poem is just entitled "Why?" in which the full and unalloyed assurance of femininity "raised to its highest power" is felt and expressed.

With one hundred and twenty pages of verse that is worth having around to dip into now and then, a reader should be well content, for if a person with a smiling and pleasant way is always welcome, why not a book, and Miss Bridges has certainly prepared that sort of a volume in "The Open Book."

* * *

IN the early years of American colonization, the distinctions of family, nobility, church, military and naval rank were keenly appreciated and even kept in mind and observation. With the lapse of time and the inroads of democratic ideas, these were largely lost sight of and even bitterly publicly condemned and renounced by many families, who nevertheless kept alive the traditions and to a great extent the pride and exclusiveness of their real or supposed ancestors.

As the years have grown into decades and even centuries, the desire to know and to understand what manner of men founded, built up and made illustrious the institutions under which we live has greatly increased, and the British homes from which they or their ancestors emigrated, appeal to us with greater force and increased effect on the imaginations and reflective faculties of our people. We are only beginning to realize how closely our own great pioneers of the past were connected with the English homes and the English worthies of the England of Queen Elizabeth, Charles the First, Cromwell, Milton and other characters whose history has hitherto been too greatly a record of outland peoples, scenes and interests. Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, in her latest work, "English Ancestral Homes of Noted Americans,"* has set down the story of her own pilgrimages and describes Scrooby Manor House, the home of William Brewster; Elton, the birthplace of the father of Benjamin Franklin; the Manor of Austerfield, where William Bradford first saw the light, and the town hall at Boston in whose cells the first Pilgrims were

MADELINE BRIDGES
Author of "The Open Book"

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* "English Ancestral Homes of Noted Americans." By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $2.00 net; half morocco, $4.00 net.

imprisoned for attempting to emigrate to Holland; Sulgrave Manor, now a farmhouse, but once the home of Laurence Washington and Brington Church, where the Stars and Stripes are to be seen in the armorial bearings of Washington; Richmansworth, where Sir William Penn spent the first years of his married life; and many other scenes connected with Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Henry Vane, Captain John Smith, Sir Francis Drake and other worthies are finely illustrated and interestingly described.

*Photo by Moffett Studio*
HERBERT KAUFMAN

* * *

THE world needs just such a book as Herbert Kaufman's "Neighbors,"* in which plain truths mingle with heart sentiments, and teach anew the old lesson that all men are our neighbors. How often our nearest and dearest, whom we often treat so sternly, and who should have first claim to our tenderness and love, lack the kindly counsel and sympathy which would make their life sweeter and happier and often would keep them from going wrong. Many a harsh word or deed has turned one with a promise of good into a being of no account. The author faces the facts that prejudice and passion, selfishness and sorrow exist in the world, and he pleads for tolerance, sympathy, and understanding to make the world a better place in which to live. "There'd be far less suffering and pessimism on earth if we'd set out to find the best in folks half as hard as we search for the worst."

* * *

BRIGHT, cheery, self-reliant, and not a bit egotistical, Prudence, the heroine in "Prudence of the Parsonage,"* looks after her father, the minister, and her four lively sisters. Prudence, being the eldest, assumes management of the Methodist parsonage, and she is quite delighted when, after various trying experiences with the homes dedicated to her father's use, she at last lives in one that has a furnace and is supplied with electric lights. Here she starts in to care for her "family," and the story of their doings is charmingly told by Ethel Hueston. How Prudence found a lover is a delightful story in itself. The book contains several delightful illustrations by Arthur William Brown.

* * *

HEALTH is one of the greatest assets a person can have, and we cannot be too grateful to anyone who will point the way to holding fast this precious gift. "The Touchstone,"† by J. W. Beckman, is not one of the theoretic books with which we are over-supplied, but it is built upon the experience of the author, who went through a four-year struggle for health and life, and this book is the result of his discoveries during that period. The little volume bristles with sane, sensible advice for the physical and mental well-being, and Mr. Beckman feels convinced that if followed intelligently, his theories will produce the results regardless of conflicting theories or adverse opinion. The secret of life is to be in harmony with Nature, and not to run counter to her laws. When one does that, he must expect trouble. To make good is the one command that all things must obey or perish, and that is the command that "The Touchstone" meets. The rules of life worked out by Mr. Beckman are simple and easy to follow by anyone with a sincere desire for health and right living. His meaning is always clear, and not buried beneath a mass of ornate rhetoric that leaves one with but little information. Careful directions in regard to fasting so often undertaken by people blindly without proper care for the system are given, and exercise, under Mr. Beckman's deft handling, is shown to be one of the means by which health and strength may be attained. Several good illustrations of the most beneficial exercises, with explanatory data, add to the value of the book. Mental attitude, which the author says has a remarkable bearing upon the health of the individual, is fully discussed. The eyes, too, receive a greater share of attention than is usually given to this important part of the human body. Eye exercises are described, and certainly it is just as possible for the eyes to gain strength and health through exercising their muscles as any other part of the body. Scattered through the book are observations that prove Mr. Beckman to be a deep thinker and philosopher.

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*"Neighbors." By Herbert Kaufman. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, 75 cents net.

* "Prudence of the Parsonage." By Ethel Hueston. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, $1.25 net.

†"The Touchstone." By J. W. Beckman. Boston: E. M. Dunbar. Price, $1.00 net; postage, 10 cents.

Recently the McClure Newspaper Syndicate has decided to syndicate his quaint, epigrammatic sayings under the heading "Beck's Biffs," and Mr. Beckman is also in charge of the publicity department of the Vitagraph studios.

For its sane outlook upon life and its many problems, "The Touchstone" is to be heartily recommended. Now just a word about a striking feature of its makeup—it is printed on a soft tone of gray paper, which is easy on the eyes and pleasing to the sight.

WHEN John Howard started out in life, he was as poor, if not poorer, than the proverbial church mouse, and it took a good deal of courage and will to wait for his big opportunity. He was a lawyer and he was determined to wrest position and power from life. In the accomplishment of this aim he ruthlessly pushes aside all that would hinder his course. He lives in a cheap boarding house in Baltimore, and the only companionable person there is a young school teacher, Margaret Gilmor, with whom he becomes friendly and even loves her. After winning his first big case, he realizes that marriage with Margaret would interfere with his ambition, so he casts aside her friendship and goes forth alone in pursuit of that fortune which seems to him the only thing in life worth having. Life gives him that which he desires, and he becomes the big power in his city. The only compromise he makes with life is when he marries Hilda Cameron, daughter of the most powerful man in the city, at

ENOS A. MILLS
Author of "The Rocky Mountain Wonderland"*

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*"The Rocky Mountain Wonderland." By Enos A. Mills. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, $1.75 net.

a time when this step will save him from ruin. The marriage brings him no happiness, for he does not love Hilda. After years of success Howard is suddenly brought face to face with the fact that he must give up his work, for he is stricken with a fatal malady. On his last day in the office Margaret Gilmor, who has become a physician, and is also intensely interested in social work, comes to him for help for a labor union which is on a strike and is in need of legal assistance. She depends on their former friendship to secure his help. Disregarding his serious condition, Howard plans to take up the cause of the union, and in looking after the affair is thrown much in the society of Margaret. Her enthusiasm for the cause becomes his, and he plans to plead the case himself. The end of "The Conquest"* is somewhat of a surprise, but we feel that it is as it should be.

* * *

TEN pictures of the people directly concerned in and responsible for the inception and progress of the European conflict are perhaps the most interesting feature of Hall Caine's recent book, "The Drama of Three Hundred and Sixty-five Days."† He writes of recent events with a master hand and shows us with vivid realism the life of the soldiers who would not fight were they not compelled to by their overlords. It is a world survey, for all countries are concerned: England, with her numerous colonies rising to her aid; France, her loyal citizens eager to avenge the wrongs done their homeland in days gone by; Russia, land of mysticism and religion, whose people, though neglected, are proud of their country and will fight and die for her; Belgium, whose wrongs cannot be extenuated; America, the great neutral land, whose sympathetic hand has been stretched out to all who suffer; Italy, whose position as member of the Triple Alliance was particularly hard, taking sides on what she deemed the right; and the torn and bleeding province of Poland; Germany, blind, cold and determined in her mad pursuit of power and supremacy, are all before us. This is the most vividly realistic of all the books on the war.

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THE problem of unemployment in America is one of the most puzzling, anxious and dangerous questions which the public man of today must study and, if possible, solve for the greatest good of the people. Why in this new land, after millions of acres have been given away by the government to whoever had the slightest claim to such liberality; after immense public works and public utilities over the land have distributed millions, and have opened immense fields of new labor, enterprise and prosperity, there should still be necessities for the expenditure of immense sums and the efforts of hundreds of organizations to provide hundreds of men and women with legitimate employment, is a paradox which threatens society with many and varied evils. While unemployment has not as yet received its full recognition as one of the dangers affecting the body politic, it has of late impressed upon public men the fact that patriotism, municipal and local pride, family ties and the relations between employer and employee, are all menaced by the fact that a very large number of people willing to work are unable to find the barest wages that will ensure steady comfort and support. Frances A. Kellor, author of "Experimental Sociology" and similar works, has issued through the house of G. P. Putnam's Sons of New York City, "Out of Work,"* a study of unemployment, which appears to be a careful analysis of all the conditions and especially the means of relieving this widespread evil.

Unlike other works of this kind, it does not take the most pessimistic view of the present or future, but makes many specific suggestions to every employer, official and public-minded citizen, which, if put into operation, will lessen the evil and largely eliminate it as one of the labor troubles of the Republic.

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*"The Conquest." By Sidney L. Nyburg. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.25 net.

† "The Drama of Three Hundred and Sixty-five Days." By Hall Caine. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.00 net.

*"Out of Work." By Frances A. Kellor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, $1.50 net.

CROWDED with the incident and romance of the long ago, comes "Beltane the Smith,"* a romance of the greenwood by Jeffery Farnol. Young Beltane, growing up in deep seclusion, under the guidance of Ambrose the Hermit, is taught all the mystery of woodcraft, but learns nothing of the ways and hearts of men and women. One day he is visited in his forest fastness by a beautiful woman, Helen of Mortain, with whom he falls in love, and from then on through daring and reckless adventures, he progresses to a knowledge of the secret of his birth and gains his lost dukedom. The love element is woven into the story in a most fascinating manner, and the novel is refreshing in that it deals with those far distant years when chivalry was all in all.

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PHILIP LANDICUTT, the hero of "The Three Things,"† grandson of Philip Morton, the millionaire ex-groom of Lord Carlisle, and of a great English gentlewoman's maid, at twenty-three the son of a beautiful mother and she a widow, is seized with that terrible war fever, which in the name of right, necessity, native land, and that strange passion for a possible martyrdom which has called so many billions of so many great and varied races into the arena of war.

American gentleman as he claimed to be, religiously agnostic, yet full of a sense of duty supreme and not to be avoided without wrong and shame, and unable to see in this German people one single atom of redeeming goodness, Phil Landicutt went away to England to become a gentleman volunteer.

Deftly, sweetly, naturally are depicted the scenes between mother and son; with a strange realism Miss Andrews depicts life and death in the trenches, wherein Philip Landicutt must perforce in all comradery serve with and for "Lefty," his cockney right-hand man, now mending socks for him between the "sniping" and artillery jolts. Philip learns that he and "Lefty" are cousins, but he holds his peace. Then the charge begins and together they advance and are full of the fierce issue of conflict, and then Phil goes down wounded, and is carried back by Lefty to the English lines—only to fall again, and for poor, faithful, strong Lefty the last time. Then the false barrier of aristocratic pride breaks down, and Lefty dies, happy and content that he, too, is of the earth's real noblemen.

JEFFERY FARNOL

After hospital, a week in ruined Dixmude, trapped in an old Flemish inn, with a half-grown girl, sought mercilessly because she had signalled the German coming, her happiest thought the promise of the stern pale Englishman to shoot her if the worst befell her.

Then the English return and the child is placed with the Red Cross, bearing a little note to "Meggie," his mother, should the little waif be driven to America.

During a terrible struggle for the Yser, a very berserk in his strength and rage, he fought until he fell strengthless. Again in the hospital, this time between two hated Germans, Phil learns at last to love both, and he called the younger Bavarian "*bruder*." Then they sent him home, where his mother cared for him and rich Uncle Jemmy accepted his every new viewpoint, and the beautiful girl of Dixmude fell at his feet to worship the young American, who as an arrogant aristocrat, a hater of all Teutons, and a cynical agnostic, had nevertheless given all to right the great wrong of his time.

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*"Beltane the Smith." By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $1.50 net.

†"The Three Things." By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, 50 cents net.

# The Lure of Loganberries

## by

## Morris Lombard

AFTER reading an account of moving west in the early days, and the struggles and privations entailed in simply building up a new home, some of the plans that are now evolved, make moving seem like a recreation jaunt. The hundreds of thousands of people who traveled west last year to witness the Expositions, were interested in finding all over the coast country, farms and cultivated land, covering an area which, a few years previous, had been arid, unproductive, and almost entirely untilled. One of these reclaimed districts that I passed through in Oregon, was the Sutherlin Valley, a little less than two hundred miles from Portland. It is ten miles long and three miles wide, and enjoys a uniform climate the year round. Its development is due to the system of irrigation, the water being taken from the Calapooia River on the east, and brought down in canals on either side of the valley, from which it is distributed over the land. About five thousand acres are covered by the irrigation system, and of this amount, three thousand have been planted to fruit trees, principally apples and pears. All through

A GLIMPSE OF CHARMING SUTHERLIN VALLEY

SMALL ORCHARD TRACT AND RESIDENCE NEAR FOOTHILLS

This is a typical view of Sutherlin Valley, which is located so that it is convenient to have the residence along the foothills. Covered with spruce, fir, pine, laurel and oak, the hills form a picturesque background for the home

HOME OF J. F. LUSE, MANAGER OF SUTHERLIN FRUIT LANDS this district are electric lights, telephone service, free mail delivery, first-class schools and first-class roads, making it seem like just moving out into the suburbs.

The development of the loganberry culture has been specialized in this valley. This is a comparatively new fruit, being a cross between the blackberry and red raspberry, embodying the flavor of both, with a certain tartness which is extremely pleasing to the taste, and which renders them excellent for cooking and all canning or preserving purposes. Loganberry juice is also quite popular at soda fountains. Later, these pioneers found that the loganberry could be dried in the sun, and the demand for both the dried and canned fruit is increasing year by year. On one farm visited, there had been four tons to the acre, and eighty dollars a ton was secured for the fruit. To see carload after carload of loganberries being shipped to canneries, shows how quickly even a new berry can find a ready market. The oldest commercial loganberry tracts in Oregon are twelve years old, and show no signs of depreciation, with the yield fully up to that of former years, and promising to be as long-lived as the famous blackberry bushes.

Plenty of people were there with the facts and figures in printed circulars, showing just how you can make money on a fruit farm, and even purchase it on time.

Not only fruit, but poultry farming is attracting attention to the old slogan of "Be a producer, and not a consumer." which has appealed to many who have dreamed of the time when they could have a chicken farm. The fact that the American hen produces nearly five hundred million dollars a year more than the value of the wheat crop, tells why the people will keep right on developing the poultry farm, despite the dismal reports of the failure of those who attempted it without any previous knowledge, judgment or experience.

I well remember an early trip up from Roseburg, which was at one time the end of the railroad, and there the stage robbers used to center. It is hard to realize that this country, now developing into such fruitful and productive land, was, a few short years ago, the scene for many a "wild west story."

ANOTHER PRODUCT OF SUTHERLIN VALLEY

Sutherlin Valley is one of the greatest turkey-producing districts in the United States, and it has been reported that there are more turkeys sold from this section than from any other place in the country

# An "Efficiency" School

## by

## Edward J. Markham

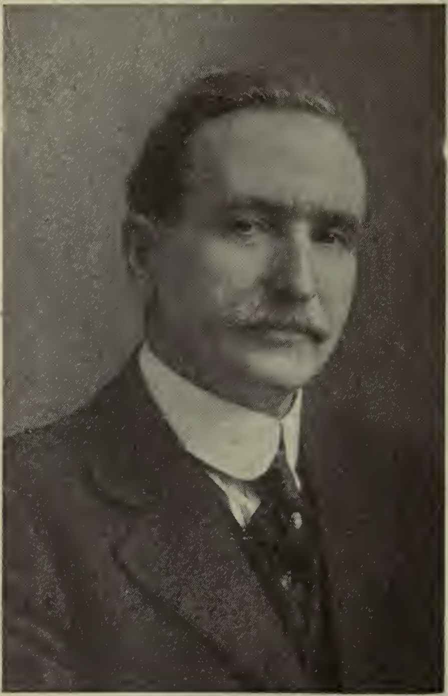
AFTER speaking before twenty-two colleges, academies and universities, there was something of refreshing novelty in addressing the graduating class at Cleary College, Ypsilanti, Michigan. For many years I had heard of the institution through its graduates; I had found that the treasurer and sales manager of the Ford Motor Company were former students of this school, and many other prominent business men and women in all parts of the country obtained their training there. In fact, Cleary is an institution unto itself. It was one of the first business colleges in the country to be established after the use of the typewriter and stenography had become general, and has been noted for making a close study not only of the scientific but the essential aspects of business accounting given to the students by that master of practical instruction, President P. Roger Cleary.

Cleary College was established in 1883 in a modest way, and it has gone through the vicissitudes of all institutions inspired by like ideals. A cyclone in 1893 laid low the first structure of 1883, but with that determination which inspires his methods of instruction, President Cleary did not become discouraged, but rebuilt it during the next year. Five years later another cyclone did great damage, and the building as restored today is a monument to his persistence and pluck. The enrollment has been steadily increasing year by year, and this year will exceed six hundred.

Students are prepared for commercial teaching, in connection with the state normal college, also located at Ypsilanti, the two colleges being affiliated. After a two year course in these two colleges a life certificate is granted by the state to the commercial teachers. In addition to this course, Cleary College prepares for business, including business administration and accountancy, for farm administration and government service. The school is so adjusted as to meet the needs of college and university graduates who desire to take up a business course as well as high school graduates and even those more backward. The idea is to make over into an efficient product, whatever raw material comes to hand, and prepare the young men

CLEARY COLLEGE

and women for making their own way in life. Naturally, the students come from all parts of the United States, for the successful graduate from Cleary is always in demand. The records show that nine-tenths of the graduates have met with business success, and many former students are at the head of great American enterprises. The keynote of the Cleary College curriculum is "efficiency."



P. ROGER CLEARY
President of Cleary College

When the automobile industry sprang up around Detroit, like magic, Cleary had the graduates ready, and they have reflected credit on their Alma Mater by the great work performed in devising systems for modern methods of manufacturing.

The latest system of accounting is largely an evolution of the methods of instruction at Cleary, where a student is not given an education that will mislead him, but one that will enable him to make good. No encouragement is offered to young men and women who desire a mere smattering of literary and scholarly accomplishments, for whatever a student undertakes at Cleary, he must learn thoroughly, and no pretence at knoweldge would be tolerated.

The commencement exercises were altogether unique and memorable, being held in October, in the full-orbed glory of autumn, in the maturity of the harvest, suggesting the completion of the training of the graduating class. A large number of former students were present at the exercises, for Cleary College spirit is very strong. Chrysanthemums were the prominent feature in the decoration, and the college orchestra and the musical program would have been a credit to any musical conservatory. The personnel of that class of ninety students made one feel, in addressing them, that he must give them something worth while, that they were trained to separate the wheat from the chaff; and that they were entering the world of business equipped to accomplish something by process of detection and decision.

The banquet of the class of 1915 will long be remembered because of its hearty cheeriness, and most of the speakers were former students who told of their experiences since leaving the college. The program included both young men and women, and it was especially impressive to see young women graduates who had followed out the ideals of Cleary in assuming and never fearing responsibility, just going ahead and making good, in the loyal spirit inspired by their Alma Mater.

The science of accountancy so perfectly developed here is also reflected in the moral accountability of the students to all that makes for honor and honesty in business.

As toastmaster, President Cleary avoided all formality, and the occasion seemed rather a large family gathering around the hearth fire than an ordinary reunion of students and former students.

In witnessing the commencement exercises when each one was handed a diploma I was deeply impressed with the thought that it was not a mere perfunctory paper saying so and so had graduated, but was, in fact, a certificate of qualification equivalent to a position. The announcement was made that some of the members of the graduating class were unable to be present at their own graduating exercises on account of having been called to fill far-away positions.

The Cleary College students go forth armed with the spirit and character of successful business as well as the essential and correlative knowledge of how to do things, and not only how to do things, but knowing how to find their greatest pleasure in "knowing how," and making in every way the most of opportunities and doing big things.

All honor to educators of the character of President Cleary. He possesses a living diploma extending over the years as they come and go, in the personnel of former students, that transcends anything that could be inscribed on parchment in Latin and gay with the flaunting colors of any college or university.

# CHECKERS

### *By* FLYNN WAYNE

O THAT small town dissipation,
  O those blissful days of yore!
O those fascinating checker games
  At Squire Doten's store.

Where humped upon their solid stools
  With silent crowds about,
Men played the game from morn till night,
  The whole year in and out.

Cold winter time they hugged the stove,
  With fire roaring bright;
Soft springtime drew them front a bit
  To catch the length'ning light.

Then summer with its welcome shade
  Brought them out-of-doors;
'Till Autumn sent them back again
  To where the fire roars.

No one seemed to hurry much,
  And everything could wait;
Why, to disturb a checker game
  Seemed just like tempting fate!

Except—a door bangs open,
  A small boy rushes in,
With face that yet is spotted
  With crumbs upon his chin.

"Hey, Pop," comes forth a piping voice,
  That breaks the silent calm,
"Supper's on the table, and
  You'll catch the deuce from marm."

A shuffle and a mutter comes
  From out the silent ring;
"Just tell her I'll be right along—
  Begosh, I've got your king!"

* * * * * * *

The "movies" now have come along,
  And checkers are no more;
For they have made a picture house
  Of Squire Doten's store.

The Squire's gone to glory,
  With his whitened beard and hair;
I wonder, yes, I wonder if
  He's playing checkers there.

# Pleasing Productions at the Plymouth Theatre

## by Elizabeth Peabody

WHEN Julia Arthur last fall decided to take the part of the woman in the "Eternal Magdalene," expectations ran high, for, they said, it must be a very fine play that could lure Miss Arthur back to the stage. The old rule has been reversed, and realization in this case has far surpassed anticipation. The play has made a "hit," and Miss Arthur has nobly upheld her reputation as a star.

As the bell at the Plymouth announced that the play was about to begin, a contented hush came over the expectant audience, and they settled quietly back in their seats. The opening scene is in the library of Elijah Bradshaw's house in a city of the Middle West. Bradshaw is a self-complacent "first" citizen, and on this occasion he is in the midst of a revival campaign, designed to clear the town of all its evils.

Birmingham Smollett, Bradshaw's pastor, is a narrow-minded man, apparently devoid of sympathy, whose mind is set on driving out the "evil" women; and Rev. James Gleason, the boisterous evangelist, who receives an enormous sum for his work, is working for the same end. In comparing notes with Bradshaw concerning the letters they have received from those whose interests have suffered from the revival work going on, Bradshaw reads one from a woman of the underworld, who predicts dire disasters for him if he persists in his intentions, saying that he would yet live to see his son disgraced and a thief, his daughter dishonored and his wife dead, himself ruined and discredited. The letter makes a deep impression on him, but Gleason says it is "tame" in comparison with some which come in his mail. After his family have left to attend the meeting, Bradshaw settles down to complete a vindictive article, which he is preparing for the press. When the butler has closed up for a quiet evening, an unknown woman suddenly confronts Bradshaw, who demands to know who she is. She announces herself as one of the women that he is driving out of the city. He is startled by her resemblance to someone whom he knew years ago, and finally recognizes in her his own daughter. Her mother is dead, and when he asks what he can do for her, she requests an asylum with him, since she is being driven out through his activities; she says she will stay in his household and serve him as a maid. With her advent trouble begins to assail Bradshaw. Paul, his son, whom he thought the soul of honor, is detected in a robbery—a shortage of five thousand dollars in the bank where he is employed. The money has been spent on a woman, and after hushing the matter by paying back the money to the bank, Bradshaw drives the boy from his home and tells him never to come back. Following this his daughter elopes with Macy, who is already married and abandons her after a few days. Ruth, the servant, pleads with him to forgive both his children, but he is adamant. The news of Elizabeth's flight is such a blow to the mother that she dies, and embittered by these numberless misfortunes, Bradshaw is left alone in his home, with no one but the mysterious maid, to whose baleful presence he attributes his troubles.

When the townsfolk learn that he still harbors in his home one of the women who were driven from the town, first of all his pastor comes to him and tries to persuade him to send her away, but Elijah, firm in his purpose to help her, refuses. Although he feels that her presence is evil, still, laboring under the impression that she is his daughter, he feels that he owes her shelter. Meanwhile Ruth, ministering angel that she is, has soothed the last moments of Mrs. Bradshaw, who in her dying moments forgives Elizabeth. Elizabeth creeps back to her father's house, although he has sworn that he will not receive her. Bellamy, her lover, tries to persuade him that he should forgive her, and failing, says that he will take her to his home.

When Smollett finally comes and warns his former model parishioner that he must send the woman away, that all his misfortunes are the punishment of God for taking her in, he replies calmly that "if God punishes me for an act of simple kindness, I don't want His clemency." As Smollett leaves after his ineffectual efforts to save Bradshaw, the latter hears the multitude, headed by the evangelist, coming to his house to drag the woman away. He turns out the lights and awaits the onslaught. Stepping to the window, he descries all his former neighbors and friends, among whom is his minister, who demand that he give up the woman to them. He refuses, and snatches up a pistol to shoot, when Elizabeth throws herself upon him and prevents the act. The mob is rabid, and pelts the house with stones, smashing the windows and threatening more violence, when Bradshaw calls to them, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." This silences them, and muttering, they slink away. Recognizing his daughter, he raises her to her feet, saying:

Bess—my daughter—my own little girl. I thought—I didn't know—my baby. (He breaks down and clasps her to him.)

Then the woman comes to him.

WOMAN—I must leave you now, it is time. Your own daughter has come back to you.

BRADSHAW—My own daughter. Are you not my daughter?

WOMAN—No.

BRADSHAW (rising)—Then you deceived me. You lied to me.

WOMAN—I never told you so. You yourself said it. It was your conscience that spoke.

BRADSHAW—Then if you are not my daughter, who are you? . . .

WOMAN—Listen; I am the eternal Magdalene made immortal by the touch of His hand, two thousand years ago. Then they

JULIA ARTHUR
In "The Eternal Magdalene"

that would have stoned me turned sullenly away. He raised me up saying, "Woman, I appoint thee my messenger. Go thou down the centuries and bear witness to this that thou hast seen. In every clime and in every season thou wilt find those that have sinned as thou hast sinned. Stand between them and their persecutors as I have stood between thee and thine. And upbraid them not, for are they not all children of the same Father? There are among my disciples those who will preach of many things, but to you I entrust this text: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.' " And He departed and I stood as one transfixed, gazing after Him. And my brow burned from His touch and through my veins flowed blood that had been cleansed as by fire.

BRADSHAW (dazed)—But why did you come here?

WOMAN—To reach your pride and humble your heart. Not to condone sin, but to awaken you to a sense of your own unworthiness to sit in judgment of your fellow-creatures and to prove to you that our misfortunes are not always of our own making.

BRADSHAW—My punishment is greater than I can bear. My heart goes out to others who suffer as I am suffering now.

WOMAN—That is why my task is done. When you stood there just now and spoke His words, I knew I need stay no longer.

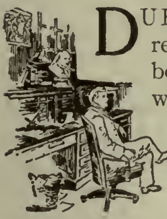
One moment of darkness for the audience, and then all is light; Mrs. Bradshaw and the children come bustling in with Bellamy, who comes for the article. Bradshaw is bewildered, and can scarcely believe that the scene is real. He rushes to the window and feels of the glass, which but a moment before was broken. He is dazed, but soon realizes that he has experienced a hideous, nightmarish dream, and it seems almost too good to be true that he has all his loved ones about him, as happy and unscathed as ever. So when Bellamy asks for the statement for the paper, he tears up his carefully written sheets, and says his statement is merely, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." And on being asked by Bellamy if he has considered the other question, Bradshaw tells him that he can marry Elizabeth. To cap the climax, he says that they will all go to the theater the next evening. And so we leave them a happy family.

Too much cannot be said in praise of this splendid production. It is an artistic creation, and the author, Robert MacLaughlin, whose first play it is, is to be congratulated on his wonderful success and power as a playwright. The lighting effects in the play are magical.

The use on the screen of the dream as a means of interpretation is tawdry in comparison with its use in the "Eternal Magdalene." Here it is so subtly employed that one is not aware of it until the play is near its end, and therein lies the greatest feat of the whole performance. The whole cast is good. Dodson Mitchell as Elijah Bradshaw gives an excellent interpretation, as do all the other characters, and they hold the sympathy of the audience from beginning to end.

AT the termination of the engagement of Miss Arthur in "The Eternal Magdalene," came George MacFarlane in the new Scotch comedy, "Heart o' th' Heather," by Glen MacDonough. Several new songs by Raymond Hubbell are introduced in the action of the play, affording the audience an opportunity of enjoying Mr. MacFarlane's splendid baritone voice accompanied by a specially selected orchestra, directed by Mr. Hubbell—an innovation at the Plymouth. The songs, notably "Lass o' My Dreams," and "In Scotland," are of a character that is likely to insure their popularity, and their introduction is particularly pleasing. The story deals with the adventures of Tom Stewart, a rollicking young Scot, who has returned to his native land after years of roaming, to find there the "lass o' his dreams," Janet Kirkaldy, an attractive young girl of gentle birth whose depleted fortunes compel her to gain a livelihood through her own efforts, by teaching music and mending fine laces. How their tangled love affair is straightened out and how Dick Lockhart is restored to his rightful place as son of Lady Murray, despite the efforts of the ludicrous Sheriff of Dunbar and his deputies to capture him, are the incidents around which this pleasing comedy is built. As a "gentleman's gentleman" of a week's standing, Geordie, the erstwhile stable boy, performs the duties of his new position in an extremely laughable manner. The action of the comedy takes place in Burley Brig in the early part of the nineteenth century, and the costumes and settings are unique and absolutely correct as to period.

# LET'S TALK IT OVER



DURING a discussion at a recent banquet the idea was boldly suggested that a man who ever achieved anything worth while aimed at the impossible. We hear more often in these prosaic and practical days, "Don't try to do something that is not clearly possible," but the question comes up, "Is it worth while to do only the possible things? Is it not a grander achievement to strive to accomplish a great task which you know you cannot complete in your own brief lifetime?" The hope that reconciles a man to the inevitable is the belief that his work will not be interred with him, but will be carried on to completion.

It inspires the composer, working on his symphony, to think that years after, some artist will interpret his score, and preserve his memory to future generations. Men are able to grow eloquent in a letter which they know is going to be read posthumously and we all like to cherish a little hope that somebody is going to think about us after we are gone; the most soothing thing in the contemplation of our own passing is that some thinkers and doers will meet together and say: "Well, he was a good soul. He had ideas, let's carry them on as we have carried on the ideas of others."

Whenever you are in touch with what you feel is an immortal idea, then you become essentially, if unconsciously, immortal yourself, and to aspire to what is called the impossible is often the basic reason for the existence of ideals.

My own consuming ambition is to make the NATIONAL MAGAZINE worthy of the memory of William McKinley, just such a magazine as he would have planned for the people. It is not that I expect to be spared to see the realization of my ambition, but I hope that someone will go on with the work, and push it on with the enthusiasm with which it was initiated.

* * *

WHEN I learned through an interpreter in a large New England manufactory on flag day that three men had been on the payroll for three months without knowing that the Stars and Stripes is the flag of the United States of America, thinking that it was the flag of the corporation for which they were working, it gave me something of a shock, and at first I could not believe it. True, they had been here only a short time, and had come from remote cities in Sicily.

This is only an indication of the need of the splendid work that is being done by the National Americanization Committee of which Mr. Frank Trumbull is Chairman. With a most distinguished Board of Directors, the members are striving to meet the social and economic preparedness which has been discussed most thoroughly at the National Conference, and have undertaken to teach new citizens in the early days the ideals upon which American citizenship rests.

It has been pointed out by Colonel

Roosevelt, who has been active in the work, that internal preparedness must support armies and navies. In watching a number of foreigners being sworn in as loyal citizens of the United States, it has often occurred to me that the ceremony is in some ways a farce. They are gathered together by those interested in their votes, and by declaring their intentions, holding up their right hand, and scratching a paper, they become citizens of the Republic, with all the rights and privileges of the native born. When candidates are admitted to a civic organization, there is some impressive ceremony or an obligation which they must repeat, making it a special occasion that causes them to remember the event. Now, how much more important it is that foreign-born people coming to this country should be admitted to citizenship with some ceremony that would at least impress them with the importance of the obligation which they have assumed. Why not at least present them with an American flag?

*Photo by Pack*
FRANK TRUMBULL
Chairman of the National Americanization Committee

Among those interested is Mary Antin, whose famous book, "The Promised Land," has become an American classic. Only a mention of the names of those interested is sufficient to indicate the scope of the organization—which includes Frank Trumbull as Chairman, Mrs. Vincent Astor, Cardinal Gibbons, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Rodman Wanamaker, Henry L. Higginson, Julius Rosenwald, Jacob H. Schiff, Coleman Du Pont, Thomas A. Edison, and others, representing all the departments of varied race and creed. The flood-gates of immigration will likely be opened when the European war blaze has subsided. Why not think over preparedness along these lines?

* * *

WHO does not remember the old autograph album? If you do not have one, your mother has, and how her face lights up with the memories of long ago days, when she looks over the yellowed pages, and sees such verses as:

You ask me for something original,
I hardly know how to begin,
For there's nothing original in me,
Unless it's original sin.

If writing in albums true friendship insures,
With the greatest of pleasure I'll scribble in yours.

Then there are such classics as:

Friendship is a silly thing, love, it is a blossom,
If you want your finger bit, poke it at a 'possum.

Then the good advice of the friend who writes:

When you get married and live upstairs,
For heaven's sake, don't put on airs.

And yet another:

When you get married, and your husband's cross,
Just pick up the broom and show him who's boss.

In the course of editorial correspondence, covering a period of many years, a large number of autograph letters of rare value have been received—some from men and women, who at the time of writing had not become famous, and later letters from them written after they had reached ambition's pinnacle. There is a fascination in looking over the autographs of famous people, for the autograph itself is an expression of the personality through the actual contact of the hand with the pen, and we all know that in the autograph is indicated the character and personal attributes of the writer.

We are planning to have a good old-fashioned autograph album for our readers, and we are going to ask the distinguished people of America to help us make it. We hope to present, in their own handwriting, sentiments such as they would inscribe to personal friends.

You all remember the suggestion which inspired our HEART THROBS and HEART SONGS books, and what a wonderful success they have made. The same inspiration is associated with this idea, coming as it does, direct from our readers. We are writing a letter to the celebrities of the times asking them for some expression for the readers of the NATIONAL who are so interested in their work for our joint Autograph Album.

* * *

IN his "Notebook of a Neutral," Joseph Medill Patterson of the *Chicago Tribune* has furnished some startling information, and has preserved two notable quotations concerning France. The first is written by a Russian woman, who says: "Spain has the night, Italy the evening, France the afternoon, England the noon, Germany the morning, but tomorrow belongs to Russia."

This is followed by Armenter Ohanian's brilliant and touching tribute to France, which has taken its place as one of the classics of literature:

> I was an exile from my own country and wandered over the breast of the world seeking another country.
>
> And I came into a land where there was only a long Spring and a long Autumn, where they did not know the deadly heats of our summers or the mortal colds of our mountains. Among the vines and sunny fields I saw the people of this land at work, ever young of soul, smiling, loving and kindly.
>
> I asked, "What is the name of this happy place?"
>
> And the answer was, "France the voluptuous."
>
> I came to towns of splendid monuments, of harmonious buildings, of proud triumphal arches of the past, and above always I saw the spires of great cathedrals stretching toward the sky, as if to seize upon the feet of God.
>
> I asked, "What is the name of this marvelous land?"
>
> And the answer was, "France the glorious."
>
> I advanced again, when I was struck by the red color of a large river . . . It was a river of warm blood that rolled down from afar in thick and heavy waves. I advanced again. Before me dark clouds of smoke hid the endless sky above huge fields of warriors in battle; when these died, smiling at death, others took their places singing.
>
> I asked, "What is the name of this chivalrous land?"
>
> And the answer was "France the courageous."
>
> At last I came to an immense city, of which I saw neither the beginning nor the end, a city full of sumptuous palaces, of parks, and fountains. The sun glistened on the marble of the streets and kissed the serene, resigned faces of women clothed in black. The chimes of churches filled the air with solemn sounds, and words, until then unknown to me, "Te Deum," came from the throats of thousands of thousands.
>
> With respect I asked, "What is the name of this land that mourns?"
>
> And the answer was "France the victorious."
>
> I kissed the earth of this land and said, "I have found my country, who was an exile."

* * *

FINDING that I was going to spend a day or so in Syracuse, I began to talk with a classical twang and brushed up on the history of Dionysius. Memory reverts to accounts of that ancient city, but there are a lively lot of moderns in Syracuse, New York, and the story of the ancient city and its contests with Athens and Carthage, would seem to foreshadow the rivalry between Rochester and Syracuse—two cities that have long been recognized as typical home centers of the Empire State.

One could not go to Syracuse without thinking of Chancellor James R. Day and the University located there, where students of varying religious beliefs, from twenty different nations, and from three-fourths of the states of the Union, meet and mingle fraternally in the common pursuit of knowledge. The quadrangle and stately group of buildings on the hill, which have been erected one by one, are evidences of the years of hard work and relentless energy of Chancellor Day in having his vision fulfilled.

Syracuse is also the home of John Archbold of the Standard Oil Company, and of many men prominent in national life, but best of all, the home of people who know how to enjoy life today to the full and where was made one of the original typewriters which has added fame to the name of Smith.

Centrally located, Syracuse has a geographical location that ought to have made it the state capital. It has always been noted for its healthful climate, and its parks, libraries and schools, add greatly to its natural attractions. Indeed, the Syracuse of modern times has far surpassed even the famed city of ancient Sicily, within whose walls it is recorded in misty tradition that over two million people lived.

*Photo by George C. Rockwood*

JAMES R. DAY

Chancellor of the Syracuse University

As long as American cities consider the fundamental industrial, social and home life of their municipalities the dominating element of life and activity in the growth of the nation, a pace even more rapid than that of the last half century is assured; but this rapid expansion carries with it responsibilities involving public welfare that are but reflected in the spirit of "Preparedness" for giving the boys and girls the proper and practical education and training for life. In that lies the hope of the future.

* * *

AN evening at the Boston Library is an incident worthy of passing comment. In the first place, it is the largest municipal library in the country, and probably contains more literary treasures than even the Congressional Library at Washington. One never grows tired of looking at the soft pastel tones of the murals by Chavannes in the lobby, nor the masterful decorations of Sargent on the second floor. It is not altogether what it contains, however, that makes the Boston Library the pride of the city; it is because it is used. Boys and girls, men and women, of all ages and conditions, seem to acquire here a sort of "library air."

Sitting in the glow of the reading lamps, it is interesting to study the way they sit while reading. There is one with an arm on the table, and the other hand busily taking notes. The girl student has a young man near at hand to help her, and behind the book they are having a good time. There is the prim and staid Boston lady, whose books are arrayed in prim, precise rows. Among the visitors are a large number of foreigners, who seem to have a keener appreciation of what the library means than do the descendants of those who have always lived in this country.

It is pleasant to think that here is concentrated within four walls the wisdom of the universe, that one can, at a moment's notice, sit down and have a chat with his literary heroes, or even philosophers reaching back to the time of Plato.

There seems to be a natural encouragement to read good books at the Boston Library, that does not exist elsewhere, and I believe that statistics will show that the rush for fiction is not so keen. In the newspaper and periodical rooms, it was gratifying to find that the file of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE was in active use, and that periodicals, after all, have a place which nothing else can supply or supplant. While the newspapers may feel that in their onslaught on magazines for purely advertising revenue purposes, they have not entirely vanquished their foes of a few years ago, the periodical still holds the sustained interest of the average reader on current topics, and while a newspaper lives but an hour, the periodical has at least its full month of life.

* * *

IN these days of business enterprise, it is not to be wondered at when schemes for getting money are originated under gruesome conditions. An eminent man in New York was plunged into deep grief by the loss of his wife. They were very devoted and close companions in all their life work. He received many letters and telegrams of condolence, and among them the following:

> *Dear Mr. S.*—please excuse me for writing to you but I can't help it as I am very sorry for your wife dying as she was the best friend I had she bought clothes and food for my children quite some time now as my husband has been sick and out of work now she is dead and I feel very bad about it as you can't imagine how good she was to me many a day I would be hungry only for her God rest her soul as she well deserves to be in heaven as she was a saint on this earth. And she clothed my children as I am only a poor laborers wife she knew I was worthy of it as she knew me when I had seen better days. I will always pray for her as that is all I can do for her as she is lost to me but not forgotten as she was to good a woman to be forgotten her memory will never die as she was loved by every one you can't imagine how bad I feel about her death as you can't imagine all she did for my children. The Lord have mercy on her. She was to good to die.
>
> Respectfully,
>
> Mrs. C. S.

He read it with tears in his eyes, and thought it strange that his good wife could have been doing this work without his knowing something about it, as they shared not only their sorrows but joys, but he felt that there might have been times when she had just felt the impulse of going beyond the horizon of their mutual efforts. He read the letter again and again, and at last put it in the hands of a friend who called on the lady. He found her to be the mother of several children, and had a neat little home. He began his inquiries and told of the receiving of the letter, and she replied, "Oh, what a fine woman Mrs. S. was. Such a noble woman, doing such work quietly and never letting anybody know about it."

"Yes. How long have you known her?"

"About twenty years."

"Did you know her when she lived on the farm near Albany?"

"Yes."

"What beautiful gray hair she had, and how gentle were her blue eyes."

"Yes," said the letter writer, with a suppressed sob.

Now the friend knew that Mrs. S. never lived near Albany and had dark hair and dark eyes, so he informed the lady that she must be mistaken—it was the wrong Mrs. S. She saw at once that she was cornered, and the fact was disclosed that she made a business of writing letters of condolence of this nature, and receiving a regular and pretty liberal competence. The little table in the corner, where the notes were written, had a sort of a professional air. It may be inferred from the circumstances that this was in New York, where everybody and everything seems to be considered legitimate prey where money-making is considered.

* * *

MANY interesting "situations," even from a dramatic standpoint, are embraced in the average business. Various departments have their decisions to make with all the judicial temperament of the bench. Some take care of the fair-weather business and others have nothing to do but with the "trouble corners," until they seem as supremely happy in handling grievances as they would commendations. There are always some who know just how to untangle difficulties. If carelessness could be eliminated, a large amount of expensive supervision would be unnecessary and this would soon solve the question of advanced wages.

Every day in all business and industrial institutions of the country, there are millions of dollars wasted by inefficiency or carelessness, and it is a much greater problem to cope with than even dishonesty and criminal intent, because the latter can be controlled, and arouses, at least periodically, a spirit that will correct matters. But inefficiency is ever present. The most flagrant example of wastefulness exists in the handling of the business of the United States. Important matters concerning millions, are often decided by men who are entirely unfamiliar with the details, and those all-important facts that lead up to a correct and common-sense conclusion and decision. The profligacy even in the management of the public charities and bureaus, where people give their hard-earned money to aid the suffering and help the worthy, would drive the thrifty givers frantic if they knew how their money is dribbled away through inefficiency.

* * *

REVIEWING the wrecks among the new productions that have passed into the store house, recalls that it is not graphically demonstrated that gruesome plays are no longer tolerated. There is a feeling among the American people, to say nothing of the races of the world-at-large, that indulgence in playgoing is still a pastime. This conclusion, as voiced by Mr. Gustave Frohman, was followed by the declaration that anything thoroughly pure-minded and wholesome is enduring, and has a grip upon the American audience, and that the "problem play" is passing into oblivion. He also insisted that Boston audiences had really chiefly made great actresses like Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe, and even Ethel Barrymore, a New York girl, for the reason that New York is considered a "freak town," and when a Boston audience gets its fixed, studied gaze upon a production, it penetrates to the soul and spirit of the play and is not diverted by the tinsel grandeur of the settings or the brilliancy of the costumes. If this were assumed by a Boston man, it would immediately be challenged, but remember it is not a Boston man who so declared.

As I go here and there about the country, and hear everybody throwing shafts at Boston, I wonder why they are so concerned about Boston if it is of so little consequence. Among the speakers at a notable banquet in the west recently, seven of them took a fling at Boston—they all forgot little New York—which seems to indicate, after all, that Boston is a "state of mind," and that beans and codfish are mentioned that Boston may be recognized as really a place where human beings eat, as well as think, and discuss baseball and Emerson in the same breath.

* * *

LOOKING over some old newspapers on a Sunday afternoon, I came across a photograph published within a few years that now seemed like ancient history. It revealed the Emperor Wilhelm on a dappled gray horse, and Colonel Roosevelt astride a fiery black steed, facing each other with expressive countenances, while the camera clicked. The picture was entitled at the time—"Two of the world's most interesting personages." Shortly after this followed the great ovation given to Colonel Roosevelt on his return from Africa, the splendor of which was scarcely eclipsed by the triumphal entry of a conqueror in the days of ancient Rome.

How quickly pass the emotions of the moment, and the family photograph album, as time creeps on, seems to hold the surging and pre-eminent fancies of one year, which fade with the photographs. The historian of the future will have to deal with the yellow crinkling newspaper in order to get into the real feeling of the times. There are young voters who do not recall much about William McKinley, James G. Blaine, or other great figures of times not so long gone, but long "before their time." The restless, unceasing movement of popular interest conforms to the immutable law of Nature for resistless change.

The souvenirs of the past seem precious indeed when the lights are aglow with the ever-beaming present! They are put in the library or the bureau drawer, picked up again and again, with a moment's hesitation whether to destroy or to retain them just a little longer. Then the time comes when they must go—to make room for the new ones. Some of the newspaper clippings that seemed so important at one time, lose their interest as time passes on. Others that did not seem to be particularly important at the moment stand out for years after in a reminiscent glow. How quickly

CHOIR OF THE PERKINS INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND

things grow old-fashioned in this speedy age! Even the phraseology itself, in which the record of events of today is expressed, may become obsolete tomorrow.

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WHAT a vision is awakened as we hear the songs of the dear friends of the Perkins Institute whom Julia Ward Howe loved. It recalls the opening lines of the immortal "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which begins with the suggestion of a vision that far transcends that of the mortal eye—"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." It suggests the eyes of a soul, and I wonder if the association of Julia Ward Howe with the blind did not have something to do with suggesting those opening words of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and a realization that her vision of the glory of the Lord was a vision even more clear to those who are without sight than to those who see.

The Howe Memorial Park is being provided in Boston, and contributions toward it may be sent to Messrs. Lee, Higginson & Company, Boston, by those who feel that they would like to honor the memory of Julia Ward Howe by helping others as she would have wished.

* * *

IT was a most delightful experience to attend the birthday party of an elderly friend, and find there burning three candles—the white for the past, emblematic of the purity and splendid service which my friend had rendered humanity; green, for the present, all verdant and glowing with the eternal hope of the springtime, typifying his nature; the golden with the full flush of the hopes of his friends for his future, and indicative of the precious moments that are left to him in life, with which to do good and inspire young men.

At his side was the helpmeet and companion of many years—his wife, and her face glowed with the blush of admiration that comes to the cheek of the maiden who looks upon her lover. I thought as I looked: "What a canvas that would have been for some master hand"; and yet no brush, no pigments could ever portray the depth, the spirit and the feeling of the occasion.

When this friend arose and toasted the dear wife, and recalled the scene of years ago when she was but seventeen and he scarce twenty, he repeated the words of that golden day in the white past, kept ever green in memory, when he pledged to her: "My dear, you will never be over seventeen to me, and the proud achievement of my life is that I have been honored all these years with the distinction of being your lover, your cavalier, and your husband."

There have been many banquets all aglow with the riches that rivaled the feast of Belshazzar in magnificence, but this little birthday party was to me one of the most delightful scenes that has ever come before my vision around a festal board.

* * *

THE other day I found in my pocket a book called "Concentration, the Secret of Success," by Dr. Julia Seton Sears. The opening paragraph riveted my attention because it states the proposition that the whole world is seeking happiness, no matter how diverse the paths may seem, and that everything in life combines to make this greatest prize of life. A thousand people may differ in their definitions of "success," but it all means the successful search for happiness. The subject of "Concentration" is discussed at a new angle and forms a new revelation of what the cultivation of the habit of concentration can accomplish, while the distinction is sharply drawn between the people who know what they want and go after it and those who don't. Successful business men naturally move together and the old Bible quotation is reiterated in the statement that "thoughts are things and whatever a man can think he can become." Sooner or later the very thought itself kindles the sources of latent energy.

You turn the pages with a feeling that the author is just having a little chat with you about yourself, showing how everything you read or do forms in the mental picture projected. Attention is drawn to the fact that there are some minds full of negative imaginations where worry, disease and apprehension fill the mind and bring disastrous results just as inevitably as the contrary emotions secure happiness.

The author of this little book, Julia Seton Sears, is a practising physician, and the book is published by E. J. Clode of New York.

When I put aside "Concentration, the Secret of Success," I had marked some of the pages with a feeling that it was one of those little volumes that I would like to pick up again, because of the inspiring sentiment, ever old and yet ever new, which it inspires.

* * *

WE would like to obtain copies of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for November and December, 1896; October, 1897; September and October, 1898; August, 1899; October, 1900; February, November and December, 1902; and January and June, 1903, as our files of these numbers are exhausted. If any of our readers have these to spare, will they kindly communicate with us?

* * *

WHEN a censored letter arrives, with its black and scrawling marks of pencil or ink, which cannot be erased, much curiosity is aroused to know just what has been eliminated. Mr. A. M. Briggs of Chicago, when he received a letter from a friend in Europe, was curious to know just what was eliminated, and the censored letter, which was published in the December MAGAZINE, has awakened the interest of many readers, asking if there was not some way in which to solve the mystery. If the distinguished censors knew the beaming Mr. Briggs and his correspondent, they would not be so fearful lest information of a nature dangerous to the interests of the belligerents, and involving international complications, would be included in the innocent steamer letter written by a friend concerning conditions of business abroad. But such are the ways and methods during war time.

YEAR by year men who are at the head of large business enterprises find that the responsibility of their own business as it develops into a gigantic enterprise is only a part of the work that they have to accomplish. The man who succeeds in his own endeavor is instantly sought to disentangle the troubles in other lines or enterprises that require constructive skill and policies. The story of the Rock Island Railroad is one that is pathetic in its general aspects, but when the time came for its reorganization, it was quite natural that Mr. John Graves Shedd, manager of Marshall Field & Company, of Chicago, should be called in to help straighten out the situation in the interest of the stockholders. He went at it in the same way that he takes hold of his own business problems. He found that the situation, while in some respects deplorable, was by no means impossible of solution. There was a tremendous amount of assets, and it was felt that if time were given and a little patience exercised, the great Rock Island Railroad system—one of the pioneer roads of the Middle West, with a trans-continental ambition—would be thoroughly rehabilitated.

When one meets John Graves Shedd he realizes that he is much more than a merchant. He is a philosopher and economic student in sympathetic touch with the spirit of the times. Born in Alstead, New Hampshire, of good old New England stock, and educated in the public schools, he began his career in a dry goods store in his native village, and later removed to Rutland, Vermont, which was a real city to the New Hampshire lad. After the Chicago fire he went West, entering the employ of Field, Leiter & Company in 1872. He did something more than enter employment with this firm, for he became an integral part of the business when he began his work, and it was not long before Marshall Field discovered in the New Hampshire boy the making of a real merchant. This boy worked and worked, diligently and unceasingly, until he finally reaped the reward of his labors and

JOHN GRAVES SHEDD

succeeded Marshall Field as president of the company.

Always a busy man, Mr. Shedd still has time to give attention to questions of public moment, and unstintingly he gave himself to those matters that concerned the welfare of Chicago, his home city. He is director of the Commonwealth Edison Company and of the Merchants Loan and Trust Bank, Illinois Trust & Savings Bank of Chicago; the National Bank of Commerce, New York; Illinois Central Railroad, Baltimore & Ohio Railroad; Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia; also trustee of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, New York, and numerous other large enterprises.

He took a keen interest in the Sunday evening services at Orchestra Hall, which proved to be so great a success. In his office on Adams Street, Chicago, in the wholesale department of Marshall Field & Company, he keeps in touch with all the details of what has been considered the ideal mercantile institution of America. Few men have done more in the brief span of a lifetime, in the accomplishment of the big things he has undertaken, than John G. Shedd.

An extensive traveler, a student and observer, Mr. Shedd typifies one of those forceful, energetic Americans of the creative type. His views and interviews on public matters are always read with keen interest, because he has lived in the very heart of the business activities and energies of the great Middle West. He has been very enthusiastic in the plans for the beautification of his home city, and his intense patriotism is manifested in the routine recorded in his daily calendar, covering meeting after meeting, on widely varied subjects. The foundation for this capacity of doing things was laid in the training of the boy in the store, who soon learned to keep in mind the wide variety of stock on the shelves and just how to move things. His memory was used in retaining a myriad of facts associated in working in the oldtime general store, which as an institution had its uses in training young men for the general all round activities in mercantile life, which is typified in the notable and active career of such men as John G. Shedd.

* * *

THE Chase piano is indissolubly associated with the history of my own homemaking. I have found that it possesses sympathetic tone-quality and that the action operates harmoniously. The delicate adjustment, selected strings which have the exquisite ring of the old harp-strings, sensitive sounding-boards, strong and rigid construction,—in fact, everything that should secure perfection in a piano, have been perfected by years of constant experiment and invention. Middle "C," when struck on the Chase piano, with the central pedal pressed to emphasize the duration of tone, sounds a note which, clear as a bell in the beginning, continues ringing with undiminished purity into the fading tone waves.

In response to the demands of many people who are not able to play the piano, the Chase Company is now producing a piano-player, which many musicians find convenient in furnishing various shades of expression which they desire to express in their own technique, and in many cases the expression is better than could be produced after years of practice. They are also making a player grand in which the adjustment is scarcely noticeable, and the piano can be used either with the player or without.

The history of the modern piano shows stupendous gains in quality and general distribution since Daniel Faber gave to the world the clavichord on which Bach, Mozart and Beethoven developed their masterpieces. This had a compass of only five octaves, and it was not until 1825 that Faber made his first instrument with a separate string for each key and a set of dampers which developed finally into the piano of today, an instrument that includes among its highest types the A. B. Chase piano—a proposition as simple as the initial letters of the firm.

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'*There is no impossibility to him who stands prepared to conquer every hazard; the fearful are the failing.*"

# The HOME

## LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

*FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.*

### PROTECTS COFFEE POT HANDLE

BY MRS. E. M. R.

Cut a hole in the center of an asbestos mat having a wire bottom, so it will fit over a gas or gasoline burner. Set the coffee pot over hole in mat, thus protecting the handle.

#### When Cooking Jelly

An agate marble put in a kettle of juice for jelly before it begins to boil will, while boiling, keep it in constant motion in the bottom of the kettle, thus preventing stirring or attention until done.

### MENDING GLOVES

BY M. B.

Buttonhole finely the edges of a rip, tear, or hole in the glove, then draw the threads together. If the hole is large, a second row of buttonholing may be used. The thread will not tear out, and if well matched the repair is hardly noticeable. Never use silk, as that cuts the glove.

### A KITCHEN DISCOVERY

BY MRS. J. C. W.

One day I accidentally let asparagus, cooking in an aluminum vessel, burn on badly. Later I filled the dish with seeds and refuse from cherries I had been canning, let it boil, and the acid cleaned the black off entirely.

### FOR THE BUSY MOTHER

BY MRS. M. L. C.

To keep the little children's long winter drawers from slipping up while putting on their stockings, sew a bit of tape across the bottom of each leg, just as on a child's legging. With this simple aid, the little ones can put on their own stockings with but little help.

#### For Shading Windows

Pantry or other windows that require shading may be treated in this manner, which has proved very satisfactory. Cut white tissue paper the size of the panes, smear the glass all over with milk, then press the paper carefully and smoothly on. When dry, the window will resemble frosted glass.

### AVOID DANGER OF FIRE

BY MRS. C. A. W.

Cloths that have been used in oiling or waxing floors or furniture should be kept in stone or metal receptacles as there is always danger of their taking fire from spontaneous combustion.

### REMEDY FOR GRAY HAIR

BY C. M. B.

For faded and gray hair, wet the hair two or three times a week with cold tea. It will keep the hair a good color.

## RELIEF FOR NERVOUSNESS

BY A. J. F.

For nervousness fill the bath with water as hot as can be borne, add sixty to one hundred drops of pure oil of lavender. Remain in bath not more than five minutes, then rub briskly with flesh brush. This quiets the nerves far better than drugs. Used persistently, it will clear and whiten, as well as soften, the skin.

### Waste Papers

There are numerous ways in which to use old papers. Cut and hung on a nail near the kitchen table, they are useful to slip under pans, pots and kettles. Fowl and fish may be laid on paper when being prepared. The refuse can easily be wrapped up in it and disposed of without soiling the table. Bits of paper dampened when sweeping take dust readily and brighten the rugs and floors beautifully. Torn in small pieces, papers are good for filling cushions for hammock or couch.

## CAMPHOR

BY N. R. M.

Camphor, combined with ammonia, will remove white spots from furniture. Flannel wrung out of liquid camphor will quickly remove stains from a mirror or window pane. Remove peach stains from any kind of fabric by soaking in spirits of camphor before wetting. Drive away mosquitoes by hanging up a camphor bag. Placed in a china closet, a lump of camphor will prevent silver from tarnishing.

### For the Writing Desk

A wide-mouthed bottle makes a convenient holder for fountain pens, as they can stand upright. After a mucilage bottle has been emptied, it may be half filled and used to moisten envelopes and stamps.

## KID GLOVES

BY MRS. E. M. R.

The life of kid gloves may be lengthened and the fingers preserved from shabbiness by placing in each finger tip a bit of cotton, pressing it down tightly. The wear will come on the cotton instead of on the kid.

### Use for Old Hot Water Bags

Cut them up into mats to place under hot dishes.

## TO SET COLORS

BY MRS. J. J. H.

Add one-half cup of turpentine to one gallon of warm water, and soak goods a little while before washing.

### When Cleaning with Gasoline

To keep gasoline from spotting woolen goods or silk, put a teaspoonful of salt in a pint of gasoline.

## AN EASY WASHDAY

BY N. F. W.

Instead of rubbing wristbands and other soiled parts of the family wash, use a good scrubbing brush on them. Spread the soiled article on a smooth surface or washboard, scrub the soiled spots well with the brush and plenty of soap and water. The dirt stains disappear quickly, with little wear to the article cleaned. After removing these spots, place the white clothes in a boiler of suds (made by dissolving one-half a cake of laundry soap in a little boiling water, then adding three or four pails of cold, soft water), and bring slowly to the boiling point. Allow clothes to boil from three to five minutes, then rinse thoroughly after wringing from suds, in clean warm water, and they are ready to hang on the line.

## REPAIR RUBBER ARTICLES

BY L. B.

Overshoes, hot water bottles and all other rubber articles can be made to last much longer by mending the tears and leaks with cement and patches prepared for auto or cycle tires.

### Yellowed Clothes

When old lace, linen or clothes have become yellowed and stained, they can be easily restored to their original whiteness by washing, without boiling, and after rinsing expose each piece to the sun and dew on a clean piece of sod ground, turning frequently for several days until every part is bleached perfectly.

## FOR THE HOME LIBRARY

BY A. E. F.

A ten-cent indexed notebook makes a convenient catalogue for a small library. The volumes need not be numbered, but merely listed. Additional pages, bearing name of book, to whom loaned, and dates make a valuable tracer for wandering volumes.

### The Troublesome Ink Spot

Cover the spot with borax and wet with peroxide of hydrogen. After a few minutes, rub the fabric in the hands and repeat the process until the stain disappears. This has the advantage of not injuring the most delicate fabric.

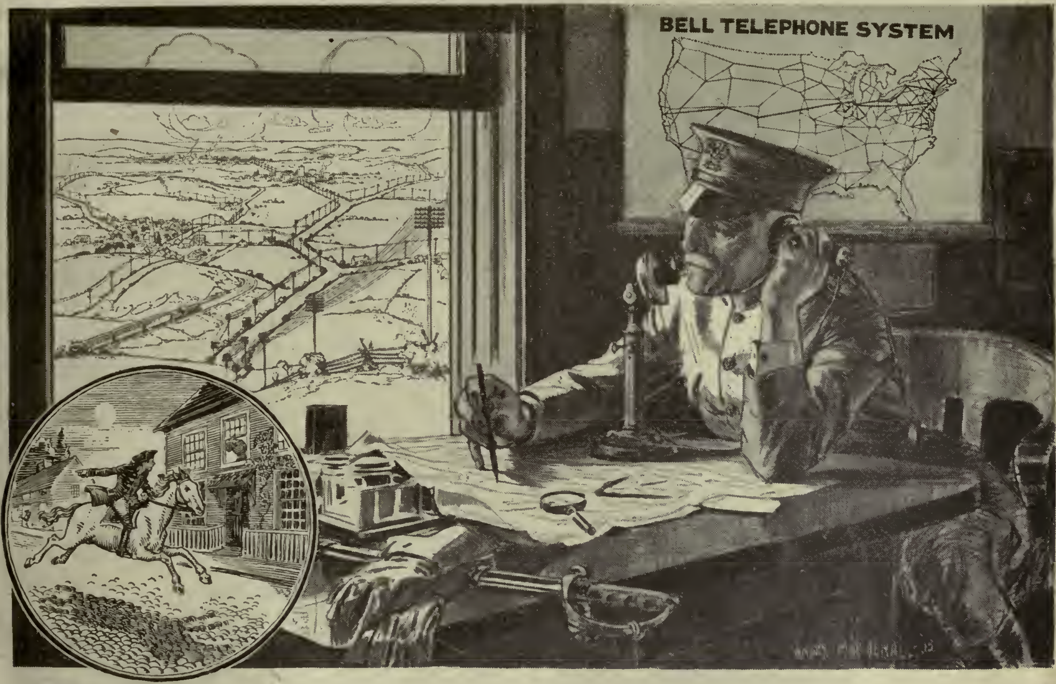
## MEAT LOAF

BY N. E. D.

A cup of well-cooked, flaky rice added to a veal or salmon loaf is a fine addition to a meat loaf. The rice makes the loaf lighter than cracker or bread crumbs.

### Substitute for Whipped Cream

Beat a sliced banana with the white of an egg until stiff. The banana dissolving with sweetening and flavoring to taste, results in a delicious substitute for whipped cream.



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# We Are Prepared

Within the wide boundaries of our country, embracing more than three million square miles, dwell a hundred million people.

They live in cities, towns, villages, hamlets and remote farms. They are separated by broad rivers, rugged mountains and arid deserts.

The concerted action of this far-flung population is dependent upon a common understanding. Only by a quick, simple and unfailing means of intercommunication could our people be instantly united in any cause.

In its wonderful preparedness to inform its citizens of a national need, the United States stands alone and unequaled. It can command the entire Bell Telephone System, which completely covers our country with its network of wires.

This marvelous system is the result of keen foresight and persistent effort on the part of telephone specialists, who have endeavored from the first to provide a means of communication embracing our whole country, connecting every state and every community, to its last individual unit.

The Bell System is a distinctly American achievement, made by Americans for Americans, and its like is not to be found in all the world.

Through it, our entire population may be promptly organized for united action in any national movement, whether it be for peace, prosperity, philanthropy or armed protection.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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*One Policy* *One System* *Universal Service*

## SHAMPOO FOR HAIR

BY MRS. L. H. P.

Beat the yolk of an egg and a tablespoonful of milk together until it is foamy. Apply quickly by rubbing through the hair onto the scalp, and immediately wash the head with soft water from which the chill has been removed. Dry in the sun and the hair will be soft and glossy.

### Cleaning Fluid

Add one tablespoonful of turpentine and three tablespoonsful of kerosene to one quart of hot water. Stir until cool enough to bear the hand; rub the woodwork with a cloth dipped in the mixture and wrung as dry as possible, following by wiping with a dry cloth. It not only cleans, but leaves a polished surface on any kind of varnished woodwork.

## ROLLING A VEIL

BY E. J. B.

After taking off a veil, roll it up, holding one corner in each hand, beginning at the small end. Draw the veil as it is being rolled. It will last longer and will show no wrinkles.

### Cherry Salad

Remove the pits of some large white cherries (either canned or fresh), pack them in a dish, cover with juice, and stand in a cool place over night or until ready to serve. In serving, dilute mayonnaise dressing to desired consistency with the cherry juice. Place a few cherries on a lettuce leaf and cover with the dressing.

## A NEW GUIMPE

BY MRS. C. Y. B.

To save making an extra guimpe for the little girl's dress, where no sleeves are required, try trimming the top of the waist of the underskirt, as it is much more convenient.

### Walnut Huller

A good walnut or butternut huller is made by boring a hole in a box just a trifle larger than the hulled nut. Lay the walnut over the hole and hit it with a narrow board. The hulled nut will go through and the hull remains on top.

## CARING FOR FURS

BY MRS. J. A. B.

The best way to care for furs in the summer is to beat them well to dislodge moth eggs, then sew them into bags of thick domestic, being careful no holes are left for the moths to enter. It is best to double over the seam in sewing.

### Moths in Pianos

Small bits of cotton saturated in oil of cedar and placed inside near the felt are a good preventive of moths in pianos.

## A PLEASING GIFT

BY MRS. J. J. O'C.

A small box of colored pencils, a paper pad and a painting book make an acceptable gift to the small child who lives in a boarding house. He cannot very well get into trouble through playing with it, and he will certainly enjoy it without adult help, save to occasionally sharpen the pencil points.

### In Mailing Packages

If one does not write a very clear hand, it is better to print the address on packages for the mail, especially at holiday time. The most crooked printed label is more intelligible than the graceful, flowing but hard to read written inscription.

## WHITE FURS

BY MRS. G. L. C.

To clean white furs, make a paste of gasoline and flour, and with this cover the furs. When thoroughly dry, brush off with a soft brush or shake the fur.

### A Canning Hint

Shave paraffine into bits, and put into the tumblers before filling with the preserves. The paraffin will come to the top, and when the contents of the jar have cooled will form a hard crust over the top, sealing the jar perfectly.

## FOR A COLD

BY S. E. P.

Lemonade and cream of tartar water in equal parts (one teaspoonful of cream of tartar to a pint of water) is good for a cold. Drink freely of the mixture before going to bed.

### New Use for Oven

Potatoes, onions and other vegetables may be cooked better and quicker in a casserole or beanpot in the oven, leaving the top of the stove free. There will be but little odor and no steam.

## TO KEEP SUET

BY MRS. R. H. E.

Suet may be kept sweet by removing the skin while it is fresh, sprinkling with salt, tying in a bag and hanging in a cool, dry place.

### To Sharpen Meat Grinder

If the meat grinder becomes dull, try grinding a piece of scouring brick through the chopper. It will both sharpen and polish it.

## WAFFLES

BY E. H.

In making waffles, use water instead of milk to give the desired crispness. Several spoonsful of powdered sugar will produce a rich, golden brown when baked.

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MAY 1966

WESBY